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**CASSELL'S
ROMANCE OF
FAMOUS LIVES**

HIGH ADVENTURE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS



During Captain David Buchan's Arctic expedition of 1826 Franklin met with an experience which might have cost him his life. While inspecting a glacier he was startled by a deafening noise and looking up perceived a huge mass of ice rushing through the air towards his little boat. With a terrific roar the ice block plunged into the water alongside. A short interval elapsed and then the monster reappeared rising a hundred feet or so above the surface of the water and after much violent rolling, drifted out to sea—a newly formed iceberg. Fortunately the boat did not capsize and the occupants escaped injury.

CASSELL'S
ROMANCE OF
FAMOUS LIVES

EDITED BY
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VOLUME TWO

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ERRATUM

The Colour Plate entitled "High Adventure in the Arctic Regions" has been used as the Frontispiece of this volume instead of facing page 597

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PIONEERS of the ART that SERVES ALL ARTS

The Craftsmen Who by Their Skill and Unflagging Industry Placed Wisdom and Learning, Hitherto Confined to the Privileged Few, Within the Reach of All Mankind

WHO first printed a book in Europe with movable type? This is a difficult question to answer satisfactorily, for evidence and records are conflicting and ambiguous. However, the first large book, if not the first considerable piece of printing, executed in Europe, was almost certainly the "Mazarin Bible," a fine Latin copy of the Scriptures to which the date 1455 or 1456 is commonly assigned.

This Bible was printed by Johann Gutenberg, who is known to have experimented with movable type several years before the Mazarin Bible made its appearance. We can, therefore, assume that Gutenberg was the father of European printing. Nevertheless, though the majority of learned authorities recognize the claims of Gutenberg, we should remember that others declare that J. H. Hessels invented printing. Others again confidently ascribe the invention to Lourens Janszoon Coster, of Haarlem, about the year 1450.

Johann Gutenberg was born in or about the year 1398. His parents were substantial citizens of the town of Mainz. His father, a nobleman, was named Friolo zum Gänsfleisch, and it was from his mother, whose maiden name was zu Gudenberg, that the boy took his own name. In 1420 the townsfolk of Mainz drove the patricians out of their city, and Gutenberg was taken to Strasbourg.

After a few years the refugees were allowed to return, but it appears that zum Gänsfleisch did not avail himself of the privilege, but continued to live at Strasbourg with his family.

How Johann Gutenberg passed his boyhood, or what school he attended, we do not know.

Until 1434 we hear nothing more of him, but in that year he seized and imprisoned the town clerk of Mainz for a debt due to him from the corporation of the city. In those days, when a great city was the guardian of its own freedom, this was a bold course to take, and it splendidly indicates the independence, courage and initiative of Gutenberg. The mayor

and corporation of Strasbourg, in fact, thought that their fellow townsman had gone too far, and they urgently besought him to set his prisoner at liberty. This he did, after threatening even more extreme action unless his debt were paid.

Three years later Gutenberg again made his appearance in a court of law. This time, however, he was himself the defendant, being sued in an ecclesiastical court, where a lady named Emeline zu Isenethüre brought an action against him for breach of promise of marriage. The case did not proceed very far, for Gutenberg found an easy way out of his perplexity by marrying the lady.

Before he turned his attention to the possibilities of

printing, Gutenberg's active and inventive mind led him into several other money-making ventures. When about twenty-eight years old he entered into partnership with one Andrew Dritzelm, for the purpose of exploiting Gutenberg's new process for polishing stones. Soon afterwards he conceived a method for improving the manufacture of looking-glasses.

THE FATHER OF EUROPEAN PRINTING



Johann Gutenberg and his printing press. It was with this press that this enterprising native of Mainz printed the beautiful Latin version of the Scriptures which is known to the world as the Mazarin Bible.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index



He soon managed to persuade two friends to put up the necessary capital, and a large number of mirrors were made. Gutenberg looked forward to a lucrative market for these at the coming pilgrimage to Aix-la-Chapelle, which would draw devout visitors thither from every corner of Europe. Unfortunately, the pilgrimage was postponed for a time, and poor Gutenberg's mirrors became rather drugs on the market.

The circumstances of these ventures shows that Gutenberg possessed any amount of initiative and business ability. Apparently he found

GUTENBERG'S HOME IN STRASBOURG



For some years Gutenberg lived in this beautiful house in the old-world city of Strasbourg, but it was in Mainz that his long years of careful experimenting bore fruit

it easy to persuade wealthy folk to finance him, for throughout his life he never lacked financial backing of some sort or another.

In 1438 Gutenberg entered into partnership with Andrew Dritzehn, Andrew Heilmann, and Anton Heilmann. The object of this partnership was to enable Gutenberg to explore the possibilities of printing with movable type. Financed by his partners, he set to work and

was soon absorbed in his researches. Before he had time to make any headway, however, Andrew Dritzehn died, and his brothers, who fondly imagined that Gutenberg was in possession of secrets worth immense sums of money, brought an action to force him to divulge all he knew to them, as their brother's executors. Gutenberg naturally refused and contested the action. With the proverbial delays of German justice in the old days, the case dragged on and on, entirely preventing Gutenberg from making any progress whatsoever with his real work. Finally, some time in the autumn or winter of 1440, a decision was given against the brothers Dritzehn.

Forced to Borrow Again

This lawsuit had taught Gutenberg a lesson. He resolved to trust in partnerships no longer. But money he must have, and, engaged in his experiments, he had no time to earn any. He, therefore, decided to borrow the necessary capital, and in January, 1441, he mortgaged some house property for 80 livres. This sum, together with his own means, sufficed to finance his activities for a year. But in 1442 he was driven to borrow further sums of money from Martin Brehter. A record of this transaction exists, but for the next four years nothing is known of Gutenberg except that his wife regularly paid taxes in his name.

Some time during this period Gutenberg left Strasbourg and returned to his native city of Mainz, where he established himself in a house called Zum Jungen, an ancient and grim building, for generations the property of his family. This move cost a considerable sum of money, and no sooner had he arrived in Mainz than Gutenberg was reduced to the necessity of borrowing 150 guilders from his cousin Arnold Gelthus.

Although we have no precise information, Gutenberg's long years of experiment must by now have produced some solid and satisfying results, for, his 150 guilders soon exhausted, he was able to obtain substantial assistance from Johann Fust (or Faust), a shrewd old goldsmith of Mainz. Fust advanced 800 guilders at once, and other sums subsequently, taking as security a mortgage on any plant and printing materials which Gutenberg should buy.

His Partnership with Fust

Although this policy of ceaseless borrowing eventually ruined him, Gutenberg at first flourished in partnership with Fust. His process had at last grown practicable, and he set to work on a large Latin Bible—the Mazarin Bible, already mentioned. Before this folio Bible was published, Gutenberg's press had already printed several forms of indulgence and a few other small things. But the Bible was



the first ambitious work which he took in hand, and the result is admirable enough to satisfy even the most exacting critic. The first book printed in Europe remains to this day one of the best printed books in the world.

The type, maybe, is not so regular or so exactly cast as that to which the refinements of modern machinery have accustomed our eyes; typographical errors may be more frequent than nowadays is usually the case; nevertheless, the Mazarin Bible can claim to be considered among the half-dozen most beautifully printed books in the world. Its bold black type, copied from the finest work of fifteenth-century penmen's craft, its broad margins, and fine proportions, all proclaim the loving care and magnificent craftsmanship which Gutenberg lavished on this, his legacy to mankind. Only thirty-eight copies (two imperfect) are known to exist to-day, so that this wonderful Bible has become the most sought-after treasure in the book-collecting world. In 1884, for instance, a copy on paper sold for £3,900, the highest price, it would seem, ever paid for a book not printed on vellum.

The new art of printing, which Gutenberg thus so magnificently introduced to Europe, was not at first a financial success. By 1455, indeed, Fust, grown weary of his partner's constant demands for money, determined to sever connexion with him. He demanded from Gutenberg full payment for all his advances, knowing full well that the printer was quite unable to find the money required.

He then took legal proceedings, and compelled poor Gutenberg, who was just tasting the joy of realizing his ambitions, to surrender the whole of his printing materials, which Fust removed to his own house. Here, aided by his nephew Peter Schöffer, he started printing on his own account. The best-known production of this press is the beautiful *editio princeps* of the Latin Psalter, an even rarer book than the Mazarin Bible.

Though ruined and in the evening of his days, Gutenberg, with tremendous courage and tenacity, resolved to make a fresh start on his own account. He found a friend in Dr. Homery of Mainz, who supplied him with fresh capital. Nevertheless, slow progress was made in setting

up the new press, which was situated either at Mainz or in the neighbouring town of Eltville. Year by year Gutenberg struggled, but the task proved too great for him. Eventually, in 1465, he accepted the post of a salaried courtier in the palace of the Archbishop Adolphus of Mainz, a prelate whose state was far greater than that of most German princes.

For three years he enjoyed his sinecure, freed at last from the cares and worries of a busy life. He died on the 2nd February, 1468, childless, almost friendless, unhonoured in any way as the pioneer in an art which was soon to prove civilization's most precious possession. Beyond his career in printing, little or nothing

AMAZED AT THE MARVELS OF THE NEW ART



Gutenberg watches a visitor examining the wonders of a printed sheet. Owing to heavy and continuous expense, Gutenberg was soon forced to surrender the whole of his plant to his partner, Fust, who had financed him

is known of Gutenberg and his personal affairs. Notwithstanding this difficulty, pious hands have raised a fine and imposing statue of him. His native city of Mainz, having forgotten what manner of man he was, could only thus make amends for its short memory.

Rapid Spread of Printing

Though he died unhonoured, almost forgotten, Gutenberg did not live in vain, for printing soon spread from Mainz to neighbouring towns. In 1460 there were five separate printers all busy at Strasbourg; in 1461 a press was set up at Bamberg, while a year before Gutenberg's death two German craftsmen printed the first book in Rome. In fact, the art of printing rapidly spread up and down the Rhine valley, and to all the great towns of Italy

These regions were the first to introduce the printer's craft because, during the latter half of the fifteenth century, they were the most cultured and intelligent parts of Europe. The Renaissance, that great tidal wave of the intellect which banished the Middle Ages and brought the modern world into being, first arose in Italy and then spread north up the Rhine. Printing, naturally, first spread to places where a keen demand for books existed: that is, to places which had already been touched by the new passion for classical learning.

In 1471 a press was set up in Venice, where Nicolas Jenson printed and published a work entitled "Decor Puellarum"—a treatise of instruction by which young girls might rule their lives. Jenson, a Frenchman, had been born in the province of Champagne somewhere about 1420. After spending his early childhood in his native district, he came to Paris and was brought up and educated in the Paris mint. Here he passed busy and uneventful years, until in 1458 Charles VII. King of France, sent him to Mainz to learn what he could about the new art of printing. He spent nearly three years at Mainz, finding out as much as possible from the rather carefully guarded printing houses of Fust and Gutenberg.

Some time during 1461 Jenson returned to Paris, to find his royal master dead and Louis XI sitting on the throne in his place. Either the new king was less interested in printing than Charles had been, or else the support for which Jenson had hoped in setting up his own press was not forthcoming; at all events, by 1465 Jenson had found his way to Venice, where the more lively intellectual interests of the city soon furnished him with sufficient capital to found his own printing and publishing business. By 1469 all was in order, the press set up, the type cast, the staff instructed in their duties. Thus Jenson opened what was to become by far the most important press in Italy.

Once launched into the publishing business, Jenson continued to produce books with great energy and rapidity. His services to learning and scholarship are especially noteworthy, for he first printed classical texts, taking immense pains that the version he used should be as correct as possible. By printing them, these texts first became "fixed" beyond the limits of accuracy possible when books could only be multiplied by the labour of copyists. In fact, it is to Jenson's careful labour that we owe many of our present-day classical texts, which are but descendants of his versions. In recognition of this pioneer work, Jenson received in 1479 the honorary title of count palatine, being thus the first publisher or printer ever nobled. He died in 1480.

JOHANN FUST



The goldsmith who financed Gutenberg and afterwards seized his printing plant and set up as a printer himself.

Here he studied at Rome, at Ferrara, and finally Verona. He grew up a most accomplished Greek scholar; even in his early twenties he had managed to establish a solid and deserved reputation for learning. Gradually the resolve grew in him to devote his life to rescuing the classics from oblivion by printing them. For many years, however, he occupied a post as tutor in the household of the Princess of Carpi and it was not until 1490 that he said, "I have resolved to devote my life to the cause of scholarship."

ALDUS MANUTIUS



The famous Italian scholar and printer who founded the Aldine Press. It was he who invented "italic" type.

The following year saw the publication of the first volume of the works of Aristotle, and from then onwards to the day of his death Aldus never ceased from editing and publishing the treasures of Greece at Rome. His great ambition was the publication

Jenson's great work was carried on and even amplified by Aldus Manutius, father of the famous Aldine Press. An Italian, he was born in the Romagna in 1449. As a boy and a youth he studied at Rome, at Ferrara, and finally Verona. He grew up a most accomplished Greek scholar; even in his early twenties he had managed to establish a solid and deserved reputation for learning. Gradually the resolve grew in him to devote his life to rescuing the classics from oblivion by printing them. For many years, however, he occupied a post as tutor in the household of the Princess of Carpi and it was not until 1490 that he said, "I have resolved to devote my life to the cause of scholarship."

The Princess of Carpi and her sons, whose esteem and friendship he had won, provided Aldus with the necessary funds, and in 1494 he organized his own press in Venice, from which in 1495 he issued his first book, Greek and Latin grammars. The following year saw the publication of the first volume of the works of Aristotle, and from then onwards to the day of his death Aldus never ceased from editing and publishing the treasures of Greece at Rome. His great ambition was the publication

ENGLAND'S FIRST PRINTER RECEIVES A VISIT FROM HIS SOVEREIGN



"Caxton Showing the First Specimen of His Printing to King Edward IV at the Almonry, Westminster," from the painting by Daniel Maclise, R.A. In 1477 Caxton brought out Earl Rivers's "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," the first book printed in England. Apart from his printing work, Caxton made several admirable translations and revisions.

of a complete set of the Greek classics, with an attendant series of dictionaries, grammars, and commentaries. He did not live to finish his great undertaking, but scholars the world over have never ceased from being grateful to Aldus for accomplishing the vast amount of inestimably valuable work he did carry through.

Succeeds to Jenson's Press

In 1500 Aldus married the daughter of a printer named Andrea Torresano, of Asola, who had bought up Jenson's business on the latter's death. In 1507 he more or less absorbed his father-in-law's business, and thus the traditions and remains of Jenson's press passed into his great successor's hands, a most happy occurrence, both from a material as well as from a sentimental point of view.

In spite of years troubled by civil wars and foreign invasions, which harassed Venice, Aldus continued to pour out an uninterrupted stream of volumes from his press. In all he published some hundred works, in about 250 volumes; a remarkable achievement when the difficulties and hindrances with which he had to struggle are considered. Aldus, moreover, invented what is now known as "italic" type. He was trying to devise some neater and less unwieldy type than the sorts then commonly in use, when he hit on the idea of fine sloping letters instead of broad upright ones. Aldus's

own italic is a most beautiful and clear-cut type, easy to read, yet taking up little room.

After Aldus's death in 1515, his printing business was carried on, in his son's minority, by his widow's brothers. Under their rather casual supervision the business temporarily fell into decay. Paul Manutius was about three years old when his father died, and his uncle, unfortunately, remained in possession until 1533, when he took over the business and soon showed himself as gifted as his father had been. Under his direction the Aldine Press quickly made up leeway, and soon once more it was the first of Italian printing houses.

Setting a High Standard

Paul Manutius took his son into partnership with him, and when his father died the son continued to control the fortunes of the business until his own death in 1597. Thus for more than a century three men, a son, his father, and his grandfather, carried on a tradition of fine printing combined with good scholarship. Their example to rivals and competitors was one of the utmost value to the world, for at the beginning of printing they set a high standard of conscientious skill, thorough workmanship, and low prices. Incredible though it may seem when we think of the laborious manual labour which sixteenth-century printing entailed, the first Aldus was able to sell his dainty little

octavo volumes of Greek and Latin texts at a price corresponding to nine or ten shillings in our present-day currency.

By the end of the first quarter of the sixteenth century, printing was firmly established in most of the great cities of Italy, Germany, and France. England had not been far behind the Continent in the introduction of the art, for William Caxton printed the first book in England at Westminster in the year 1477.

Caxton was born in or about 1422, some-

CAXTON AND THE ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER



Caxton numbered among his distinguished patrons the abbot of Westminster, for whom the famous printer produced a Bible. Caxton is here seen proudly exhibiting a proof of this Bible to his venerable client.

where in the Weald of Kent, in which district a family of Caxtons or Caustons had long been farmers and small squires. From his own account, Caxton received a fairly complete education, and in 1438 was bound apprentice to Robert Large, a mercer of good standing in the city of London. In 1441 Caxton's master died, soon after having completed his term of office as Lord Mayor. As he left his apprentice

twenty marks in his will, we may assume from this windfall that Caxton was a model of all an apprentice should be.

Financed by this legacy, Caxton migrated to Bruges, where a considerable colony of English merchants then made their business headquarters. In his own quaint words, Caxton "continued for the space of XXX yere" in Belgium. During these "XXX yere" Caxton prospered, rising from an apprentice to a wealthy merchant dealing in large affairs. By

1465 he had become governor of all English merchants in the Low Countries, an office instituted then by Edward IV in a charter granted to the Guild of Merchant Adventurers.

In this position Caxton was a person of some real importance, the controller of all trade between the Low Countries and England, a sort of commercial ambassador who corresponded with the Government at home upon all matters touching merchants and their trade. In spite of these duties and the anxieties of his own private business, Caxton managed to find time for a deal of reading and a number of holiday tours. He translated popular mediæval romances into English, and wandered about the Rhine valley and Holland, half engaged in business, half bent on pleasure or amusement.

In 1473 a skilful printer named Colard Mansion set up a press in the city of Bruges. Caxton soon became acquainted with him, and spent hours idling about his press, asking shrewd questions, picking up as much information as a busy man always will when he finds time to be idle. Soon he

found himself growing more and more interested in printing; so, having relinquished his commercial interests a year or two previously, he felt that there was nothing to hinder him turning printer on his own account.

In addition to the knowledge gained from Mansion's press, Caxton also made an extremely careful and exhaustive study of the printing houses in Cologne between 1471-74. On his

return to Bruges he set about printing his translation of "Le Recueil des Histoires de Troye," a popular romance which he had turned into English. This book, the first ever printed in the English language, bears no indication as to where, when, how, or by whom it was printed; but from internal evidence, and comparison with other works, experts have been able to decide that it must have come from Mansion's press during the year 1474.

By May, 1475, Caxton tells us that he had finished the translation of another work, "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," from a French edition of J. de Cessolis' book. Like the "Recueil" this bears no date or other sign of origin, but on similar grounds it is ascribed to Mansion's press at Bruges in 1475.

During 1476 Caxton left Bruges and came back to London in order to set up a press for himself. He established himself at Westminster, where in November, 1477, he published "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers." This is undoubtedly the first book ever printed in England, and the forerunner of a noble series of publications upon which Caxton now busied himself.

Onwards from 1477 until 1491 the first press ever set up on English soil was kept hard at work. Caxton was nothing if not ambitious for his new business, and soon after its inauguration he was busily at work upon a large folio edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." Other famous books coming from his press were Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur," translation of Cicero's "De Senectute" and "De Amicitia," a paraphrase of the "Æneid," and a translation of the "Golden Legend." In all he produced more than 18,000 pages, most of them folio, comprising about eighty books, not a few of which were issued in several editions.

Besides his labours as a printer, Caxton also spent much of his time in translating for his press. As a translator he effected a bold freedom. He did not care to keep too strictly to his author, but paraphrased, interpolated, or

even made minor alterations as it seemed best to him. Nevertheless, he wrote a good nervous idiomatic English, and few, if not told, would suspect his work of being anything but original. On account of his own published translations, Caxton had a direct and powerful influence upon the English prose of the sixteenth century. In fact, his prose style served as a leaping-off place for Sir Philip Sidney and the other earlier Elizabethan prose artists.

Caxton lived at Westminster, where he soon

THE FIRST PROOF FROM AN ENGLISH PRINTING PRESS



Reading the first proof from his printing press in the almonry at Westminster. Having carefully studied printing on the Continent, Caxton returned to England and set up a press for himself, thus becoming England's first printer.

became a most important citizen. Both Edward IV and Richard III delighted to honour him, and he was constantly in attendance at Court. Busily and quickly the years slipped past the first master printer, who was never tired of his craft and his translations. In 1491 his well-filled life came to a close. Characteristically, he spent his last hours working at a translation of the "Vite Patrum" ("Lives of

the Fathers"), which was printed after his death by Wynkyn de Worde. We are ignorant of the precise date on which he died, but there is an entry in the parish accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, which runs: "Atte bureying of Wm. Caxton," 6s. 8d. was spent on torches, and 6d. "for the belle atte same bureying." So the father of English printing appears to have passed to his grave with all due ceremony.

On the death of Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, who had acted as his foreman, became possessed of the works at Westminster. He introduced considerable taste into his productions, and in this respect, and in the skill he displayed as a printer, he excelled his predecessor.

He displayed a partiality for ornamentation, and most of the books that he published contained a number of illustrations reproduced from woodcuts, the quality of which was far in excess of any similar work that had preceded it.

A native of Worth, in Alsace, Wynkyn de Worde, or Jan van Wynkyn, to give him his proper name, had come to England as a young man and been taken into Caxton's service as an apprentice.

The business at Westminster continued to flourish under his influence, and there is little

doubt that its output was considerably greater than that of any other printer of the period, but nine years after the death of Caxton, Wynkyn decided to transfer his business to more suitable and central quarters in Fleet Street. A dominating reason for the removal was, probably, the desire to be better placed for competition with Richard Pynson, who was then his foremost rival. Of his

early publications special mention may be made of the "Golden Legend" (third and fourth editions), the "Vitæ Patrum," the translation from the French made by Caxton shortly before his death, and the "De proprietatibus rerum," by Bartholomæus Anglicus,

the latter quite the choicest example of printing and engraving of that day.

No exact estimate is possible of the total number of books that Wynkyn sent out from his press, but there is little doubt that they exceeded one thousand. His birth date is un-

known, and there is also uncertainty regarding the year of his death, which took place either late in 1534 or early in 1535.

Wynkyn de Worde's chief competitor, Richard Pynson, was a native of Normandy, where, under the able tuition of Guillaume le Talleur, it is thought, he had learned the art of printing.

He came to England about 1490 to take over the business of William de Machlinia, on the latter's retirement Machlinia had built up a flourishing business as a printer of legal books, and Pynson proved himself an able successor.

Originally he had his works in the vicinity of Temple Bar,

where he remained for some ten years, thence removing into Fleet Street, to a building on the north side of that thoroughfare. There he produced most of his best works, among them being the "Ship of Fools," a translation by Alexander Barclay, and the "Sermo fratris Hieronymi de Ferraria." He was appointed printer to the royal household

by Henry VIII, and in his "Ship of Fools" he first included an engraving of his coat-of-arms.

Pynson's work was executed with greater care than Wynkyn's, but his rival's productions were greater numerically, probably not more than four hundred volumes coming from the press of the former. In one respect Richard Pynson was a pioneer, for he was the publisher of the first almanac to be pro-

duced in England. A translation from the French language, it was called "The Kalendar of the Sheperdes," and appeared in 1497.

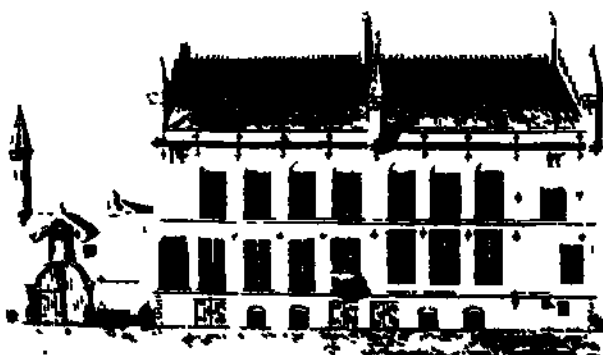
Richard Pynson's birth and death dates, like those of Wynkyn, are unknown; the year of his death was probably 1530.

JOHN DAY



English music-printer. He printed the first church music book in the English language.

"THE HOUSE OF THE ENGLISH AT BRUGES"



Caxton may have lived in this building, the foreign merchants' exchange. During his long residence in Belgium, Caxton became an important personage, being made governor of all English merchants who were resident in the Low Countries.

The DISCOVERER of the NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

The Story of a British Hero Who, in the Cause of Science, Triumphed Over Obstacles Innumerable, and in His Crowning Endeavour Met a Tragic Fate

TO unfurl the flag of one's country on the shores of a newly discovered land is to secure everlasting fame. When, therefore, Captain Matthew Flinders, R.N., commander of the *Investigator*, ordered John Franklin to land on the hitherto unknown coast of New Holland, and handed him a folded Union Jack with strict instructions that it was to be used for signalling purposes only, he was subjecting the ambitious young midshipman to great temptation.

One of the ship's boats had foundered, and its crew of eight had disappeared. Franklin and several others had been landed to search for any bodies that might have been washed ashore. Should they be successful, the flag was to be flown.

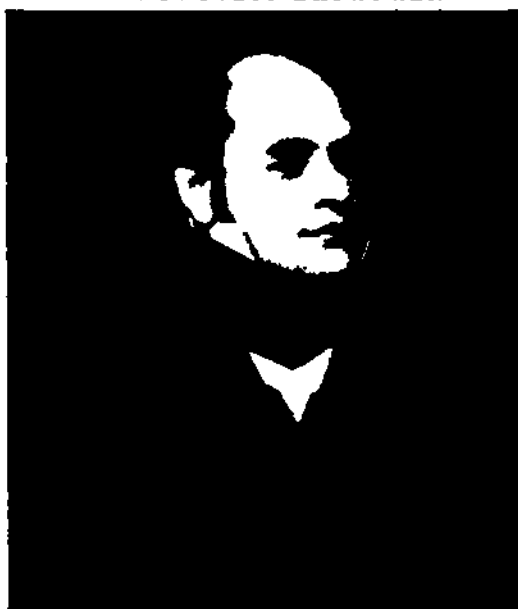
Stretching before the sixteen-year-old midshipman was a vast country waiting to be annexed. It was a provoking situation, and for a second or two there was a struggle between patriotism and literal obedience to orders. Then the flag of Britain was unfurled, and fluttered in the breeze. Not until a boat had put off from the *Investigator* did Franklin realize his predicament. He had either to discover a corpse or to admit having allowed his national pride to outweigh his discretion. Time pressed. Every second brought the boat nearer to the cliff on which he was standing.

When the craft came within hailing distance, Franklin pointed to an object lying against the rocks some distance along the coast. The officer's suspicions were not aroused, and he straightway steered a course in the direction indicated. When he returned a little later, he reported that what Franklin had evidently mistaken for a human body was nothing more than a rock, but by then the midshipman's interest was quite superficial.

Years later, when Franklin's name was

famous in both hemispheres, the colonists of that part of New Holland now known as South Australia were astounded to learn that the great explorer had been the first to unfurl the British flag on their territory. As it turned out, this honour could not have been more fittingly bestowed. Increased responsibility in later years led Franklin to keep in check his youthful love of mischief, but this never quite deserted him. No man could have achieved all he did without being imprudent at one time or another.

A DAUNTLESS EXPLORER



Sir John Franklin, who, through his courage, love of adventure, and doggedness in the face of difficulties, became one of Britain's most successful Arctic explorers. He was the discoverer of the North-west Passage.

If the opportunity of responding to his innate love of exploration had been denied him, his career in the navy might have approached Nelson's in its brilliance, for he had many of that great admiral's qualities. Dogged determination, audacity carried to the point of recklessness, superb indifference to personal danger, bold enterprise and ingenuity in times of crisis, inspired leadership—these were the characteristics that made for Franklin's remarkable success.

Born at Spilsby on the 16th April, 1786, his early days were spent amidst the woods and fens of Lincolnshire. He was an extremely delicate child, and his parents more than once

despaired of his life, but he flouted the family physician by developing into a magnificent specimen of manhood, round of face, grave of features, and weighing fifteen stone. John, the youngest of five sons, was not the pride of the family. On the contrary, he was kept very much in the background when visitors were present, for, unlike his brothers and sisters, he was invariably untidy in appearance.

John had another failing: he was extremely inquisitive. Nothing else could have been expected of a boy who was destined to become a great explorer, but when one day, in bold defiance of orders, he was found displaying an

unwonted curiosity in his neighbours, his father discovered no extenuating circumstances and so John was soundly whipped. His curiosity was not, however, of the lukewarm variety that could be affected by lack of parental encouragement.

While at South grammar school, where some time later Alfred Tennyson was a scholar, John Franklin journeyed to the coast on one ever-memorable occasion with a boy friend. The sea fascinated him, its appeal was irresistible, and he returned from his brief holiday determined on a sea career.

Every melodrama has its villain, and no less important a personage than John's father appeared on the stage to fill the rôle on this

THE EXPLORER'S DEVOTED WIFE



Lady Franklin, the explorer's second wife. Ship after ship this devoted woman fitted out, almost entirely at her own expense, and the last brought back the story of his fate.

occasion. Mr. Franklin had other plans for his youngest son. He wanted him to become a clergyman, and Master John was told to rid himself for all time of any thought of following a seafaring life. For two years the elder Franklin persistently refused to listen to his son's appeals. Finally, he placed him on a merchant ship trading between Hull and Lisbon, hoping by this drastic method to cure him of his ambition. Rough as was his first experience of life aboard ship, John returned home with his enthusiasm stimulated rather than quenched, and, resigned to disappointment, his father thereupon gave way.

"It was not either the youthful whim of

the moment, or the attractive uniform, or the hopes of getting rid of school that drew me to think of choosing this situation in life," Franklin wrote home two years later: "I pictured to myself both the hardships and pleasures of a sailor's life (even to the extreme) before ever it was told to me. My mind was then so steadfastly bent on going to sea that to settle to business would be merely impossible."

Begins His Naval Career

Franklin's naval career began on the 9th March, 1800, when he joined the *Polyphemus* as a first class volunteer. The fourteen-year-old midddy at once settled down to his new duties, and the confident breezy letters he sent home must have removed the last doubts his parents may have entertained as to the wisdom of letting him follow the career of his choice.

Franklin had been with his ship only twelve months when he received his baptism of fire. This was at the battle of Copenhagen, Nelson's "most terrible" engagement. The *Polyphemus* played a noble part in that great victory, and the terrible scene of the battle at its height must have been indelibly impressed on the young midddy's mind. He spoke, however, only of the pride and joy he felt in having contributed his share to Britain's success. Fearful ordeal though it undoubtedly was, it was a fitting introduction to his adventurous career.

Shortly before the action in the Danish harbour, Franklin had heard that an expedition was being fitted-out for the South Seas. The chance of going on a voyage of discovery was too good to be missed, and to his intense relief his ship returned to home waters in time for him to join the *Investigator*, which sailed for Australia under the command of his cousin, Captain Matthew Flinders, in July, 1801. Thus early in his life did he reveal his craving for exploration.

Britain's Debt to Captain Flinders

Showing a special aptitude for astronomy, Franklin soon became a valuable member of the expedition, and his zeal and industry earned from his immediate superior officer the commendation that he "scarcely knew how to talk enough in his praise." Britain owes much to Captain Flinders and his gallant officers for the helpful advice and encouragement they gave to the young midddy at this stage of his career, for the experience he gained was invaluable. The midddy, with his frank and open countenance, his sturdy figure, his flowing hair, his cheery optimism, and his bright outlook on life, became a favourite with everyone, from the captain downwards, and his only regret during the voyage south was that he had so slight a knowledge of foreign languages.

During the long months spent in exploring

BESET BY ICEBERGS TOWERING HIGH IN AN UNCHARTED SEA



Fantastic ice shapes encountered by Franklin during his expedition of 1825-27, a journey which was extraordinarily rich in geographical results and which won him his knighthood. "The pieces of ice," Franklin relates, "were generally from 10 to 15 feet in height. Many of them were from 20 to 30 feet. Their length was from 20 to 100 yards." It was while on this expedition that Franklin received news of his first wife's death.

the coast of Australia, Franklin experienced all the hardships and privations of sea life, and none was more grieved than he when the *Investigator*, showing unmistakable signs of decay, had to be abandoned and the expedition brought to an abrupt termination. With a heavy heart he went aboard the *Porpoise* and turned his face homewards, but, had he known, he was on the eve of adventures exciting enough to satisfy even his craving.

Wrecked on a Reef

Seven days after setting sail the *Porpoise* struck a reef and was held fast. Following a night of terrible anxiety and suffering, the crew succeeded in reaching a sandbank. With stores sufficient for three months at the outside, they then settled themselves to wait, in their perilous quarters in an unfrequented sea, until chance might bring a friendly ship to their rescue. In the end, the indomitable Flinders manned a small boat and made a perilous voyage of 750 miles in order to bring relief, which he succeeded in doing.

Reaching Canton, Franklin had the good fortune to join a fleet of merchant ships which was bound for home under that famous commodore, Nathaniel Dance. Some days later, Franklin was engaged in one of the most remarkable naval actions ever fought. Dance

found his passage barred by a strong force of French men-o'-war, against whom his feeble merchantmen seemed incapable of resistance. He was not, however, the man to place any limit on the odds that a British sailor could give an enemy fleet, and, so far from falling an easy prey to the Frenchmen, he resisted their attack, and, assuming the offensive, fell upon them with such vigour and skill that they turned and fled. Franklin received praise for the "zeal and alacrity" that he displayed in this memorable action. It was to the inspiration of such heroes as Dance and Flinders that he owed his own daring courage in later years.

How He Fought at Trafalgar

At the age of eighteen Franklin had experienced adventure enough to fill an average lifetime, yet he was merely on the threshold of his career. Reaching home in August, 1804, he was appointed to the *Bellerophon*. If he had chosen this ship himself he could not better have studied his wishes, for the *Bellerophon* was destined to play an important part in the great victory of Trafalgar. As signal-midshipman, it may have fallen to his lot to transmit Nelson's famous signal to his commander. Certain it is that the fearless niddy was in the thick of the fight, and that he escaped death only by a miracle. As it was, the continuous cannonade

affected his hearing, and left him somewhat deaf.

Six years of breathless adventure were followed by a similar period of inactivity. For all his restlessness and energy, Franklin must have been thankful for a respite, but, as the months rolled by, the old longing for exploration reasserted itself. His mind dwelt continually on unexplored lands, on the South Seas and the promise of adventure they held out, and on the old battered *Investigator*, then doing service as a store-house hulk. His was the spirit of a wanderer, and numerous were the inquiries he made as to the possibility of another voyage of discovery being organized. To all of these he received the same disappointing reply.

Fights Against the Americans

The monotony was not relieved until the end of 1814, when his ship, the *Bedford*, was ordered to cross the Atlantic to help in the operations against the Americans. Franklin, then a lieutenant, took part in the attack on New Orleans, and was slightly wounded. For his services in this campaign he received a medal and was mentioned in dispatches.

The war over, Franklin returned to Europe, still pining for the chance of adding to the world's geographical knowledge. Three years passed, then there arrived the opportunity

for which he had so eagerly been waiting. Free from the anxieties of war, Government interest in Arctic exploration suddenly revived, and, to his great delight, Franklin was appointed second-in-command of an expedition that was shortly leaving England in quest of the North Pole. The expedition was entrusted to the care of Captain David Buchan, and, with stores for two years, the *Dorothea*, under Buchan, and the *Trent*, under Franklin, sailed from the river Thames on the 25th April, 1818.

Buchan's orders were to take his ships between Spitz-bergen and Greenland, to make a dash to the Pole if conditions were favourable, and then, if possible, to steer a course in the direction of the Bering Strait. The venture was ill-starred from the very beginning; Franklin's ship began to take in water, and months passed in vain investigation, until one day the discovery was made that a careless dockyard hand had left out a bolt. Most of the experience gained by the young lieutenant in this expedition was the reverse of pleasant, but its value to him on his later expeditions was immense.

Adventure with an Ice-block

On one occasion, while out in a small boat inspecting a glacier, a deafening report rent the air, and, looking up, he was startled to observe a huge mass of ice hurtling towards him. To

THE LAKE'S CALM WATERS BEAR THEM TOWARDS UNKNOWN DANGERS



Franklin's party, accompanied by a fleet of seventeen Indian canoes, crossing Lake Prosperous on the 30th May, 1820. The general object of the expedition of 1819-22 was to explore the little-known northern coast of North America. The explorers suffered terrible privations. Some days they had no food at all, and frequently they were glad to eat old shoes.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

HOW FRANKLIN'S PARTY CROSSED AN ICE-BOUND LAKE



Crossing Point Lake on the ice on the 25th June 1821. The three canoes were mounted on sledges and nine men were appointed to conduct them with two dogs drawing each canoe. The stores and provisions were distributed equally among the rest of the men. Each of the men had to carry a load weighing upwards of 180 lb. on his sledge.

escape was impossible all he could do was to put his trust in Providence and await events. With a tremendous roar the ice block plunged into the sea and threatened to engulf his frail craft. A short interval elapsed, and then the monster suddenly reappeared, rose 100 feet above the surface of the water and after much violent rolling drifted out to sea as a newly formed iceberg. Miraculously Franklin's boat did not capsize and he and his men escaped without injury.

It did not take the two commanders long to realize that there was no easy road to the Pole. Hemmed in by enormous ice fields which crushed and battered their ships, unable either to advance or to retire, and left completely at the mercy of an Arctic gale of terrible intensity for many days without relief, Buchan decided to abandon his plans, and, as soon as the gale abated, the disappointed party turned homeward. On the 22nd October of the same year the badly damaged *Dorothea* and the scarcely less crippled *Trent* arrived safely back and moored at Deptford.

What the Expedition Proved

Although the expedition failed to achieve its object, it served one very useful purpose. It revealed that still there were men who were prepared to brave the severest hardships to endure incredible discomforts to offer their lives, if need be, in the great cause of human

progress. Foremost amongst these was John Franklin who had pleaded in vain with David Buchan to be allowed to remain in the Arctic and to make a further attempt to reach the Pole when the conditions had improved.

Impressed by Franklin's fervent enthusiasm, and his qualities as a leader, the Government wasted no time in organizing a further expedition under his command. Its object was to explore the little known northern coast of North America and to cross by land to the Arctic somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Coppermine River. The lieutenant's colleagues included two midshipmen, George Back and Robert Hood, and Dr John Richardson, an eminent scientist. The party left England on the *Prince of Wales* on the 23rd May, 1819, confident of success.

Hardships of the March

At the end of August they reached Hudson's Bay and some days later began the long trek across the continent taking with them some portable canoes. On various stages of the journey they were accompanied by parties of Indian hunters and by Eskimo interpreters. So eager was Franklin to push on towards the sea that the weary march was continued right into the middle of winter. At last, when they had covered 1500 miles, a halt was called at Fort Enterprise. Shortage of food, a temperature so low that the mercury in their

thermometers was frozen, and swarms of mosquitoes added to their privations. Once, while Franklin was standing on a rock trying to force a rapid, his foot slipped, and he was carried away by the tempestuous stream. Unable to obtain a hold on the slippery banks, he was swept along by the current, but at last succeeded in grasping an overhanging tree bough, to which he held on grimly until rescued.

While at their winter quarters their stock of food ran short, and it became necessary to get in touch with another station to obtain fresh supplies. Back, whose gallantry was much in evidence throughout the voyage, volunteered for this dangerous task, and in spite of the fact that he was for days at a time entirely without food, he covered over 1,000 miles in four months, and successfully accomplished

subsisted on a wild plant known to Canadians as tripe de roche. Some days passed without their having a meal of any description, and on several occasions their plight became so desperate that they were glad to eat old shoes.

A Providential Return

In their weakened state the wind blew them about like so many straws, and, finally, Franklin was forced to split up the party, the heroic midshipman Back being sent on in advance, with Franklin close at his heels. Of the eight men left behind, only two, Dr. Richardson and a sturdy old seaman named John Hepburn, survived. When all seemed lost, Back suddenly appeared with a party of Indians and a good supply of provisions. He had achieved the seemingly impossible.

Franklin returned to England to learn that

THREATENING THE ESKIMOS AT THE POINT OF THE MUSKET



In endeavouring to get their boats afloat on a very shallow lake, the expedition had a serious brush with the Eskimos, who appeared in considerable numbers and made off with everything they could lay their hands on. It was not until Franklin had threatened to shoot the first man who came within range that the Eskimos retired.

his mission. With the arrival of spring, Franklin pressed on to the mouth of the Coppermine River and explored the coast of Arctic America, making numerous important discoveries. When bad weather compelled him to return, Franklin daringly left the beaten track and made for Fort Enterprise by another route. This led to the discovery of a river, which the commander, with a generosity characteristic of him, named after Hood.

Glad to Eat Old Shoes

During the next few months they were engaged in one long struggle against death from starvation and cold. The story of that terrible march is one of intense human suffering, relieved only by the individual heroism of the most unselfish kind of men who were proud to be Britons, and who, by their deeds, gained for themselves imperishable fame. For weeks they

he had been promoted commander in his absence, and, to mark their appreciation of his services, the Admiralty immediately raised him to the rank of captain. Other honours were bestowed on him, including election as a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The tribute Franklin treasured most was that of Commander Parry, himself an Arctic explorer. "In you and your party," Parry wrote, "we see so sublime an instance of Christian confidence in the Almighty. Your letter was put in my hand at Shetland, and I need not be ashamed to say I cried over it like a child. The tears I shed, however, were those of pride and pleasure—pride at being your fellow-countryman, brother officer, and friend."

On the 19th August, 1823, Franklin married Eleanor Anne Porden, whose name he had given

His Second Marriage

to some islands he discovered in the Arctic. They mutually agreed that if Franklin were offered the command of any future expedition of discovery, his marriage would not bar him from accepting the post, and it says much for his high conception of duty, and for his wife's loyalty and devotion, that when the pact was put to the test it was honoured to the letter, although cruel and unrelenting circumstances brought about a poignant domestic tragedy.

News of His Wife's Death

The call to duty came in 1825 at a time when his wife was in failing health, and when he left the shores of England, accompanied once more by Back and Richardson, he was acutely conscious of the probability that he would never see her again. Unhappily, his fears were only too well-founded, for he had not journeyed far when the news of her death reached him. Before he had left, she had handed him a silken Union Jack with a request that it might not be unfurled until he had again reached the Polar seas. Her wish was reverently respected, and it was with mingled pride and "heartfelt

A YOUTHFUL ESKIMO BELLE



A young Eskimo woman belonging to the tribe which inhabits the country west of the Mackenzie River. According to Franklin, the women are from 4½ to 4¾ feet in height.

emotion," as Franklin himself described it, that the beloved emblem was set fluttering in the breeze on arrival at his destination.

Favoured at first with good conditions, Franklin explored the Mackenzie River, and discovered several new bays, capes, and lands

in the locality he had last explored. Some of these discoveries bear his name, not at his wish, but through the instrumentality of his loyal colleague, Dr. Richardson. Although again tormented by mosquitoes, and subjected to

COMMANDER OF THE HUNTERS



Akatcho, the chief of a party of Indian hunters, and his son. (The pictures on this page were drawn by an artist with the expedition.)

frequent attacks by Eskimos and Indians, Franklin brought his party safely home. In April, 1829, he was knighted in recognition of his valuable work. A few months previously he had married again, his second wife being Jane Griffin, a lady of great talent and character.

For a long time after his eventful series of journeys, Sir John led a life of comparative calm. In command of the *Rainbow*, he saw much distinguished service in the Mediterranean, and so popular was he with the men under his command that his ship was usually referred to as the *Celestial Rainbow*, or *Franklin's Paradise*. From 1836 to 1843 he served as lieutenant-governor of Van Diemen's Land, the island that is now called Tasmania.

His Longing for Adventure

It was thoroughly typical of the man that, when accepting the post, he stipulated that he might be allowed to resign at once if there were a demand for, or an opportunity of utilizing, his services in a more active capacity. Still present that insatiable love of "wandering," still present that mysterious inexplicable longing



for adventure in the uninviting waste of the Polar regions, still present that characteristic "curiosity" which had got him into trouble as a boy.

In 1845 Franklin heard that the Government contemplated dispatching a further expedition to complete the work already accomplished in connexion with the discovery of the North-West Passage. From the point of view of ability and experience no man was more fitted for the responsibilities of commanding this expedition than Sir John. But he was approaching the evening of his days, and the Government were looking for a younger man. Franklin vigorously protested against the command being given to anyone else, and he was called to the Admiralty for an interview. The First Lord inquired whether he had seriously thought of undertaking the arduous voyage at his age, adding, "I know your age, you are 60." "No, no, my lord, only 59," Franklin is said to have rejoined.

The Expedition Sets Out

This settled the question, and on the 19th May of that year, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, with a complement of 134 men, left for the Arctic. Everything augured well for the success of the expedition. It was perfectly organized, provisions sufficient for three years were carried, the ships were fitted with auxiliary engines, and had proved quite satisfactory during Sir James Ross's Antarctic expedition. Everyone was "happy and fond of Sir John." Optimism reigned everywhere.

On the 26th July, some days after leaving the coast of Greenland, the ships were sighted

by Europeans. Then—silence! Days became months, months dragged into years. Still that ominous silence, that dreadful portent of tragedy. No news, no message of any kind came through to allay, or to confirm, the fears of the British Government and people. Uncasiness gradually grew into dejection, and dejection into despair.

Search for the Lost Explorer

Loud and insistent were the demands for a relief expedition. The first of these went out in 1847, another started in June, 1848, and before the end of the year two more had been dispatched. Long after hope had been abandoned, search parties were sent out from England and America, intent on solving the mystery surrounding the fate of Franklin and his gallant men, and a reward of £20,000 was offered by the Government, and an additional £3,000 by Lady Franklin.

The last shreds of doubt as to their fate were removed by Captain McClintock, who in 1859 found the last "all well" message written by Graham Gore, one of Franklin's lieutenants. McClintock also came across a paper recording the fact that Graham Gore had seen the continent of North America through the strait separating King William Land and Victoria Land. This discovery, made some days before Franklin's death, which took place on the *Erebus* on the 11th June, 1847, must have gladdened the last hours of the explorer.

[See Franklin's "Journey to the Polar Sea" (2 vols., 1821); "The Fate of Franklin," by Capt. Leopold McClintock (1859); "Discovery of the North-West Passage," by A. Armstrong (1857); and Lives by A. H. Markham (1891) and H. D. Trail (1898).]

HAVOC AND DESOLATION IN THE ICE FIELDS OF THE FAR NORTH



"Man Proposes, God Disposes." From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer. In this picture, painted in 1864, five years after the fate of the party became known, the artist depicts with grim realism a scene which may have been only too true—bears in the Arctic regions clambering clumsily among the relics of Franklin's last expedition.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

The MAN who BUILT a FACTORY in a GARDEN

George Cadbury, Whose Kindly Thought for His Workers and for Mankind in General has Left the World Far Better than He Found it

ON a certain glorious summer's day, well over half a century ago, a group of happy children might have been seen playing on the beach at Blackpool. At that time, this now well-known seaside resort of the north was a sleepy little village—a village where a few families went every season for a quiet holiday.

The children were building a sand castle on the shore—not an unusual thing for children to do—but something in their earnest manner denoted a particular purpose underlying their industry. If you had questioned them, they would have said that their castle was to be a king of all castles. They had set themselves to build a fortress which would gallantly withstand the most terrific onslaught of the Blackpool seas.

Scattered along the shore, half submerged piles of stones and sand testified that others had built, but not strongly enough, and these three boys and the little girl were determined to win where the rest had failed, so they persevered with their work until rewarded with success.

The waves dashed against the castle walls, but did not shake them, and above the glistening flakes of foam the flag planted by the young Cadburys fluttered proudly in the breeze.

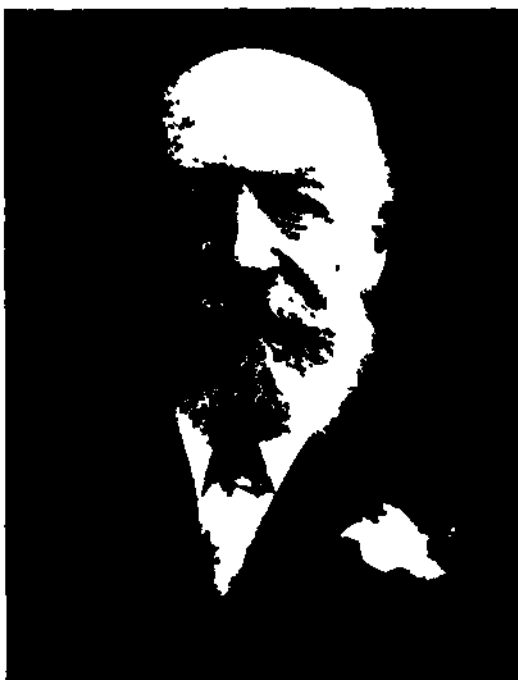
To George Cadbury, in after years, this memory of a boyhood day brought comfort and a determination to persevere against all odds. He built the walls of his great business on strong, secure foundations—faith, and the desire to help his fellow men—and they survived all the storms and tempests of harsh criticism and jealousy.

George Cadbury was born on the 19th September, 1839, at Edgbaston, then a pleasant suburb of Birmingham. His father had followed in the footsteps of his ancestors and was a Quaker by religion—the first Quaker

in the family having been converted by George Fox himself. Thus, from the time he was born, George Cadbury was surrounded by the spirit of a religion which has the effect of strengthening and sobering the character and developing the individualistic tendency which leads to success—a tendency qualified by a strong sense of the value of human life and of public duty.

Though the home-life at Edgbaston was severe—almost Spartan in its severity—John

A MANY-SIDED BUSINESS BUILDER



George Cadbury, the originator of pure cocoa, who established the world-renowned Bournville works in the heart of the Worcestershire woods. Here, also, he founded a beautiful garden-village. (Photo: H. J. Willock.)

Cadbury saw that his children did not suffer from the lack of those things which go to make up a happy and contented mind. He was a great believer in physical fitness and the benefits of fresh air.

Every morning, while the dew was still fresh upon the grass, the father would sally forth on a walk into the country, which then surrounded Edgbaston, often accompanied by his children. Breakfast was sharp at eight o'clock, and then George and his brothers would run out into the beautiful walled garden and amuse themselves by doing gymnastic feats on the apparatus erected for this purpose.

At nine o'clock George walked half a mile to a school kept by a Quaker, and here it was that he first tasted the joys of delving into the

classics, the love of which he retained in after life. He learned French from a refugee in the village, and studied the mysteries of nature in the district round about his home.

His favourite pastime, however, was pony riding. A couple of mounts had been procured for the boys, and on these they scoured the surrounding countryside, often, it is feared, at a break-neck pace that brought reports to their father of furious riding. The habit of an early morning ride or walk remained with George Cadbury almost to the end of

his life. It was then that he planned the programme for the day, and thought out new schemes to make the lives of his fellow-creatures happier.

When he was fourteen years old his life was clouded by the death of his beloved mother. Mrs. Cadbury had devoted her days to the welfare of her children, and her teaching had left a lasting impression on the mind of her son George. She had been passionately interested in child welfare, and her belief that the healthy upbringing of the men and women of to-morrow would make the world a better place to live in was passed on to him. "Save the children" became one of his chief war-cries in the cause of humanity.

Soon after his mother's death George Cadbury was taken away from school and started on his business career. Fifteen may seem a very early age to embark on the struggle for existence, but to start thus early was a policy then wholly believed in by the Friends. John Cadbury's argument that the sooner a boy was introduced to business and taught to acquire good habits, the sooner that boy would be rewarded with success was one that possessed a great deal of wisdom. So George had to abandon his desire to become a surgeon, and began to learn the intricacies of the tea and coffee trade.

For some years the business had steadily been declining, and when John Cadbury lost his wife his heart seemed unequal to the great task of wooing prosperity again. Consequently in 1861 the entire management of the business was handed over to Richard and George.

The prospects of the business in Bridge Street, Birmingham, looked black. The number of persons employed had dwindled to about a dozen, and half of this number, who were girls, received only from two-and-sixpence to five shillings per week each.

A very definite programme had to be arranged to meet the situation. The financial resources at the disposal of the two brothers amounted to some £10,000, a small fortune left to them by their mother. The whole of this sum they were willing to invest in the business in an attempt to give it new life. Beyond this

limit, however, they were determined not to proceed. Their strict upbringing had instilled into their hearts a loathing for any under-hand dealings, and both of them were prepared to sacrifice the business rather than contract liabilities which they knew it would be impossible to meet.

At the beginning of the fight they both saw the pressing need to practise the most rigid economy. George Cadbury, already accustomed to self-denial through the discipline of his faith, cut out of his life every little luxury that went to swell his weekly expenditure. He gave up his morning paper, no longer

drank tea or coffee, and sacrificed his favourite pastimes of cricket and boating so that they should not distract his attention. He rose in the winter at six, reached business at seven, walked to his father's house to dinner, went back to work and remained there often till nine at night. In the summer he rose at 5.15 a.m., and left the office at 6 p.m., so that he was sometimes able to indulge in a little recreation with his employees. At that time Cadbury lived on the meagre sum of about ten shillings a week.

Though business was still declining, the two brothers took every opportunity of improving the conditions to which all workers in factories were then subjected. They realized that happy, contented employees meant bigger output and better service: they realized that the workers had just as much right to enjoy life as the men for whom they worked. Probably this point of view was

fostered by the interest which they took in the Adult School Movement, an association instituted by the Friends to provide social and religious teaching for what is commonly called the "submerged tenth." The name was very applicable then to the working classes, for they existed—they did not live—under a heavy, disease-breeding cloud of abject poverty.

The Cadbury brothers started on their reform work by gradually raising the scale of their employees' wages. It was an increase they could ill afford, but the usual scale of payment then current in and about Birmingham was so shamefully low that the workers could scarcely keep body and soul together.

FATHER AND SON



George Cadbury and his father. When John Cadbury's wife died he handed over his business in Bridge Street, Birmingham, to his sons, George and Richard, under whose care it became a flourishing concern.

THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN AMID THE WORCESTERSHIRE WOODS



Bournville works to-day. When the works at Bridge Street, Birmingham, became incapable of satisfying the increasing demand for Cadbury's cocoa, George and Richard Cadbury transferred their factory to the country. About four miles from the centre of Birmingham there was a little trout stream called the Bourn, and by the side of this stream the brothers established their famous factory, in a spot which possessed many conspicuous natural advantages.

With brave and smiling faces they faced the future that seemed to hold nothing in store but rebuffs and defeats. The end of their first year's trading left them with a serious deficit. The second year proved even worse, and in 1863 the losses became so heavy that there was, apparently, only one thing to do, and that was to close down. George was already planning his new career as tea planter in the Himalayas when the turn of the tide came.

For the first time since they had taken over the business the financial returns showed a balance on the right side. Though the battle was not yet won, an advance had been made in the right direction.

With renewed energy they sought to consolidate the position which they had obtained. Several rival firms had failed, and this left them a much more open field for trade. The achievement of complete success in business now seemed a question of survival.

The Cadburys realized that the time had come to adopt a measure which they had always wished to put into practice. The cocoa they had been making—the tea and coffee trade had been dropped—was a product of which they were not very proud. One-

fifth of it only was cocoa, the rest was a concoction of potato starch, sago flour, and treacle. Other manufacturers made a similar article—a kind of comforting gruel. Now, however, instead of following the usual method of putting in flour and sugar to counteract the fats in cocoa, which, for drinking purposes, are excessive in the raw state,

they decided to extract the cocoa-butter, and in this way put on the market a product which could truthfully be advertised as absolutely pure cocoa.

The experiment was successfully carried out, but it was many years before other manufacturers saw the wisdom of adopting the Cadbury process.

Now dawned brighter days for the two brothers. The business progressed rapidly until "Cadbury's Cocoa" not only became a household word in Britain, but was widely known all over the world. The firm acquired its own cocoa estates in Trinidad, and established agencies in the Far East and throughout the extent of the British Empire.

The fight had been won, the business was a remarkable success. But it is not in the struggle for success that we remember George Cadbury chiefly. True, he showed the

THE FORERUNNER OF BOURNVILLE



The original works of Cadbury Brothers at Bridge Street, Birmingham. On the ground floor of the little building all the manufacturing processes were carried out; the floor above was used as the packing-room

GEORGE CADBURY

The Move to Bournville

wonderful perseverance of which he gave promise as a child when he built a sand-castle on the seashore, but many another man has persevered against such odds.

The works at Bridge Street were soon incapable of satisfying the increased demand for Cadbury's cocoa, and it became evident that a new factory on a much larger scale would have to be found. This was George Cadbury's great opportunity. To him business success was a means to an end—an end involving no selfish thought for advancement of the employer at the expense of the employed.

He had watched the rapid growth of industry in Birmingham, and with horror numbing his heart he had imagined it a fierce dragon, breathing out scorching flames, withering up the countryside, and leaving in its wake dirty, disease-ridden slums where once there had been smiling green fields.

A Factory in a Garden

Memories of happy childhood days, full of the sunshine of good health, brought to the mind of George Cadbury what a bountiful blessing a garden could be. A new factory had to be built—why not build it in the heart of a garden? Why was it thought necessary that a factory should be situated in a town and the workers should live in slums? The existing system was wrong. To get the best service from men they should be instructed and live healthy lives. So the two Cadburys decided to erect their new factory in the country.

It was an experiment in social reform that awakened world-wide interest. Many people condemned the idea, saying that it was impracticable, that the brothers were courting disaster. To these dismal prophets no attention was paid, and search for a suitable site began.

About four miles from the centre of Birmingham, a little trout stream, called the Bourn, wound its way between pleasant banks covered with flowers and through cool depths of shady woodlands. The air was as pure as the water in the stream, the birds sang in the trees a song of gladness, a song that was echoed in the heart of George Cadbury as he walked by the water's edge. He had found the ideal spot for the building of his new factory.

Prepares the Plans Himself

The estate bought by the brothers was some fifteen acres in extent, and had the great advantage of being easy of access by rail and canal to all centres of commerce and population. The site for the factory was chosen as near the railway station as possible, and arrangements were made with the railway company to provide cheap tickets for the workers, who, for a time, had to travel between Birmingham and Bournville.

Building operations began in March, 1879, and seven months later all business had been transferred from the Bridge Street premises. The plans of the new building were prepared by George Cadbury himself, who had taken a small cottage near by so that he might superintend the work. The brothers dispensed with the services of a contractor, which would have added to the cost, and with the help of one young architect they supervised the entire work of construction.

Delight of the Workers

The attitude of the Cadburys to their workpeople has been summed up in the following way. "We consider," the two brothers said, "that our people spend the greater part of their lives at their work, and we wish to make it less irksome by environing them with pleasant and wholesome sights, sounds, and conditions." The garden village of Bournville to-day testifies to what great success their noble scheme attained.

As with all new projects of social reform, however, the scheme did not become perfected in a day. Bournville, the factory and the garden village, arose out of years of ceaseless devotion and energy.

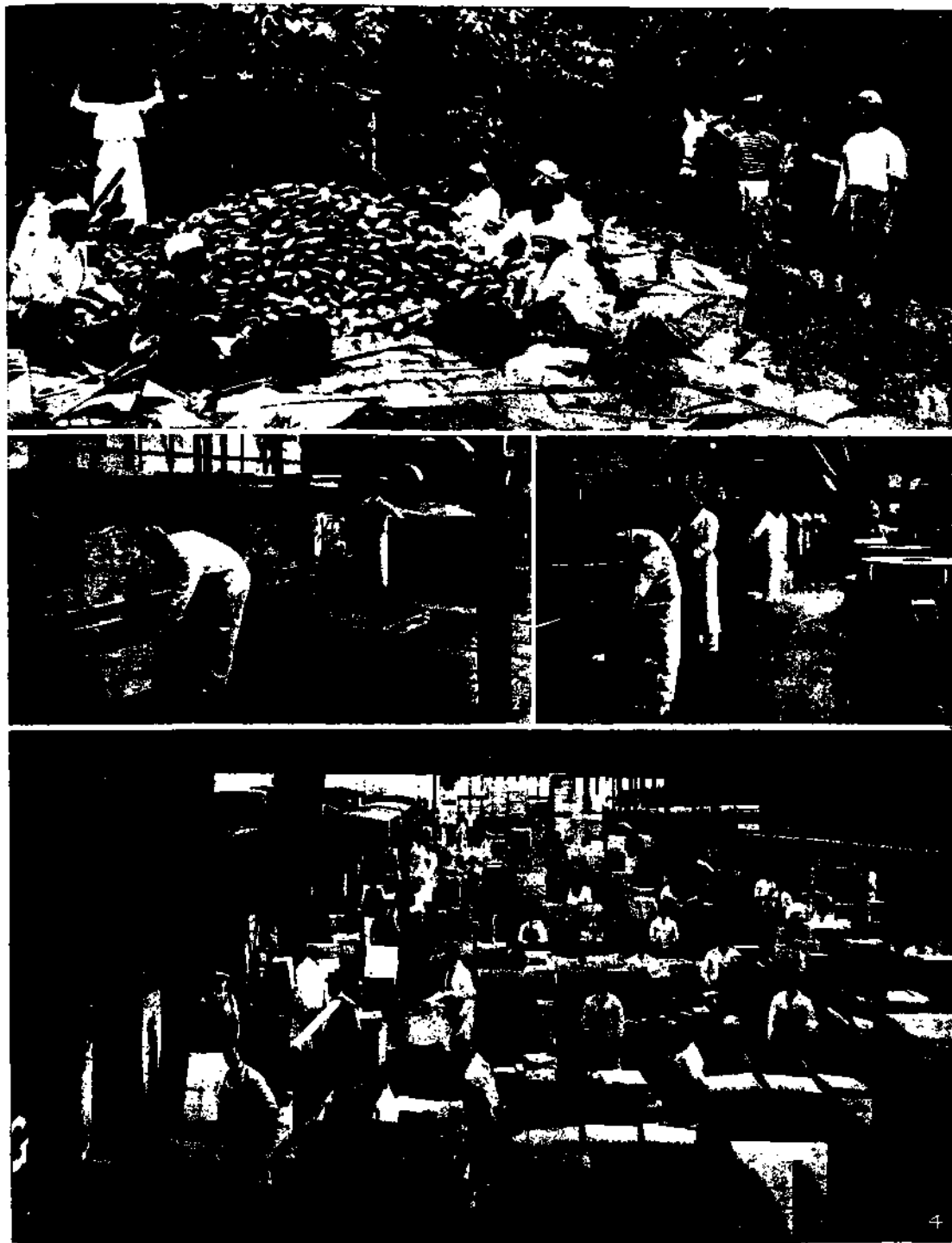
When the workpeople first arrived at their new factory they were agreeably surprised to find that every provision had been made for their happiness. There were cricket and football fields for the men and boys, playgrounds and other means of recreation for the women and girls. The very great contrast between factory life under old conditions and now wrought beneficial changes in their temperament. They worked in the midst of a beautiful garden, in a place where after the hours of business they could indulge in healthy recreation, and the contentment they began to feel was reflected in their increased energy in the factory and interest in their work.

Garden-Village at Bournville

The Cadburys had turned their attention solely to the production of a good cocoa, and every year the business expanded and more plant had to be erected, until in 1886, six years after the opening of the new factory, the works were about double their original size. Tin-making, card-box making, saw milling and case-making—room had to be found for all these subsidiary industries on the Bournville site, as a consequence of which greater numbers of workpeople arrived each day from Birmingham.

At last George Cadbury determined to embark on an entirely new venture and establish a garden-village at Bournville, so that those employees of his who so wished, and other people as well, might enjoy the benefits of a

FROM THE PLANTATION TO THE BREAKFAST TABLE



Four stages in the history of cocoa. 1. Gathering the cacao pods in their tropical home. 2. Roasting the beans in revolving drums. This prepares them for the next process, "kibbling," which breaks the beans into "cocoa-nibs." 3. Grinding the nibs. 4. The dispatching station, from which the finished product is sent to all quarters of the globe.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

country life. This idea was the direct outcome of his association with the Adult School Movement, the organization which had prompted him to establish a precedent and build his factory in the country.

At the early age of twenty he had taught a class of youths every Sunday morning in the heart of the Birmingham slums. Through this work, which was both religious and educational, he was brought into contact with many social wrongs. He understood the crying need for his dream-city, where everyone would have a garden and be able to enjoy the glories of nature, and he understood how little children of the slums were stunted in bodily and spiritual growth by their evil, unhealthy surroundings. With faith and steadfastness in his ideals, he began his new work.

Watching the Village Grow

In 1895 George Cadbury acquired 250 acres of land and erected nearly 200 houses in one year. Building went on apace, until in 1901 the estate and the income were vested in the hands of trustees who were under the controlling power of the Charity Commissioners. Cadbury was fortunate enough to be his own capitalist, and he could build his village exactly as he wished. The workmen soon grew accustomed to the presence of this kindly man, with bearded face and laughing eyes, and the architects saw wisdom in all his plans.

Some of the fine houses—there are over 1,500

—were sold at cost price on a lease of 999 years for the ground alone, thus making the tenure as nearly freehold as possible. Schools, libraries and other public buildings quickly sprang into being, and as George Cadbury watched the flowers which he loved so well making the village beautiful, he felt in his heart the contentment which comes to those who have attained their ideals. People thronged from all parts of the world to see wonderful Bournville, and royalty congratulated George Cadbury.

Owner of a London Newspaper

If all his activities in different spheres of work were recorded the result would be a volume of many chapters. His varied interests seem too many to ascribe to one man; indeed he once admitted that without the help of his wife—now chairman of the Bournville Village Trust—and sons he could not have succeeded at all. He was engaged in municipal and national politics, social reform work, journalism—he became proprietor of the *London Daily News*—and religious work, with which was bound up a thousand different philanthropic ideas.

Active almost to the very end, George Cadbury passed away on the 24th October 1922, just when the signal from Bournville for the close of the day's work fell on the ears of those who watched by his bedside.

[See "The Life of George Cadbury" by A. G. Gardiner (1923), which gives his full life story and details of his philanthropic work in a most readable manner.]

A PLEASANT COUNTRY SEAT SET HIGH ON THE MALVERN HILLS!



Wynds Point, George Cadbury's picturesquely situated country house, four miles from Malvern. Cadbury loved the open air and the country, and as much of his time as he could spare was spent at Wynds Point, delighting in its velvet lawns and close-clipped yews. Before the house came into the possession of the Cadbury family, Jenny Lind had lived there, and it was in this delightful haven amid the Malvern hills that the famous Swedish angel died.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

JOHN MILTON, *the* GREAT PURITAN POET

How He Sacrificed His Sight to the Service of the State and, Having Made Himself a "True Poem," Wrote England's Noblest Epic Poem, "Paradise Lost"

THE wind was blowing in fitful gusts. Its icy nip stung the faces of merchants hurrying along Bread Street on business bent, and of boys and girls ambling from school. Every sign in Cheapside was swinging. Golden boots and wooden lambs, boars' heads and scissiors and tape creaked on their rusty rods.

London houses were not numbered in 1608. They were known by a figure or gaily-painted picture that denoted the trade or profession carried on by the person who lived within. Three hundred years ago folk made their homes in the overhanging upper floors above their shops. Where the suburbs are to-day was open country then.

On one of the houses in Bread Street was a spread-eagle. This was the family crest of its occupant, who was a scrivener, a legal writer who drew up such documents as wills and agreements, and sometimes helped to tide over the financial difficulties of clients by lending them money at interest.

It was the 9th December, 1608, and John Milton, the owner of the business, found it a little difficult to get on with his work. His heart was so full of joy that he felt more like singing than scribbling. Only a few hours before—at a quarter past six, in the morning, to be exact—he had become the father of a son. "My boy shall be another John," he told himself, and that was the name the baby received when he was christened in the neighbouring church of All Hallows.

The scrivener also gave his child something of his own character. He had agreed to differ from his own father on the question of religion, with the result that the under-ranger of the Forest of Shotover had disowned him. It showed iron resolution on both sides, and sterling independence on the part of the son. The latter quality, which was so pronounced

a trait in the poet's every attitude, was, therefore, to some extent inherited.

The elder John had prospered. His conscience approved his conduct, and the knowledge added fire to his energy. He toiled early and late; what he did was done thoroughly. Surely, on such an occasion as this he could afford to sit and gaze at the fire, and see pictures in the flames of what the baby upstairs might become when he arrived at manhood. Perhaps he would follow in his father's footsteps, or

DICTATING HIS LAST POEM



Milton composing "Samson Agonistes," the poem in which he tells us so much of what happened in his own life. (From the painting by J. C. Hurley, R.A.)

the half-talent of the elder John for composing madrigals might develop into a whole talent in the case of his descendant. It is scarcely likely that the scrivener thought of his son as destined for immortality in the realm of poetry.

Two things at least the father determined to do. He would give John a sound education and bring him up according to the tenets of Puritanism, the school of Protestant thought to which the scrivener belonged. In due course the boy was sent to St. Paul's School, which had been founded in 1509 by Dr. John Colet, dean of St. Paul's, and was then presided over by Alexander Gill. The latter worthy had two claims to fame. He was one of the best head-

masters in the country, and one of the most frequent users of the cane. It is quite evident that little John had scanty leisure. Having finished his lessons in class, he returned home for further instruction by a private tutor.

Destined to study "Humane Letters"

He tells us in his own words, "I had, from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense) been exercised in the tongues and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers both at home and in the schools." Again, "My father destined me while yet a little boy for the study of humane letters, which

I seized with such eagerness that from the twelfth year of my age I scarcely ever went from my lessons to bed before midnight; which, indeed, was the first cause of injury to my eyes, to whose natural weakness there was added frequent headaches."

When he was fifteen Milton wrote a poetic

THE PURITAN POET'S COUNTRY RETREAT



The pretty little cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, where Milton lived during the Great Plague. It was bought for the nation in 1887.

version of Psalm 136, which it is quite likely you have sung many times without knowing the name of the writer. The first verse is as follows:

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For his mercies eye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

At the age of sixteen Milton entered Christ's College, Cambridge, as a lesser pensioner. He travelled to the famous university in a cart belonging to Hobson, the carrier, whose refusal to allow travellers their choice of a horse led to the phrase "Hobson's choice." He was nicknamed "the lady of Christ's" by his colleagues because of his delicate complexion and long auburn hair. Here he worked for seven years, and—

Oh on a flat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curlew sound
O'er some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

After taking the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, Milton left Cambridge and went to Horton, in Buckinghamshire, to which village his father had retired. He now definitely made up his mind to become a poet. Indeed, before leaving Cambridge he had already written his beautiful "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity." Answering a friend's letter he writes, "You make many inquiries as to what I am about—what am I thinking of? Why, with God's

help, of immortality. Forgive the word, I only whisper it in your ear. Yes, I am pluming my wings for a flight."

He delighted in the quiet of country life, making his mind "a mansion for all lovely forms—a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies." Here he wrote "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," "Arcades," and "Lycidas," in the third of which he stated his belief that "he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things: not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

Noble Deeds of Christian Knights

In his younger days, Milton goes on to relate, "I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom." It will be seen how lofty was the ideal which Milton set for himself, amounting actually to a standard of perfection. Purity of life, which necessarily entailed the most rigid conduct, he considered indispensable. "No more in the orator than in the poet," he avows, "can anything common or mediocore be tolerated."

This does not mean that his early poems are

WHERE A GREAT POEM WAS COMPLETED



In this room in the cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, with the sunshine that he could not see streaming through the latticed panes, Milton finished his majestic poem, "Paradise Lost."

severe. On the contrary, "Comus" was a masque—a form of entertainment much beloved by the Cavaliers—written for his friend Henry Lawes, then the most distinguished composer in England, who set the words to music. "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," describing the

HIS DAUGHTERS COME TO THE AID OF THE BLIND POET



When Milton was in his forty-fourth year his weakened eyesight failed him, and he became totally blind. But this affliction did not deter him. His daughters were brought up to read to him in various languages, and to them he dictated his poems. They, however, did not understand the temperament of their father, and rather neglected him.

joyous and the pensive mood respectively, are redolent of the country-side, without a harsh note, though not without a trace of seriousness.

"Lycidas," in addition to being a great elegy, is interesting by reason of the fact that it is one of two poems composed by Milton in memory of a friend, in this instance of Edward King, a college chum who had been shipwrecked and drowned.

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And cuts the thin-jun life . . .

It says much for the retired scrivener's love for his eldest son that in 1638 he gave him sufficient money for a continental tour, in addition to paying the expenses of a manservant. That Milton should have entertained an ambition to wander in sunny Italy is not to be wondered at, for he had taken "copious draughts," as he says, of the classical languages, and feasted on Dante, Petrarch, and many others. To the storied cities of Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Venice, and Milan he went, and at Arcetri, near Florence talked with the famous astronomer Galileo, then living in quiet and sightless retirement. He also met Grotius, the greatest Dutchman of his time.

Serving Cromwell with His Pen

At Naples he heard that the despotic government of Charles I was driving his country to rebellion. "The sad news of civil war in England," he tells us, "called me back: for

I considered it base that while my fellow-countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be travelling abroad for intellectual culture." In this sentence we see a new Milton, a man of action, though he made no great haste to return. There is nothing to suggest that he ever contemplated drawing a sword for Cromwell and the Parliamentary army. The pen was his weapon, and when the time was ripe he wielded it in an able manner.

On his return he wrote the second of his tributes to friendship, "Epitaphium Damonis," in memory of Charles Diodati, who had died while Milton was on the Continent. Shelley followed Milton's example in writing "Adonais" for Keats, and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" commemorates Arthur Hallam.

A Quiet Home in Aldersgate Street

Milton's father moved to Reading, and the poet lived for a while near St. Bride's churchyard, off Fleet Street, and spent some time educating the two sons of his widowed sister. From thence he went to a house in Aldersgate Street—then a very different neighbourhood from what it has since become—with a garden, plenty of room for his beloved books, and quiet. There he brought his first wife, Mary Powell, a girl of seventeen, the eldest daughter of Richard Powell, of Forest Hill, near Oxford, a staunch royalist.

Milton started a war of pamphlets in 1641 and ended it in 1660, with freedom as his

constant theme. He defended and upheld religious liberty, educational liberty, civil liberty, domestic liberty, and the liberty of the Press. Some were published without his name appearing as author. Perhaps the most important of the twenty-five is "Areopagitica," which has as its sub-title, "A Speech of Mr. John Milton for the liberty of Unlicenc'd Printing, to the Parliament of England." The name is derived from Areopagus, the open-air high court of ancient Athens, whose decision was final.

At that time (1644) it was forbidden by Act of Parliament for any person to publish a book, pamphlet, or paper unless it had been licensed. In this powerful plea for the freedom of the Press and the liberation of thought, Milton truly says, "Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious

MILTON'S YOUNG QUAKER FRIEND READS TO HIM



The Quaker youth, Thomas Ellwood, who would read Homer to the poet, and also "such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to hear me read" (Reproduced by the courtesy of the Society of Friends.)

life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." It appeared in a half apologetic fashion, unlicensed, unregistered, and without so much as a printer's or bookseller's name. His "Tractate on Education" was also published in 1644.

Keeping His Right Hand in Reserve

Some of the sentences are jewelled, though the author sometimes used long viaducts to channel his thoughts. Milton was not satisfied with his prose, in the writing of which he whimsically confessed that "I have the use, as I may account it, but of my left hand." The right hand, consecrated to poetry, was neither palsied nor had it lost its cunning; it was merely resting for service later.

In 1645, the year of the crushing defeat of Charles I at Naseby, a volume of "Poems of

Mr. John Milton, both English and Latin, compos'd at several times" was issued, and "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and other of his works were first printed. The frontispiece of the poems was supposed to be a portrait of the author at the age of twenty-one. Milton passed the proof and asked for four lines of Greek to be inserted underneath. Translated they read: "That this likeness had been drawn by an unskilful hand you would say at once if you could see the original, but, my friends, as you cannot recognize the portrait, laugh at the misrepresentation of this botching artist."

His Famous "Eikonoklastes"

Four years later Milton definitely identified himself with those who had ordered the beheading of the king by the publication of "Eikonoklastes" and "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates." Nearly fifty editions of the former were required within twelve months. It became one of the most famous books in the world.

In March, 1649, the pamphleteer was appointed Latin secretary to the Council of Foreign Affairs. Some biographers have made rather too much of his acceptance of this post, with the result that an impression has been created that Milton played a really important part in political affairs. He did nothing of the kind. His duty was purely and simply to translate documents from and into Latin, then the official diplomatic language.

From Aldersgate Street Milton had removed to the Barbican, and from thence to Holborn. He was now living in Duke Street (later Delahay Street), Westminster. Here he wrote his "Defence of the English People" (1650), a crushing reply to a pamphlet by Salmasius, an eminent French scholar, penned to justify the policy of Charles I at the request of the prince who afterwards became Charles II. This may be regarded as an official work, for Milton was ordered to prepare it by the Council of State. There is much personal abuse in both the "Defence" and the "Second Defence" (1654), but the sovereignty of the people as against the divine right of kings was never more clearly or ably stated or better upheld.

His keen sense of duty undoubtedly hastened the time when his weakened eyesight would completely fail. He tells us in the "Second Defence":

The choice lay before me between dereliction of a supreme duty, and loss of eyesight; in such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Æsculapius

HOW FRENCH SOCIETY WELCOMED THE YOUNG ENGLISH POET



Milton reading his poems before Marion Delorme whose salon was one of the most brilliant centres of Parisian society. During his tour in France, Italy and Switzerland Milton was warmly received by all manner of distinguished personages and societies. The young poet made a deep impression on all who saw him by his literary culture and noble character.

(thither of medicine) himself had spoke from his sanctuary. I could not but obey that inward monitor. I know not what that spoke to me from heaven. I considered within myself that many had purchased less good with worse all as they who give their lives to reap only glory, and I thereupon concluded to employ the little remaining eyesight I was to enjoy in doing thus, the greatest service to the commonwealth it was in my power to render.

Quietly Resigned to His Fate

By the middle of 1632, when he was in his forty-fourth year, Milton was totally blind. From henceforth he could only work with the help of others. He continued, however, to perform his official duties. We are fortunate in having a delightful letter which he sent to his friend Leonard Philaras, who had promised to ask Thevenot, an eminent French oculist, if there was any likelihood of recovery. In stead of railing at fate the writer quietly and humorously resigns himself in faith and fortitude to perpetual darkness.

Whatever ray of hope there may be for me from your famous physician, all the same, as in a case incurable, I prepare and compose myself accordingly, and my frequent thought is that, since many days of darkness as the wise man warns us, are destined for every one, my darkness hitherto, by the singular kindness of God and rest and studies and the voices and greetings of friends, has been much easier to bear than that deathly

one. But if as is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, what could prevent me from resting likewise in the belief of his eyesight, not in his eyes alone, but enough for all purposes in God's leading and providence. Verily while only He looks out for me and provides for me, as He doth leading me and leading me forth with His hand through my whole life, I shall willingly since it has seemed good to Him, have given my eyes their long holiday.

With supreme patience Milton toiled on, despite affliction and domestic sorrow. His first marriage was unfortunate, but in 1636 he wedded a woman who to use his own term, was a saint. After fifteen brief months of happiness she was taken from him and he was left desolate indeed. His three daughters, although they helped him, signally failed to understand their father's temperament and were anything but unmixed blessings. Cromwell, his national hero, died in 1658, the year in which Milton started to compose 'Paradise Lost', but the Latin secretary retained his office under the weak government of the Protector's son, and only gave it up when the Restoration was an accomplished fact.

Arrested Under the Restoration

The poet and pamphleteer was placed under arrest, but any malice the Cavaliers may have

borne him was evidently not deep-rooted, for he was speedily pardoned. Milton went to live in Jewin Street, and it was while living here that he married again. Shortly after he removed to a house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, where he stayed until the coming of the Great Plague in 1665, when all who could afford to do so put as many miles as possible between themselves and the doomed city.

Thomas Ellwood, the poet's kindly young Quaker friend, persuaded Milton to leave London with his family and his third wife for a little brick cottage he had taken for him at Chalfont St. Giles, then known as Giles Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, and no great distance from his beloved Horton. Here, in a tiny low-ceilinged and cross-beamed room, with the sunshine that he could not see streaming through the lattice windows, Milton put the final touches to "Paradise Lost," an amazing and imaginative word-picture in majestic blank verse of the fall from grace of Adam and Eve and its consequences.

Ellwood's Comment on "Paradise Lost"

Ellwood, who used to read Homer to the poet and take down "the immortal accents which flowed from his lips," was asked to peruse the manuscript. When the enthusiastic young man returned it, he cried, "Thou hast said much here of 'Paradise Lost,' but what hast thou to say of 'Paradise Found!'" The poet made no comment. He replied in the following autumn by starting on his second epic, "Para-

dise Regained," which tells of Christ's triumph over temptation.

"Paradise Lost" was not published until 1667, and the volume from first to last brought the poet and his family very little—scarcely more than £80. The sequel and "Samson Agonistes" (Samson the Wrestler) appeared in 1671. Milton was now back in charred and blackened London, the aftermath of the Great Fire of 1666, where he lived until his death on the 8th November, 1674. Up to the last he rose at four in summer and an hour later in winter, and went to bed at nine. He began the day with having a passage from the Scriptures read to him, and ended it with a solitary pipe of tobacco. He thought, planned, and dictated at intervals, and in the evening chatted with Ellwood or Andrew Marvell, who had helped him when he was Latin secretary. He still sought solace with the organ and the bass viol: "Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie."

Lofty Standards of Life

His view of life was exalted and "he who reigns within himself, a phleeteer passions, desires, and fears, is more to king." No one sought more deeply. Some realize himself in his search for better too surely none held the reins of life with this poet, grip or with more fortitude and firm impression.

[There is an extensive literature on Milton played among biographies those written by C. J. [?], R. Garnett (1890), D. Masson (1859), in political Pattison (1878), are the best known. See of the kind. Essay on John Milton.]

ANDREW MARVELL GREETS MILTON AT CHALFONT ST. GILES



"The Meeting of Milton and Andrew Marvell at Chalfont St. Giles," from the painting by G. Boughton, R.A. In fine weather, Milton delighted to sit outside his house to receive his visitors. Marvell, who achieved fame as a poet and satirist, had been of service to the blind poet when he was Latin secretary to the Council of Foreign Affairs.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

From IRON-MASTER to PRIME MINISTER

Stanley Baldwin, the Quiet Level-headed Business Magnate, Who, Unmoved by Ambition, Rose in His Country's Need to Direct the Councils of the State

EARLY in the eighteenth century a Baldwin of the Worcestershire family of that name established an iron foundry in the west of England. A large export trade was carried on, the highly finished products being packed on the backs of mules or in barges, and conveyed to Bristol for shipment to America.

This business grew very rapidly, especially after the advent of the railways, and the control of it passed from one generation of Baldwins to another. About 1850 the chief director was Alfred Baldwin, who brought about a still larger expansion of the original firm, which began to trade in coal as well as iron.

From time to time Alfred Baldwin paid visits to Birmingham, where he was on intimate terms of friendship with a charming family whose interests and aims were widely different from those of business and money-making. But the iron-master must have had a streak of something different in his nature, for he was sympathetically received in that particular household, where not only the best art and literature of the day were eagerly discussed, but also the intellectual movements of an age bristling with new ideas and ideals.

An Artistic Environment

On the walls of the drawing-room there were many pictures which Alfred Baldwin looked at with admiration and pride, not only because they were of rare beauty, but because the painters of them, Edward Burne-Jones and Edward Poynter, were soon to become closely associated with him by marriage.

Of the four wonderful daughters of George Macdonald, Wesleyan minister at Handsworth, near Birmingham, the two eldest, Georgiana and Agnes, had already married, respectively, the famous artists mentioned above. Alice was the wife of John Lockwood Kipling and



Mr. Stanley Baldwin in the "Gallery" at Chequers, the beautiful Buckinghamshire mansion presented to the nation in 1917 by Lord Lee of Fareham for the official use of the Prime Minister.

the mother of a son, Rudyard Kipling, who was to win world-wide fame as a writer. It was Louisa Macdonald, the fourth daughter, whom Alfred Baldwin took from an atmosphere of art into the land of iron and coal.

At the time Louisa became engaged she had been helping her brother-in-law, Edward Burne-Jones, in his studio. The latter confessed to "a little gloomy sulkiness" at the love affair that took from him so skilful an assistant. Like her sisters, Louisa was artistic to her finger-tips. When she became the mother of Stanley Baldwin, she took care that he should appreciate the value of the things of the mind as well as the importance of making a fortune in

the iron and coal industry.

It is impossible to do justice to the character of Stanley Baldwin without first realizing the dual and, to some extent, contradictory influences that surrounded him during childhood and early manhood. His successful father trained him for business. His artistic mother imbued him with his love of classical literature and his profoundly orthodox faith; for the Macdonalds, as a family, belonged to an intellectual school that saw no divergence between the old, simple truths and the discoveries and speculation of the rapidly changing times.

Influence of His Parents

An explanation of the circumstance that Mr. Baldwin is not an ambitious man, in the ordinary sense of the word, might perhaps be found in the neutralizing effects upon him of his father's *flair* for business expansion and his mother's quiet, almost Quakerish, creed. The resultant of these forces is, at any rate, a character that is far more complex than appears on the surface. Mr. Baldwin is a successful man, yet he takes no inordinate pleasure in his achievements, and, if he followed his own

inclinations, would far rather be reading books and looking after his country estate than controlling the destinies of a great nation during difficult times. Duty, however, is an exacting mistress.

"I want your prayers more than your congratulations," he said, when first called to his high office. Therein lies the key-note of his character. At the moment in his career when he might justifiably have indulged in elation, he let the British public see that he was, in fact, slightly downcast. What he saw

BIRTHPLACE OF A PRIME MINISTER



Lower Park House, High Street, Bewdley, the rather sombre-looking building in which the iron-master's only son, Stanley Baldwin, was born on the 3rd August, 1867.

before him was not a personal triumph, but a moral obligation exceedingly arduous to fulfil, and one which he would give up as readily as he had accepted it the moment he felt unable to carry it through.

It may have been his abnormally developed sense of duty that enabled him to give twenty of the best years of his life to the carrying on of the great firm of Baldwins Ltd., which his father had enormously expanded. It is at least reasonable to suppose that he was no more enamoured of being an iron-master than he is of a parliamentary career. But he was an only son, and he accepted the proverbial destiny of only sons.

Perhaps, if he had not felt this to be his duty, he would have chosen the profession of literature. He could have had every opportunity to follow a career that requires leisure and means, and there was ink, as it were, in the family blood. His grandfather, George Macdonald, had been a well-known pamphleteer; his mother wrote fairy stories for children after the style of Hans Andersen; and his elder cousin, Rudyard Kipling, had already astonished Anglo-Indian circles by his amazing stories of soldier life.

Comparison with Kipling

Had Mr. Baldwin revolted against the career of an iron-master, the world might have seen another Kipling, less exuberant, perhaps, but as logical in his thought and with the same basic philosophy of life. The points of resemblance between the two cousins are striking. Both use words with simple, concentrated effect. Kipling, as a writer, requires no pruning, and Mr. Baldwin's speeches are models of incisive economical expression. Each is essentially conservative by nature, not only in the political sense but in the blood. Rudyard Kipling and Stanley Baldwin are both empire-builders.

Revolt, however, is no part of Mr. Baldwin's mental or spiritual composition. Like most men of his type, he developed his view of existence early, and he has not modified his disbelief in the value of rebellion. At nineteen years of age he had obtained a grip upon the essential facts of life, and experience has tightened his hold upon reality. He saw no use in disputing the career offered to him: for, whatever other profession he might have adopted, there would still have been duty to place first and foremost.

There was another consideration which may at this time have influenced his choice of a mundane career, or, rather, consoled him for the lack of alternative. "I am not clever," he once snapped out in reply to some heckler who placed before him an unnecessarily tortuous proposition. His subsequent career provides a homily upon the relative uselessness of mere wits compared with a trained capacity for solid, fundamental brain-work.

His Slow Maturing

Still, cleverness has its uses, not the least of which is that, when its exercise is linked to truth, it quickens the whole life and career of the clever individual. In this respect Mr. Baldwin has certainly been a laggard until recent times. There are few scintillating passages in his early life. He was not a dull child, but he did not sparkle. He declares that he did only fairly well at school and very badly at the university. His gifts lay fallow,

needing time and experience to bring them to fruition.

When he was born, on the 3rd August, 1867, the cook in the Baldwin household, a superstitious old Bewdley woman, carried him upstairs in order to ensure his rise in life. Not content with climbing to the top of the house, she stood upon a chair in the attic and held the infant towards the ceiling. How often must this quaint ceremony have been performed in the case of infants destined never to rise above the ground floor of existence! The infant Baldwin was to live half his life in comparative mediocrity before he suddenly took that dramatic leap upwards which bore out an old woman's superstition.

Riches of the Mind and Spirit

Mr. Baldwin's childhood was happy, for he was a rich man's only child, and his gifted mother took care to provide for him riches of the mind and spirit. He early learned to love pictures, and to read "the best that has been thought and spoken in the world." He went to Harrow, and thence to Cambridge, but he made no particular mark there, either as a scholar or as a personality.

He was the quiet child and youth of whom anything might be prophesied but nothing

ON THE THRESHOLD OF HIS CAREER



From Cambridge young Baldwin passed into his father's business, a reserved, studious youth, intent upon the duty at his hand—that of learning his work thoroughly.

definite predicted. There were companions, however, who were sometimes surprised to discover that the studious, reserved youth could on occasion blaze up into a fury and use his fists fearlessly and effectually.

Then followed the entry into his father's

business and the settling down to learn his work. "No one," he once said, "is educated who is not master of his job." He was already a familiar figure at the works. Like Joseph Chamberlain, he made it his business to know by Christian name all the men under his control.

THE STATESMAN AS A CHILD



Mr. Baldwin's was a very happy boyhood, for not only was he a rich man's only child, but his mother took care to provide for him riches of the mind and the spirit.

There are, however, few other points of resemblance between the lives of these two business magnates who became statesmen. Chamberlain created a great firm by his own enterprise. It was Mr. Baldwin's task to control the affairs of a business long since firmly established, and with a powerful impetus towards success behind it.

Controlling the Affairs of Baldwins

Exactly what part Mr. Baldwin took in the history of Baldwins Ltd. has not yet been made known, but it is certain that the impetus in question was not weakened during his administration. The patient plodding required to maintain an established success is less noted by the world than the genius that brought it into existence. Nevertheless, even where the groundwork has been performed, constant vigilance is required in order that the superstructure shall rise steadily and in accordance with the same principles. It may be taken for granted that Stanley Baldwin was the right

man to step into his successful father's shoes. He brought about no new regime, but during his connexion with it the great firm of Baldwins Ltd. moved steadily with the times.

One important result of Mr. Baldwin's twenty years of business life, and his experience with a firm that must constantly have been finding new markets for the investment of its surplus funds, was that he obtained an expert knowledge of finance. The subject interested him, and he began that special study of financial economics which enabled him afterwards to become so great an exponent of complex financial dealings, both in the City and in the field of international relationship. Debates on economics in the House of Commons are sometimes characterized by more picturesque speculation than scientific knowledge, and, if Mr. Baldwin had remained a private member, his occasional interpositions upon financial matters, in which he was able to throw light upon abstruse problems, would have won him a reputation.

In His Father's Footsteps

In entering political life Mr. Baldwin seemed to be acting from the same motive that had led to his business career. He followed dutifully in his father's footsteps. The latter had been member for Bewdley for some years, and at his death in 1908 Mr. Baldwin was returned unopposed for the same constituency. Two years previously, at the general election of 1906, he had been defeated at Kidderminster.

And so this humble-looking man from the provinces, who had little enthusiasm for politics but regarded his new rôle rather as a duty imposed upon him by parental example, unobtrusively took his place in the House of Commons. He chose an isolated seat in the back benches, and listened to the debates with an air of impatience. When the House broke up, he was as obviously relieved as a school-

boy when lessons are finished. He walked quickly out into the lobby, taking long strides, and with his head thrust forward like a man intent upon the pursuit of some absorbing interest.

Once in the lobby, his pipe filled and lit, he evaded conversation, and seemed to be concerned with nothing so much as whether he would be in time to catch a reasonably early train home.

Thinking of Other Things

To most politicians, whether they happen to be prominent or otherwise, politics quickly become an absorbing occupation. The dramatic clash of victory, the "whipping up" of parties, the working of wheels within wheels, all provide a stimulus which, in most cases, leads to greater and greater claims upon time and energy. But Mr. Baldwin seemed impervious to the many excitements of political life. While on the floor of the House he bent his faculties fully to the task of mastering his new task, but in the smoking-room, where the groups assembled in eager discussion of the situation, the member for Bewdley lay stretched on a sofa, smoking his beloved briar, and thinking—of other things.

By this time Mr. Baldwin had certain personal absorptions of the sort that men determined on a career find it necessary to sacrifice, to some extent at least. He was a family man and a country squire. He was also a man to whom the habit of reading had become a necessity. Politics often interfered with these private interests.

Sacrifices His Inner Happiness

Many a man in his position would have regarded such pursuits as secondary to the grand career. But Mr. Baldwin has often frankly bemoaned the encroachment of his political duties upon his private life. Where

BRANCH HEADQUARTERS OF A VAST AND SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS CONCERN



Wilden Ironworks, the headquarters of the midland branch of Baldwins Ltd. This great business was founded in the early part of the eighteenth century by a Worcestershire Baldwin, who established an iron foundry in the west of England. It grew very rapidly, especially after the coming of the railways, and is now one of the largest concerns of its kind.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed index

ENJOYING THE COMPANIONSHIP OF HIS TRUSTY PIPE



Mr. Baldwin has more than once bemoaned the encroachment of his political duties upon his private life. Among his happiest moments he counts those that he spends in the beautiful grounds of his country home. Here he is, free from the cares of office, in the company of his beloved pipe, inspecting a frost-covered shrub on his Worcestershire estate.

another man would talk lightly of these necessary "sacrifices," Mr. Baldwin regarded them as real sacrifices of that inner happiness which is independent of ambition.

Such an attitude serves to heighten his significance as a politician of an unusual type. It gives an air of detachment to his actions in the House of Commons. His impersonality as a politician led him, in fact, to take unprecedented and unnecessary risks. This impersonality, however, never becomes indifference. Where an issue is at stake in which Baldwin the private individual is deeply interested, because it involves a point of honour or a tenet of inner faith, Baldwin the politician is not to be distinguished from the former.

Long a "Back-bencher"

For eight years Mr. Baldwin remained a "back-bencher." He had not made history with his maiden speech, and he seemed to attend the House for no other purpose than that of the ordinary private member, to watch the interests of his constituency and to support his party. To fulfil these obligations is a task in itself, and many able men carry them out conscientiously without ever achieving distinction, or seeking office.

When Mr. Baldwin caught the Speaker's eye it was usually late at night, after the hurly-burly of the political day was over, and the House had settled down to practical business. Some knotty point connected with the country's finance would arise, amid a hubbub of question and answer. The member for Bewdley would stand up, and in a clear voice, very welcome to the tired reporters in the Press gallery, would speak with quiet reassuring authority upon the difficulty. He had the facts and figures at his finger-ends, and he demonstrated the problem with a simple, unassuming air. There could be no question of log-rolling, or of putting an artificial construction upon the statistics concerned. The House, weary with words and the complexities of the party game, listened eagerly to this man of business who explained the financial condition of England with the same impartiality and regard for the truth as he would have explained the balance sheet of Baldwins Ltd.

A Safe and Useful Member

Gradually it became known that Mr. Baldwin was a safe and useful man to consult upon all matters in connexion with home and international finance, and upon industrial problems.

On one occasion, during Mr. Lloyd George's administration, a dispute arose in regard to the gas companies. As leader of the House, Mr. Lloyd George rose to explain the situation.

Mr. Baldwin at once jumped to his feet. "I'm responsible for gas," he shouted, much to the amusement and astonishment of members. At that time he was holding only a small office, and his interruption was really out of order. But the House understood that Mr. Baldwin had the situation in a nutshell, and he was allowed to proceed.

In 1916 Mr. Baldwin became parliamentary secretary to Mr. Bonar Law, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was quite a

its results did not become apparent until some time after the war ended.

One action of Mr. Baldwin's during the war revealed at once the temper of his mind as a private individual and the core of his faith as a politician. For a long while he had felt troubled because of his inability to serve his country in a more concrete and personal sense than as his duties prescribed. Eventually he gave one quarter of his own private fortune to the State. It was a noble act, inspired by both brain and heart. As a citizen he wished to give what he could. As a capitalist he sincerely believed that it was urgently necessary for the Government to have ready money.

THE BACHELOR HOME OF THE FUTURE STATESMAN



Wilden House, where Mr. Baldwin lived in his bachelor days. This charming home was close to Wilden Ironworks, and after the day's hard toil was over the future statesman would refresh his tired mind and body in this quiet haven, with all its old-world charm of close-shorn lawns and flowers and sundial. Here he would enjoy the beauty and the fragrance of the flowers, smoking his pipe, and reading the books he had learned to love so well.

minor office, but the stress of the World War magnified it into an important one. The whole of Europe was in danger of financial chaos. Huge sums were being raised and spent. There were intricate currency problems to be solved, and the future of England's financial stability depended upon accurate foresight in the matter of manipulating inflated prices and wages, loans, and subsidies. With all this Mr. Baldwin had much to do. He earned the gratitude and admiration of Mr. Bonar Law for the enormous amount of sheer spade-work that he did at this period—work for which there was little to show at the time, since

In 1917 Mr. Baldwin held the offices of Junior Lord of the Treasury and Joint Financial Secretary. He was still practically a nonentity in the House, so far as being in the limelight was concerned, but in reality he was climbing swiftly and all unconsciously towards the highest of posts. His reliability, his zest for work, and his sanity commended him to the notice of ministers holding more exalted posts who, often sorely harassed by the pressure of public opinion, felt that there was one in their midst who could keep them out of their difficulties and point a safe course that appealed to both sections of the Coalition.

A Dramatic Change

It was as President of the Board of Trade in 1921 that Mr. Baldwin made his first big speech, in which he successfully appealed for more humanity in dealing with industrial problems. He made effective use of his own experiences as an employer of labour on a large scale, and his moral arguments gained force from the reasonableness and practicability of his suggestions.

That speech, and the fact that a rumour had leaked out that Mr. Baldwin had been responsible for a considerable part of Mr. Bonar Law's budgeting, created a good deal of ministerial discussion about the new member of the cabinet. He was marked for promotion should ever the Coalition Government split up, and the supporters of Mr. Bonar Law enter into office.

Still Unambitious of Honours

It might be supposed that by this time Mr. Baldwin had acquired some zest for the political game as such. Most men who had risen in office as high as he had would have sought still higher honours. But Mr. Baldwin was not intrigued by the future which his colleagues prophesied for him. He did his work at the Board of Trade conscientiously, feeling, perhaps, that he had reached his highest point of usefulness. He still escaped as often as possible to his country estate, and he talked wistfully about the time when he might be able to go out of politics altogether.

Then came the dramatic change that was to bring him suddenly to the highest place of all. In 1922 a political stalemate resulted in the historic meeting of the Conservative party at the Carlton Club. With startling unexpectedness the Coalition Government crashed. It had served its purpose of uniting the two great parties of the State during the days of a national crisis. Now the time had come to readjust the Constitution in accordance with normal conditions.

At that meeting Mr. Baldwin played a prominent part. For once he was in the lime-light. His duty and convictions dictated a pronounced and unhesitating course of action. He condemned the Coalition Government as being unconstitutional, and championed the cause of his friend and chief, Mr. Bonar Law.

A Feat of Organization

It has been said that Mr. Baldwin was the real architect of the reorganized party. The task of collecting together the scattered elements of a great party was one requiring immense tact and organizing ability, yet it was carried out without any serious embarrassment to members' reputations, and the Bonar Law administration came into being.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new

STANLEY BALDWIN

ON HIS WAY TO ST. STEPHEN'S



The Prime Minister in conventional dress, on his way to take his seat at St. Stephen's, Westminster, on the occasion of the reassembling of Parliament on the termination of the customary recess.

Government, Mr. Baldwin had to face one of the most intricate budgeting problems in the history of this country. The British electorate were clamouring for some relief from the high taxation involved by the payment of interest on money borrowed from the United States during the war. America, on the other hand, was demanding the funding of our debt. Mr.

knowledge, the ability, and the experience to enable him to manipulate the vast sum of £856,000,000 owed by one country to another in such a way as to satisfy both parties to the bargain. Mr. Baldwin solved the problem by a bold, simple stroke. He arranged for repayment of the actual debt, and at the same time relieved the burden of the British tax-payer by reducing the income tax by sixpence.

Meanwhile the health of Mr. Bonar Law was failing, and Mr. Baldwin found himself being pushed more and more to the front of affairs. He must have known that at any moment the most onerous of positions was likely to be thrust upon him, yet it is a fact that, at the time when the crisis brought about by Mr. Bonar Law's breakdown in health occurred, Mr. Baldwin was making arrangements to retire from politics.

Then came the resignation of Mr. Bonar Law, and on the 22nd May, 1923, the king sent for Mr. Baldwin and asked him to carry on the Government. It was one of the greatest surprises in political history. Within two years a comparatively obscure cabinet minister had risen to the highest rank of all.

Drives to the Palace

A new era of statesmanship began when, amidst congratulations to which he scarcely paid heed, this quick, hard-working business man went to Buckingham Palace in a taxi-cab and accepted an office which he regarded as simply the stiffest job that he had ever undertaken. The pomp and circumstance of office mean nothing to Mr. Baldwin. His practice is to get work done during working hours, and to enjoy the simple pleasures of existence when he is off duty.

Perhaps his greatest faculty is his keen sense of responsibility.

That Mr. Baldwin cares nothing for the views of others where his own conviction is at stake, was shown by his persistence in risking a large majority over a question of tariff reform.

Despite his defeat then, his position as Conservative leader was never disputed, and in October, 1924, his party was returned with an overwhelming majority



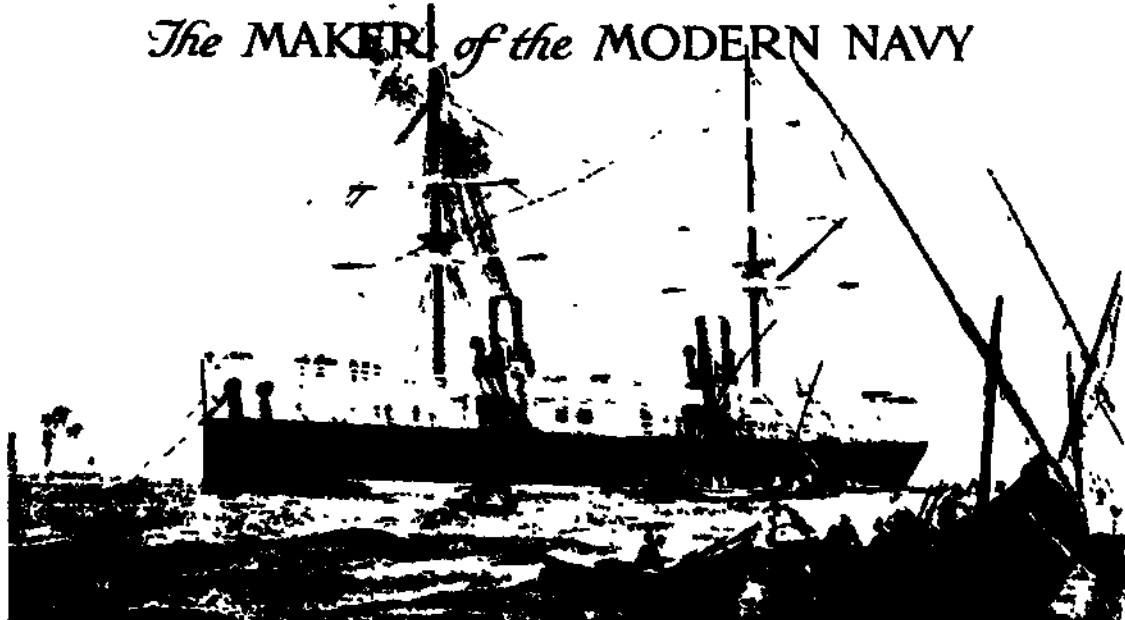
Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and their daughter at Harrow on Speech Day. Little did his contemporaries at Harrow think that the quiet, studious boy they knew at the old school days would eventually become Prime Minister.

Baldwin decided upon the unprecedented course of crossing the Atlantic in order to discuss the matter with the United States financial experts.

The journey was little commented upon at the time, but it was really one of the most romantic expeditions of recent years. There is, indeed, something staggering to the imagination about the idea of a single man having the



The MAKER of the MODERN NAVY



H.M.S. *Inflexible*, the glory of the British Navy in 1882, at the bombardment of Alexandria. She was under the command of Captain J. A. Fisher, and her shooting was so good that Admiral Seymour signalled "Well done, *Inflexible*!" Each of the two turrets carried two muzzle-loading 80-ton guns.

AN Admiralty official, on a tour of inspection, asked a bluejacket if he had any complaints to make as to the quality of the food supplied to the lower deck.

"It's all serene, except for the meat," he replied.

"What's wrong with the meat? Too tough?" the official inquired.

"There's only one thing tougher as I know of," came the retort. Then, after a short pause, the sailor added, "and that's old Fisher. And if there's anything tougher than old Fisher in the British Navy, well, then, I don't want to meet it."

"Left a Boy—Returned a Man"

If this good-natured "growl" was reported to the admiral, it probably afforded him as much amusement and satisfaction as did a letter he once received from the proud parent of one of the boys at Osborne Naval College, which was founded by Fisher.

"Our lad left us a boy," the letter read. "He has returned a man, and swears at his mother!"

It was not that Fisher encouraged such acts of discourtesy, but he would forgive a boy anything if he showed signs of developing something of that fearless spirit that had retained for Britain the supremacy of the seas. Independence, initiative, bull-dog courage, and, above all, unwavering patriotism—

these were the qualities Fisher most admired. To have rich red British blood in one's veins was, in his estimation, the greatest privilege anyone could claim, and he had nothing but contempt for the man who did not love his country more than anything else, be he Briton, Frenchman, or German. The sincerity of his own patriotism was never questioned; it could not be questioned by anyone who remembered that practically every minute of his working life—he was in his eightieth year when he died—was consecrated to the service of his country.

"England Never Succumbs"

"England never succumbs," was one of his proud boasts. That she did not succumb during the World War of 1914-18 was due to the foresight of "Jacky" Fisher more than to that of any other single individual. It was his wisdom, his prescience, his strength of purpose that brought the Grand Fleet to such a pitch of efficiency that it was able, on the outbreak of hostilities, to take undisputed command of the seas.

Admiral Lord Fisher was not a war-monger. He hated war, with its attendant horrors, as much as most people, but once a conflict became inevitable he had no use for kid-glove fighters. His three "R's" of warfare were Ruthless, Relentless, Remorseless. As Great Britain's naval representative at The Hague

Peace Conference in 1899, he adopted the passive rôle of listener for a considerable time, while delegates of various nationalities offered their views on how war could be waged with as little violence as possible. When it was his turn to speak, he bluntly characterized all their ideas as rank hypocrisy, and drew such an appalling picture of war as he would conduct it that his audience shuddered as they listened.

Fisher did not shout or bang the table in front of him to add emphasis to his remarks. His voice was well modulated, quiet, suave; his manner was pleasant and reassuring; a smile continually played round his mouth. He might have been giving them a simple lecture on botany or recounting some of the many happy experiences of his youth. Yet the terrible message that he gave them, the picture that he drew of barbarous warfare revealed in all its ugly nakedness, sent a shudder of horror through his audience, and caused them to shrink back in their seats.

His Warning

It was not a threat, but a warning. Not one of those who had listened could have left The Hague without a vivid conception of the responsibilities that would have to be shouldered by the country which wilfully went to war. So revolting, so dreadful, so shocking a thing was it, that it had to be avoided at almost any cost. That was the lasting impression of the conference, and that speech was Fisher's valuable contribution towards the cause of peace.

The admiral was very fond of aphorisms. Three favourite examples of these on the subject of war are—

War is the essence of violence. Moderation in war is futility.

Hit first, hit hard, keep on hitting.

The humanizing of war! You might as well talk of humanizing hell!

Not often could Lord Fisher be prevailed upon to make a speech. When he went aboard his first ship, he found confronting him a notice with an exhortation which he immediately adopted as a life motto. "Deeds—not words!" it ran. Afterwards, on taking a new command, one of his first acts was to

have that notice installed on the ship, and throughout his life he was guided by its precept.

On those rare occasions when he spoke in public, he proved himself a racy raconteur. One of his favourite anecdotes concerned the time when he was commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean Fleet. One day he went to inspect a small destroyer, and was taken round by the young officer in command. The destroyer's displacement was only 260 tons, but there was so much pride and flourish exhibited during the inspection that it might have been a super-Dreadnought. During his

LORD FISHER'S FATHER



Captain William Fisher, of the 78th Highlanders, aide-de-camp to the governor of Ceylon. His wife was Sophia, daughter of A. Lambe, of New Bond Street, London.

rounds, Fisher came across a bold inscription: "*Ut veniant omnes!*" Turning to the lieutenant, he said, "What the deuce is that?" The officer saluted smartly and replied, "That, sir, is 'Let 'em all come!'" That was the spirit the admiral liked to find in the navy, especially among his youthful commanders. "It was not boasting," he said, "it was the sense of conscious efficiency." And that conscious efficiency the navy owed to Fisher more than to anyone else.

Born in Ceylon

John Arbuthnot Fisher spent the early days of his life in Ceylon, the island colony of Great Britain which has earned for itself the title of the "Pearl of the Orient." Born at Rambodde on the 25th January, 1841, he was the son of an army officer, who was then aide-de-camp to the governor of the island. His parents were not too well

endowed with the world's riches, and at the early age of thirteen he was sent off to join the navy. The success he achieved in after life is made all the more remarkable by the fact that he owed it entirely to his own exertions. Starting from the bottom rung of the ladder, "penniless, friendless, and forlorn," without any interested, influential, or wealthy friends to help him, he won his way rapidly to the top by sheer hard work and outstanding ability.

His first ship was the *Victory*, which he joined at Portsmouth in 1854. From boyhood Fisher worshipped the heroic figure of Nelson, and it was singularly appropriate that his nomination for the navy should have been

secured by Admiral Sir William Parker, who was the last of Nelson's captains. Life at sea in the middle nineteenth century was about as hard as it could possibly be. Barbarous discipline, coarse food, and discomforts of every description were the daily lot of a young midshipman. Fisher thrived on the Spartan training, but, with less grit and determination, he might easily have been embittered by his early experiences, and have taken the first opportunity of escaping from the senior service.

During the Crimean War of 1854-56 he saw service with the Baltic Fleet, and shortly afterwards took part in the capture of Canton and the Peiho forts during the war with China. At the age of nineteen his work had attracted so much notice that he was appointed acting captain of the *Coromandel*, and more than justified the confidence reposed in him by the commander-in-chief. Already recognized for his efficiency and tremendous energy, bubbling over with high spirits, and aided by the experience gained in two campaigns, Fisher returned from the Far East in 1861 with brilliant prospects. His vigorous enthusiasm enabled him to look upon life as providing an inexhaustible source of joy.

Gunnery Expert

Promoted lieutenant in November, 1860, he became gunnery expert on the *Warrior*, and three years later was appointed to the staff of the *Excellent*, a gunnery training-ship. Further promotion came to him in 1869 with the rank of commander. Interesting himself about this time in torpedoes, he soon became known as a specialist in this branch of the service, and started a torpedo training-ship. A little later he took charge of government negotiations for the purchase of the Whitehead torpedo.

Promotion to captain was controlled by seniority, and Fisher had to wait until October, 1874, before he gained this further step. For a few years he was engaged in useful service as torpedo instructor. This, however, was not exciting enough for the restless captain, and it was with feelings of relief he learnt that he had been appointed flag-captain to Admiral Sir A. Cooper-Key—a man after his own heart—who was then in command of the North American station.

THE FUTURE ADMIRAL



Fisher's first ship was the *Victory*, which he joined in 1854, and she was the last ship to fly his flag as an admiral in 1904.

His appointment in 1879 as president of a committee for revising the "Gunnery Manual of the Fleet" was a great tribute to his genius, for he held no higher rank than that of a junior captain. For once ability was considered before seniority, and on this score Fisher had no serious rival for the post. Less than two years later Whitehall gave further proof of their confidence in him by giving him the command of the *Inflexible*, then the largest ship in the navy.

It was fitting that the man who had done so much to improve the marksmanship of the fleet should have an opportunity of seeing his

work put to practical use. The *Inflexible* took a leading part in the bombardment of Alexandria, her eighty-ton guns playing havoc with the Egyptian forts. So effective was her gunnery that it drew from the flagship the signal, "Well done, *Inflexible*!" Incidentally, Fisher's ship sustained more damage than any other in the fleet.

Builds an Armoured Train

As soon as the forts had been silenced, a party of marines and bluejackets was landed to restore order in the city, and Fisher was put in charge of the unit. Looting and rioting added to his difficulties, but his great energy and initiative enabled him to overcome all obstacles. His resource was demonstrated in the hasty construction of an armoured train, which made it possible for him to transfer men and guns from one side of the city to the other without loss of time. For his brilliant work

on this occasion, he was created a Companion of the Bath. An attack of dysentery while ashore endangered his life for a time, and gave rise to the rumour that he had been killed. In his "Memories," Fisher described the incident thus: "The officer who took my place in the armoured train the day after I was disabled was knocked over by one of the enemy shells, and so it was telegraphed home that I was killed, and Queen Victoria telegraphed back for details, and very interesting leading articles appeared as to what I might have been had I lived!" It is worthy of note that, although he spent many years on the sea, he was a constant sufferer from sea-sickness.

Invalided home, Fisher spent the next few



years in filling various administrative posts on shore. His whole life from that time onwards was to be devoted to increasing the strength and efficiency of the navy, and to keeping the nation alive to the fact that its very existence depended on its retaining undisputed supremacy on the sea. To begin with, he injured W. T. Stead, who afterwards went down on the *Titanic*, to write and publish a book entitled "The Truth about the Navy." This opened the eyes of the public, and prepared the way for increased naval expenditure. Then, for more than four years, he held the office of Director of Naval Ordnance, a post for which he was eminently fitted through his special knowledge of armaments. In 1891 he became Admiral-Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard with the rank of rear-admiral, and a year later was recalled to the Admiralty to act as Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy.

At the Admiralty

Fisher brought to the Admiralty Board a record of distinguished service, an experience of every sphere of naval operations, a freshness of outlook, and a vigorous spirit which could not fail to exert a great influence. The policy pursued by the Admiralty was progressive, and their programme included the building of seven new battleships. Ministers protested, Parliament withheld its consent, but the Board were adamant. They wanted their seven battleships, and they meant to have them. Gradually the proposal gained the support of the country, and after months of controversy, indirectly leading to Gladstone's resignation, the policy was approved.

From the Admiralty Fisher went in 1897 to the North American station as commander-in-chief, hoisting his flag on the *Renown*, a ship that had recently been constructed under his direction. He had, in the meantime, been honoured with the K.C.B. and promoted vice-admiral. Fisher's lack of sentiment did not

affect the adroitness of his diplomacy, and during his two years' command he did much to improve the relations between the United States and this country. The neat touch of a born diplomat was revealed in his order to the fleet to fire a salute on Washington's birthday. It was a gesture of friendship that the Americans could not fail to appreciate.

Mediterranean Fleet Command

Returning from The Hague Peace Conference with a great international reputation, Fisher

AT THE AGE OF FORTY-ONE YEARS



Fisher as post-captain when he was in command of the gunnery school at Portsmouth. From then onwards he devoted his life to strengthening the navy.

found a further outlet for his tremendous energy in reforming the Mediterranean Fleet, which he was appointed to command in July, 1899, with Lord Charles Beresford as his "second." In after years Fisher did not always see eye to eye with Beresford, but during their association in the Mediterranean they worked together in complete harmony, and greatly improved the fighting efficiency of the fleet. Numerous reforms were introduced, all of them aimed at preparing the navy for war. Fisher never believed in awaiting the outbreak of hostilities before putting his house in order. Britain's strength lay in her fleet, and he knew that if she were embroiled in a conflict, her safety would depend, more than anything else, on her ability to strike hard and to strike quickly. Never

before had the navy been worked so hard; never before had the Admiralty been so encouraged, cajoled, and almost bullied into agreeing to sweeping changes proposed by an indefatigable commander.

Fisher was a great apostle of speed. "From a 12-knot fleet with breakdowns, he made a 15-knot fleet without breakdowns," Beresford wrote. "He introduced long-range target practice; instituted various war practices for officers and men; drew up complete instructions for torpedo flotillas . . . and generally carried into execution fleet exercises based, not on tradition, but on the probabilities

of war." In one year, it is said, he burnt 50,000 tons of fuel in excess of the Admiralty allowance.

He was promoted to admiral in 1901. Satisfied that he had infused something of the Nelson spirit into the navy, Fisher returned to the Admiralty as Second Sea Lord, and at once submitted a number of revolutionary proposals. Ancient prejudices were flung aside with a merciless disregard for precedent. New conditions required new methods and new machinery. No longer did it suffice for a naval officer to be a seaman. He had to be a specialist in some branch or other—a gunnery expert, a scientist, or a skilled engineer.

Changes at Portsmouth

This necessitated a complete revision of the existing method of entry into the navy, and of the method of training. (On Christmas Day, 1902, there appeared a memorandum on the "Entry, Training, and Employment of Officers and Men of the Royal Navy," giving details of the new scheme devised by the active, ingenious brain of the Second Sea Lord. Its proposals, which included the establishment of a naval college at Osborne and the reorganization of Dartmouth College, startled the country and met with considerable opposition. As in all things, Fisher won the day, and, as soon as he could be spared from Whitehall, he went to Portsmouth as commander-in-chief, in order to supervise personally the introduction of his new scheme. Fisher was at Portsmouth only for a few months, but miraculous changes took place during that short time, and when he left he had completely reorganized the naval administration of the port and had, also, imparted some of his extraordinary capacity for work to those who were left in charge.

On Trafalgar Day, 1904, Fisher joined the Board as First Sea Lord, an event which heralded five years of naval government so prolific in achievement as to defy comparison with any other period in the history of Admiralty administration. All Fisher's previous work was dwarfed by the magnitude of his accomplishments during this period of office. Although over sixty years of age, he was as active as he had ever been in his life. The first to arrive at the Admiralty in the morning—sometimes as early as five o'clock—and the last to leave at night, he would work strenuously all day with no apparent impairment of vitality. His first step was to make it abundantly clear to everyone that as First Sea Lord he was responsible for the "fighting

efficiency of the fleet," and, having thus freed himself from interference, he introduced reforms that were to have far-reaching consequences.

"Knowledge is power," he quoted. "When you have been a kitchenmaid, no one can silly you as to how to boil potatoes." Basing all his calculations on the inevitability of war, he completely transformed the navy, and so arranged the distribution of the fleet that it was fully prepared for any sudden conflict. With the German menace in mind, he courageously reduced the Mediterranean Fleet

THE GREAT SAILOR AND HIS WIFE



Commander J. A. Fisher and his wife, a portrait taken in January, 1874. Fisher had married Miss Frances Broughton in 1866.

and concentrated naval strength in the North Sea, which he held to be the main strategic theatre.

He ordered obsolete vessels to be scrapped; he withdrew useless foreign squadrons; he expedited the construction of submarines; he formed an auxiliary fleet of hospital ships, mine-sweepers, ammunition and store ships; he strengthened the destroyer flotillas; he adopted the water-tube boiler and the turbine engine; he was responsible for tremendous improvements in gunnery. The pay and the

AN OFFICER WHOM ROYALTY DELIGHTED TO HONOUR



Queen Alexandra and Admiral Sir John Fisher. Seven years before the World War the latter wrote to King Edward VII that "the only thing in the world that England has to fear is Germany, and none else." (This photograph, and those on the previous pages, are reproduced by courtesy of Lord Fisher.)

allowances of officers and men, the equipment of dockyards, coastguard stations, wireless stations, the quantity and quality of the food supplied to the navy—nothing escaped his ruthless, reforming hand. So revolutionary were many of his proposals that opposition was inevitable, but this left him undisturbed and not a whit the less determined to carry his reforms into effect.

A New Type of Battleship

His greatest triumph was the introduction of the Dreadnought type of battleship and the battle-cruiser. So much secrecy was observed while the first of these mammoth vessels was being constructed, that Germany and other nations had virtually to suspend their navy-building plans until the *Dreadnought* was launched on the 10th February, 1906. Not the least remarkable feature of Fisher's achievements was that the increase in the efficiency of the fleet was obtained with little or no extra cost to the taxpayer. Awarded the Order of Merit in 1905 and the G.C.V.O. in 1908, he was raised to the peerage and became Baron Fisher of Kilverstone in December, 1909.

Fisher had been due for retirement on reaching the age of 65, but so valuable were his services to the nation that by special order in Council he was promoted additional Admiral

of the Fleet, which enabled him to remain a further five years on the active list.

His Views on Oil Fuel

He resigned in 1910, but continued to serve on the Committee of Imperial Defence and acted as chairman of the Royal Commission on Oil Fuel and Oil Engines for the Navy. His views on the value of oil fuel were summed up in this characteristic utterance: "I leave the oil and anti-oil experts to eat each other, but have no doubt that oil is the fuel. The engine of the future won't have boilers. Not far off we shall harness the moon. The Admiralty thought of coal in the oil age, it was so safe. Lot's wife thought of her toasted muffins."

During his retirement Lord Fisher's advice was continually sought by the Government, and on the outbreak of the World War he was one of the first men to be consulted by Mr. Winston Churchill, then first lord. Four years before the admiral had predicted with remarkable accuracy that "the war will come in 1914, and Jellicoe will command the Grand Fleet."

Not until Britain had become involved in the tremendous struggle for existence was it generally realized how much the nation owed to Lord Fisher's foresight and genius. The war completely vindicated his much-criticized policy, and it is not too much to say that his

first fruitful period of administration as First Sea Lord saved the empire.

In October, 1914, shortly after the resignation of Prince Louis of Battenberg as First Sea Lord had been announced, an interested handful of spectators watched a thick-set, strongly built, grim-visaged figure enter the portals of the Admiralty. In her hour of need Britain had recalled the gallant admiral to her service. A careful observer might have remarked the slight stoop of his shoulders, or the fact that his untidy hair had turned ashen-grey; but there were present the familiar John Bull massiveness, the springy gait, the steadiness of eye, the strong jaw, and the breezy confidence of the Fisher of old. In truth, he looked many years younger than his age, and still had an undiminished capacity for quick-thinking, strenuous work, and decisive action.

Ordering 612 New Ships

Four days after taking office he confronted the Government with an order for 612 new ships, called a conference of ship-builders, found builders for all the ships, and fixed a time limit for their completion. This was the Fisher way of getting things done—no fuss, no delay, no beating about the bush. It is said that Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, sanctioned the huge expenditure involved in the First Sea Lord's ambitious programme on a half-sheet of note-paper.

Fisher soon demonstrated that he intended to pursue an aggressive policy, and a swift revenge was exacted for Sir Christopher Cradock's gallant defeat in Chilean waters.

With Sir Doveton Sturdee in command, he dispatched a powerful squadron south in pursuit of Von Spee, and off the Falkland Isles, in the course of the most decisive naval action of the war, the loss of those heroic souls on the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* was avenged.

All too soon was the country to be deprived of Fisher's valuable services. An acute difference of opinion with Mr. Churchill over the Dardanelles question led to the resignation of both these brilliant men in May, 1915. Shortly

afterwards the admiral was appointed chairman of the Board of Inventions and Research. He had never given more than lukewarm support to the Dardanelles venture, and when, after the first setback, Mr. Churchill expressed his intention of dispatching naval reinforcements to that quarter, he entirely dissociated himself from the proposal by handing in his resignation.

Fisher's plan to turn the course of the war was to "sow the North Sea with mines, force

BRITAIN'S PIONEER TURBINE-DRIVEN BATTLESHIP



H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, the first all-big-gun battleship in the British navy. She was a great advance in design and speed, and was built on the recommendation of an Admiralty committee presided over by Sir John Fisher. The *Dreadnought* was launched on the 20th February, 1906. Ten of her 12-inch guns could be used for firing a broadside.

a passage into the Baltic and attack Berlin," but, although he advocated it repeatedly, it never appealed to the Admiralty. It was one of the tragedies of the war, for Fisher himself no less than to others, that the genius of this remarkable man was not utilized to the country's benefit after his unfortunate break with



the first lord. In the autumn of 1919 he published two books—"Memories" and "Records"—but apart from an occasional breezy letter to the Press, he was lost to public life.

Only on two occasions did Lord Fisher speak in the House of Lords. His first speech, made in reply to Mr. Churchill's criticisms, consisted of six short sentences, in the course of which he said he was "content to wait" for the verdict of his countrymen on his actions.

LORD FISHER IN HIS YOUTHFUL OLD AGE



Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher, as he was when recalled to the Admiralty as First Sea Lord in October, 1914. He resigned in May of the following year over the question of naval operations in the Dardanelles.

On the second occasion, after the report of the Dardanelles Commission had been published, he said, "When our country is in great jeopardy, as she now is, it is not the time to tarnish great reputations, to asperse the dead, and to discover our weaknesses to the enemy: so I shall not discuss the Dardanelles Report. I shall await the end of the war, when all the truth can be made known."

Although he made few public speeches, Fisher was an eloquent conversationalist, and his correspondence teems with scriptural quotations. "Fear God and Dread Nought" was the motto he adopted on being raised to the peerage. When he could tear himself away from work, his chief delight was dancing. Married in 1886, his wife predeceased him by two years.

Among his appointments was that of first and principal naval aide-de-camp to King Edward VII, with whom he was on intimate terms of friendship. "Do you know you are the best-hated man in the British Empire and I am the only friend you have got?" King Edward once asked him. Fisher's reply was characteristic. "Perhaps your Majesty is right," he said, "but you have backed a winner!"

His brusqueness of manner made him unpopular at times with his colleagues, but he was loved by the people he served so magnificently, and his death, which took place in London, on the 10th July, 1920, gave rise to universal national mourning. No man in recent times has exerted so profound an influence for good on the naval affairs of his country.

Tributes to His Genius

You will not find Fisher's monument in St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey, but whenever a modern battleship or battle-cruiser of any navy in the world is mentioned in book or newspaper it is a tribute to his genius, though perhaps unrecognized.

In the quiet God's acre of Kilverstone, where he had his country home, the remains of the admiral lie by the side of those of his wife, surmounted by a simple but dignified headstone.

Looking back on his marvellous career, one feature stands out in prominence above all the rest—his great love for England. Everything he did or tried to do was for the glory of his country.

Even as a poor friendless sailor boy in the navy he seemed to feel that he was responsible for the safety of the nation, and with advancing years, when manhood came, bringing him rapid promotion, the feeling of responsibility grew more intense. Constantly warning England of her enemies, he will for all time be regarded as an ideal son and protector of his Motherland.

[See Lord Fisher's books, "Memories" (1919), and "Records" (1919).]

FAMOUS *at* THIRTEEN YEARS *of* AGE

Landseer at work on his one great piece of sculpture—the noble lions at the base of the Nelson Monument, in Trafalgar Square, which were unveiled in 1867. In the studio are seen two paintings of lions. These were used by the artist as models for the sculptured lions, and are now in the National Gallery, London.

A LITTLE boy stood in a field, eyed by a placid, well-nourished cow. Every few minutes he would look at the animal, and then at a piece of paper in his hand. He had been drawing the cow, and had finished his sketch, but he made no effort to leave. His father, who had stood watching the boy at work, was carefully examining the sketch.

This critical scrutiny occupied considerable time, and at length the boy began to show unmistakable signs of uneasiness, turning round and watching his father's face for indications of approval or disapproval. A great deal depended on his father's opinion, no less a matter than whether or not he would have cake for tea, and it was with a happy sigh of relief that he heard his father say, "Edwin, this is quite a good drawing." At last he was certain of his cake. But before he was allowed to go home he had to correct the faults which his father pointed out to him.

Strictly Trained by His Father

It was this strict training by his father that was largely responsible for making little Edwin Landseer into what he afterwards became—one of the most conscientious and indefatigable workers in the whole history of art. Had he wished, he could have been president of the Royal Academy.

Edwin Landseer was born on the 7th March, 1802, at 71, Queen Anne Street East, in the parish of Marylebone, London. This street has since been renamed and renumbered, and Landseer's birthplace is now known as 33, Foley Street. His father, from whom Edwin undoubtedly inherited his artistic instinct, was a very fine engraver, and gave his son every encouragement to draw from a very early age. He also received help from two of his brothers, Thomas and Edward, the former following his father's profession, and afterwards engraving upwards of 100 of Edwin's paintings, while the latter, like Edwin, became an artist.

Early Taste for Animal Subjects

Almost as soon as he could hold a pencil in his hand, Edwin began to draw, and before he was ten he had become quite a finished artist. His first subject was a currant pudding, but before long he showed a preference for animal subjects, which was to last throughout his life. His father impressed him with the necessity of keeping his eyes open and studying the animals in their native haunts. This led to frequent walks to Hampstead, which in those days consisted largely of fields where sheep and cattle grazed. These served as models for the young artist, and examples of this early work may be seen in the Victoria and Albert

Museum, South Kensington. His father was immensely proud of his son's efforts, but every drawing was criticized, its faults pointed out and remedied, before he was allowed to return home.

At first he confined himself to domestic animals, such as cows and sheep, horses and pigs, the cat on the hearthrug, or the dog with a bone. But as he grew older wild animals began to fascinate him. There were only two places where he could study these: the Exeter Exchange—demolished in 1830—and the Tower of London. At the former, a building in the Strand which had once been Exeter House, there was a menagerie, whose owner, one Edward Cross, interested himself in the little lad, and gave him the opportunity of sketching the lions and tigers as often as he wished. Edwin took every advantage of his good fortune, and, when only seven years old, produced a sketch of a "Lioness and Cub" of marked excellence. At the Tower, too, there were lions and tigers and bears and leopards for him to draw; wild animals had been kept there since the thirteenth century, but in 1834 they were removed to the Zoological Gardens.

Prefers Animals to Lessons

Like many another famous artist, Edwin Landseer was not accounted a genius at school, and frequently brought trouble on his head by scamping his lessons in order that he might run off to the Tower menagerie or visit the cattle show at Islington. His father, if he did not aid and abet the son, at least pretended not to know anything about it, the result being that, before he had reached his teens, Edwin could draw almost any animal with his eyes shut. Nor was this the whole extent of his activities: he learned, also, to etch, and studied anatomy.

Even at this early age he had plenty of confidence, and this was increased when, at the age of 12, he was awarded the silver medal of the Society of Arts for a drawing of a "Hunting Horse." Accordingly, in the following year, he sent two pictures to the Royal Academy, and, to his great delight, both were accepted. On account of his extreme youth he was classed as an "Honorary Exhibitor," a title usually applied only to artists of great distinction, and indicating that their pictures were not for sale.

The "Curly-headed Dog-boy"

By this time John Landseer had come to the conclusion that Edwin had reached a stage when he required more instruction than he himself could give him. He, therefore, placed him under the tuition of Haydon, an artist who believed that the foundations of art lay in a study of anatomy and the antique. In 1816 Edwin entered the Royal Academy schools,

whose keeper, Henry Fuseli, took a great liking to him, and frequently, on entering the classroom, would look round to see that his "curly-headed dog-boy," as he called him, was present.

When the young artist was only thirteen, he saw in the street a magnificent St. Bernard dog, a breed very rare in England at that time. The attraction proved irresistible; he followed it home, and, to his great joy, obtained from its owner permission to draw it. The result was one of the finest studies of a dog that has ever been produced. It was engraved by his brother Thomas and exhibited two years later, earning high praise from the critics.

His First Great Success

His first really great success, however, came in 1818 with a picture of "Fighting Dogs Getting Wind," which was exhibited at the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours, in Spring Gardens. The critics wrote long articles about it, praising it to the skies, and it was probably the most popular picture in the exhibition. It was purchased—fortunately for Landseer—by Sir Charles Beaumont, a fashionable connoisseur, and served to draw still further attention to the genius of the artist.

This picture may be said to mark an epoch in Landseer's life, for from this time on he could sell his pictures faster than he was able to paint them, and, what is more, he received greatly enhanced prices for his work. For his "Larder Invaded"—the original sketch for which is said to have been made on a school-boy's slate—he received from the British Institution a prize of £150, or rather, to be accurate, his father received it, for in the eyes of the law Edwin was still an infant.

There were naturally many well-known people in the fashionable world who were anxious to make the acquaintance of the young genius. Nothing loath, Landseer began, about the year 1823, to go "into society." He painted several portraits, including that of Georgiana, Duchess of Bedford, but, generally speaking, these were not a success, being redeemed from the commonplace only by the animals which he almost invariably introduced into his pictures.

Setting Up a Studio

Up to this time he had been living at his father's house, but in 1824 he took a studio of his own. This was due chiefly to a Mr. Mayen, an art dealer, who purchased his picture, the "Cat's Paw," for £100, and thus gave him the necessary capital with which to launch out. The cat is admittedly one of the most difficult of animals to depict, but in this picture Landseer succeeded admirably. It shows a monkey using the paw of a cat, which it has seized, to scoop off chestnuts from the top of a stove, while the cat's two kittens add their quota to

THE ANXIOUS MOMENT THAT PRECEDES A HAPPY ENDING



While walking in the country one day, young Landseer's father lifted the boy over a stile and told him to sketch a cow. Much depended on the success of the drawing—no less a matter than whether or not he would have cake for tea—and it was with a sigh of relief that the youngster heard his father praise the sketch. But he was not permitted to go home until he had made certain alterations suggested by his father.

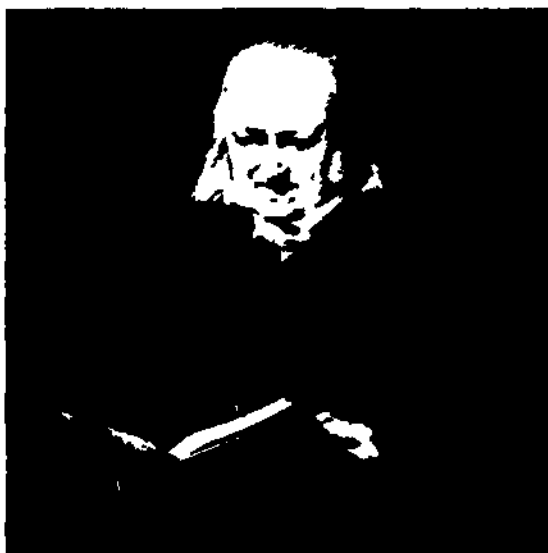
For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

the more vigorous protests of their mother. The cunning and cruelty of the monkey are admirably portrayed, the whole picture being an intensely interesting piece of work.

Landseer's new residence was a small house and garden, 1, St. John's Wood Road, close to Lord's Cricket Ground. The barn-like house was soon converted into a studio, which was added to from time to time until it became a mansion. Here the painter lived for forty-eight years. In 1894 it was pulled down to make room for a block of flats.

It was shortly after he had started house-keeping on his own account that Landseer paid his first visit to Scotland, which country made a deep and lasting impression on him. Its influence was shown in his work, but he rarely

JOHN LANDSEER IN LATE LIFE



Landseer's portrait of his father. John Landseer was a noted engraver and writer on art, and took a very keen interest in the bringing-up of his three sons.

abandoned his animal subjects, although he was frequently pressed to paint portraits. An amusing story is told of Sydney Smith, the witty canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, who was urged by Lady Holland to sit to Landseer for his portrait. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" was the reply. Another good story is told of the King of Portugal, who, at a Court ball at which Landseer was present, expressed a desire to meet him. "Oh, Mr. Landseer," said the king, "I am delighted to meet you—I am so fond of beasts!"

A Very Young Associate

At the earliest age which the rules permit—that of twenty-four—Landseer was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, being admitted to full membership five years later. In the

interval he continued to paint animals with amazing skill and speed, the best known of which are the "Travelled Monkey," an amusing picture of a monkey which had been out seeing the world, and returned in top hat, frock coat, and eyeglass, and "High Life" and "Low Life," two studies of dogs. The animal in "High Life" is supposed by many to have belonged to Sir Walter Scott.

With the author of the Waverley novels Landseer became very friendly, and often visited him at Abbotsford. Writer and artist had, indeed, a very strong admiration for each other, and Landseer painted more than one portrait of Scott. After his first visit to Scotland, Landseer spent nearly every autumn in the Highlands, and the result was shown in such pictures as "Harvest in the Highlands," "Highland Drover's Departure," and "Highland Breakfast."

"Some of Dickens's Nonsense"

One of the duties of a newly-elected academician is that of visitor at the schools, and W. P. Frith, the famous painter of "The Derby Day," tells an amusing story of Landseer when he was performing that office. "He read the whole time," Frith says, "and one evening a very old gentleman in list slippers, with a speaking-trumpet under his arm, shuffled into the school. This was John Landseer, an eminent engraver, an associate of the Academy and father of Edwin Landseer, whom he greatly resembled. His son rose to meet him, the book he had been reading in his hand.

"You are not drawing, then? Why don't you draw?" said the old man in a loud voice.

"Don't feel inclined," shouted the son down the trumpet.

"Then you ought to feel inclined. That's a fine figure; get out your paper and draw."

"Haven't got any paper," said the son.

"What's that book?" said the father.

"*"Oliver Twist,"*" said Edwin Landseer, in a voice loud enough to reach Trafalgar Square.

"Is it about art?"

"No; it's about *Oliver Twist*."

"Let me look at it. Ha! it's some of Dickens's nonsense, I see. You'd much better draw than waste your time upon such stuff as that."

We can imagine the delight of the students and the embarrassment of the famous artist during the foregoing conversation. Yet it was quite natural that the old man should treat his son almost as if he were a schoolboy, for Edwin, in many matters, was totally incapable of looking after himself. He had no idea whatever of the value of money, and little more of the price which he should set on his pictures.

BRITAIN'S GREATEST ANIMAL PAINTER



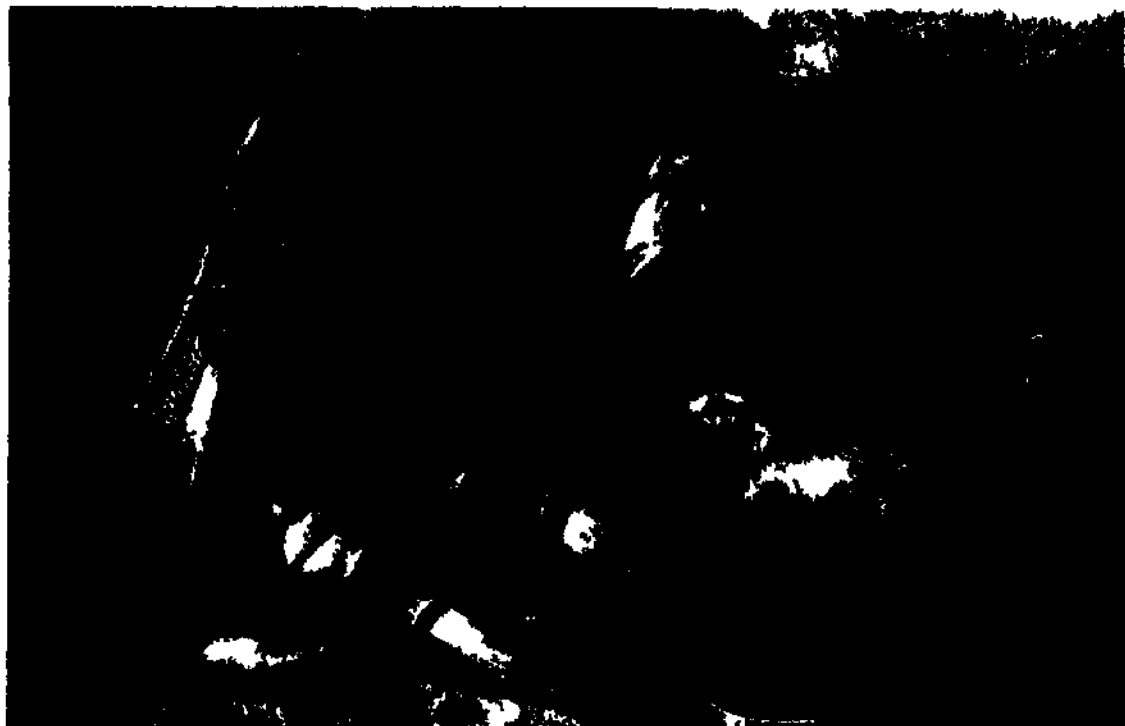
'Shoeing the Bay Mare,' in the National Gallery, London. The central figure is a portrait of "Old Betty," a mare belonging to Mr. Jacob Bell, who bequeathed the picture. The other figures are also painted from life.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

AGE'S DULL TASK LIGHTENED BY SUNNY YOUTH



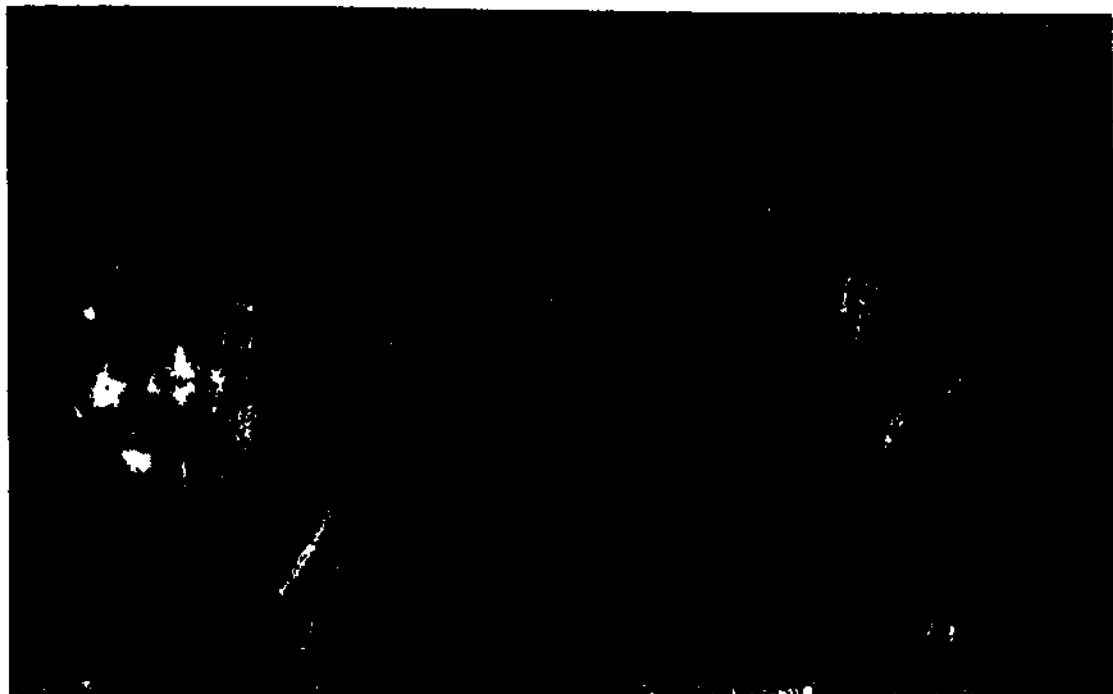
"A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," in the National Gallery, London. One day Landseer noticed this splendid Newfoundland dog carrying a basket of flowers, and, struck with the animal's beauty, asked permission to paint it.



"The Stonebreaker and His Daughter," in the South Kensington Museum, London. In this picture the dog is quite a minor character, the interest centring in the figures of the vigorous old man and the comely maiden.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

THE DREADED TAWNY MONARCH OF THE JUNGLE



'Study of a Lion,' in the National Gallery, London. This life-size figure of a lion is one of two studies painted by Landseer to help him in modelling the Horse for the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, London.



'The Hunted Stag,' in the National Gallery, London. A stag, after crossing a lake, is being worried by two hounds, who, by the rush of the water, are carried with him down a rocky torrent.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

THE SEA-BIRDS HOVER O'ER A SCENE OF PEACE



'Highland Music,' in the National Gallery, London. The old Highland piper appears to have interrupted the frugal meal of his five hungry dogs by a sudden and unexpected blast on the pipes



'Peace,' in the National Gallery, London. A scene on the English coast, with Dover harbour in the distance. Goats and sheep browse in the sun, and a lamb lies with its head resting in the muzzle of a dismounted gun

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

The result was that his father, and later a friend named Jacob Bell, looked after his financial affairs for him. Landseer had, too, a schoolboy's boisterous sense of humour, which increased rather than diminished as he grew older, and this frequently crept into his pictures, as in "Alexander and Diogenes."

His Great Personal Charm

It has already been mentioned that Landseer became a society man, mixing freely with the greatest and noblest in the land. There were two reasons for this. The first was the man's own magnetic charm, which made him extremely popular wherever he went. He had a delightfully unaffected manner and was a most witty conversationalist, possessing, in fact, all the qualities necessary to make him "good company."

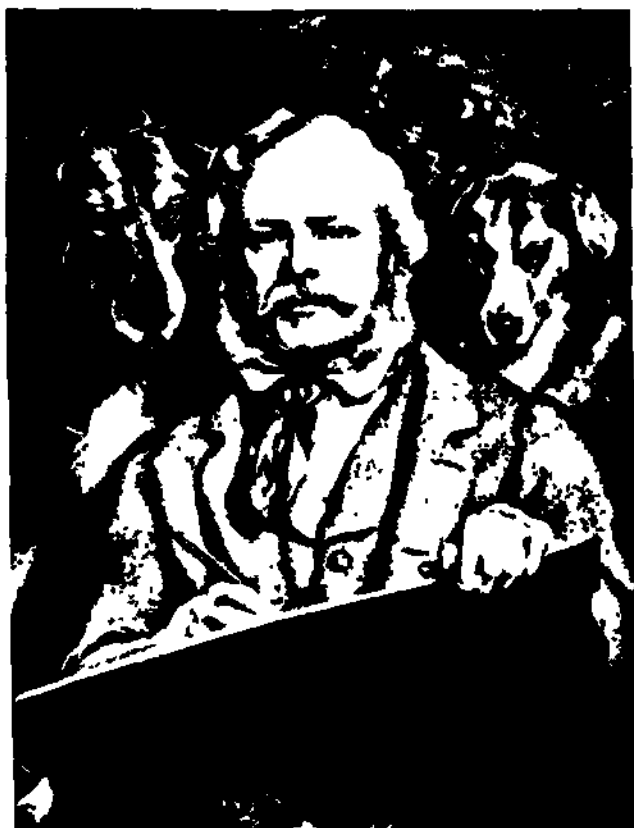
The second reason was the friendship which Queen Victoria and the prince consort had for the artist. Both delighted, not only in his work, but in the man himself. The prince, who had a genuine fondness for art, would approach Landseer to paint a picture as a surprise birthday present for the queen, who, in her turn, would do the same when the Prince's birthday was drawing near. For two successive autumns he was a guest at Balmoral, and he was frequently at Buckingham Palace, where he taught both of his royal patrons to etch. It was to Landseer that the queen and the prince consort turned for portraits of the royal children, and very delightfully he carried them out, usually introducing a dog into the picture. Perhaps the most beautiful of this series is "The Princess Alice with Eow."

Spoiled by Society

This patronage undoubtedly had a serious effect on both the man and his work. For a long time he remained unspoiled, and a frank and generous friend. But the time came when the effort to combine art and society proved too much for him. As early as 1840 he was taken but recovered chiefly through the good offices of his friend Jacob Bell, who took him abroad and looked after him as a mother might look after a sickly child. But, on his return, he was invited out more than ever, and it is not strange that a man of such popularity should not have the courage to refuse. It is not strange either that eventually his head should have become slightly turned, and that he greatly wounded many of his oldest and best friends by his patronizing manner and affectation of superiority.

At the same time Landseer became exceedingly sensitive with regard to supposed slights, and, because he was not invited regularly to pass a holiday in the Highlands or the Isle of Wight with the queen, imagined that he had fallen from favour, and could scarcely conceal his vexation. This was entirely of his own imagination, for the queen remained his strong admirer to the end, and, in 1850, conferred on him the honour of knighthood.

LANDSEER'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF



"Connoisseurs." Here the artist has depicted himself at work, while two magnificent dogs look over his shoulders, seemingly following with grave attention every line of the picture's progress.

The effect on his painting was less marked, at least at first, and for a long time his vigour was unimpaired. In 1855 he was awarded the great gold medal at the Universal Exposition in Paris, the only British artist to be honoured. His work was, perhaps, better known on the Continent than that of any of his compatriots. He possessed a great admiration for the French animal painter, Rosa Bonheur, and rumour prophesied that they would eventually marry; rumour, however, proved to be false, for Landseer remained a bachelor to the end of his days.

The year of his triumph in Paris marks the

A LANDSEER PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT OSBORNE



One of Landseer's many portraits of Queen Victoria. The artist enjoyed the friendship of the queen and the prince consort, who delighted not only in his work, but also in the man himself. For two successive autumns Landseer was a guest at Balmoral, and he was often at Buckingham Palace, where he taught his royal patrons to etch.

beginning of his decline. For some time his intimate friends had noticed a falling off in the quality of his work, and whether or not this was due to the number of his social engagements, it was certainly accentuated by the fact that his eyesight began to fail. In consequence, he began to suffer from fits of depression. The esteem in which he was held by his colleagues was amply demonstrated in 1865, when, on the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, he was unanimously elected President of the Royal Academy, an honour which however, he refused.

The Trafalgar Square Lions

In 1867 Landseer completed his one great piece of sculpture, the four lions which stand at the base of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square. This, however, was almost his last artistic effort. His health broke down completely, and, after some years of intense suffering, he passed away on the 1st October, 1873. Ten days later he was laid to rest in the south-eastern corner of the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, where lie the remains of other great artists, including Reynolds, Leighton, Millais, and Turner.

In his own line, as a painter of animals, especially the dog and the stag, Landseer stands supreme. He had a surprising ease and dexterity in his work, as, also, a rapidity of execution, which came of thorough training.

If he had a fault it was in his colouring; his line and composition were invariably excellent. In his later work, especially, the colouring is inclined to be cold.

Many stories are told of the amazing rapidity with which Landseer obtained his results. His picture of the dog "Trim," for instance, was completed in two hours, while the magnificent "Sleeping Bloodhound," in the National Gallery, took less than four days to finish. He was of opinion that the quicker an artist worked the better the picture, and that the most perfect result could be obtained only if the painter completed his work with a single sustained effort. He did not believe in putting by unfinished work to be completed on some future occasion. To prove his point he started the picture of the bloodhound "Odin," worked steadily at it and completed it in twelve hours.

"Shot" with a Pencil

Although very fond of sport, especially deer-stalking, Landseer's love of art was his master passion. Once, when deer-stalking in Scotland, a fine stag appeared, and the artist's host waited for him to make the shot. Instead of shooting, however, Landseer took out his sketch-book and began making a sketch of the stag.

[See "The Studies of Landseer," by W. C. Monkhouse (1877); "Landseer and Animal Painting in England" (1891); and Life by F. G. Stephens (1880).]

A BRITISH QUEEN *Who WON ALL HEARTS*

Beautiful Queen Alexandra, Who Amid All Her Joys and Sorrows Continue to Devote Herself to the Welfare of Her Adopted Country.

In the fifties of the last century there lived in an old-world palace in Copenhagen a beautiful child, whose fairy-like figure and lovely skin attracted the admiration and attention of all who met her. She was little Princess Alexandra, the eldest daughter of Prince Christian of Glücksburg and Princess Louise of Hesse, afterwards king and queen of Denmark.

Born on the 1st December, 1844, at the Güle Palais, Copenhagen, the baby princess received the names of Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie. The christening was solemnized with due pomp and ceremony, and the priceless silver-gilt font belonging to the royal house of Denmark was employed for the occasion.

This was almost the only time that royal splendour played any part in the early life of Princess Alexandra. At the time of her birth her father had no expectations of succeeding to the throne, and his financial prospects were no greater than those of any other young prince of the minor royal houses.

So Princess Alexandra and her younger sisters, Dagmar, afterwards Empress of Russia, and Thyra, later Duchess of Cumberland, passed their childhood amidst surroundings of the utmost simplicity.

When Princess Alexandra was in her ninth year her father was declared heir to the reigning King of Denmark, and the title of Royal Highness was bestowed on him. From thence onwards the family passed the summers at Bernstorff, and continued to occupy the Güle Palais in Copenhagen during the winters.

Princess Alexandra received her first lessons in music, as well as in general knowledge, from her mother, and it was only later that her

education was entrusted to resident governesses and visiting masters. It was in 1858 that she received her first lesson in English from Miss Mathilde Knudsen, a lady who remained for thirty years in the service of the Danish royal family.

The chief companions of the young princesses were their three brothers, Frederick, Crown Prince of Denmark, George, who became King of Greece, and Valdemar.

A FAIR DAUGHTER OF DENMARK



Queen Alexandra at the time of her marriage. When the royal lovers embraced before the cheering crowd at Gravesend, the young princess turned to her mother with the words: "Is it possible they mean all this for me?"

It early became apparent that Princess Alix was the beauty of the family, and on the few occasions when she was permitted to mix in the society of Copenhagen her girlish charm won universal admiration. She was clever with her needle and quick with most of her studies, but it was in music that the young princess particularly distinguished herself, and one of the greatest treats of her early days was an occasional visit to a concert.

In all respects Queen Alexandra was brought up in an atmosphere that prepared her for the great part she was to play. To the régime prescribed by her soldier father, who insisted upon horse-riding and vigorous gymnastic exercises, she owed her graceful, upright figure, as well as the love of sport which afterwards endeared her to the country and people of her adoption.

Her fearlessness in the saddle remained throughout the years of her active life, even after the severe illness which left her knee so injured that she had to ride on the wrong side of the horse. When she travelled in Egypt she was always ready to ride any mount, saddled or otherwise.

A story is told of how, some years before her marriage, Princess Alexandra and her sisters

were picnicking with some girl friends in a deer forest near Copenhagen. They were talking of the future. One girl wished for wealth, another for a great position in the world, while a third desired beauty. Presently someone asked Princess Alexandra, "What do you wish for, Alix?" "I should like most of all to be loved," came the answer, quietly and sincerely spoken. No girl's wish was more completely fulfilled.

It was when Princess Alexandra was seventeen years of age that she first met her future husband at Spies, in 1861, an acquaintance which was renewed the next day at Heidelberg. At this time the names of several princesses of the ruling houses of Europe were under consideration as possible brides for the Prince of Wales, but the prospective bridegroom had

BIRTHPLACE OF QUEENS



The Gölle Palais ("yellow palace") at Copenhagen, the unpretentious old-world home where Queen Alexandra and her sisters were born, and where they spent the greater part of their quiet and happy girlhood.

fallen in love with the beautiful Danish princess even before he met her. A friend had shown him her portrait, and immediately the Prince had desired to be informed of the name of the "lovely *unpénnu*."

Betrothed to the Prince of Wales

After the meeting at Heidelberg the Prince of Wales would hear of no other bride, and as Queen Victoria and the prince consort received "nothing but excellent accounts of the Princess Alexandra," the alliance was arranged.

Owing to the death of the prince consort the betrothal did not take place immediately, and it was not until the September of 1862 that it was arranged for Princess Alexandra to pay a visit to Queen Victoria during Her Majesty's stay with the king and queen of the Belgians.

The young princess immediately made a favourable impression on Queen Victoria, who authorized the announcement of the betrothal and invited her future daughter-in-law to pay her a long visit at Osborne.

The engagement was extremely popular, both in England and Denmark, and when, on the 28th February, 1863, the sea king's daughter set forth to marry the son of the Queen of England she carried the heartfelt good wishes of the whole Danish nation with her.

The Prince Meets His Bride

The Danish royal party, consisting of Princess Alexandra, her parents, and brothers and sisters, embarked at Antwerp on the *Victoria and Albert*, and proceeded to Gravesend, escorted by a flotilla of British men-of-war.

The Prince of Wales met his bride at Gravesend, where the royal lovers embraced in full view of the cheering crowds. Indeed, so deafening was the cheering of the delighted populace that the young princess turned to her mother and remarked: "Is it possible they mean all this for me?"

Sixty maids of Kent made a pathway of flowers for the happy pair to pass over on the pier, and the Earl of Caithness drove the locomotive of the train in which the royal party embarked for London.

Long before the party reached Paddington, whence they were to journey to Windsor, Princess Alexandra was enthroned in the hearts of the British people. The wedding took place on the 10th March, 1863, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

Dickens's Description of the Princess

Charles Dickens, who was present at the ceremony, thus described the princess: "Her face was very pale, and full of a sort of awe and wonder: but the face of no ordinary bride, not simply a timid, shrinking girl, but one with character distinctive of her own, prepared to act a part greatly."

Shortly after their marriage the royal couple paid a visit to Sandringham, and during this first stay in her Norfolk home Princess Alexandra began to take that personal interest in the people of the estate which has since made her name a revered as well as a household word in every cottage for miles round.

On the 8th January, 1864, a son—Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence—was born to the princess at Frogmore House, Windsor. Every moment that the royal mother could snatch from her public and social duties was spent in the nurseries at Marlborough House, where her second child, destined to become King George V, was born on the 3rd June of the following year.

In 1867 the shadow of acute suffering dimmed

ENJOYING A CANTER BY THE SIDE OF HER ROYAL HUSBAND



Prince and Princess of Wales Riding in Windsor Park, 1863," after the painting by Henry Barraud. Many an exhilarating canter did the princess enjoy by the side of her royal husband. Her soldier father had early accustomed her to horse-riding and every kind of vigorous exercise, and her love of sport endeared her to the country of her adoption. During the whole of her active life Queen Alexandra was a fearless and accomplished horsewoman.

for a while the gaiety of life for the young princess. Immediately preceding the birth of a daughter, the future Duchess of Fife, on the 20th February, 1867, her Royal Highness was seized with an acute attack of rheumatism, which became definitely localized in one knee. The condition of the sufferer became so serious that her parents were telegraphed for, with the result that the greatest consternation reigned throughout the country.

Her Fortitude in Suffering

For nearly a year the princess endured almost uninterrupted pain with admirable fortitude. It was found necessary to confine her leg in splints, and when at last the invalid was able to walk once more she did so for a time with a halting gait.

Her illness and consequent period of retirement from society seemed to deepen her sweetness of disposition and womanliness of character. Her own suffering served to increase her sympathy for the suffering of others.

The care of the sick became almost a passion with her, and her first public act after her recovery was to pay a visit to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

Shortly after her illness the Princess of Wales accompanied her husband on a visit to Ireland, where she took all hearts by storm. The official event of the visit was the installation of the prince as a Knight of St. Patrick, and in celebration of this ceremony a series of festivities were held in honour of the royal couple.

In July, 1868, the Princess Victoria was born, and two months later the Princess of Wales and her husband paid a visit to Scotland. Everywhere the princess won golden opinions, but perhaps the most charming compliment she received was that of a Glasgow fish-wife, who, on seeing the royal carriage, exclaimed, "There she is, sitting just like a lovely swan."

In the Land of the Pharaohs

The medical advisers of the princess urged the desirability of a period of rest and relaxation, so in November, 1868, the prince and princess travelled to the Continent en route for Egypt, where they were to pass the winter. They were accompanied as far as Hamburg by their children, but here Princess Alexandra was compelled to separate from them, as in those days it was out of the question to include a nursery in an exploration of the Nile.

The princess was delighted with the oriental magnificence of the land of the Pharaohs, and when in the following spring the royal couple embarked at Alexandria, they sailed to Constantinople. The Sultan of Turkey was particularly courteous to the young Princess of Wales, and something of an international sensation was caused when he broke a Mohammedan custom by offering his arm to a Christian princess.

It was May, 1869, by the time the travellers were once more installed at Marlborough House, and in the following November another princess was added to the occupants of the royal nurseries, in the person of Princess Maud, afterwards Queen of Norway.

A ROYAL FAMILY GROUP



The princess and her husband with their two little sons—the Duke of Clarence (born 1864), who died of pneumonia in 1892, and the Duke of York, who was destined to succeed to the throne as King George V.

Until the accession of her husband to the throne in 1901, the life of the princess was divided between Marlborough House and Sandringham, and in both places her personal and private life was marked by that simplicity which was always one of her most charming characteristics.

In her choice of personal occupations she has always shown artistic and individual taste. One of her chief hobbies for many years was the collection of rare fans belonging to all ages and nations. She had at one time as many as 300 of these choice objects, including one particularly handsome lace and silk fan that had

belonged to Marie Antoinette. The Queen-mother also possesses other relics of this ill-fated princess, in whose career she was deeply interested, namely, a pair of her shoes and several chairs from Le Petit Trianon.

Queen Alexandra always had a genius for home-making, and for helping others less fortunately placed than herself.

It is to her direct influence that Britain owes many reforms in the housing conditions of the poor. Her interest in the tenants of the Sandringham estate has always been rather that of a loving mother for her children than of a queen towards her subjects.

Her Husband's Serious Illness

Queen Alexandra has had her full share of the shadows of life, and even in early days, when she was at the zenith of her beauty and power, sorrows crossed her path.

It was at Sandringham, on the 6th April, 1871, that a baby son, who was to live for only a few hours, was born. He died the following day, having received the names of Alexander John Charles Albert.

Scarcely had the sorrowing mother recovered her health when she was called upon to face the ordeal of her husband's serious illness—typhoid fever, which nearly proved fatal. All through that long and trying period, when again and again the patient's life was so nearly despaired, it was the princess who was his most devoted nurse. When, after his recovery, the royal pair came to London for the national thanksgiving, which was held on the 27th February, 1872, the ovation they received was comparable only to the reception accorded to Princess Alexandra when she arrived from Denmark as a bride.

In 1875 the princess was separated from her husband for the first time on the occasion of his visit to India. She divided her time between a long visit to Copenhagen and a retired life at Sandringham.

Death of the Duke of Clarence

The greatest sorrow which had yet befallen the princess was the death of her eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, who in 1892 succumbed to an attack of pneumonia. The bereaved mother did not allow her sorrow to embitter her, and after the first period of intense suffering the only signs she showed of her loss were an increased sympathy for the troubles and afflictions of others.

Shortly after her son's death the princess came upon an elderly woman on the Sandringham estate, who was weeping bitterly and tottering under a load of packages.

It appeared that the woman was a carrier, and made her living by doing errands in the market towns for the country folk. "But the



CORONATION OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY



The ceremony of the coronation, which took place on August 9th, 1902, was a sight never to be forgotten. In the gorgeous scene the queen made a figure that brought tears to the eyes of many. Despite her royal robes she looked almost pathetic in the simplicity of her beauty—like some wild woodland flower that had strayed into a hot-house.

weight is too heavy at your age," said the princess. "Yes, you are right. I'll have to give it up, and if I give it up I'll starve. Jack carried them for me—Jack, my boy." "And where is he now?" asked the royal lady. "Jack? He is dead. Oh, he is dead!" the old woman cried bitterly.

A few days later a neat little cart and a stout donkey were brought to the carrier's door—gifts from the princess.

For nearly eighteen months after the death of the Duke of Clarence Princess Alexandra lived in the strictest seclusion, and in 1893 she made a prolonged cruise in the Mediterranean, which gradually restored her to health. It was during her absence from England that the engagement of Princess Mary of Teck to the Duke of York was announced, and the marriage

was solemnized on the 6th July, 1893, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

In 1898 the Princess of Wales sustained a great grief in the loss of her mother, the Queen of Denmark, and in 1901, when Victoria the Good passed to her rest, she was called upon not only to mourn the loss of a second mother, but to take up the responsibilities and duties of the first lady in the land.

It would be impossible to imagine anyone more fitted to occupy the exalted position of Queen of England than was Alexandra. She was already the idol of all classes of the people, and when at long last the day for Their Majesties' coronation arrived—it had been postponed owing to the illness of King Edward—half the pomp and splendour of the scene seemed centred in her radiant and regal figure.

The ceremony itself was a sight never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to witness it. The dull grey of the abbey walls made a background to a scene of almost oriental splendour. Brilliant uniforms, beautiful dresses, and flashing jewels mingled with the gorgeous robes worn by the peers, and the general magnificence of the whole effect was heightened by a riot of colour, which was supplied by the attire of representatives from the East.

In the midst of all this glory came Queen Alexandra in her procession to the altar. She made a figure that brought tears to the eyes of many. In spite of her queenly garb, she looked almost pathetic in the simplicity of her beauty, like some woodland flower which had strayed by mistake into an exotic hot-house.

The People's Greeting

It was a memorable moment when, as crowned queen, wearing the royal robes and crown. Her Majesty passed out of the abbey to receive the greetings of the crowds that had assembled to catch a fleeting glimpse of the two leading personalities in a pageant of notables.

The success and brilliance of the reign of King Edward VII is unchallenged, and there is no doubt that much of that success was due to the personality and charm of his popular queen consort.

Unhappily it was all too short, and during the comparatively brief period that Alexandra reigned as queen consort she was often full of anxious care regarding the king's health. Early in 1910 the blow fell, and Queen Alexandra was bereft at once of her husband and her crown. Again she went to the coronation of an English king and queen at Westminster, but this time it was her son who received the emblem of sovereignty, and Alexandra became the Queen-mother.

Interest in Charities

Since the death of King Edward, Queen Alexandra has busied herself unceasingly with the welfare of the English people, and in war as in peace her name has been affectionately coupled with every charitable organization of importance.

Her Majesty's own particular enthusiasm is for the "Rose Day" in aid of the hospitals, observed annually on the 26th June, in which for many years she took an active part. Her

keen interest in hospitals dates from the South African War of 1899-1902.

At that time there were few properly trained nurses, and soldiers were taken straight from the ranks to be employed as hospital orderlies. When she heard of this state of affairs the princess was deeply moved. She went to the

THE QUEEN-MOTHER AND HER SON



Queen Alexandra and King George V in 1918. Throughout her long life Queen Alexandra retained her keen interest in the welfare of the English people. In peace and in war her name was ever associated with every important charitable organization throughout the land.

London Hospital, where, with the aid of the matron, she chose twenty-six nurses, whom she at once sent to South Africa at her own expense.

She then set to work and completely re-organized the army nursing staff, and it is largely to her endeavours that we owe our present efficient system of army nursing.

The MECHANIC with a GOLDEN VOICE

Caruso, the Bright Particular Star of Opera, Who by His Infinite Capacity for Taking Pains Became a King in the Realm of Song

MILLIONS who never saw Enrico Caruso are well acquainted with his golden voice through the gramophone. He was born in Naples on the 27th February, 1872, the eighteenth of his parents' children, but the first to survive infancy.

His father was a mechanic in poor circumstances, and a rather careless and capricious sort of individual. Caruso's mother, however, was an excellent housewife, and tried to make the family's slender means go as far as possible. Unfortunately she died while her son was still a child.

When six years old the little boy was sent to a kindergarten, where he remained for two years, after which he proceeded to a clerical school, presided over by Father Giuseppe Bronzetti. From this amiable and well-read old priest Caruso acquired as much education as was then considered necessary for a poor Italian boy. It was when singing hymns in this school that his master first noticed what a beautiful voice the child possessed. His voice soon became well-known in the churches of the district, and he was often called upon to help at the frequent religious festivals at Naples.

In this way he picked up a rough knowledge



Caruso as Pagliacci in Leoncavallo's well-known opera of that name. The famous tenor appeared mostly in Italian operas, because he preferred to sing in his own wonderfully musical language rather than in any other.

of music, but while he was still quite young he was employed in the evening to copy out opera scores for a friend of his father's, and this was how he learned most of the operas which he was later greatly to adorn.

When he left school, young Caruso went to work with his father in the Meuricoffre establishment. For a year or two he made himself generally useful among the machinery, but he was soon promoted to be a sort of accountant in the office. At this task he displayed the greatest efficiency and keenness, saving his employer many thousand lire each year.

Nevertheless, he had not forgotten his voice, and continued to sing whenever he could find an opportunity. Often in the evening he would perform at open-air cafés for a few lire, but Sundays were generally busily spent at some church festival or other. He was not infrequently called upon by young men of his acquaintance to sing love serenades to their fiancées on the balconies. At this time his voice was only a somewhat thin and reedy tenor, "like the wind whistling in a window-pane."

In 1892 Caruso determined that he would take some singing lessons, though he could ill afford to pay for

them. A friend took him to a singing master named Vergine, who, on first hearing his voice, declared that he would never make a singer. Notwithstanding this opinion, Caruso insisted on attending his classes. For some time the master refused to take any notice of him, and one day, when he volunteered to sing on his own account, Vergine exclaimed, "What, are you still here?" Gradually, however, Caruso's voice grew rounder and fuller, while the top notes, which he had previously been unable to attack, now came easily enough.

In the winter of 1894 he made his debut on the stage of quite an insignificant local opera

A GREAT ITALIAN SINGER



Under the military system of his country, Caruso became liable to service as a soldier in 1894, but his beautiful voice secured exemption for him from the army.

house. His appearance was anything but a triumph. While still working for Neuricoffre, Caruso also continued to make desultory appearances at concerts and on the operatic stage.

During 1894 Caruso became liable for military service, and was sent to Rieti to join a regiment there. Soon his comrades found out that this new recruit could "sing like an angel," and when off duty he perforce spent most of his spare time entertaining them.

One day a major in the regiment heard him singing and sent for him. Although brusque and harsh in manner, this officer appreciated the possibilities of Caruso's voice. After he had been at Rieti a month, the major sent for him

again. "You cannot be a soldier and also a singer," said he: "so I have decided that your brother Giovanni shall come here at once and take your place." Thus Caruso left the army and returned to his musical studies.

He now began to entertain serious ambitions as an opera singer. He convinced himself that he could become as great a singer as any then alive, although at that time few other people shared his confidence. By pertinacity he soon obtained a few minor engagements. He worked hard and earned very little, but this hard living with touring companies proved of immense value to him as experience.

Little by little Caruso's voice and his talent were appreciated by provincial producers, and engagements became practically a certainty for him. He did not encounter any lightning success, but earned his subsequent great fame by years of hard work and study.

Meets His First Wife

While he was on tour, he met a lady named Ada Giachetti, an opera singer, who was often engaged in the same company. She was far more experienced in opera than Caruso, and was in addition an admirable musician. The two very quickly became friends, and Caruso came to rely upon her judgment and knowledge in their profession. Ultimately they agreed to combine their fortunes, and they were married in the autumn of 1900. Their two sons were named Rodolfo and Enrico.

Shortly before his marriage Caruso had obtained a contract to sing at the *Lirico*, in Milan. This was really the turning-point of his fortunes, for the *Lirico* was one of the foremost opera houses in Italy. With this engagement came another stroke of good luck, for Caruso was introduced to Puccini, then at the height of his fame as a composer. The master musician heard and approved the young tenor's voice, and praise from Puccini went far in the world of Italian opera. After his engagement at Milan terminated, Caruso quickly found others. He paid a visit to Russia and several to South America, where he was received with great favour at Buenos Aires.

Years slipped by busily and happily. He was working his way up in his profession, and, thanks to his foreign tours, his name was becoming known abroad. During the 1902 season Caruso went to Monte Carlo to sing, and thus opened a new phase in his career as an international celebrity.

From Monte Carlo he went straight on to Covent Garden, where he sang in May. London immediately took him to her heart, and until his death he remained her favourite singer. All the newspapers declared that "Signor Caruso sang to perfection." Such engagements

as these naturally brought him a very handsome income, with which he bought a villa near Florence and set up as a country gentleman.

In November, 1903, Caruso arrived in New York for his first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House. He was immediately fascinated with America and the Americans, and for the rest of his life New York really became his home. At that time Conreid had just taken control of the Metropolitan, and he knew nothing about opera singers. Caruso, however, quickly charmed him, and the two became fast friends—a happy circumstance for the singer, for Conreid remained his faithful ally to the end.

Successful Appearance in America

In New York he at once repeated his success at Covent Garden, and the Americans became Caruso's devotees no less than the English. Hereafter he fell into a sort of natural routine ; during the winter season he invariably sang in New York, while the summer was devoted to a concert tour through Europe and a holiday.

To tell the whole story of the great singer's life would make monotonous reading, for he simply went on from triumph to triumph. Each city that heard him fell under his spell. He seemed to captivate his audiences without any effort whatsoever, even when prejudice existed against him before he sang. In New York, for instance, Jean de Reszke had left behind him a great tradition for operatic performance of a certain particular kind—the kind which he himself affected. Now Caruso, as was well known, had nothing in common with this tradition, and New York was prepared to receive him unfavourably. However, once he had appeared on the stage, and the audience had listened to that magic voice of his, all unfavourable criticism evaporated into thin air, and enthusiasm took its place.

True and False Friendship

Once his name had grown to be a household word throughout the civilized world, Caruso naturally became hedged about with that sort of artificial divinity with which the hangers-on of the arts invariably clothe a popular and successful artist. There were any amount of folk anxious to patronize or to be patronized by Caruso, so long as he remained a huge success. But Caruso was full of true Italian shrewdness. Such "friends" might clamour round him as much as they liked, and he would smile politely with a word to each ; but he reserved his friendship and intimacy for those whose disinterestedness and loyalty he had put to the proof.

In disposition the great tenor was naturally jovial and full of gaiety. Nothing pleased him more than a lunch party in a restaurant among his friends. Then he would be as animated and happy as a small boy out for a treat.

Although he earned almost fabulously large sums of money, "there was a hole in Caruso's pocket," through which it all managed to slip as fast as he earned it.

A DASHING, IRRESISTIBLE RICCARDO



Caruso as Riccardo in *Un Ballo in Maschera* ("A Masked Ball"). In such a part as this the singer was in his element, delighting his enthusiastic audience with his inimitable charm.

He was generous and lavishly charitable, not only to his friends and professional colleagues, but also in his efforts to relieve any sort of suffering which came in his way. By nature

intensely emotional, his life as an operatic star only served to augment this characteristic, so that when he saw distress or want in any form he was always moved to instant sympathy or indignation.

During the World War he constantly sang at charity concerts. Such help from him was the most practical he could offer, for his name on the programme meant, for a certainty, an increase of £1,000 in the gross receipts. No needy or invalid singer, moreover, ever asked help in vain from this prince of his profession, nor did a poor Italian workman in New York ever go hungry if Caruso knew his need. He took a deep and practical interest in his fellow-countrymen who had made their homes in America's greatest city—and New York, let us bear in mind, is the third largest Italian city in the whole of the world.

Love of Practical Jokes

All through his life Caruso delighted in playing practical jokes, both on the stage and off. In a production of the opera *La Bohème*, one of the characters, who is in his shirt-sleeves, picks up a coat from a chair, puts it on, and goes off the stage. One night, when Caruso was singing in this opera at New York, his colleague picked up the coat and strove to put it on. Alas! he struggled in vain, for Caruso had had the sleeves sewn up. On another occasion he had filled the top hat of some worthy gentleman with water, and the victim of this prank in due course picked up the hat and put it on his head, with disastrous results.

Caruso spent a great deal of his vast income in buying *objets d'art*. He began his collection in 1906 by the purchase of a gold coin of Arsinoë II, and from this small beginning the Caruso collection grew to become an immense and magnificent array. Limoges enamels, priceless Italian sixteenth-century candelabra, Grecian and ancient Egyptian pottery, gold enamelled watches—such beautiful things as these especially attracted the eye of the great tenor, and his opulent fees and royalties enabled him to gratify his tastes as he desired.

No one should think, however, for all his ease and nonchalance, that Caruso did not have to work hard in order to achieve his great successes. Every great artist has to devote many hours

each day to his craft, and Caruso was no miraculous exception to this rule. He made a most intensive study of the parts he had to sing, going over each note and phrase with meticulous care. Whatever opera was billed for an evening performance, Caruso spent the whole morning at work on it with his accompanist. No matter if he had already sung in it a hundred times, he insisted that each bar of the entire score should be played through to him while he sung his own part through in half voice.

IN OUTDOOR DRESS



In private life Caruso was most entertaining. He could draw excellent caricatures.

This thoroughness did not stop here. Exercises, trials of new songs, study of the technical side of his art occupied him each day for an hour or more. In fact, Caruso's success was due in a large measure to his infinite capacity for taking pains. In his youth his voice only promised great things: it could not accomplish them. Only by hard work, intelligent foresight, and ceaseless determined application to little things did Caruso win his way to complete pre-eminence in his art. We may say truly that he deserved every scrap of applause he ever received.

Most Popular Singer

Year by year this routine of brilliant success continued. Caruso grew more and more famous, until he was certainly the best-known and most popular singer in the world. In 1911 his life was saddened by two most unfortunate events. His father died, and his wife left him. The two catastrophes almost shattered him for the time being, but owing to his contracts he had to sing as hard as ever, although he had no heart for his work.

During the ensuing year he did not work, but restored his overstrained nerves by a lengthy holiday to something approaching health. In 1913, however, he was as busy as ever again, singing in London, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and New York.

In 1914 he was again in London, little knowing that this would be his last appearance there. His health again broke down, and he retired to Italy, where he was when the World War broke out. He sang in Rome at one final concert for charity, and then returned to America. The position of Italy and America with regard to the war troubled him greatly, and he continued ill and nervous year after

ITALY'S FAMOUS TENOR AT THE PIANO



It was the fortune of Caruso to be gifted with a naturally well-placed voice and a reliable upper register. Thus he was not compelled to undergo the drudgery of most artists in the making, and the ex-artilleryman had scarcely forgotten the trumpet-calls before he found himself singing important parts in public with remarkable success. He was able to sing the loudest passages without forcing his voice, and he never lost the tone in the quietest phrases.

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year. In spite of this he filled heavy engagements, both at concerts and on the stage.

However, in 1918 his life was brightened by the prospect of a second marriage. His bride was Miss Dorothy Benjamin of New York. Caruso determined that he would not delay the marriage, and on the 20th August the ceremony took place at a day's notice. Mrs. Caruso did not receive her engagement ring until she had been married for several weeks. A baby daughter was born to them

CARUSO AND HIS SECOND WIFE



The great singer's life, which had long been clouded by sorrow and illness, was gladdened in 1918 by his second marriage, and in the following year by the birth of a little daughter, to whom Caruso was devoted.

in December, 1919, with whom Caruso was soon completely infatuated.

Almost a year later, when the season opened at the Metropolitan Opera House, Caruso was far from well. However, he insisted on going on to the stage, but while singing his first song he collapsed. Although singing caused him the greatest pain he continued to fulfil his contract until Christmas Eve, when he was put to bed almost by main force by the doctor. For some months he was very ill with pleurisy, and underwent no less than seven small operations.

By the following May he had sufficiently recovered to be taken to Italy. Idling in the genial sunshine at Sorrento, near his native Naples, he appeared to grow much better, but in July he suddenly fell very ill again, and after a great struggle for life he died on the 2nd August, 1921. His last words to his wife were, "Dorothy, don't let me die."

In early life Caruso's voice was much lighter than it eventually became, and he was advised to sing only light parts, such as Wilhelm in *Mignon*. But every month, to the surprise of his hearers, his voice grew bigger and the upper register acquired additional weight, and he soon became able to undertake the heavier music which he had at first avoided. In his maturity he was heard to advantage in whatever he sang. Not only did Caruso charm his hearers with his wonderful declamatory passages, but his half voice (which is perhaps the supreme test of good singing) delighted just as much as his more forceful delivery.

His Irresistible Charm

Caruso grew to have perfect command of his voice, which was remarkably even throughout. He could sing the loudest passage without a trace of forcing, and in the quietest phrases he never lost the tone. Above all, he had that indefinable something which we call charm, without which a perfectly produced voice of the finest quality cannot wholly please. That is why even the unmusical listened to him entranced. The appeal of his voice and personality was irresistible.

Very old gentlemen, who remembered the sweet-voiced Giulini, advised their grandsons to go and hear his successor. The gallery of the opera groaned beneath the weight of intelligent students who would rather spend their money on listening to Caruso than waste it, as they thought, on singing masters; and music-lovers who were out of town flocked back to London for a "Caruso night."

The great tenor never allowed himself to be persuaded to sing in any other language than his own. He was ready to undertake the most exacting rôle, always provided that it suited his voice and could be sung in Italian. Among the operas in which Caruso achieved his triumphs are *Carmen*, *La Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, *Aida*, *I Pagliacci*, *Madama Butterfly*, *La Bohème*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

An EXPLORER in the REALM of NATURE

Gilbert White's Patient and Persistent Quest for First-hand Knowledge of the Mysteries of Nature, and How it Brought World-wide Fame to the Curate of Selborne

ALTHOUGH Gilbert White relates how he once dined with a fellow clergyman who believed a local woman's assertion that she could cure cancer by making an application of living toads, he was himself remarkably free from credulity, considering the age in which he lived. "I am one," he wrote, "that takes his observations from the subject itself, and not from the writings of others."

There were some facts of natural history—for example, the migration of swallows—about which he never attained the certainty we have to-day; but, nevertheless, he deserves the honourable distinction of being a pioneer among that noble band of field naturalists whose methods of patient pursuit after first-hand knowledge in their own neighbourhoods was later to be developed to such perfection by men like Jean-Henri Fabre. "It is, I find," wrote White, "in zoology, as in botany; all nature is so full, that that district produces the greatest variety which is the most examined."

Gilbert White was born in a small village containing less than 700 inhabitants; he spent the greater part of his life as the clergyman of the parish in which it was situated, and it was his misfortune, he says, "never to have had any neighbours whose studies have led them towards the pursuit of natural knowledge." Yet in Selborne he found all the requirements for a full and useful and happy life, as its cleric, historian, naturalist, and antiquary. His story of that village, "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne," is not only a literary classic, and one of the most charming books in English literature, but a presentation

in popular form of delightfully-written, first-hand information concerning the wild life of the English countryside that is still an almost unrivalled masterpiece.

Gilbert White was born in his grandfather's house, Selborne Vicarage, Hampshire, on the 18th July, 1720. His father, John White, had been a member of the Bar in London, while his

mother, the heiress to a small property, was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Holt, at one time rector of Streatham. His parents were in easy, although by no means affluent, circumstances.

Educated first, it is thought, at Farnham, and certainly at Basingstoke grammar school, Gilbert White afterwards went to Oxford, where, while at Oriel College, he had an attack of smallpox. He obtained his Master of Arts degree in 1746, and received deacon's orders the following year. His first curacy was at Swarraton, Hampshire, where his salary was £20 a year, and afterwards he became curate at Selborne, resigning this latter charge in 1753 to become one of the proctors of Oxford University.

Gilbert White's paternal grandfather, whose name was also Gilbert, had been vicar of Selborne from 1681 until his death there in 1727. On the death of her husband, the naturalist's grandmother removed from the vicarage to another house, known as "The Wakes," in Selborne, where she was joined by her son and his family, which included Gilbert White, the younger, then a boy seven or eight years old. It will thus be seen how strong were the ties which bound Gilbert White by a lifelong attachment to his native Selborne. Even

DARTS ALONG LIKE AN ARROW



In "The Natural History of Selborne," Gilbert White mentions that some birds have movements peculiar to the season of love, and among many other examples instanced by him is that of the kingfisher, who "darts along like an arrow."

when he had become a curate in other parishes, Gilbert White still made Selborne his home.

He was once told by one of his friends that posterity would know Gilbert White as a clergyman who had "refused livings and served curacies." His admirers to-day are, however, but slightly interested in any of his clerical positions apart from Selborne; their affection for the man is based on qualities that could not be affected by his ecclesiastical status, be it high or low. The charge that he was a wealthy pluralist is totally unwarranted.

Three Times Curate of Selborne

At the same time, in any story of Gilbert White's life some explanation of his position as a parish clergyman must be made. He was not the vicar of Selborne, as might be supposed; at most, he was only the curate of the parish, and, rather strangely, he was curate there three times. It was not the Vicarage House of Selborne that he made famous as his home, but his own house, "The Wakes," which had formerly been his grandfather's and his uncle's property.

His position as a clergyman was in some respects peculiar. He was a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, for fifty years, and more than once was offered college livings. But his attachment to Selborne, his native place, was stronger than the attractions of clerical pro-

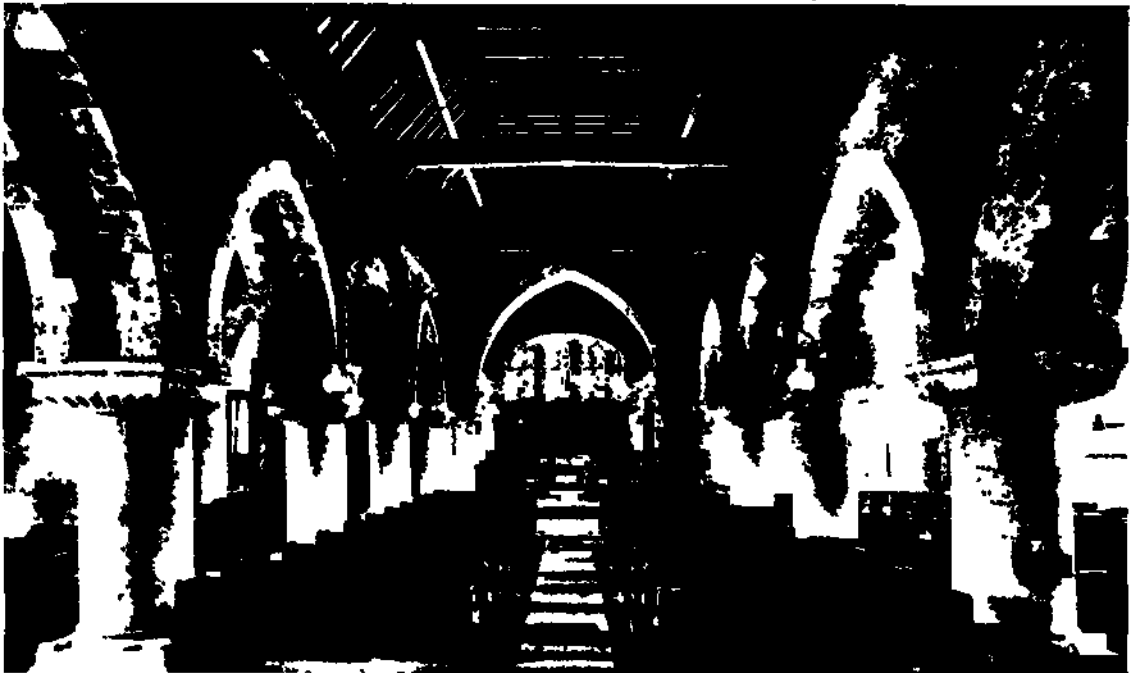
ferment. Gilbert White drew a small income from his fellowship; and from his college at the age of thirty-seven, after he had held several unimportant curacies, he obtained the small living of Moreton Pinkney, in Northamptonshire. He placed a curate in this charge, and after the latter's salary had been paid, about £30 a year remained as Gilbert White's income from that living.

The Curacy of Faringdon

Four years later, in 1761, Gilbert White became, also, curate of Faringdon, a parish in Hampshire, the rector there being a non-resident, and this curacy he held for twenty-six years. It will thus be seen that Gilbert White, while a non-resident in his own living, nevertheless fulfilled faithfully all the clerical responsibilities of another non-resident at Faringdon, in order that he might continue to live in his native village.

Practically the whole time that Gilbert White was curate of Faringdon, which is the next parish to Selborne, he had a near neighbour for twenty-three years in the vicar of Selborne, the Rev. Andrew Etty. When the latter died in 1784, Gilbert White did not seek the living, but as the new vicar did not want to reside in Selborne, the naturalist became curate of his native place, at the age of sixty-four. He had been for a time curate of Selborne twenty-six

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT PICTURESQUE SELBORNE



Born in the pretty Hampshire village of Selborne, Gilbert White was three times appointed to its curacy. His observations of nature, presented in "The Natural History of Selborne," brought fame to his birthplace, which has been visited by nature lovers from many parts of the world. The church has a tablet in memory of the naturalist, who was buried in the churchyard.

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THE MUCH-LOVED HOME OF THE FAMOUS NATURALIST



In this house—"The Wakes"—which was erected towards the end of the seventeenth century, Gilbert White spent many happy years. It was the property of his paternal grandfather and later of his uncle, Charles White, and came into the possession of the great naturalist in 1763. Since that time it has been considerably added to and modernized.

years previously, and for another brief period at a still earlier date. He resigned his curacy at Faringdon on being appointed curate at Selborne, which charge he retained, as well as his living in Northamptonshire and his fellowship, until his death.

There were many pluralists in the Church in Gilbert White's day, and many clergymen who did not reside in their livings, but there is no doubt whatever that the naturalist of Selborne was a faithful parish priest in his curacies and led a simple and blameless life, while there are many proofs in his letters that he was a generous friend to the poor.

His Solitary Luxury

Gilbert White was doubtless better off than many clergymen of his time, but he was neither wealthy nor ostentatious. He never married, and had only one servant in the house, besides a gardener and a woman who did weeding, although sometimes, when he had more visitors than ordinarily, some additional household help had to be obtained from the village. He bought his tea by the half-pound, as well he might, considering that it cost 28s. a lb. in his day. The only luxury that Gilbert White

allowed himself was his garden and grounds, in which he took a great pride, and which he was constantly striving to improve and beautify.

In order to study the character of Gilbert White one must turn to the pages of his immortal book, "The Natural History of Selborne," and try to conjure up a vision of its genial, kindly, and observant author. His great-grand-nephew and biographer, Mr. Rashleigh Holt-White, states that his distinguished relative was a short and slender man, about 5 ft. 3 in. in height, vivacious despite his studious habits, with a courteous and dignified presence. There is abundant proof in his correspondence that he was thrifty, a man of business habits, very cautious in all his dealings, and delighting in the quiet and simple joys of domesticity.

Letters to His Relations

His letters to his numerous relations are brimful of affection, while characterized by great common sense. In one significant passage he writes: "I have now the pleasure of seeing my house full of friends." It is rather amusing to find how inevitably, in almost all his

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communications of a private character, Gilbert White refers to his garden, or the crops, or even the weather. "I have put my old white bed up in my late drawing-room," he writes to his sister, "where I lie, as you ordered me. . . . My peaches ripen. . . . The failure of turnips is miserable."

There is, indeed, very little to tell about the life of the Rev. Gilbert White, M.A., apart from his observations as a naturalist. It is difficult to say how he was first led to take an interest in natural history, but probably the fact that Selborne was such an arcady had something to do with turning his thoughts in this direction.

Nature Student from Childhood

In one of his earliest letters Gilbert White confesses that he had been strongly attached to the study of natural history from childhood. It is certain that from the age of thirty-one he regularly kept nature diaries, in which he recorded facts concerning natural history which had come to his knowledge from his own observation. However, he was a middle-aged man when he began to write the letters which form "The Natural History of Selborne."

These communications were written to correspondents at a distance, solely with the idea of exchanging views with kindred spirits interested in natural history. The first of them to bear a date is one belonging to the year 1767, when Gilbert White was forty-seven years of age. The letters were begun with no idea of publication, and when some friends urged him to extend his narrative to the dimensions of a volume, the clerical naturalist was in no hurry to assent, apparently because of the tediousness of making copies. From the time the first letter was written over twenty years had elapsed before the whole of them were prepared for the press. "The Natural History of Selborne" was published in 1788.

Learning Wisdom from Nature

Gilbert White lived close to the soil, and it was to Nature herself that he went to learn wisdom, rather than to books, although he loved books as much as anyone. Apropos of this, he writes humorously, "Writers, copying from one another, make Aristotle say that goats breathe at their ears, whereas he asserts just the contrary." He then quotes the Greek passage to prove his point.

On another occasion he mentions that two authorities, one of them the great Linnæus himself, had described the water-rat as being web-footed on its hind feet. White modestly asserted that if Linnæus was right, then he (White) had discovered a new water-rat, for these animals in his local stream were not web-footed. Here again it was a case of writers copying from one another; some

writer had concluded that as ducks and beavers were web-footed, water-rats must surely be, and the error had crept into an early edition of Linnæus.

As a result of his method of studying things at first hand, Gilbert White was probably the first man to discover and describe the English harvest mouse (*Mus minutus*). In announcing his discovery to his correspondent, White writes: "I have procured some of the mice mentioned in my former letter, a young one and a female with young, both of which I have preserved in brandy. From the colour, shape, size, and manner of nesting, I make no doubt but that the species is nondescript."

He then proceeds to describe these wonderful little quadrupeds, one of the smallest species known—its nest "perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket ball." The nest in question was found in a field of wheat, suspended in the head of a thistle. He weighed and measured full-grown harvest mice, and found that they were just 2½ inches in length, with tails 2 inches long, and that two of them in a scale "weighed down just one copper halfpenny, which is about the third of an ounce avoirdupois."

Authority for Other Writers

We might add that while Gilbert White was so chary of copying other writers, scores of subsequent writers on natural history have copied his description of the harvest mouse, and, indeed, it could scarcely be improved upon.

It has to be remembered that the study of natural history was Gilbert White's recreation and hobby, not his business. He was always on the alert, and made every occasion that took him into the open air serve as an opportunity to study what he described as "the wonders of creation, too frequently overlooked as common occurrences." His careful method is described in a letter referring to a very comprehensive list of common birds:

For many months I carried a list in my pocket of the birds that were to be remarked, and, as I rode or walked about my business, I noted each day the continuance or omission of each bird's song: so that I am as sure of the certainty of my facts as a man can be of any transaction whatsoever.

Hours Spent in Observation

Watch in hand, he would stand observing a pair of white owls hunting for mice with which to feed their young. "I have minuted these birds with my watch for an hour together, and have found that they return to their nest, the one or the other of them, about once in five minutes."

There are many shrewd observations on owls in Gilbert White's letters. Only one who knew owls well could have written the remark that "owls move in a buoyant manner, as if lighter than air; they seem to want ballast."

STUDYING THE HABITS OF A TAME BAT



Gilbert White feeding a tame bat, which would take flies out of his hand. With characteristic patience he studied the little quadruped for hours on end, and was rewarded by discovering many instructive peculiarities. Among other things he observed that, when eating, it 'brought its wings round before its mouth hovering and hiding its head in the manner of birds of prey.' He also found that, contrary to general belief, a bat can rise from a flat surface.

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He noted that when brown owls hoot, their throats swell "as big as a hen's egg." He knew a brown owl, kept in captivity, that lived a full year without any water.

Having some acquaintance with a tame brown owl, I find that it casts up the fur, and the feathers of birds, pellets, after the manner of hawk's; when full, like a egg it hides what it swallows.

The young of the bat is not easily raised, as they require a constant supply of fresh mice; whereas the young of the brown owl is indiscriminately all that is brought; snails, rats, kittens, puppies, magpies, and any kind of carrion or offal.

The naturalist of Selborne was very interested in bats, and although we still occasionally hear these mouse-like nocturnal fliers described

PATHWAY FAMILIAR TO SELBORNE'S VISITORS



All who know Selborne are familiar with the zigzag path which extends from the bottom to the top of the Hanger. Its construction was undertaken by Gilbert's brother John, at the combined expense of the family.

by the ignorant as birds, Gilbert White correctly referred to the bat as "this wonderful quadruped."

He was always endeavouring to study bats more closely, evidently believing that there were more species in Britain than the three or four kinds that had been identified up to his time. It was, however, left to those who came after him to treble the number of species with which he was familiar.

Studying a Tame Bat

There are many interesting notes on bats in his "Selborne," and he amused himself for hours in studying a tame bat that would take flies out of his hand, always rejecting the wings before swallowing the remainder. "The adroitness with which the bat sheared off the wings of the flies it ate," says the author, "pleased me much." He found that, contrary to vulgar opinion, a bat can rise from a flat surface, and can also run on the ground.

Much could be written concerning White's life-long study of martins, swallows, and swifts. To the end he remained in doubt as to whether these birds really did migrate to warmer climes in the winter time, or hid themselves away like bats.

No Reflection on the Naturalist

This doubt, where we now possess certainty, is no reflection on Gilbert White's merits as a naturalist. He knew as much about the subject as anyone; none of his contemporaries knew any better. One must remember that, in his day, the means of communication were slow and difficult, and where there was one careful observer of wild birds, there are now a thousand.

He put himself to a great deal of trouble to study the ways of the swifts and swallows. More than once he removed tiles from houses, and even from the roof of the church, in order to study late broods of swifts, observing with reverent wonder the fact that the young of these birds are capable of journeying to distant continents a few days after leaving the nest. "So soon does Nature advance small birds to their state of perfection; while the progressive growth of man is slow and tedious."

In the October before he died, Gilbert White had every hole and corner of a roof much frequented by swallows closely examined, in the hope of finding some of these birds in their winter retreat, but, of course, none were found.

Living as he did only fifty miles from London, and having relatives who resided in the metropolis, he made occasional journeys to and fro. Even in London he studied nature, for in 1778 he records in his journal that he heard the green woodpecker laughing in the fields of Vauxhall, and owls hooting in the same place.

Once he sent by the carrier, addressed to a friend in Fleet Street, an earthen pot full of wet moss, containing male and female sticklebacks. These were wanted by an engraver for the purpose of making illustrations, and by sending his parcel off from Selborne very early in the morning the naturalist contrived that it should arrive in the heart of the city the same evening.

Most nature-lovers nowadays can distinguish

the curious note of the grasshopper warbler, but in his own parish the country people laughed at Gilbert White when he told them that it was the note of a bird. Despite all his skill as an observer, the venerable naturalist occasionally made mistakes in identification, and blamed one bird for the misdeeds of another species. For this reason it is well to read his "Selborne" in an edition having footnotes by a modern naturalist. Our knowledge of natural history has been immeasurably extended since Gilbert White's day, and yet, probably, no book on the subject has deservedly been reprinted so often as his.

The author of "Selborne" commenced to keep his nature diary in 1751, and he made daily entries until within a fortnight of his death in 1793. In this journal he recorded the temperature, the direction of the wind, the rainfall, if any, and observations concerning the garden, the birds, etc.

Record of Nature's Doings

It is these daily observations on natural history, some of them not published until after his death, which constitute one of Gilbert White's most notable contributions to scientific knowledge. The calendar entries in themselves do not, of course, possess the inimitable charm of the letters which comprise "The Natural History of Selborne," but as an authentic record of nature's doings they have set a pattern and a standard for countless observers in later times.

It would be impossible to overestimate the influence these records of Gilbert White have had in inspiring other students of natural history to practise the same patient and watchful methods, and to make records with equal faithfulness and perseverance. Many of these observations were made use of by White in the compilation of his "Natural History," while a naturalist's calendar, made up of extracts from the journals from 1768 to 1793, was patiently compiled and published in 1795 by Dr. John Aikin, whom Gilbert White mentions in Letter LXVI of "Selborne."

Method Adopted by the Naturalist

To illustrate the great naturalist's method, a few quotations from his calendar will suffice, the dates given being the earliest mentioned by Gilbert White during the twenty-five years under review:—

Redbreast whistles, Jan. 1; winter aconite flower, Jan. 1; greater titmouse makes its spring note, Jan. 6; furze on gorse flowers, Jan. 8; snowdrop flowers, Jan. 10; bat first appears, Jan. 16; first butterfly seen, Jan. 16; crocus flowers, Jan. 18; skylark sings, Jan. 21; hazel shows its female blossoms, Jan. 23; chaffinch sings, Jan. 24; jackdaw begins to come to churches, Jan. 25; field speedwell flowers, Jan. 27; small tortoiseshell butterfly appears, Jan. 27; brown strawberry flowers, Feb. 1; brown owl hoots, Feb. 2.

"The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne" may be regarded as the life-work of its gifted author. This book was not published until five years before his death, and he published nothing else of note. It was very well received, and immediately it appeared many recognized in it a book that would endure. Mr. Rashleigh Holt-White records the prophecy of a distinguished Oxford scholar who said on the book's first appearance, "Depend upon it,

HARVEST MOUSE AND ITS NEST



Probably the first man to discover and describe the harvest mouse, Gilbert White noted that its nest was "perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket ball; it was quite compact, and made of the blades of wheat."

the time will come when very few who buy books will be without it."

The book contains only one poem, "The Naturalist's Summer Evening Walk." Gilbert White wrote others, and these were collected and first published in 1813.

The second part of "Selborne," the "Antiquities," has never made the same popular appeal as the "Natural History," but it is intensely interesting to anyone who is attracted by the study of archaeology. Gilbert White took immense pains over this part of his book, and hundreds of original manuscripts and

parchments were examined and transcribed in order to trace the church history of Selborne parish from the earliest times. The information he gives concerning the monastic establishments which formerly existed in Selborne constitutes in itself a domestic history of monasticism.

Few men living a quiet, retired, and unambitious life have left behind them a more precious literary legacy to mankind. Sheltered and yet quietly busy within the country house or in the garden it was his greatest joy to improve and beautify, he appears to have lived remote from all the unrest of the tumultuous world. His life was placid and happy. Although a bachelor, he had many family ties, and two years before his death he records with pride that the number of his nephews and nieces had increased to fifty-eight.

Troubled by Deafness

Deafness troubled him, causing him at times to "lose all the pleasing notices and little intimations arising from rural sounds," but until three weeks before his death he remained well enough to attend to his clerical duties. His last letter and his latest entries in his nature diary of that date show unmistakably that his intellect was as clear, his hand as

firm, and his interest in natural history as unabated as ever.

Gilbert White died at "The Wakes," Selborne, after a brief illness, on the 26th June, 1793. In his last will and testament there is a request which beautifully reveals the character of the man:

I do desire that I may be buried in the churchyard belonging to the parish church of Selborne aforesaid, in as plain and private a way as possible, without any pall bearers on parade, and that six honest day labouring men, respect being had to such as have bred up large families, may bear me to my grave, to whom I appoint the sum of ten shillings each for their trouble.

Resort of Nature Lovers

Since Gilbert White was laid to rest in the beautiful God's acre of his native village, Selborne has been a place of pilgrimage for nature lovers from all parts of the world. Besides the simple gravestone and a tablet within the church, the village contains other memorials to the naturalist who made the name of Selborne a household word. The house in which he lived and died still stands, although it has been considerably altered.

[See "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne" (numerous editions), and "The Life and Letters of Gilbert White of Selborne," by Rashleigh Holt-White (1901).]

THE CHURCH AND VICARAGE AT SELBORNE IN GILBERT WHITE'S TIME



When John White, the father of Gilbert, retired from the Bar, he left London for Selborne, and made a temporary home with Gilbert's grandfather at the vicarage at Selborne. It was here, on the 18th July, 1720, that his eldest son, who was destined to make the name Selborne a household word, was born.

A MODERN MASTER of ENGLISH DRAMA

George Bernard Shaw, Playwright, Journalist, and Public Speaker, Who Showed His Love for Humanity by Tilling Against the Institutions of His Day

IN Dublin, the birthplace of Swift and Sheridan, there was born on the 26th July, 1856, a man of genius who shares many of the temperamental qualities of these great writers. Yet George Bernard Shaw is not entirely Irish, which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that he is neither misanthropic, as was Swift, nor irresponsible, like Sheridan. His remote ancestors lived in Scotland. One of them came to live in Hampshire, joined the army, and migrated to Ireland during the reign of William III.

The family multiplied and became important, although never very well-to-do people, in Kilkenny, Tipperary, and Dublin. "The Shaws," we are told by the dramatist, "revolved impecuniously in a sort of vague second cousinship round a baronetcy." Sir Robert Shaw received his honour in 1821, and his son succeeded to the title in 1849. The motto on the family crest was "Know Thyself," a circumstance which the most famous member of the Shaw family has pointed to as being of considerable significance to himself.

In order to keep up the tone of the family name the male Shaws were put into the Irish civil service. Bernard Shaw, the dramatist's grandfather, was high sheriff of Kilkenny. His son, George Carr Shaw, held an unimportant civil service appointment until about his thirty-third year. The post was then abolished. Shaw sold his pension, became a corn dealer, and married a few years later. George Bernard Shaw was his

second child and only son. "As a schoolboy," Shaw has said, "I was incorrigibly idle and worthless."

Had his father's funds permitted, the boy would probably have gone to a university and then followed the family profession. But the corn business was not a success. At fifteen, after a moderate schooling, Shaw was put to clerical work in the office of a land agent. Although a precocious youth and rebellious against his environment, he was successful as a clerk, and eventually became cashier in place of a much older man. He spent most of his spare time in the Dublin National Gallery, at concerts, or in the public library, and his ambition was to be able to paint like Michelangelo.

After five years of office drudgery, made further unendurable by his dislike of extorting money from the poor with whom he sympathized, the sensitive, unfledged young man suddenly burned his boats and escaped to London. His mother, whose musical gifts were a source of income to the family, had already gone there in search of a wider scope for her concert performances and teaching skill. She was a woman of great ability, and from her, as Shaw has himself declared, he inherited his taste for the arts and most of his intellectual gifts.

Shaw was just twenty when he took this step, a raw youth, unshaven (and determined never to use a razor), inordinately curious about life, sceptical of current institutions, and passionately

SHAW AMONG HIS BOOKS



From his earliest years passionately interested in music, art, and literature, the brilliant playwright was ever a keen bookman, finding an unfailing source of delight in his library. (Photo: Hoj p é.)

interested in music, art, and literature. As yet, his way of life was uncertain. He came to London because there were larger influences at work there, as well as bigger and better art galleries and libraries. Besides, Ireland was the land of dreams, and the Irish were incorrigible dreamers. Shaw has always been a practical man. To "know himself" was, perhaps, his deepest motive in coming to London.

He soon began to discover that he thought very differently from most people upon almost every subject. Most young men pass through such a phase, but Shaw early decided that he was right and the vast majority were wrong.

Few writers have set about the business of their lives with such confidence. In his own

THE ORATOR OF SOCIAL REFORM



Long before he had written his first play Shaw had become well known as a social reformer. At public meetings, at street corners, and in the London parks, the tall man with the shaggy red beard was a familiar figure.

words, he "felt that he was a man of genius and coolly classified himself as such." He knew, however, that it would take him some time to prove that fact to the world.

One of his first jobs was to understudy a musical critic. The paper in which his articles appeared very shortly came to grief. "It died of me," Shaw afterwards observed.

Not in the least discouraged by the fact that editors would have nothing to do with his articles, Shaw determined to become a writer.

For a few months he worked in the offices of the Edison Telephone Company, but he gave the post up and devoted himself entirely to congenial but unremunerative literary work. In nine years he earned only £6. He wrote novels, one after the other, and sent them to publishers, who promptly rejected them. Deaf to all suggestions that some other profession might be more suitable, Shaw insisted upon writing his five pages every day.

A Strange Bohemian Figure

In those days Bernard Shaw was poor in everything except spirit and intellectual activity. He cut a strange, Bohemian figure among the more affluent friends whom his wit and brilliant conversation won him.

"My clothes turned green and I trimmed my cuffs to the quick with scissors, and wore my tall hat with the back part in front, so that the brim should not bend double when I took it off to an acquaintance." Add to this red hair and beard and a sardonic cast of countenance, and it can be imagined that his more conventionally garbed friends felt a trifle nervous of his visits.

It is impossible to realize the significance of Shaw the dramatist without to some extent following the career of Shaw the social reformer. In the latter capacity he became prominent long before he had written his first play.

One day he attended a public meeting at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, to hear a lecture by Henry George, the American reformer, and author of "Progress and Poverty." The occasion was, perhaps, the most momentous in Shaw's life, for it was then, as he tells us, that his "social conscience" was first aroused in the widest possible sense. Hitherto he had revolted against the cramping conditions of his own class, and against the Victorian institutions that had made his childhood unhappy. Now it seemed that he saw society as a whole, and could put his finger upon its radical defects.

How He Educated London

He resolved to become a reformer himself. "My destiny," he discovered, "was to educate London." From that time forward he attended public meetings regularly, and, in spite of a disarming nervousness, thrust himself and his views upon unsuspecting audiences.

Sometimes his knees shook so violently that he could scarcely stand, and his heart knocked painfully at his ribs; he forgot the most important points of his speech, and felt that he was making a fool of himself. But what he said was always interesting and provocative, and gradually he became a familiar figure not only at public meetings, but at street corners, and in the London parks, where he shouted against the blare of brass bands.

One wet Sunday afternoon Shaw made his way to Hyde Park and got on his tub. Nobody stopped to listen to him, but six policemen hovered around with the obvious intention of locking up the now notorious orator should he happen to infringe the laws that govern public utterance. Nothing daunted, Shaw harangued the representatives of the law and succeeded in making them interested.

Shaw's avowed object as a street orator was to stir up people's minds and make them think, whether they agreed with him or not; but he also made people laugh by brilliant witticisms and swift, keen-pointed sallies aimed at hecklers in the crowd. This side of Shaw helped considerably to make his reputation, although many of his listeners were bewildered and wondered whether to take him seriously or not.

In 1884 Shaw joined the Fabian Society, which had been formed a year earlier by a group of advanced thinkers and sociological students. With the assistance of Mr. Sidney Webb, whom he won over to many of his own particular views, Shaw quickly made this society one of the most powerful organizations in London. For many years he dominated its proceedings and framed its policy. Its tracts and pamphlets had a far-reaching effect upon sociological progress, and some of the reforms which it advocated ultimately became law.

Work as a Fabian

Shaw's long connexion with the Fabian Society and the solid brain-work that he put into its debates and reports, in spite of multifarious occupations as a writer and publicist, testify to his extraordinary energy and unflagging zeal. His share in the society's proceedings was by no means confined to dialectics; he also did a great deal of the necessary spade-work, even, it is said, undertaking the bookkeeping himself and balancing the accounts.

About the time that his interest in public affairs became absorbing, Shaw ceased to write novels. He had come to the conclusion that these early efforts already belonged to his "nonage." But he did not find it easy to escape

his literary past. As he became more and more known as journalist and critic, publishers made every effort to secure the manuscripts that had become yellow and battered through constant journeys.

Once, when Shaw was asked for the secret of his success in life, he retorted:

THE SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT AT HOME



The shaggy red hair and beard have now turned grey, and, after warming both hands at the fire of life, Shaw, having risen to eminence by—as he mischievously put it—"sheer gravitation," warns them before the fire of his cosy sitting-room. (Photo: Hoppé.)

I never climbed any ladder; I have achieved eminence by sheer gravitation; and I hereby warn all peasant lads not to be duped by my pretended example into regarding their present servitude as a practicable first step to a celebrity so dazzling that its subject cannot even suppress his own bad novels.

In connexion with the opinion of his novels, the verdict of R. L. Stevenson upon one of them, "Caahel Byron's Profession," is very

interesting: "a combination of struggling, overlaid, original talent and blooming gaseous folly." Stevenson, however, afterwards wrote to a mutual friend and asked him to tell Shaw to "hurry up" with another novel.

But Shaw had now turned critic, in which capacity he certainly educated London. Editors still fought shy of his more serious articles, but there was no longer any doubt that Shaw's quixotisms, expressed in vigorous,

the pages of the *Saturday Review*, he poured vitriolic scorn upon the stilted, mechanical drama then in vogue, forced the British public to take a common-sense view of Ibsen and the live movements of the age, and so prepared the way for the reception of his own plays, some of which he had already written.

Shaw's first play originated from a proposed collaboration between himself and William Archer, another dramatic critic of eminence.

Archer supplied the plot and Shaw was supposed to write the dialogue. The piece was intended to be of the machine-made type then popular in the English theatre.

Archer reckoned without the exuberant genius of Shaw. After some time the latter announced that he had finished half the first act and required some more plot. This Archer refused to supply, and Shaw put the unfinished play aside.

Seven years later, in 1892, Shaw was asked by Mr. J. T. Grein, the proprietor of the Independent Theatre Society, which existed for the purpose of encouraging drama of an uncommon character, to write a play. Shaw took up the fragment based upon Archer's plot and very quickly completed it. The result was *Widowers' Houses*.

His First Play

When the play was produced at Mr. Grein's theatre, its reception was mainly hostile, but no one was more disgusted than Archer, who saw his well-laid scheme for a pretty romantic comedy with a happy ending distorted into a "grotesquely realistic exposure of slumlandlordism, municipal jobbery, and the pecuniary and matrimonial ties between it and the pleasant people of 'independent' incomes who

imagine that such sordid matters do not touch their own lives."

Shaw, the reformer, in fact, had run rampant, and the result was a moral tract, which the ordinary playgoers were not likely to swallow, and which certainly did not amuse them. It was followed by two more "unpleasant plays,"

A DRAMA THAT RANGES THROUGH THE CENTURIES



Adam, Eve, and the Serpent, from a scene in Shaw's colossal drama of ideas, *Back to Methuselah*. In this play the author gives an astonishingly complete exposition of his biological, social, and political philosophy, and introduces characters from Adam down to the prime minister of the day.

epigrammatic language, and bristling with wit and humour, made good "copy." With exceptions, he was now, instead of being the death of the papers he wrote for, the very life and soul of them.

The most famous period of Shaw's critical activity was between 1895 and 1898, when, in

The Philanderer (1893) and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (1893). The last-mentioned was banned by the censor, and a company of players in New York were prosecuted for giving a performance of it. Not until 1924 was the official licence granted to this play of Shaw's second "nonage."

Shaw presently discovered that he could write amusing plays as well. *Arms and the Man*, first produced at the Avenue Theatre in 1894, set London rocking with laughter. "It is as funny as *Charley's Aunt*," one critic declared. The semi-Gilbertian humour of this satire upon militarism appealed to British audiences, even though Shaw had put into the mouths of his characters speeches that expressed his own serious and quixotic opinions.

On this occasion Shaw was called upon to make a speech before the curtain. As he

HOW TO GET A GOOD GOVERNMENT

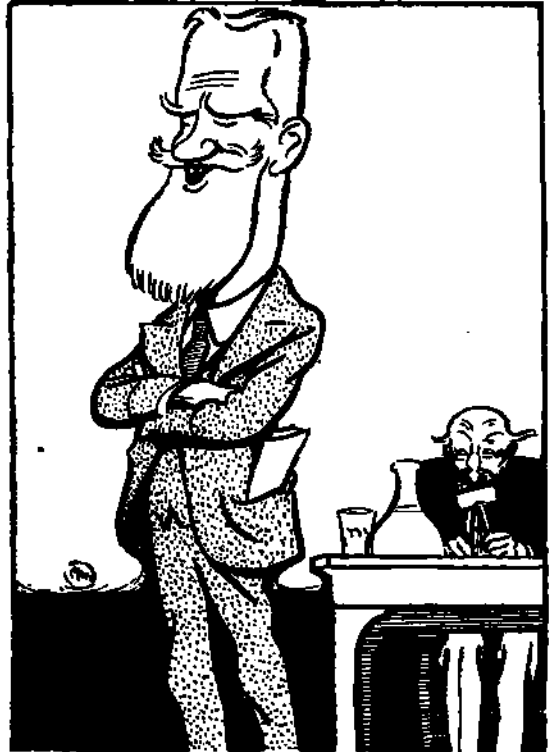


"Bernard Shaw, Chief Warder of the Tower." The cartoonist depicts this wielder of a brilliant pen safeguarding British institutions. In 1923 Shaw outlined a scheme for running the country. (By permission of "T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly.")

stepped on to the stage the tumultuous applause died down and an individual in the gallery began to boo. Shaw smiled and looked up at the solitary dissident. "My friend," he said, "I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many?"

A play a year appeared during the next six years of Shaw's busy life, the best known of this period being *Candida* (1894) and *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* (1898). But Shaw was not yet a popular playwright. The plays, together with voluminous prefaces, were published at

CARRIED AWAY BY HIS ELOQUENCE



"G. B. S. in Action." A cartoonist's vivid impression of Shaw, the experienced public speaker, as he appeared upon the platform, warning to his work. (By permission of "T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly.")

intervals. Their stage production was usually undertaken by enterprising admirers in London and America for restricted runs only. The audiences were more and more perplexed by Shaw's startling opinions, and the critics could not decide whether Shaw as a playwright was to be hailed as another and better Molière or derided as an inferior copy of Ibsen.

He was certainly attaining to a mastery of the business of playwrighting, and his multifarious activities as journalist, public speaker, and man of eccentric habits gradually brought about a widespread interest in the Shavian personality. Shaw's brilliant impudence and boundless self-confidence were more valuable to him than the services of a most assiduous press agent. He declared that he was a better dramatist than Shakespeare, and that, far from being an eccentric genius, he had the normal vision that saw the common-sense truth about most matters.

About 1904 a new impulse was given to the development of English drama by a series of performances at the Royal Court Theatre under the management of Mr. J. H. Vedrenne, a theatrical man of business who had courage and insight, and Mr. H. Granville Barker, an excellent actor and disciple of Bernard Shaw. The experiment was not a financial success, but many interesting plays were produced, and Shaw plays, being amusing as well as interesting, often occupied the bill.

At the Court Theatre, in 1905, *Man and Superman*, Shaw's most ambitious effort during that

SHAW IN HIS MATURITY



The kindly face of the genius who for nearly forty years has been startling us with his brilliant work and boundless self-confidence, and who has preserved the strength and elasticity of his mental powers in so marked a manner.

period, was first produced. The play was announced as "a Comedy and a Philosophy," and its theme was the old one of Don Juan brought up to date. The lively action, interspersed with brilliant wit, and the playwright's seemingly profound comments upon the whole of existence, considerably enhanced Shaw's reputation. He showed himself able to conceive all manner of ludicrous or semi-comic situations, and to give a plausible semblance of life to characters not at that time usually presented on the stage.

Shaw intended to preach a gospel in *Man and Superman*. When the play was subsequently published in book form, there was added to the usual long, explanatory preface, a collection of the sayings of John Tanner, the "superman" of the comedy.

Some of the plays, such as *John Bull's Other Island* (1904) and *Mérolia* (1914), consist mainly of conversation, the interest being sustained by an extraordinary power of vision of and insight into the problem concerned. In others, such as *You Never Can Tell* (1896) and *Pygmalion* (1916), Shaw gives full rein to his inventive genius, and dangles his puppets with consummate agility, in the frank attempt to produce unexpected and surprising variations of human conduct.

Writing Plays in the Train

Probably no man has ever been so much discussed during his lifetime as Bernard Shaw. For nearly forty years he has been saying brilliant and provocative things, either from the platform, in the newspaper, or through the medium of the theatre. His personal peculiarities are known; he is a vegetarian, a non-smoker, and a teetotaler, and he writes his plays in shorthand, mostly on the tops of buses or in the railway train between his country home in Hertfordshire and Adelphi Terrace, London. He is married, but has no children.

Few writers have preserved the strength and elasticity of their mental powers so far into life as Shaw has done. Within the last few years he has written *Back to Methuselah* (1921), a colossal drama of ideas, embodying a complete exposition of his biological, social, and political philosophy, and *Saint Joan* (1924), which is in many respects his highest achievement as pure drama presented ideally and yet in a manner comprehensible to all. The just success of this play at the New Theatre disproved the theory that Shaw is lacking in wide human sympathy.

A Lover of Humanity

The truths expressed in *Saint Joan* are not simply "Shavian" truths. They, or most of them at least, are universal truths expressed in terms of history recreated. The whole drama is the work of a man who loves humanity.

Even people who disagree with Bernard Shaw's opinions are often the first to admit that he is a great man. His boundless intellectual activity, his mastery of the comedic art, and his passionate faith in the betterment of mankind are qualities that have to be set against what sometimes appears to be deliberate and mischievous perversion. People in the future will probably laugh at Shaw's plays and put down his eccentricities to the age in which he lived.

[See "George Bernard Shaw," by A. Henderson (1911).]

A CHAMPION of the POOR and OPPRESSED

The Good Lord Shaftesbury Who, After a Long and Uphill Fight Against Grave Social Ills, Succeeded in Bettering the Lot of the Workers

WHEN he was a fourteen-year-old school-boy at Harrow School, the future Lord Shaftesbury was walking down the famous hill one day, when he heard the sound of revelry, apparently proceeding from a side street. To his amazement a party of men suddenly emerged into the high road, some of whom were carrying a coffin, which they were taking to the churchyard. All of them were intoxicated, and, as they sang and reeled along, one of them tripped and fell, and their burden was hurled into the road.

This horrible scene, so characteristic of the degradation which was widespread among the very poor little more than a century ago, made a most profound impression upon the young schoolboy. Recalling the incident seventy years later, Lord Shaftesbury told his biographer that it was on that occasion, on Harrow Hill, that he definitely resolved ever afterwards to make the cause of the poor his own. Bravely and well did this noble man perform his vow.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, to give the great philanthropist his baptismal name, was born at 24, Grosvenor Square, London, on the 28th April, 1801. His father, the only brother of the fifth Earl of Shaftesbury, succeeded to the title ten years after his son's birth. He had married the daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, so it will be seen that it was an aristocrat of very blue blood who, as a Harrow schoolboy, resolved to champion the cause of the poor.

His Stern Up-bringing

The boy's ancestral home, which he afterwards occupied as the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, was St. Giles's House, nine miles north of Wimborne minster, in Dorsetshire, an immense mansion standing in a magnificent park. Yet, probably few poor boys have been more unhappy, or more harshly treated, than was Lord Shaftesbury as a small boy. So rigorous and unfeeling was the discipline, even at home, that his biographer tells us he was often pinched with hunger, and lay awake on winter nights crying because there was insufficient covering on his bed to keep him from feeling cold.

The memory of his childhood was a hideous nightmare which haunted Lord Shaftesbury even when he was an old and wealthy man. When he was over eighty, he wrote as a fragment of autobiography that he and his sisters had been brought up with great severity, "the opinion of our parents being that, to render a child obedient, it should be in a constant fear of its father and mother."

From the age of seven until he was twelve, he was at a boarding-school, which he afterwards described in these terms :

Nothing could have surpassed it for silt, bullying, neglect, and hard treatment of every sort: nor had it in any respect any one compensating advantage, except, perhaps, it may have given me an early horror of oppression and cruelty. It was very similar to Dotheboys Hall.

There was only one joyful memory and sympathetic influence in this rich boy's childhood. In his father's household there was a faithful old servant, named Maria Millis, who had been his mother's maid during the latter's girlhood at Blenheim, and was afterwards the housekeeper. This good soul had a great affection for the little neglected Anthony, and warmed his young life with her love and sympathy. She it was who taught him, as a boy of six, to utter his first prayer.

Unfortunately he did not have her companionship for long. When he was about seven, the kindly housekeeper died. She left him her gold watch, and Lord Shaftesbury never wore any other during the whole of his long life. Often, when showing it to friends, he would say that it had formerly belonged to "the best friend I ever had in the world."

Enters Parliament as Lord Ashley

At twelve he was sent to Harrow. His scholastic studies were completed at Oxford, and at the age of twenty-five he commenced his long parliamentary career as the member for Woodstock. He was then known as Lord Ashley.

The young politician was described by a contemporary at this period as the beautiful ideal of aristocracy. His face was so pale,

A CLIMBING BOY



Sweeps formerly employed small boys to climb up the chimneys and clean the flues. Lord Shaftesbury's Bill put an end to this practice.

beautiful, and classical as to resemble that of a marble statue, an impression heightened by the great mass of curling black hair flung back from his finely chiselled forehead.

He had many powerful friends, among them the great Duke of Wellington, with whom he was upon terms of intimacy, and a way lay open to a high State position for him. But he had not forgotten his early vow on Harrow Hill, and he had not been long in Parliament before he had turned his back upon ease and leisure, and was devoting himself to the cause of social reform in a way that made him many enemies among his own class and among those whose greed and inhumanity he now began to condemn unsparringly.

Reforming the Lunacy Laws

His first activity was in connexion with the reform of the lunacy laws, and the horrible places in which the unfortunate lunatics were confined. He visited some of the asylums, where poor creatures were "chained to their beds and left from Saturday afternoon to Monday without attendance, and with only bread and water within their reach." Lord Ashley was not the man who could behold such things only with pity; he could not rest until legislation had been passed and public opinion so awakened that such cruelties were made impossible.

The great turning-point of his life occurred when, about 1832, he threw himself heart and soul into the task of factory reform. At that period the conditions under which people worked in mills, factories, and mines were appalling, and there were many besides mill-owners who fought strenuously to prevent all efforts towards amelioration or reform. Among the most unhappy victims of the soulless system were tens of thousands of little children, many of whom were forced into industrial employment even at five years of age, and whose education and training were entirely neglected. Crime, disease, starvation, and pauperism were everywhere rampant.

Visits the Workers on the Spot

A handful of public-spirited men were already trying to secure a measure of reform, and with these men Lord Ashley now associated himself. Long afterwards he told his biographer:

I made it an invariable rule to see everything with my own eyes, to take nothing on trust or hearsay. In factories, I examined the mills, the machinery, the hours, and saw the workers and their work in all its details. In collieries, I went down into the pits. In London, I went into lodging-houses and thieves' haunts, and every filthy place. It gave me a power I could not otherwise have had. I could speak of things from actual experience, and I used often to hear things from the poor sufferers themselves which were invaluable to me. I got to know their habits of thought and action, and their

actual wants. I sat and had tea and talk with them hundreds of times.

On the 17th June, 1833, he introduced a Bill providing for the limitation of the hours of women and young persons in factories to ten a day. The Bill was defeated, the Government of the day supporting their own Bill, which did not provide for a reduction of the hours of labour but provided for the schooling of child workers. It was not until fourteen years later, during which period Lord Ashley was indefatigable in advocating the reform, that the Factory Act of 1847 was passed, limiting the working hours of young people and women, first to sixty-three hours weekly, and, from the 1st May, 1848, to ten hours a day, or fifty-eight hours weekly. Lord Ashley hailed this victory in his diary in these words: "I am humbled that my heart is not bursting with thankfulness to Almighty God—that I can find breath and sense to express my joy."

The "Working Man's Friend"

It is almost impossible nowadays to realize fully the enormous labours and anxieties which Factory Act reform imposed upon Lord Ashley and those who were acting with him. Even after the Act of 1847 had been passed, and greeted with enthusiastic delight by the industrial population, its effects were largely nullified by a system of shifts which was afterwards introduced and largely adopted, whereby mills were kept running continuously from 5.30 a.m. till 8.30 p.m. The new practice was supported by the courts and in Parliament; even Lord Ashley's amendment conceding to women and children at least a working day confined between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. was defeated. It was not until 1853 that this latter reform was effected by regulation, when Lord Palmerston was at the Home Office.

Everywhere Lord Ashley encountered opposition, except from the operatives themselves, who called him the "Working Man's Friend," the medical profession, and the Press. Even ministers of religion scarcely ever appeared on the platform with him when he was engaged in factory agitation; and society regarded him with contempt.

Child Labour in Mines

Having succeeded in getting something done for children in factories, Lord Ashley resolved to attempt to obtain justice for children employed in mines. In 1840, he moved in the House of Commons that a commission be appointed to inquire into the conditions of child labour in mines, and two years later the commission made a report which created a sensation.

It was shown that children of four or five years of age were working underground in

collieries; that many thousands more were less than ten years old. They worked twelve and even fourteen hours a day. Most of them began as "trappers," which meant they were in charge of a door in the workings which they had to open and close as wagons passed. When they grew older, some of them were employed dragging small trucks along passages often so low that they had practically to crawl on hands and knees.

Women and girls and small boys were employed carrying baskets of coal, weighing from half a hundredweight to three times as much, up ladders. It was reported by the commission that in the aggregate of one day's journey some of these poor creatures climbed with their loads fourteen times as high as the top of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Children of eight or nine years were employed pumping water all day long, and sometimes "double-shifts" had to be worked. Accidents were constantly happening, disease and ill-health were rampant, and tens of thousands of children grew up totally illiterate. Wages were miserably low, the overseers were often brutal, and children were lashed and kicked for falling asleep, or for failing under tasks too heavy for their strength.

No wonder that Lord Ashley, after reading the report of the commission, wrote in his diary, "Civilization itself never exhibited such a mass of sin and cruelty. The disgust felt is very great, thank God; but will it be reduced to action when I call for a remedy?"

Lord Ashley now gave notice of a Bill to exclude women and children from coal-pits, and later urged the Government to take steps to see that such children, and, indeed, all the children of the working classes, were educated. In his speech in the House of Commons he said:

"We owe to the poor of our land a weighty debt. We call them improvident and immoral, and many of them are so; but that improvidence and that immorality are the results, in a great measure, of our neglect, and, in not a little, of our example.

Difficulties He Encountered

Lord Ashley never succeeded in gaining any of his proposals or effecting remedies without a long, arduous, and persevering fight. Often he was almost in despair. He never grudged the great expense incurred by his constant journeyings in the cause of reform, or the physical strain, but he was sometimes almost beaten down by the stupidity and half-measures which the Government displayed and offered when measures of reform had to be framed.

Lord Ashley's speech on behalf of the educa-

tion of the working classes was almost universally approved inside the Commons and outside; the public-houses were crowded by people who wanted to hear the news read from the papers. A factory education Bill was immediately introduced by the Government of the day; but the schools to be provided were to be Church of England schools exclusively. Nonconformists were up in arms instantly, and 11,611 petitions, with 1,757,297 signatures, were presented to the Commons.

Speaking in the House of Lords in 1878 on the Factory and Workshops (Consolidation) Act, Lord Shaftesbury said *apropos* of his long campaign on behalf of the factory workers: "We find ourselves at last, after forty-one years

YOUNG CHILDREN AT WORK IN A COAL MINE



Not so very many years ago thousands of little children were working underground in collieries, carrying heavy baskets of coal. This state of affairs continued until Lord Shaftesbury saved these child-slaves

of exertion, in possession of what we prayed for at the first—a Ten Hours Bill" (for adults.)

Looking back on his life, on Christmas Day, 1851, he recorded in his private diary that it had cost him seventeen years of labour and anxiety to obtain the Lunacy Bill of 1845.

His Many-sided Activities

In addition to many other activities, Shaftesbury had served for two years without pay as chairman of the Board of Health during a cholera epidemic. Outside Parliament he had promoted ragged schools, model lodging-houses, and emigration; and had addressed meetings on every conceivable subject connected with religion and social reform. When he came to assess what he called "the sweets of unremunerated public life," the only personal recompense he could discover was the securing of "peace of mind, but nothing else."

Among many other reforms with which the name of Lord Shaftesbury will always be associated is the abolition of chimney-cleaning by climbing boys. Few chapters in the social history of England are more horrible than the facts brought to light by the commission of enquiry into this employment, as recently as 1864. Little children of from four to eight years of age were employed in this dirty business, many of them being practically bartered and sold as slaves, under the guise of apprenticeship. They started work as early as two or three o'clock in the morning. Out of 384 boys examined, only six were found able to write, and only twenty-six could read.

Lord Ashley supported a Bill for the abolition of climbing boys in 1840. The Bill was passed, but it was evaded right and left, and he was still fighting in 1875 against what he had rightly described as a "disgusting and unnecessary employment." In February of the latter year he called attention to the case of a boy of fourteen who had been suffocated while employed in cleaning a flue in Cambridge. The boy's employer was charged with manslaughter, and later sentenced to six months' hard labour. *The Times* described the boy's death as a "monstrous crime," and "murder."

Lord Shaftesbury, who had succeeded to his father's title in 1851, brought in another Bill on the subject, in May, 1875. His perseverance is illustrated by this entry in his diary:

April 28th, 1875.—Again on the rescue of the climbing boys. One's soul is torn by their misery and degradation. Have prepared a Bill; the second reading stands for May 11th. God in His mercy, grace, and love, be with me. Shall I have, after the manner of men, to contend with beasts? One hundred and two years have elapsed since the good Jonas Hanway brought the brutal iniquity before the public, yet in many parts of England and Ireland it still prevails, with the full knowledge and consent of thousands of all classes.

The Bill passed, and with it the unspeakable iniquity of employing climbing boys was at last done away with.

A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST



During a long and active life Lord Shaftesbury never relaxed his efforts towards the improvement of the conditions of the humble workers of Britain.

It would be quite impossible to touch upon all the various movements for social betterment with which Lord Shaftesbury was actively associated during his long life. However, mention must be made of ragged schools, for posterity appears to remember the great philanthropist because of his labours in this connexion, more than by any other thing.

The waifs and strays of London and other great cities had long lain heavy on his heart. As early as 1843 he discovered that the London City Mission had a ragged school in Saffron Hill

for "instructing (free of expense) those who, from their poverty or ragged condition, are prevented from attending any other place of religious instruction."

Lord Ashley declared that this was exactly what he had been seeking, and immediately threw himself heart and soul into the good work, with which he continued to be actively associated until his death, over forty years later. He became the first president of the Ragged School Union, and there can be no doubt that the beneficent movement, which still flourishes, owes almost everything to the forty years he devoted to establishing, extending, and supporting it.

Throughout his active life, Lord Shaftesbury found in his wife, formerly Lady Emily Cowper, whom he had married in 1830, a true helpmate.

Lord Shaftesbury came of a long-lived race. His father lived to be eighty-three, and he himself was eighty-four when he died on the 1st October, 1885. He was buried in the parish church of St. Giles's, Dorset.

Following a memorial service in Westminster Abbey, the band of the Costermongers' Temperance Society played a hymn, and a poorly-dressed labouring man was heard to say: "Our earl's gone! God Almighty 'ows he loved us, and we loved him. We a't see his likes again!"

[See "The Life of Lord Shaftesbury," by Edwin Hodder (1887).]



BUILDERS of OUR GREAT HIGHWAYS

McAdam, Telford, and Blind John Metcalf, to Whose Skill and Care We Owe the Splendid Roads and Canals that Help to Make Transport Easy

HOW often, when we walk or drive along our splendid English roads, do we consider the incredible difference between them and the roads of a century and a half ago? For many years past now all first-class roads have been spoken of as "macadam" roads. The word sounds familiar enough to anyone, but the name of John Loudon McAdam, who transformed the roads of the world, and whose name has thus become a household word, still remains comparatively unknown. The great engineers who first built railways or steamships have abundant honour, but McAdam and Telford, who made modern road transport possible, are almost forgotten.

McAdam was born at Ayr on the 21st September, 1756. His family was connected with the clan McGregor, and had long been distinguished as a fearless, sturdy breed of men, who obeyed none but their own consciences. James McAdam, father of the road-maker, founded the first bank in Ayr in 1763, and thrived accordingly, soon growing to be a man of consequence in the county. During McAdam's infancy his father's house at Laywyne, near Ayr, was burnt to the ground, and he narrowly escaped a very premature death. This house was never rebuilt after the fire, and the family removed to Blairquhan, a pleasant country house in the same county, on the banks of the little river Girvan.

McAdam Supervises Model Road

Here McAdam passed the ordinary childhood of a country-bred boy. He got into mischief, rifled birds' nests, climbed trees, and behaved himself just as one would expect. He attended the parish school at Maybole, near Blairquhan, which his father considered quite sufficient to supply his early educational demands. But, even as a boy, in the intervals between lessons and such serious diversions as rabbiting, McAdam turned his attention towards roads and road-making. Odd though

it may sound, while still at school he superintended the construction of a model section of road between Maybole and Kirkoswald, a neighbouring village. This he was probably able to do owing to his father's considerable local position and influence.

James McAdam, the banker of Ayr, died in 1770, and by the terms of his will, his son was entrusted to the care of an uncle, who had emigrated to America, and was now a prosperous merchant in New York. Thither the fatherless boy was dispatched, arriving after

MAKER OF NOBLE ROADS



Thomas Telford, the Scottish engineer, whose much-needed work on roads, bridges, and canals brought about a revolution in transport.

a journey made wretched by both home-sickness and sea-sickness. His uncle, however, soon made his nephew feel at home, and McAdam settled down in New York, fully expecting to spend his life there engaged in commerce. Until the close of the War of Independence he remained in America, and during the progress of hostilities he became agent for the sale of prizes, a position so lucrative that in a few short months he made quite a considerable fortune.

After the victory of the colonists and the establishment of the United States as an independent power, McAdam made up his mind to return to Scotland. The new Government, moreover, deprived him of a large portion of the money he had accumulated during the war. But he managed to bring enough of his wealth back to Scotland to enable him to purchase an estate at Sauhrie, a tiny village situated on the high road from Ayr to Maybole.

Desire for Wider Interests

For the next thirteen years McAdam continued in his own native country. The life of a small country gentleman, however, was not nearly full enough for one who had been used to an energetic round of business. Accordingly, in addition to managing his own property, McAdam also found time to fill the offices of magistrate, deputy-lieutenant for



the county of Ayr, and road trustee. So once more he returned to the study of roads, from which he had been parted ever since his first schoolboy venture in engineering.

As he travelled round the countryside on his various duties, McAdam everywhere traversed roads in the most wretched state of repair—or, rather, in the most chronic state of disrepair. Constant attention on the part of road-menders apparently did no good, for most roads were then made of gravel, and their loose structure offered no resistance to the wheels of a heavy vehicle. In consequence they were ploughed up into fresh ruts and potholes as soon as they were remade. At first McAdam only noticed this lamentable state of affairs, and propounded no remedy. But his mind constantly revolved the matter, and ere long he was to hit upon his famous and permanently successful method of preventing damage to the road surface.

Settles in West of England

In 1798 McAdam was appointed agent for revictualling the navy in all the ports of the west of England. This naturally involved a move from Ayrshire, so he crossed the border and made his way south, like so many more Scotsmen, to conquer England. He settled at Falmouth, and was soon busily and efficiently discharging his duties, for which task his commercial experience in New York stood him in good stead.

McAdam's work took him from one port to another, and he soon came to the conclusion that roads in England were just as bad as those in Scotland, if not worse, as there was more heavy wagon traffic. In his own words,

the roads were "at once loose, rough, and perishable, tedious and dangerous to travel on, and very costly to repair." Before leaving Sauhrie he had started experimenting on improved methods of road-making, and he now continued these experiments at his new home at Falmouth.

Although the work was done entirely at his own expense, McAdam had to fight a great deal of prejudice. Unless from a temperamental dislike of a new thing of any kind, which then rather distinguished the inhabitants of these islands, it is difficult to imagine why anyone could have objected to McAdam's attempts to improve the roads. Yet this is but one example in thousands of what, until mankind grew used to the idea of constant innovations and changes, every pioneer in human progress has been forced to endure.

Points of a Good Road

As a result of his investigations, in which he himself plied pick and shovel like any navvy, McAdam came to the conclusion that roads ought to be made exclusively of broken stone. The model road which he planned was to be raised slightly above the level of the surrounding land, and provided with an adequate drainage system. The road itself was to be built up from thin layers of stone broken into more or less cube-shaped fragments, each one of which was not to weigh more than six ounces.

At first McAdam did not think of consolidating his roadway by rolling, but left it to be done by the ordinary traffic. He confidently predicted that such a road as this would be almost impervious to the weathering action of wind

HOW OUR FOREFATHERS TRAVELLED IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS



"Flooded," from the painting by Charles Cooper Henderson. This spirited picture of a mail coach travelling along a flooded road, with the water almost covering the horses' legs, is typical of the appalling condition of the old-time roads. Note the contrast between the road shown here and that in the picture on the opposite page.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed index



THE KIND OF ROAD WE OWE TO THE GENIUS OF McADAM



Modern coach passing through Barnes Common, on the Windsor-London road. This is one of those hard, even, well-drained highways that we now take as a matter of course. It was the genius and energy of McAdam and Telford that did away with the rutty quagmires of olden days and made such fine roads possible.

and rain, and hard and unyielding to traffic, and that its life would depend upon the powers of resistance of the stone from which it had been made. Nevertheless, at first McAdam's ideas, and the proof he brought forward to back them up, fell upon deaf or scornful ears. No one yet imagined that this navy-victualler of Falmouth had discovered the secret of making a permanent and satisfactory roadway.

In 1815, the year of Waterloo, McAdam managed to get himself appointed as surveyor-general of the Bristol roads. His own ideas about road-making had now grown to be his most absorbing interest, and he applied for this post solely that he might have the opportunity to test his notions on a reasonably large scale. McAdam had now spent all his private means on carrying out experiments. A road is a costly thing to build, and even a very considerable fortune can quickly vanish in financing road-making operations.

Transforming Bristol's Highways

Installed at Bristol, he put his ideas into practice without delay. Under his care the highways of Bristol were transformed from rutty, muddy quagmires into hard-surfaced, even, and well-drained carriage ways. Bristol rubbed its eyes and wondered how this Scottish surveyor-general had managed to bring about

such a miracle. Soon folk began to talk. Visitors and travellers asked themselves, "Why can't we have roads at home like those at Bristol?" As attention turned at last upon his work, McAdam, in 1819, published his "Practical Essay on the Scientific Repair and Preservation of Roads," which was followed during the next year by his "Present State of Road-making."

These two titles sound dull enough, but McAdam wrote well, and presented his subject in a vivid manner. Moreover, everyone agreed by now that England's thoroughfares were incredibly poor, and that "something must be done about them." At all events, by 1822 the second book was in its fifth edition, and the success of the "macadam road" was generally recognized.

Worked for the Public Good

In 1823, on McAdam's petition, a committee of the House of Commons was set up to inquire into the feasibility of applying this new system of road-making throughout the country. McAdam, of course, attended, and gave evidence at length. Only then did it appear what immense labours and trouble he had taken in order to bring his system to perfection. Between 1798 and 1814 he had travelled no less than 30,000 miles in order to examine the roads of Britain. He had



spent 2,000 days on his travels, which had cost him £5,000. Besides this sum, he had expended large sums on private experiments. All this he had carried out from entirely disinterested motives, his only wish was that the roads should be improved for the public good. Philanthropists who work among the destitute or afflicted are generally recognized, but we should not forget that the patient, painstaking round of labour which McAdam undertook for the good of his fellow men, is also philanthropy at its highest.

In 1827, as a direct result of the committee's report, McAdam became general surveyor of roads for the whole of England, Scotland, and Wales, and Parliament voted him various sums of money, £10,000 in all, to indemnify him for his own private expenditure in the past.

Putting His Theories into Practice

Henceforward McAdam was busily engaged in applying his fine system of road making and maintenance throughout the country. He worked unceasingly in spite of his increasing age and though his home was now at Hoddesdon, near Hertford, most of his time was spent in journeying about the country in his carriage, behind which a great Newfoundland dog invariably ran. The Government wished to reward him for his great services with a

knighthood, but this McAdam refused, for his only satisfaction lay in seeing his fine new hard roads stretching far and wide through the British country-side.

McAdam was twice married, both of his wives being of American descent. By his first wife he had a family of four sons and three daughters. One of his sons subsequently accepted the knighthood which his father had declined. The famous road maker was an impulsive, generous hearted man, but one who by no means suffered fools gladly. Senseless or pig headed opposition to his views caused him to lose his temper, but to his family and friends he was ever the most courteous and amiable of men.

Death from Heart Attack

He delighted to revisit the haunts of his boyhood, and regularly each year he made an expedition to Scotland. While returning from such a tour McAdam died at Moffat, Dumfriesshire, on the 26th November, 1836. He was eighty years old, and succumbed to a heart attack in a few hours. Actually, he was worn out by building the roads of England as we know them. In spite of his incalculable services to his fellow countrymen, McAdam died a poor man, but, as he said shortly before his death, "at least honest."

HOW TELFORD CONNECTED THE EAST AND WEST OF SCOTLAND



View on the Caledonian Canal, one of Telford's many triumphs. The original survey was made by James Watt in 1773, and in 1803 Telford made an official report. Work was begun in 1804 and traffic started in 1822. The canal, which is sixty miles long, connects the east coast of Scotland with the west.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

A BRIDGE THAT JOINS CARNARVONSHIRE TO ANGLESEY



Telford's suspension bridge across the Menai Strait. It was begun in 1819 and finished six years later, the bridge being opened to the public in 1826. The chains, sixteen in number, are 1,725 feet long, and are carried sixty feet through rock. It has been calculated that the chains can bear a weight of 2,016 tons.

Another great engineer to whom we are indebted for our roads was Thomas Telford. Unlike McAdam, who was born into comfortable circumstances, Telford had to make his own career. He was born on the 9th August, 1757, the son of John Telford, a shepherd who lived in a shieling of four mud walls and a thatched roof in the hamlet of Westerkirk, in Dumfriesshire. Westerkirk is a long, narrow parish, closed in by steep and frowning hills, supporting about 370 peasant folk. Someone once asked its minister what happened to the natural increase of the families in his village. "Oh, they swarm off!" was his explanation, "some to America, some to India, and some, like Telford, work their way across the border and up to London, though he is the only one from this valley who has reached Westminster Abbey."

When he was only three months old Telford lost his father. The shepherd died, leaving his wife and child totally unprovided for. As soon as Telford had grown to man's estate, and could "cut a headstone," he erected one to his father, hewn and lettered by himself. The epitaph runs:

In memory of John Telford, who, after living 33 years an Unblamable Shepherd, died at Glendinning, November, 1757.

Telford's mother, a woman of sterling character and great force of mind, undertook the upbringing of her son in her destitution. Kindly neighbours helped the forlorn pair, and somehow or other they managed to struggle on through the little boy's childhood. The boy himself was full of fun and mischief, and before he was ten years old he was known through all the valley by the nickname of "Laughing Tam." As soon as he was old enough, he looked after sheep in the summer months, and in the winter he found a home with one of the neighbouring farmers, ran errands, swept kitchens, and generally made himself as little of a nuisance to his elders as possible. For this he received his keep, a pair of stockings, and the small sum of five shilling a year for clogs.

Apprenticed to a Stone-mason

Westerkirk fortunately possessed a parish school, and in due course "Laughing Tam" attended it. The education that he received was, of course, so elementary as to be almost negligible. Nevertheless, his experience here was to prove an inestimable boon to him in years to come, for he learnt to read, to write, and to undertake simple arithmetical problems. Schooldays, however, were soon over, and the time came when Telford had to be



put to a regular trade. He decided that he would be a stone-mason, and in due course he proceeded to article himself to a master-mason at Lochmaben, a small town across the hills from his native village. He remained only a few months with this master, who used him cruelly and half starved him. So Telford ran away back to his home.

His mother was considerably embarrassed by his appearance, for were there not laws against runaway apprentices, and might not her son find his way to prison? Fortunately, nothing so dramatic happened, and soon Telford was working for Andrew Thomson, a small mason of Langholm, with whom he finished the years of his apprenticeship. In his spare time, while still a boy, Telford devoted himself to improving his education. Literature soon exercised a strong fascination for him, and greatly to his delight a Miss Pasley, of Langholm, took an interest in this ruddy-cheeked apprentice, and lent him books from her own considerable library.

Leaves His Native Valley

Between hard work and reading Telford's apprentice years sped past quickly enough, and soon he was a duly qualified journeyman mason at eighteenpence a day. In this capacity he acquired considerable experience in building houses, bridges, and churches; in fact, he soon became recognized as the most skillful craftsman in that part of the country. Having learnt all that his native valley could teach him of his trade, Telford left for Edinburgh in 1780 to seek employment on the "new town" then being erected. His skill quickly brought him abundant employment, and for two years he was kept hard at work, receiving good wages.

After this Edinburgh venture, he resolved to try his luck in England. He paid a farewell visit to his native district, bade all his old friends and companions a rather solemn good-bye, fastened his bundle of "traps" over his shoulder, and set out for London. He arrived in due course, having made the journey on horseback. A local factor, having occasion to send a horse to London, chose to lend it to Telford as the cheapest method of getting the animal there.

Becomes a Foreman Mason

Telford soon found work, his first job being on Somerset House, then in course of erection. Through Miss Pasley, Telford was also recommended to the incomparable brothers Adam, for whom he had the privilege to work for a while. By diligence and care, Telford soon showed himself to be a really first-class mason, and after about a year in London he moved to Portsmouth, where he found employment

as foreman mason—his first step up the ladder of promotion. Until the autumn of 1786 he remained at Portsmouth, gaining valuable experience and receiving golden opinions from his employers. But at last there was no more work for him to superintend in the great naval centre, and Telford had once more to look around for a new job.

Rises in His Profession

Luckily, Mr. Pulteney, then M.P. for Shrewsbury, was on the look-out for a master mason to supervise the repair of his property at Shrewsbury. Telford was recommended to him, and the eager young Scotsman went to Shropshire as superintendent—another step forward. Mr. Pulteney grew to trust and like Telford, and, before his own work was finished, he obtained for his protégé the post of surveyor of public works for the county. This appointment marks a real turning-point in Telford's career, for henceforward he was definitely a "master" and no longer a workman in the employ of another.

The reputation of the new surveyor soon got abroad, and Telford began to be spoken of among his colleagues as a most promising young man. He remained only a few years at Shrewsbury, for he was offered the post of engineer-in-charge of the construction of the proposed Ellesmere Canal—a decidedly better position than his post as county surveyor. Telford accepted, and by 1793 was hard at work on a preliminary survey. As a canal builder Telford proved himself as capable as in his other work. He carried through his task with complete success, and by his erection of the great Pont-Cysylltau aqueduct and of Chirk aqueduct—the first two large bridges he had ever built—he established himself as one of the foremost civil engineers in Britain, and leapt into fame in his profession with a dazzling suddenness. There could no longer be any doubt but that this merry young Scotsman was an engineering genius.

Constructs Splendid Bridges

After the completion of the canal, Telford's new reputation as a bridge builder brought him many contracts. Everybody who wanted particularly large or fine bridges built applied to Telford, and besought him to come and undertake the work for them. Among others, he built Bewdley Bridge and Tongue-land Bridge over the Scotch Dee, and he designed a huge one-arch iron bridge to span the Thames at London, but this was not proceeded with. Business completely absorbed him: "I have become a very wandering being," he wrote. "I am tossed about like a tennis ball . . . and, to tell you the truth, I think it suits my disposition."

THE BLIND FIDDLER WHO MADE TURNPIKE ROADS



John Metcalf, the blind fiddler, supervising the making of a road. Although he lost his sight at the age of six, Blind Jack of Knaresborough contrived to acquire a unique knowledge of the northern roads. He was constantly engaged in road-making for over thirty years, and has about 180 miles of first-rate turnpike roads to his credit.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index



In 1802 Telford was commissioned by the Government to make a survey of Scotland, and to report on the measures necessary to improve the roads and bridges of the country. He accordingly embarked upon an extensive tour of his native land, and elaborated a most minute and careful report, which was ultimately made the basis for legislation relating to the roads of Scotland.

Telford's Remarkable Foresight

Telford conferred an inestimable boon on his fellow-countrymen, for he touched the real nature of their wants, realized the lines upon which the country was most likely to develop, and by his foresight provided it with an adequate road system.

After his survey was completed, Telford was soon busy on the Caledonian Canal. He

INVENTOR OF THE McADAM ROAD



John Loudon McAdam, the Scotsman, to whose ability and industry we are so deeply indebted for the splendid system of roads throughout Great Britain.

constructed a series of eight gigantic locks between Loch Eil and Loch Lochy, which compass a drop of ninety feet in eight miles, and still go by the name of "Neptune's staircase." The work on the canal was begun in 1804, but not until 1822 did the first vessel sail through from sea to sea. The canal cost about £1,300,000, yet as engineer-in-chief Telford received a salary of only £237 per annum.

In 1814 a parliamentary committee had reported upon the ruinous and dangerous state of many roads, particularly of that between Carlisle and Glasgow. It was re-

solved entirely to rebuild this road, and Telford was placed in charge of the reconstruction.

The greatest road-building feat he ever accomplished was the construction of the highway from Shrewsbury to Holyhead. This was no mere task of making a hard, firmly bedded road, for there were mountains to be conquered, bridges and viaducts to be built, and, last of all, the Menai Strait to be crossed.

Stopped by the Menai Strait

Gradually the new road crept onwards from Shrewsbury, over hill and dale, until it reached Bangor, where the Menai Strait brought it to an end. From Holyhead the other end stretched across Anglesey—only the strait remained to be bridged. Telford resolved to throw a suspension bridge across, a type of bridge then practically unknown in England.

By August, 1819, the first stone had been laid and work was proceeded with. For six years a small army of workmen laboured at the vast undertaking, and poor Telford very nearly became distracted between the rival claims of the bridge and the Caledonian Canal, now nearing its completion. However, by the end of 1825 the huge main-chains were in position, the roadway was slung from them, and the bridge was completed. With this bridge the great new road was also finished, and the crowning labour of Telford's busy years ended.

For a few more years Telford continued actively to practise his calling, but by 1830 increasing deafness troubled him, and he more or less retired from his work. He died at his house at Abingdon Street, Westminster, on the 2nd September, 1834, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Blind Jack of Knaresborough

Before the time of Telford and McAdam, many good roads and bridges in the north of England had been constructed by John Metcalf, more commonly known as Blind Jack of Knaresborough.

This extraordinary man, the son of working people, was born on the 15th August, 1717, and lived to be 93. In his sixth year an attack of small-pox left him totally blind, but his affliction did not prevent him in later years from taking part in hunting and other pastimes.

Having been taught music, in 1732 he obtained a position as a fiddler in Harrogate, but 20 years afterwards he suddenly started road-making and bridge constructing, a work very much needed then, and which he did successfully, embodying in his methods some of the principles later adopted by McAdam.

[See "Lives of the Engineers," by Samuel Smiles (3 vols., 1861), and "The Life of Thomas Telford," written by himself (1888).]

The MAN Who FOUND LIVINGSTONE

Henry Morton Stanley, Newspaper Correspondent, of Whose Discoveries in the Dark African Continent the Greatest was that of the Heroic Explorer-Missionary

IT was the rainy season in Abyssinia, a time of great peril alike to man and beast. The flooding of the surrounding countryside, of the rivers and numerous valleys, had begun. The heavens opened and a pitiless deluge descended on the land. Rushing streams of seething foam carried everything before them; trees were uprooted, houses and huge rocks of granite were swept aside as if they were match-wood.

On the top of a mammoth rock jutting out in the centre of a narrow ravine, a small party of men stood watching the terrible scene of desolation. Their expressions were strained; the fear of an appalling death sickened their hearts. One of the party, a man of slender build but with a strong wiry frame, had the white skin and features of a Britisher. He was the leader; the others were his Arab servants and attendants.

On each side of them the water rushed madly by with an ominous roar. Human bodies and wreckage of every description crashed against the rock on which they stood. Fed by the unceasing downpour, the floods gained velocity and depth. Inch by inch the torrent rose until it was lapping around their feet, threatening every minute to carry them in its destructive wake. It seemed as if their fate was sealed.

Suddenly a cry of relief rang out. The frightened wails of the Arabs turned to shouts of praise of their good Allah. A murmured word of thankfulness escaped the lips of their chief. The rain had ceased.

When the floods had subsided the party resumed their march to Zoulla. Their mission, which was to reach the coast ahead of Sir Robert Napier's victorious army, was accomplished. A little later the first news of the

fall of Magdala, in April, 1868, and of the complete success of the brilliant British campaign in Abyssinia was telegraphed via Suez to the *New York Herald*.

Henry Morton Stanley had made his mark as a special war correspondent. He had outmaneuvered his colleagues and had thus gained a memorable triumph for himself and for the newspaper he served so faithfully. It was his first step on the ladder of world fame.

Stanley, whose real name was John Rowlands, was born on the 10th June, 1842, at Denbigh, a town rich in valorous traditions. History relates that the early inhabitants of this part of North Wales were a race of warriors, and to his fighting stock, maybe, Stanley owed the inspiration of many of his great deeds.

His early life was remarkable for a series of misfortunes. His father died when he was a few weeks old, and his mother left him in the hands of neighbours. Almost from the cradle he had to face life's battles alone, denied the love and sympathy of a parent, denied even the protection of a guardian.

"What I lacked most to make my youth complete in its joy was affection," he wrote in

his autobiography, and no one can read the pathetic story of his boyhood without feeling that he had ample justification for his lament. For ten years he picked up what knowledge he could at the workhouse school at St. Asaph. He became a prolific reader, a keen student of geography, and an efficient draughtsman—knowledge that was to be of inestimable benefit to him later in life. He certainly was not happy; nor, indeed, were any of the scholars, for under the thin cloak of discipline brutalities of the worst type

A FAITHFUL SERVANT



Selum, the explorer's interpreter on the Livingstone expedition, whose courage, resourcefulness, and trustworthiness were very warmly appreciated.

were perpetrated. Finally, in the company of another adventurous spirit, he ran away.

Stanley never forgot those days. Brought up among some of the lowest types of humanity, the outcasts of society, it is remarkable that he entered the stage of manhood with any faith in life. But faith he had, in God and in himself.

For a short while he taught in a parish school, but he soon became restless. Inactivity did not suit him. So, imbued with a sense of adventure, he went to Liverpool, was engaged as "ship's boy" on a vessel bound for America, and, when he landed eventually at New Orleans, took a situation on shore.

Meets a Kind-hearted Merchant

It was here that he met Mr. Stanley, a merchant, who soon proved himself to be a warm friend, and whose name Stanley afterwards assumed out of respect and gratitude for his kindness. His association with the family and business life of this big-hearted merchant formed one of the most pleasant chapters of his life. Stanley had sorely needed a friend, and for the first time in his life he had found one.

Misfortune, however, still pursued him. His patron died, and on the outbreak of civil war,

Stanley enlisted in the army of the South. At the battle of Shiloh, in April, 1862, he was taken prisoner. During his captivity he became very ill and was allowed to return to his native country. He could not, however, settle down in Wales. The principality reopened old wounds and revived memories he was only too anxious to relegate to the dim and distant past. America had an irresistible fascination for him, the excitement and glamour of the war that was still raging magnetized him, and very soon he recrossed the Atlantic.

A Feat of Bravery

Entering the Federal navy in 1864, he gained rapid promotion and took part in several engagements. On one occasion, when the flagship on which he was serving was under heavy shell-fire, he swam out over a quarter of a mile during a most terrific bombardment, to affix a cable to a steamer that was flying the rebel colours. It was an extraordinary feat of bravery, and illustrates very vividly the pluck, audacity, and resource that Stanley possessed.

The war over, the intrepid young Welshman looked for fresh fields in which to give full scope to his love of adventure. His one desire was to travel, and to learn something of the world.

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE AROUSE THE INTEREST OF THE NATIVES



The explorers' reception by friendly natives at Magala. "The Warundi of Magala," writes Stanley, "were very civil, and profound starers. . . . They pertinaciously gazed on us, as if we were subjects of the most intense interest." Stanley and Livingstone spent four months together, during which time they travelled over 700 miles and became intimate friends.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

CONFRONTED BY AN ELEPHANT IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE



While journeying with Livingstone to Unyanyembe, Stanley had an exciting adventure. Having left the camp to procure some meat, he was walking along, Winchester in hand, attended by a single native, when suddenly an enormous elephant appeared in his path. The native fled, and Stanley, not being armed for such big game, followed his example.

Arriving one day at Constantinople, he set out on the unbeaten track to Tibet. In the course of his journey he and his two American companions very narrowly escaped with their lives when they were attacked and robbed by a band of brigands. Stanley, with characteristic vigour, protested against their treatment, and the graphic story he wrote of his adventures attracted much attention.

He also made an excursion to the Far West, where some tribes of Indians had been giving trouble. His method of returning from this expedition furnished another striking example of his great daring. Disdaining the ordinary means of transit, he collected a few rough planks, knocked them together to form a flat-bottomed boat, and on this frail structure travelled for several hundred miles down the Platte River. The voyage was successfully accomplished, although not without mishap.

His Pen in Request

Possessing all the qualifications of a successful war correspondent, Stanley acted in this capacity for the *New York Tribune* during General Hancock's punitive expedition in the Far West in 1867. The brilliance of his dispatches aroused universal interest, and there was keen competition to secure his services on his return from the battle-front.

After a momentous interview with Mr. Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*, Stanley accepted the post of travelling correspondent to that journal. It was a step destined to have far-reaching consequences not only to himself, but to the British Empire and to the world at large.

Disappearance of Livingstone

Stanley had been right through the British campaign in Abyssinia, had returned home, and was with the Spanish armies engaged in civil war in 1868, when he was suddenly ordered to meet Mr. Bennett in Paris. Great anxiety was felt at this time as to the fate of Dr. Livingstone, the great explorer, who had suddenly disappeared. He had penetrated right into the heart of Central Africa, and had set the world agog with excitement at the wonderful discoveries he had made. Then had come a long period of silence. Years had passed without any authentic news of him. Anxiety gave way to alarm, and alarm to consternation.

Distressing reports reached England from Zanzibar that the doctor had been murdered by a native tribe, but no confirmation of the story could be obtained. Was he alive or dead? No one knew.

"Go and find Livingstone!" Those were the brief instructions Stanley received. They

NATIVES ON THE WARPATH IN FULL FIGHTING ARRAY



While camping at Kiwyeh, Stanley witnessed a body of warriors setting out to chastise a neighbouring tribe. Their knees and ankles were hung with little bells; their long scarves, knotted at the neck, streamed behind them; and they held assegais in their right hands. Column after column went by, until about a thousand warriors must have passed.

were the embodiment of simplicity. He was to be given every facility and unlimited funds to help him in his search. Mr. Bennett did not hamper him with any vexatious details as to the methods he was to adopt or the itinerary he was to follow. He could do what he liked and go where he liked, but he was to obtain some reliable news of Livingstone as soon as possible.

Stanley set out for Suez with a light heart. His mission fired him with a new enthusiasm, and he was not without hope of accomplishing it, insurmountable as the difficulties appeared. Journalistic caution necessitated his keeping the nature of his mission a secret; it would be a scoop of the greatest magnitude for his newspaper if he succeeded. That, and the burning desire to meet the explorer and to be able to report that all was well, acted as an inspiration.

From Persia to Bombay

Before proceeding to East Africa, Stanley went on a wonderful journey through Persia to Bombay—a marvellous feat of endurance at that time. Arriving in India, he related his impressions of the districts through which he had passed in a number of brilliant articles, some of which were severely criticized at home owing to the frank way in which he tackled current Asiatic problems.

It was in January, 1871, that this remarkable young man—he was not yet thirty—landed on the East African coast with the set purpose of finding Livingstone. With plenty of money at his disposal, he equipped himself well for the expedition into the interior of the Dark Continent. Besides himself, the party comprised two British seamen and nearly 200 natives. In his train were numerous pack-animals and food and merchandise of every conceivable description.

Hardships of the Journey

Their objective was Ujiji, where Stanley felt confident some recent news of the doctor would be available. To reach that place they had to cover a distance of about 900 miles of African forest and swamp.

Blissfully ignorant of the perils and trials awaiting them, the expedition set off with hopes running high. A few days' marching served to make them realize the hazardous nature of their undertaking. Difficulties were encountered almost immediately. The discomforts of the march aroused discontent among the natives, and soon led to open revolt and wholesale desertion. Stanley strove manfully to maintain order, but no sooner was one catastrophe averted than another threatened.

The terrible climate wrought havoc among the party. Famine and fever, treachery and starvation, attacks from the wild beasts of the forest and from hostile native tribes—Stanley had to contend with all these. Twice he fell a victim to dysentery, and came near to death's door. Still he struggled on, hoping against hope for some improvement, refusing to acknowledge failure.

On one occasion Stanley found the road to Ujiji barred by a solid phalanx of warriors belonging to a powerful chief called Mirambo, who was known as the "Napoleon of Central Africa." This compelled him to change his route, and further delays and disappointments ensued. To add to his trouble, one of his white companions deserted him at this point, and mutinies among his followers became almost daily occurrences.

Still Without News

Stanley retired to his tent one night, discouraged and broken-hearted. The failure of his great mission seemed inevitable. For days past progress had been painfully slow, supplies were running out, and they were face to face with starvation. And still they were without news of Livingstone. All their heroism, their determination, and courage—what was it for?

On the point of abandoning the expedition, Stanley looked around him. His eyes fell on his Bible. In a few minutes he was down on his knees, praying more earnestly than he had ever done before for fresh strength, fresh hope, and fresh faith. Shortly afterwards authentic news of the doctor was received, and with renewed zeal and enthusiasm he pressed on towards Tanganyika. The great lake was sighted at last; they were nearing the end of their journey.

As the party approached Ujiji, information was received that a white man had been seen there. Stanley's relief could not be measured in words. Eagerly and with quickened pace he pushed forward until the outskirts of the village were reached. The arrival of the expedition caused tremendous excitement. Flags were waved, guns were fired, and there were general rejoicings. Hardly able to control his emotion, the courageous leader walked into Ujiji at the head of his party. A tall native strode up to him, and addressed him in English. It was Susi, Livingstone's faithful servant!

"Dr. Livingstone, I Presume?"

An elderly white man, wearing a red flannel blouse and grey trousers, and with a blue cloth cap on his head, made his appearance. "I walked up to him," said Stanley, "and, doffing my helmet, bowed and said in an inquiring tone:

'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

"Smiling cordially, he lifted his cap and answered briefly, 'Yes.'

"I extended my hand and added: 'I thank God, Doctor, that I have been permitted to see you'

"In the warm grasp he gave my hand, and the heartiness of his voice, I felt that he also was sincere and earnest as he replied, 'I feel most thankful that I am here to welcome you.'"

ALREADY A SKILLED TRAVELLER



The explorer in his early days. Before proceeding to East Africa in quest of Livingstone, Stanley had visited many strange lands in various parts of the world.

Stanley tried hard to persuade the heroic old man to return to England, but he would not hear of it. He had set his heart on further exploration, and courteously declined the advice. So, after spending four months in one another's company, during which time they travelled over 700 miles and became intimate friends, the two men reluctantly parted, Livingstone making for the northern regions of Tanganyika with fresh stores and equipment,

and Stanley setting out for Zanzibar, bearing the doctor's precious despatches.

First news of the success of the *Herald* relief expedition was received with incredulity in England. Stanley was accused of concocting the story and branded an impostor. It was not until he reached England, and produced Livingstone's papers, that his story was accepted. Then there were great celebrations, and the brilliant young explorer was honoured as he deserved. Among the many presents he received as a tribute to his great work, was a gold snuff-box from Queen Victoria.

Henceforth Stanley thought only of Africa. He could not rest in England. He yearned to be back in the Dark Continent, to probe still further its possibilities, to fathom its mysteries. In spite of its perils, its fever-laden swamps, its disappointments and drudgery, Africa was a wonderful new world with an irresistible appeal to his adventurous spirit.

The death of Livingstone, while it grieved him, acted as a stimulant to Stanley. He was determined to carry on the work of exploring the regions round the great lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, and of discovering the source of the Nile, a question around which a great controversy was raging at the time.

However, before he could put his plans into operation, he was ordered to join Sir Garnet Wolseley's expeditionary force on the Gold Coast, a quarter known, owing to the prevalence of malaria, as "The White Man's Grave." During this successful campaign Stanley added to his laurels as a war correspondent, although on one or two occasions he passed adverse criticism on Wolseley's methods. This practice of speaking frankly and fearlessly on every topic lost him the friendship of many eminent people, and earned him the reputation of being an egoist; yet it undoubtedly roused public opinion, and in several instances was the cause of necessary reforms.

His second expedition into Africa was financed by the *New York Herald* and the

London Daily Telegraph jointly. No longer inexperienced, Stanley carefully picked the men who were to accompany him, and when they made their way inland from Zanzibar, the party consisted of no fewer than 356, equipped in every particular.

Although hampered by very much sickness among his followers and by the usual hostility and treachery of the native inhabitants, the pioneer made good progress and succeeded in reaching the Victoria Nyanza. Here the expedition went afloat, "the flag-ship" being the *Lady Alice*, a trim little boat which had been specially constructed, and which they had brought with them all the way from Zanzibar. During the tour of investigation which now began, the expedition was several times attacked by savage tribes. On more than one occasion only the calm and clever strategy of the leader prevented annihilation. Many tales are told of the methods Stanley employed at such critical times, and all illustrate the patience and dignity he displayed under the greatest provocation.

Once a large band of fierce natives, after showering spears and sharp-edged stones on the party, rushed into the water and attempted to upset the boats. Argument was useless, so Stanley drew his revolver and fired several shots

in rapid succession over their heads to frighten them. Panic immediately ensued; the savages, previously intent on murder and robbery, scrambled wildly back to the shore and safety. Then Stanley, standing in the bow of his canoe, threw down his fire-arms as proof of his friendly intentions and succeeded in appeasing the wild men. Finally, he was able to go ashore and obtain the needed supplies.

After exploring the great Victoria Nyanza, Stanley pressed on to Uganda. This huge kingdom boasted of a population exceeding 2,000,000, and was presided over by a friendly and good-natured chief named Mtesa. The latter was a very good influence in Central Africa, and the Welshman seized the oppor-

IN HIS DECLINING YEARS



Stanley was absolutely fearless, and had a marvellous power over the natives. His discoveries were of the greatest importance.

tunity to do some missionary work. It was the honourable bearing of Stanley, and of white men like Speke and Grant who had gone before him, that laid the foundation for the acceptance of Christianity in Central Africa. These white men did not go into a country for the purpose of buying slaves, as did the Arabs, but to help the natives and to point the way to prosperity. Thus the miracle of converting these savages from Mohammedanism was begun.

About this time Mtesa was at war with a neighbouring tribe, and the native chief eagerly sought the advice of his distinguished guest as to how he could overcome his troublesome enemy. Nothing if not versatile, the explorer took a leading part in the conduct of the campaign and speedily brought victory to Mtesa's army. The conflict was abruptly concluded by a very ingenious move on Stanley's part. Taking three strongly-built canoes, he laid them side by side and constructed a platform upon them. He then built round the platform a wall, seven feet high, which he decorated with a large number of flags.

Launching this weird contrivance on the lake, he manned it with sixty paddlers and over twice as many musketeers, all of whom were hidden from view, and then, to the accompaniment of loud cheers from Mtesa's followers, he had it propelled to within fifty yards of the island where the enemy forces were gathered. As he surmised, the structure raised terror in the hearts of the foe, and thinking they had fallen under the spell of some evil spirit they surrendered.

Continuing his journey southwards, Stanley came face to face with his old enemy, Mirambo. This chief had the reputation of being a tyrant, and the explorer expected difficulties. Their meeting, however, on this occasion was a peaceful affair. So far from being a bully, Mirambo proved himself, in Stanley's words, "a thorough African gentleman."

Beset with terrible danger and encountering insuperable difficulties, Stanley was forced to make his way to Ujiji. He had not accomplished all he had set out to do, but in establishing the chief source of the Nile he had achieved a memorable triumph. He had also obtained much valuable data relating to the region of the great Victoria Nyanza. A remarkable

MTESA'S FLEET IN CONFLICT WITH THE ISLANDERS



While in Uganda, Stanley helped Mtesa, a friendly chief, to conquer a most troublesome foe. An ingenious move suggested by the explorer was immediately adopted, and the conflict terminated in victory for Mtesa.

feature of his journey was that for over 1,500 miles he was accompanied by a pure-bred English bull-dog, who bore the name of "Bull." The death of this faithful friend and companion was a great blow to the explorer.

Stanley was now determined to clear up

the mystery surrounding the river Luabala. Livingstone had discovered this stream, and, as it flowed northward, had expressed the opinion that it must be the Nile. When Stanley found that it turned west, he suspected that it would be revealed as the mighty Congo, and his theory was correct.

The story of this gallant explorer's voyage over the whole length of the Congo River is a thrilling one. Suffering terrible privations and

expedition lost their lives, as well as many natives, and when he reached the Atlantic he had with him but a remnant of his brave company.

In the course of his journey he made many valuable discoveries, including the famous Stanley Pool and the Livingstone Falls, and he returned to England fired with the resolve to arouse interest in the vast commercial possibilities of the Congo State. His efforts were in vain, and, in desperation, he turned to Leopold, King of the Belgians, whom he knew to be interested.

Founds Congo Free State

Returning to the Congo in the service of this monarch, Stanley worked with amazing energy for the next five years. At the end of that time he had, by personal example and unselfish toil, founded the great Congo Free State, and earned for himself the title of "Breaker of Rocks" and the affection and admiration of the natives he had assisted on the path of civilization.

Although anxious to retire, Stanley organized one more expedition. This was to relieve the faithful and courageous Emin Pasha, a victim of Egyptian misrule in the Sudan. Once again the great explorer made his way to Zanzibar and faced the incredible difficulties of a march across the huge continent. As before, his mission was brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Stanley relieved Emin Pasha, and then, deserted by his followers, returned home a popular hero.

About this time his amazing vitality showed signs of declining, and he was forced to rest. In the summer of 1890 he married Dorothy Tennant, and spent the next two years lecturing in America, Australia, and New Zealand. In 1895 he entered Parliament, but he was never happy in the House of Commons. A little later he received the honour of a knighthood, which may have recompensed him somewhat for the lack of appreciation that had attended his early triumphs.

Stanley spent the last few years of his life in quiet retirement. He was a sick man. His unselfish devotion to duty, the appalling privations he had suffered in the continent for which he had done so much, finally took toll of him, and on the 10th May, 1904 he fell into his last sleep.

[See Sir H. M. Stanley's "Autobiography" (1909); "In Darkest Africa" (1900); and "Through the Dark Continent" (1878)]

STANLEY FINDS LIVINGSTONE



Arrived at Ujiji, Stanley greeted the veteran explorer with the words, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" With a kindly smile lighting up his rugged face, Livingstone answered, "Yes."

continuous disease in a country infested by cannibals, he descended the 2,000 miles of its great extent to its mouth. Three years before—in 1874—he had entered Africa from the east coast. When, therefore, he arrived at the mouth of the Congo, he had made a complete circuit of the equatorial belt of Africa and had opened up this vast region to the world. All three of his white companions on this



Fifty years of shipbuilding progress is represented in this picture—painted specially by Frank Mason for Sir Walter Runciman—of the sailing-vessel *Northumberland* and a Moor liner. It was exactly half a century to a day between the launching of the wind-driven vessel in 1861 and the steamer in 1911. Both took the water at the same spot.

THE captain "kept the helm to allow the whole crew to work at the pumps until they called out 'She sucks!'—the sweetest phrase of the sea. Here were men who had stood almost continuously up to the waist in water, and frequently a lump of sea would smash right over them. Their sleeves were doubled up, and boots and stockings were discarded. They had salt-water outs in their fingers, and their arms and legs were red raw with friction and salt-water boils. Let him who may estimate, if he can, the sufferings of those who were carrying this unseaworthy vessel in their arms. These were 'the good old times.'"

There are very few British sailors to-day who can recall so many varied and adventurous voyages in the old windjammers as can that wonderful old sailor and shipowner, Sir Walter Runciman, Bart., from whose fascinating autobiography the above quotation has been extracted.

In the "Good Old Times"

The "good old times," to which Sir Walter refers, were not good in the sense of ease and comfort; their goodness lay in the quality of the seamen they produced. The sailors of the days of sailing-ships made the British Empire possible, and established the supremacy of the British mercantile marine. No specimen of British manhood is more truly

characteristic of the race than the British tar; in none do we find our conception of pluck, hardihood, and daring so fully personified.

Sir Walter Runciman, born in a humble home in Dunbar on the 6th July, 1847, and reared in a hard school, owes his success entirely to his own efforts.

It seems almost incredible that anyone now living can say that his boyish ambition to go to sea was quickened by listening to stories from the lips of sailors who had fought with Nelson at Trafalgar. Yet Sir Walter Runciman can say it.

Sailor Men Relations

In 1855 three big sailor men, none of whom was less than six feet three inches in height, came to spend a few days at his parents' house on the north-east coast. They were Scotsmen; one was his grandfather, the other two were his great-uncles, and all three had fought at Copenhagen, the Nile, and Trafalgar, and had boarded French and Spanish line-of-battle ships, outlass in hand.

With what breathless interest did little Walter and his brothers and sisters listen to the stories these old British tars told of hand-to-hand fights, sharpshooting from the "tops," the blowing-up of enemy ships, and the death of Nelson.

Young Runciman was then between seven and eight years of age, and as he listened

open-mouthed to the yarns of those ancient mariners, nothing appealed to him more than the frequent references to the "powder-monkey," the little sailor boy who carried the powder from the magazine to the guns. He resolved to become a "powder monkey" himself, and, when the old sailors took their departure, they left behind them, as their descendant tells us, "in the mind of one small boy a fixed idea that the plain duty of every Briton was to become a sailor and nothing else."

The young lad's mother, however, did not by any means share his love for the sea. The reason why is not surprising. She had heard her father tell of his fighting under Nelson, and she could remember how, in her childhood, he had been dragged by the press-gang from the vessel he owned and compelled to join the navy, thus wellnigh ruining his family. Three of her brothers, also, had been drowned at sea. Small wonder that she had resolutely declined to marry the man who became her husband until he had given up the sea and found employment on shore.

But neither his mother's understandable prejudice, nor his own observation of the danger of a sailor's life as illustrated by the frequent shipwrecks that occurred almost at the very door of his home, could turn Walter Runciman from his purpose:

What mysteries surround human existence! The whole of my boyhood was spent during the winter months in witnessing from time to time raging storms and shipwrecks, hearing the thunder of remorseless breakers against the cliffs, making the earth tremble; and yet what is termed the terrors and privations of sea life never diminished my longing to arrive at an age when I could take to it as a profession. Or was it some powerful influence directing me to my destiny? Whatever it was, I went to it wholeheartedly.

When he was twelve years of age Walter Runciman left the house of his parents secretly,

at three o'clock in the morning, and started out to walk to the nearest seaport. Two weeks later he had actually set out on his first voyage to Mozambique as an apprentice seaman, having signed indentures which bound him for six years.

APPRENTICE SEAMAN



Fired with a longing for a life on the sea, Walter Runciman became an apprentice seaman when twelve years old

There was none of the anticipated glamour of romance about his early experiences at sea; nothing he saw or did could thrill him as his grandfather's stories of Nelson had done. His duties included brushing and folding the captain's clothes, scrubbing the cabin floor, polishing brass-work, cleaning knives and forks, making beds, washing crockery, and attending generally to the wants of the captain. It was not long, however, before this little sailor lad had settled down to his new life, and as his strength increased he was soon taking his share of duties more nautical than domestic.

The runaway had truly to sail a long and stormy course before, finally, he reached the post of his ambition, and became a captain, and afterwards the owner of many ships; but, as he says himself, "I would not be without my experiences if I could, terrible as they were at times"

HOME OF HIS CHILDHOOD



In this cottage in the Northumbrian coastal village of Cresswell Walter Runciman spent his childhood days. Here he heard the stories of the sea that shaped his destiny.

The dangers of the sea were only too evident in the early life of Sir Walter Runciman. He had not been at sea many months when he fell out of the jolly boat, while rowing his captain ashore, and very humiliated the poor little fellow must have felt when the captain, on dragging him out, roared at him in a most furious manner: "See what a mess you've made of my boots and trousers, you young rascal!"

Sir Walter tells of one thrilling experience as a lad, when, after the little sailing-ship on which he served had suffered a terrific buffeting in the North Sea, the crew and the captain together decided that there was only one

VESSELS IN WHICH THE FUTURE SHIPOWNER SERVED AS CABIN-BOY



As his parents viewed with disapproval the youthful Runciman's desire to go to sea, he took the matter into his own hands and ran away. At first he failed in his efforts to find a ship, but he was eventually taken aboard as cabin-boy. (The pictures in this article are reproduced from "Before the Mast—and After," published by T. Fisher Unwin.)

thing to do if they were to escape foundering, and that was to put the vessel before the hurricane.

Away she went towards the Arctic, until they were so far north that there was little or no daylight. The crew were cautioned while at the helm never to look behind, as the wheel put wrong by a single spoke might cause them to be buried for ever. A barque was seen to founder, with its crew in the rigging, without there being any possibility of attempting a rescue. Farther north, other wreckage was passed, showing where another ship had disappeared.

When the Storm Abated

When at last the storm moderated, the ship had reached 65 deg. north, and all the rigging was encased in ice, so that, before the sails could be set again, marline-spikes had to be used to smash the ice-covered knots which frozen fingers had to untie. Finally, the ship was taken into a Norwegian harbour. Two of the crew had frost-bitten feet, which the doctor said would have to be amputated, and all the other sailors had salt-water out in the joints of the fingers, through which the salt of the sea had actually penetrated to the bones.

Sir Walter tells another moving story of a storm he encountered many years later, in December, 1878, when four steamers, in-

cluding the one he commanded, left the Tyne together, bound for Genoa. A hundred miles west of Ushant they ran into a terrific storm. Writing of his experience on his own vessel, he says:

The hurricane seemed to lift the ship out of the sea. It was a raging tumult. I put the vessel's head on to it at once, and for some hours she tossed the seas all over her. Then we seemed to get into tidal waters, and the wind became fiercer than ever. The sea was right up and down like a wall, and it seemed as though it would crush her into atoms. . . . Ultimately, a tremendous wave struck her, and before she could recover, another broke aboard, took away chart-house, compasses, boats, and half of the bridge.

Preparing for a Final Fight

Eventually all the boats were smashed, the iron bulwarks were laid flat, and the fires in the boilers on the lee-side were flooded out. The storm had lasted thirty-six hours, and Captain Runciman, believing the worst was still to come, heartened his crew for a last fight with death, and had the lee-fires lighted up again and a full head of steam raised. Then came the final onslaught:

Before twelve o'clock that night a great blast fell upon us with a vengeance that indicated doom. It blew the terrible sea flat for a time, and it lasted from two to three hours. In the annals of atmospheric disturbance, as I knew them for twenty-five years, I do not think the awful character of it had been surpassed. As I write now, and recall all that was gone through for about seventy hours, a shudder comes

over me, and I wonder how it was physically possible for even strong, healthy men to survive the sleepless days and nights of our incessant exertion.

Captain Runciman brought his crippled ship through the storm, and finally reached Gibraltar, but three other fine steamers which had left the Tyno at the same time as he had were never heard of again.

Having so impetuously ran away to sea when he was only twelve years of age, young Runciman naturally discovered the handicap of an incomplete schooling when, in his 'teens, he began to feel the stirrings of an ambition to improve his position in life. The fore-castle of a sailing-ship is a rough university, but Walter Runciman, with rare resolution, pursued his studies there, the top of his sea-chest his only table, and his only tutors ships' officers who occasionally encouraged him or explained a knotty problem.

Learning did not come easily. There were many occasions when he was tempted to abandon his perplexing studies, carried on in dog watches and in half-hours snatched from sleep, but deep down in his heart the feeling that to give up would be cowardice kept the boy at it.

Master of Seamanship

At the end of his apprenticeship, and when he was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, young Runciman had "mastered the science of navigation well enough to take a vessel anywhere." He was also rated as an able seaman, although at first he had a difficulty in persuading captains who did not know him that he was really an A.B. owing to his boyish appearance.

Even so, a seaman's wages were then only £3 5s. a month, and our young sailor knew from hard experience on many stormy seas that years of struggle were still ahead of him before he could obtain an assured position in his profession. Nothing daunted, however, Walter had fallen in love with a bonnie girl who lived with her aunts near his own home in Northumberland. This proved just the incentive needed for even more resolute efforts towards self-advancement, and a proportion of the young A.B.'s wages was sent home regularly to be saved up against the time when he would "sit for his ticket."

When he was twenty, Walter Runciman passed the Board of Trade examination as mate; he married a year later, and at the age of twenty-two took his master's certificate,

and became captain of a fine clipper ship, a magnificent three-master, which was built of mahogany.

It was not many months later that Walter Runciman experienced perhaps the proudest moment of his life, when his father visited him on board the splendid ship he commanded. They paced the quarter-deck together, the father sixty-five years of age and his son twenty-three, both resplendent in their silk hats and frock-coats. We can well understand the pride of the youthful captain as he displayed the beauties of his magnificent barque, whose mahogany bulwarks were polished like a dining-room table while in port, and the pride of the father in his gallant seafaring son.

Sir Walter Runciman tells us that the four years during which he commanded his first Jersey-built barque were the most glad-some of his sea life.

In the seventies of the 19th century, Captain Runciman was offered the command of a steamer, a class of vessel he had never been aboard in his life, and regarding which, like other sailing-ship men, he had strong prejudices. However, as it meant higher wages he made the change, and, as things turned out, steamships ultimately made his fortune.

'It is more than 99 per cent. of a successful deal to buy when prices are low,' writes

Sir Walter, and although he had for long been ambitious to invest his hard-won savings, scraped together during twenty-six years at sea, by buying a vessel of his own, he purposely delayed doing so until shipping was depressed and vessels could be purchased at scrap-iron prices. This long-looked-for opportunity came in 1885, when the ports were filled with idle vessels.

Commands His Own Vessel

He bought an old steamer that had been laid up for three-and-a-half years, and with such energy and care did Captain Runciman manage his purchase, commanding the vessel himself on its voyages, that, while others owning far finer ships were doing nothing, he made good profits. This old steamer returned him its first cost three-and-a-half times over within four years, and then he sold it for double the amount that he had originally paid.

Further purchases were made, and people who knew how successful Runciman was in

TWENTY-SIX YEARS OLD



At this age Walter Runciman was a master mariner. He had a great love for sailing-vessels.

A STATELY VESSEL THAT WAS TOTALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE



When mate of the *Isabella* in 1868, Walter Runciman witnessed the never-to-be-forgotten sight of a ship's destruction by fire at sea. The ill-starred craft was the *Durham*. Every effort was made by the captain and part of the crew of the *Isabella* to overcome the conflagration, but without avail.

his management solicited the opportunity to take up shares in these vessels.

Another vessel repaid its original cost within eighteen months from the date of its purchase, in addition to what had been spent on the improvement of the machinery. There was also a steamer which Captain Runciman sold almost immediately for double the amount that he had paid for it.

Purchase of Idle Ships

Some people pretend to believe that when a capitalist makes profits like this he is hoarding up wealth in a safe or a strong room. As a matter of fact, Captain Runciman often bought ships that were doing nothing and employing no one. By his good management and enterprise, he turned vessels that were laid up into active units of the mercantile marine, providing, thereby, employment for sailors, engineers, firemen, and dockers, and using them to bring food from distant lands to our home ports. When he had saved enough from the earnings of old steamers, he ordered new ones, thus furnishing employment in other industries.

It was not many years before Runciman and his co-partners owned twelve steamers, and, in 1889, the South Shields Steam Shipping Company was formed, with a capital of £150,000. The first year a dividend of 27½ per cent. was

paid, a striking proof of the successful management of the undertaking.

Some time after this the company was enlarged, and its name changed to the Moor Line. At this period Captain Runciman was engaged in political and public work of various kinds, but feeling it was the wisest policy to do one thing really well, he began to concentrate entirely on business. He understood the shipping trade through and through, and it was his ambition to build up a line of steamships that would be a source of pride, and one that would play a really important part in British trade on the seas. By 1895—ten years from the time when he had bought his first vessel—he had no fewer than twenty-five steamers.

Faith in the "Turret" Steamer

He then began to order a novel type of vessel—"turret" steamer—against which there was at first considerable prejudice. Experience proved the "turret" to be a splendid sea-boat, possessing advantages over the ordinary cargo vessel especially in carrying dead-weight cargo, such as wheat in bulk.

Walter Runciman usually had his new vessels built on the Tyne, at South Shields or Sunderland, and it is characteristic of the cordial relations between the Runcimans and their shipbuilders that Sir Walter says they

STANDARD FORMULA = 25 mg. 400 mg. 400 mg. 400 mg.

In the Nation's Service

steamers had for a longer or shorter time been under the company's management.

When the World War began, Sir Walter Runciman, who had been created a baronet in 1906, offered the entire fleet to the Admiralty for national service, unconditionally. The offer was not accepted at the time, but later on, when the strain upon the nation's shipping began to tell, one vessel after another was requisitioned, until almost the entire Moor Line fleet was engaged in national service. During hostilities no fewer than twenty-six of these fine cargo steamships were sunk by German submarines, and many of their gallant officers and sailors were drowned.

End of the Moor Line



After the conflict, the Moor Line Company, which Sir Walter Runciman had built up, and which had been so profitable to its shareholders, was dissolved, and its very large reserves and assets distributed among the shareholders.

Sir Walter, whose hobbies are reading and yachting, might have been expected, especially after the anxious and often harrowing experiences of war-time, to enjoy quietly his retirement. But, as he tells us, even although then over seventy, he was not yet prepared to become an idler, or to accept the placid, uneventful existence of the man who has nothing to do. He had been so long accustomed to handling big business, that to find himself at last without a single ship proved very irksome. "Too much leisure was a misery to me," he remarks.

So it happened that after being without vessels for two years, Sir Walter, and his only son the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, P.C., together with a few business friends, went into the shipping business again in 1921, when Sir Walter was seventy-four years of age.

A new Moor Line of cargo steamers was gradually built up, although it was done during a period of unprecedented depression in British shipping, and to-day the Moor Line, with Sir Walter Runciman at its head, possesses more than twenty first-class modern steamships.

During the early part of the 20th century Sir Walter purchased Shoreston Hall, in Northumberland, a splendid mansion more than three hundred years old. There he found anchorage.

[Sir Walter Runciman is the author of the following books, in addition to his autobiography, "Before the Mast—and After" (1924), already referred to: "The Tragedy of St. Helena" (1911); "Drake, Nelson, and Napoleon" (1919); "Windjammers and Sea Tramps," "Sea Yarns," and "Looking Seaward Again."]

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The EXILED MASTER of FRENCH ROMANCE

Victor Hugo, Who Created and Led the Romantics, Dispensed a Lordly Charity in Exile, and Reigned Supreme in Literature for over Fifty Years

"WE are not celebrating a funeral, but a coronation," announced the orator who made the official speech at the side of Victor Hugo's grave in 1885. Although time has not been too kind to the hero's memory, either as a man of letters or a man of action, he must for ever remain undisputed king of that romantic movement which so profoundly affected the history of the last century.

Hugo's father had served in Napoleon the Great's armies, but had retired to Spain before the fall of the first emperor of the French. At the Spanish court he rose to high honours under Joseph Bonaparte, who sat on the throne, a puppet king to do his brother's bidding. Major-General Hugo was, however, astute enough to retain his position after 1815, and to return to France and favour under the restored Bourbon, Louis XVIII. Even when "Citizen" Philippe Egalité replaced Charles X as king of the French, the fortunes of the family received no check.

Victor was born at Besançon on the 26th February, 1802. At twelve he was writing poetic tragedies for his own amusement, while at seventeen he had published a volume of verses, and had thrice won prizes in open poetic competitions organized by one of the French academies. Intensely serious and earnest, he cared only for literature, and determined, just as Milton and Tennyson did, to make himself a great man of letters. To this end he naturally embraced literature as a career, a course which rather displeased his father, who had hoped to make a soldier of him. But poetry was the only last to which Victor would stick, so to

poetry he was allowed to apply himself, without a great deal of encouragement, paternal or financial. At the very outset of his career Hugo's mother, to whom he was devoted, died; upon which his father immediately consoled himself with a lady on whose account his wife and he had separated some time before. Thus General Hugo almost completely passed out of his son's life, and Victor had to fend for himself.

A little while previous to his mother's death Hugo had become engaged to a Mlle. Foucher, and he now married, after a little difficulty as to ways and means, and set up housekeeping in Paris. He was, at this time, most handsome—"a forehead rising like some marble monument above that serene and earnest countenance, rich chestnut hair, a face closely shaven, its extreme pallor relieved by hazel eyes, clear as an eagle's." This description is Gautier's, later to become a distinguished poet, but then Hugo's admiring disciple. For in those days, at Hugo's flat, the romantic movement in French literature had its birth. Balzac, De Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, Dumas, were all members of the little group of writers which rallied round Hugo. Incidentally, they transformed French literature, and each has left some

THE EXILE IN HIS GARDEN



In the grounds of Hauteville House, Guernsey, where the famous poet lived and laboured during the greater part of his exile from France.

work of genius behind him. This band of young men overturned all existing canons of literary art. They made instead a new law unto themselves—they were the "Nineteenth Century." The famous description of Balzac, "the man who invented the nineteenth century," applies almost equally well to each one of them.

Hitherto Hugo had succeeded only as a lyric poet. His earlier tales, "Bug-Jargal" and

"*Han d'Islande*," though showing promise of greater things, were not in themselves of any exceptional merit. Now, encouraged by his friends, he determined to carry the theatre by storm, to oust the classic traditions of the French stage with the more vital emotions of his romance. To this end he got into touch with Talma, then France's greatest actor, and was commissioned to write a play round the figure of Oliver Cromwell. Scarcely had Hugo rushed into this task than Talma died. So *Cromwell* was transformed into a play intended only for the study, not for the stage. Although it contains fine lines, the play is altogether too exaggerated in style.

The first play of Hugo's to be acted was *Hernani*, a high romantic drama of Spain—black cloaks, dimly-lit galleries, and heroic

received most enthusiastically. As an immediate result of the production, however, Hugo was turned out of his house, because his flat belonged to an old lady, who lived directly beneath him, and whose nerves were shattered by the number, the noise, and the enthusiasm of the people who called to congratulate the young playwright.

His Wonderful "Notre Dame"

This eviction was no great hardship, for with his now much increased means Hugo took a fine, large house, where he settled down, the acknowledged king of the Romantics, and wrote "*Notre Dame*," his first great novel. This work was first published in 1831, and it steadily made its way to increasing popularity. Long ago established as a classic, the book remains perhaps Hugo's greatest personal triumph.

In its pages he makes a world, quite unreal and outside experience, live before our eyes and in our memories—a world, moreover, peopled with quite imaginary phantasms rather than by solid characters. Above all things, "*Notre Dame*" is pervaded by a sense of the absolute futility of human strivings against inexorable tragic fate. The last words of the book, "He fell to the dust," sets the keynote to the whole fine conception.

Hugo's life was now absorbed for some years in writing for the stage and in lawsuits and quarrels arising out of his plays. He wrote five more pieces, *Le Roi s'amuse* (1832), *Lucrèce Borgia* (1833), *Marie Tudor* (1833), *Angelo*, *Tyran de Padoue* (1835), and *Les Burgraves* (1842). Spoilt rather by his success, he descended to pure melodrama, rejoicing in balconies, dim lights, lurid murders, and stealthy poison cups—in fact, in all the creaking machinery of stage effects. Of their kind, these pieces are admirably good, but their kind is not great; although,

by high-sounding prefaces and heroic lines, Hugo palmed them off for romantic masterpieces upon himself and his public.

As Man of Action

In 1841 Hugo became a member of the Academy of France. Henceforth for many years he renounced literature for public life, choosing to play the great man of action rather than the inspired poet. Using his election to the Academy as a stepping-stone, he was nominated a peer of France, through the influence of his friend, the Duke of Orleans. Although he never realized his ambitions to the full by becoming a cabinet minister, he was assiduous in politics, pouring forth great rolling speeches in the Chamber of Peers, and thoroughly enjoying himself and his position.

BOUGHT WITH THE EARNINGS OF HIS ART



Hauteville House, the poet's comfortable Guernsey home, which the success of his magnificent volume of poems, "*Les Contemplations*," enabled him to buy.

brigands. Between *Cromwell* and *Hernani* Hugo wrote *Marion Delorme*, the production of which was forbidden by the Government for what were supposed political allusions.

How *Hernani* was Accepted

When *Hernani* was finished Hugo invited his friends to a reading of the piece, but, before he could begin, a gentleman with a black frock coat, white trousers, and enormous whiskers rushed into the room and seized the manuscript. "A reading!" he exclaimed. "Nonsense! Here am I ready to accept it without looking at it," and, pulling a pencil from his pocket, he scrawled on the back of the play, "Accepted for the Odéon Theatre."

Notwithstanding the classical tradition of Molière, Racine, and Corneille, *Hernani* was

THE ROOM IN WHICH "LES MISÉRABLES" WAS WRITTEN



Victor Hugo's study at Hauteville House. It was in this room, with its many windows looking over the sea, that he wrote some of his finest works, including that splendid epic work of fiction, "Les Misérables," and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer."

But although Hugo regarded his political efforts intensely seriously (as, indeed, he regarded everything that he accomplished or attempted), his opponents were malicious enough to look upon this playwright turned politician rather in the light of a joke. On a few occasions his high-sounding sentences were greeted with immense hilarity and applause, he was begged to go on . . . his hearers vowed they had not been so amused for a long while as by the present speaker. . . . Happily such a reception wounded Hugo not at all, for by the curious blindness of one side of his nature he could continue to consider himself a magnificent orator whose precious wisdom was lost upon an unappreciative and boorish audience.

Becomes a Radical of the Radicals

When the wave of revolution swept over Europe in 1848, Louis Philippe, king of the French, followed the line of least resistance, and made an instantaneous escape in a four-wheeler, leaving his country to become once more a republic. Hitherto Hugo had been his ardent supporter, but now he suddenly changed his party. He has given an admirably dramatic account of his motives, comparing his "conversion" to that of St. Paul on the road to Damascus. As to how much of genuine feeling and how

much of interest contributed to this conversion (which his enemies called "apostasy") we cannot now judge; but, at all events, Hugo then became the radical of radicals, and to the end of his life was regarded as the friend of liberty and the champion of oppressed peoples throughout the earth. The greetings and praises of the workers flattered his vanity so much that he soon began to see himself as the leader for whom they had clamoured so long.

Why He Changed His Opinions

The question of Hugo's behaviour during and after the revolution of 1848 remains largely obscure. His enemies and detractors, of course, insist that he played a sorry part in deserting the regime which had shown him so much favour, and under which he had risen to fame.

Victor Hugo's apologists, on the other hand, still make out a somewhat specious case in his favour. The truth seems to lie once more in the hero's immense powers of self-deception. He sincerely and genuinely thought that his conduct and change of opinions were not only perfectly unassailable, but also perfectly heroic. We can but marvel at such a mentality, and be thankful that it did not ruin him as an author and poet.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was elected first president of the new republic. To him Hugo

made overtures, still hoping for ministerial dignity. Louis Napoleon, however, never cared for the post, who, finding his diplomatic approaches ignored, allied himself in opposition with the radicals. But the republic was not destined to last long, for in December, 1852, Monsieur Bonaparte became the Emperor Napoleon III.

With all his might, with all his eloquence, Hugo resisted this "monstrous and abominable crime." He harangued a brigade of cavalry drawn up in the Place de la Bastille. Waving a tricolour and bidding them remember that they stood on the site of the Bastille, which had been stormed by the people in the first revolution, he advanced towards their ranks. "Soldiers! look at this," he cried,

THE WRITER CARICATURED



Victor Hugo, as seen by Benjamin. (This drawing and the picture on page 695 are from H. W. Wack's "The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouot.")

pointing to the tricolour. "It is the symbol of law! . . . Louis Bonaparte is dragging you into crime!" The soldiers listened silent, immobile; a silence either of shame or indifference—who shall say which? At all events, the complete success of Napoleon's *coup* drove Hugo into hiding for safety's sake. Having avoided arrest for a week, he fled to Brussels, exclaiming, "When liberty returns to France, I will return."

Flee to the Channel Islands

By his violence against Napoleon III he created such a disturbance in Brussels that the Government politely asked him to leave. He sought refuge in the Channel Islands, and took a house at Saint Helier, in Jersey. Once

more his enthusiasm outran his discretion, and authority again moved on the turbulent exile. This time his journey was not long, for he removed only to Guernsey, where he bought the comfortable house which was to be his home for the next twenty years.

Notwithstanding all his theatricality, in Guernsey Hugo's exile took upon itself something of grandeur. Here, at Hauteville House, he resigned himself to the dispensations of providence, and reverted to his proper work of literature. First, he poured forth all his wrath upon the people who then ruled France in "Les Châtiments" (The Chastisements), a book of fierce and incredibly bitter satiric poems. Next, he published some wonderful poetry in two volumes, "Les Contemplations" and "La Légende des Siècles" (The Tale of the Centuries).

The Great Man of Genius

These poems reach a sublimity and an oracular grandeur unique in French verse. In them Hugo speaks as the inspired prophet-poet, a being who has risen above ordinary human trivialities into a serene translucent atmosphere of his own. Here, and in "Les Misérables," Victor Hugo appears as that truly great man of genius—the man whose shadow he chased through the rest of a long life concerned with politics and literature.

The inhabitants of Guernsey were rather overawed by their illustrious visitor, whom they regarded as a rival of Louis Napoleon, unfairly cheated out of the French throne. Blich, the barber who shaved Hugo, one day whispered confidentially in his ear, "I suppose sir, that when you are on the throne you will be shaved twice a day."

After he had grown accustomed to his new surroundings, and discovered he would have to remain in exile for many years, there grew up in Hugo a kind of patriarchal spirit towards the fishermen and peasants of Guernsey. He started to play the part of squire to perfection, interesting himself in their businesses and troubles, lending money to start young men in trade, procuring proper medical attention for the sick, and finding foster parents for orphans.

His Boundless Charity

It is easy enough for one to smile at these good works of a "heavy parent" nature, or even to suggest that Hugo indulged in them only to gratify his own sense of self-importance. Nevertheless, for many years he dispensed a large, if not unostentatious, charity. No destitute or hungry person ever asked in vain for a meal at Hauteville House. No neighbour's child ever went cold and hungry through the most severe winter.

At this time, moreover, Hugo was by no means a rich man, as most of his royalty

payments lapsed with his exile. Great credit, therefore, in due to him for the large number of good and kind deeds he did to relieve poverty and distress in Guernsey—even if he chose to do them in his own rather odd way.

Refuses to Return to France

In spite of an amnesty to all political refugees, announced by Napoleon in 1859, Hugo refused to return to his own country. "In the present condition of France, protest—absolute, inflexible, eternal—that is my duty," announced the exile of Guernsey. He performed this duty not without dignity. Eventually, after nearly twenty years of waiting, he saw Napoleon fall amid the ruins of his empire. In the disaster of the Franco-Prussian War Hugo found his justification. Though he sincerely mourned his country's losses he could not but realize that she now paid the penalty for her blind trust in "Napoleon the Little."

After the culmination at Sedan Hugo returned to Paris by way of Belgium. He arrived only a week before the invading Prussian armies, and was welcomed rapturously by crowds who escorted his carriage and clamoured for a speech. He returned as the self-appointed "saviour of the people."

After the surrender of Paris—even Hugo could not save the city—he was elected to the National Assembly at Bordeaux. Here, his self-esteem inflated by his return to popularity, he waxed grandly dictatorial. He harangued the Assembly as one who was the very fountain of truth and wisdom. On the deputies refusing to agree with certain remarks that he made in Garibaldi's praise, he instantly resigned and withdrew to Brussels. From this self-appointed exile he soon returned to find the Third Republic established.

Enters on His Last Phase

This republic badly needed a figure-head, and Victor Hugo, who had sacrificed so much in the sacred cause of liberty, was admirably qualified to fill the post. Age had appreciably lessened his ferocity; deference and adulation now completed the mellowing process; and as the "Grand old Man of France" Hugo entered upon the last phase of his career.

To all appearance the volcano had become extinct. Though he could blaze up into clamorous rhetoric in the Chamber of Deputies, the master had compromised with the world by publishing a charming and playful book of verses, "L'Art d'être Grandpère" ("The Art of being a Grandfather"). In fact, "being" rather than "doing" now occupied Hugo's attention, and he enjoyed a sort of apotheosis.

Metaphorically, all intellectual France sat at his feet while he, the prophet and high-priest of liberty, instructed them in the world

GOING TO HIS LAST RESTING-PLACE



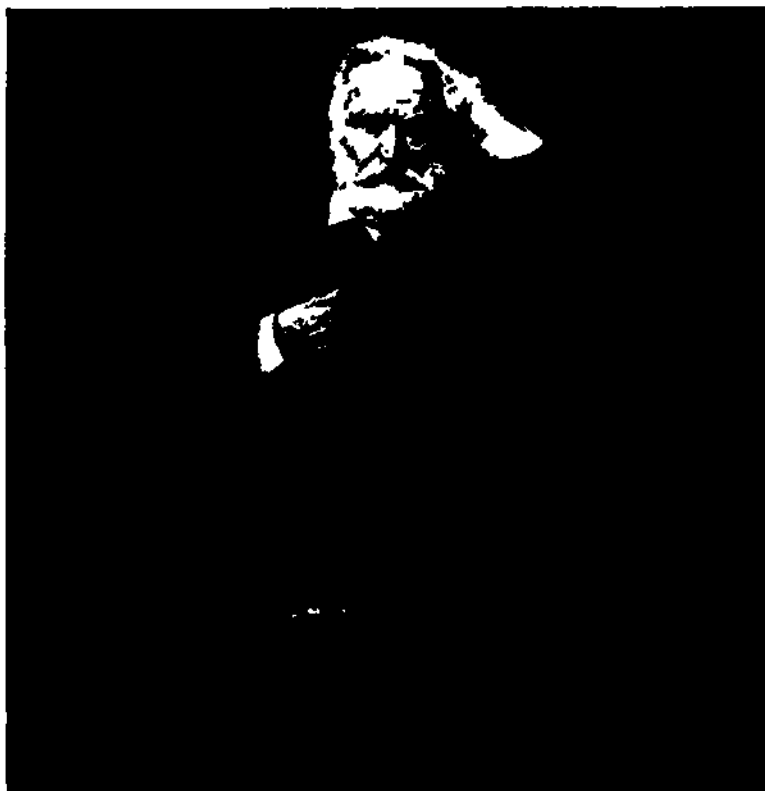
The catafalque of Victor Hugo under the Arc de Triomphe, Paris. By his wish his body was carried on a pauper's hearse, but his grave was in the Panthéon, wherein are buried the famous sons of France.

and its sorrows. Though time has now shown how much of this Hugolatry was sham, and how theatrical a person Hugo himself was, one can too easily overlook the very definite grandeur which his character possessed. He was a very great poet and man of letters, whatever he may have been as a politician and a public character. Europe then looked to him quite sincerely as the patriarch of liberty and literature. He reigned supreme without a rival; no praise was too extravagant for his self-complacency or sufficient for his worth in the eyes of his disciples.

In truth, Hugo was a supreme egoist, the chief and most enthusiastic of those who would make the name "Victor Hugo" a legend. Victor Hugo was his own god, nor was any worshipper at the shrine more devout than he. Genuine literary masterpieces and the silliest of political clap-trap were all embalmed in the casket of the hero's utterances, that precious heritage which alone would remain when the master himself was gone.

On Hugo's eightieth birthday all Paris was

THE FAMOUS FRENCH WRITER IN HIS OLD AGE



Victor Hugo, from the painting by Léon Bonnat. Although time has not been overkind to Hugo's memory, he still remains undisputed king of the romantic movement in French literature.

en fête, all France rejoiced that her great man was still spared to her. For three more years he remained the symbol and figure-head of the republic. Then, struggling and hopeful of recovery to the last, he became a most unwilling victim to pneumonia. Theatrical to the end, his body, according to his own express wish, was carried to its last resting-place on a pauper's hearse.

His Commanding Influence

Yet, in spite of all, Hugo remains the great figure of intellectual France during the period corresponding to our "Victorian Age." Two generations in Europe looked to him as to the

fount of poetry and romance. Alive he reigned supreme, and for years after his death his influence permeated the literature of the whole continent.

That there was more than pose and bombast about him is abundantly proved by the fact that Swinburne worshipped at his shrine. Swinburne was perhaps the most learned of all our poets, excepting Milton, and one of the most widely read. Had Hugo's work not been of a truly high order, it is quite inconceivable

that Swinburne should thus have idolized the Frenchman from whom he drew so much of his own inspiration.

So we may judge Hugo as one of the first of poets and poetic novelists and, at the same time, as one of the most strangely blended characters. After reading his life no one can admire the man himself, while few, if they be sincere, can fail to pay homage to the great and magnificent works of his imagination.

His Sonorous Style

In Hugo were concentrated all the qualities that characterize the romantics. His works abound in local colour; he makes use of many varieties of metres, and wields them with the utmost vigour: his diction is always sonorous and impressive. At heart he is, like all the romantics, a determined adherent to form, although in this respect he is inclined to be carried away by the tremendous energy and heat with which he tackles all his subjects.

But, in addition to these merits, he possesses all the defects of the romantics. For

instance, to gain a grandiose effect, he racks his brain and memory in the search for unusual words, and delights in labelling his characters with the strangest names. This latter habit is especially tiresome.

But his defects are amply counterbalanced by his surpassing excellences. As a poet he held undisputed sway for generations, and as a writer of magnificent prose dramas he has never been equalled.

[Of the vast literature that has grown up around Hugo's name, the more important books include "Study of Hugo," by A. C. Swinburne (1886); "Life of Hugo," by F. T. Marzials (1888); and "Victor Hugo," by F. Brunetière (1903).]

PRIME MINISTER *During the* WORLD WAR

David Lloyd George, Who by Grit and Persistence Rose from Humble Beginnings to Guide the Destinies of His Country in the Hour of Her Direst Need

SUNDAY was a red-letter day in the home of the village cobbler of Llanystumdwy, for in the morning the children enjoyed their weekly luxury of half an egg each for breakfast, and on that day, also, the cobbler himself preached in the local chapel.

One of the boys who gleefully ate his half egg was David Lloyd George, and the cobbler-preacher was Richard Lloyd. The latter was the boy's uncle, who most worthily and generously acted as a father to him from his very early years. The cobbler always remained a cobbler and an unpaid village preacher, but he lived to see his nephew become Prime Minister; and to the very end of Richard Lloyd's life the bonds of affection between him and his adopted son never relaxed for a moment. Had Lloyd George never achieved fame, the world would not have known his uncle. On the other hand, David would probably never have become the man he did but for the influence which the cobbler exercised upon his early life.

David Lloyd George was born at Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, on the 17th January, 1863. His father, who had been a school-master, returned to his native Wales soon after the birth of David, and when the latter was only two years old his father died, on a small farm he had leased near Haverfordwest.

Many must have pitied the hard lot of the widow left to face the world with two very young children—a third, a boy, was born posthumously. But Richard Lloyd, the cobbler,

did more than pity. He took his sister and her fatherless children into his home, and from that time onwards acted towards them as if the helpless family were indeed his own. He always remained a bachelor.

A FAMOUS STATESMAN



Mr. Lloyd George, a great British Prime Minister. His earlier parliamentary achievements were largely overshadowed by his services during the World War.

The village of Llanystumdwy is beautifully situated in Carnarvonshire, not far from the coast, and about a mile and a half west of Criccieth. The picturesque two-storied stone house where Lloyd George spent his boyhood is still standing, and adjoining it is the cobbler's shop of his uncle. Every summer thousands of visitors to North Wales go, by motor-car and charabanc, to see these buildings.

Viewing the comfortable-looking house, overhung with creeper, some visitors find it hard to believe that Lloyd George spent a pinched boyhood there, seldom tasting meat, and being gladdened by the Sunday treat of half an egg for breakfast. But poverty is a relative term; and among the real peasantry of Wales, and in Scotland as well, plain living and high thinking usually went hand in hand in former times, and honest working people were often poor without showing it. In such homes as the one in which Lloyd George spent his boyhood there was never hunger; but,

on the other hand, there were no luxuries. There was sufficient food, but it was of the plainest; there was, also, sufficient money to live on, but not a penny of it to waste.

Lloyd George was blessed with a good mother, a deeply religious woman, who lived

only for her children, and whose sole interest outside the home was the chapel.

In isolated villages—and, of course, Welsh

WHEN AN AMBITIOUS YOUTH



The future statesman at the age of eighteen, when he was serving his articles to a solicitor. Even then he was beginning to be known for his political utterances.

villages were far more isolated in the 'seventies than they are to-day—the cobbler's shop is usually the resort of the village Hampdens, and a favourite place for debate. Especially was this the case in Llanystumdwy, where the cobbler was an educated man who held strong democratic views.

At that period, also, the Nonconformists in Wales had many grievances of a national character in regard to Church and school matters, so that the boy David, at a very early age, became familiar with the discussion of public affairs; and even before he was in his teens he had formed opinions of his own which were likely to bring him into conflict with established institutions in his own country.

For example, the only school was the Church school, although the parents of most of the children were Nonconformists, and at intervals the scholars were assembled to affirm belief in the principles of the Established Church, by way of responses to the catechism. On one of these occasions, David organized among his schoolmates a sort of passive resistance move-

ment, and it was resolved that they would not answer any question which they considered compromised their liberty of conscience as Welsh Nonconformists. All the children gave in, however, at the critical moment except David, and he afterwards gave his brother a beating for not holding fast.

David was a bright boy at school, and his uncle supplemented the lad's education at home by introducing him to the wider knowledge revealed by literature.

As David grew older, and after he had left the village school—he entered it as an infant, and left at fourteen—his mother and his uncle decided that, if it could possibly be managed, his education should be continued with a view of his entering a profession.

Difficulty in Choosing a Profession

The profession which a Welsh lad of the quality of David Lloyd George would naturally have turned to at that time, when openings were limited, was the pulpit. The history of Nonconformity in Wales is full of examples of this kind. But in Lloyd George's case there was a peculiar difficulty in the way. The chapel in Criecieth to which he belonged, and where his uncle preached every Sunday, was a Baptist chapel, but one belonging to a strict sect of seceders, who did not believe in a paid ministry.

Such a circumstance would not have been allowed to stand in the way of the advancement of a promising boy in some families of Welsh

THE HUMBLE HOME OF HIS BOYHOOD



The village cobbler's house at Llanystumdwy, in Carnarvonshire, where Lloyd George spent his boyhood. Adjoining the house is the shop where his uncle worked at his lowly trade.

Nonconformists. Lloyd George himself has recollections of schoolboys he knew in his own neighbourhood who were Nonconformists,

THE GREAT STATESMAN SURROUNDED BY HIS FAMILY



Lloyd George with his wife and family. In spite of fame and popularity the statesman remained a plain man, delighting in family life and its simple pleasures. He is never happier than when he is at Llanystumdwy or Criccieth among his own people, who have known him and watched his career since he was a poor boy.

but who ultimately became high dignitaries in other churches.

In the cobbler's home, however, no greater disgrace would have been thought possible than for one of the children to fail in faithful adherence to the strict principles under which he had been so carefully reared.

Principles Before Expediency

Poverty was much preferable to any watering down of principle, and Lloyd George's own mother is said to have expressed herself as being willing to see her son become a stone-breaker, rather than that he should leave the chapel of his boyhood to find an easier or more distinguished position in life. Even the offer of a post as a pupil-teacher in the village school was declined, because it might possibly involve attendance at church.

Richard Lloyd was ambitious for his nephew to become a doctor, but this was a profession for which Lloyd George as a lad felt an aversion, due solely to his natural sensitiveness at seeing people suffer.

It so happened that when Lloyd George's father was a schoolmaster in Manchester, a

Liverpool lawyer had been one of his warmest friends. When the schoolmaster died, his widow had received many kindnesses at the hands of this worthy man, whose assistance in arranging about the surrender of the lease of the little farm, and the sale of its effects, had lifted a great load of anxiety from the shoulders of the widow, at a time when she was sorely in need of help from a man who possessed business ability.

Thus it was that in the cobbler's home at Llanystumdwy this lawyer's name was very frequently mentioned with gratitude, and Mrs. George felt that in the matter of a career for her son nothing could be better than to walk in the steps of this noble friend, if ways and means could be contrived.

A Problem of Education

But first the lad's education had to be carried much farther than the point where the village school had left it. How was this to be managed? The preliminary law examination called for a certain standard of efficiency in Latin and French.

The local schoolmaster, Mr. David Evans,

to whom Lloyd George has often expressed his indebtedness—a most able man—could teach him Latin, but not French. The services of Mr. Evans were accordingly enlisted for the Latin lessons, although it is said, as illustrating the natural reserve of David's uncle, that the schoolmaster was not told why the boy was so anxious to learn Latin.

A teacher of French was also forthcoming—a teacher that has been of untold benefit to thousands of poor lads ambitious for learning—namely, "Cassell's Popular Educator." The lessons in French given in the parts of this valuable work were studied carefully and

READY FOR A ROUND OF GOLF



Lloyd George is fond of a round of golf. Not only does it keep him fit, but it also lends informality to a talk on his favourite subject, namely, politics.

perseveringly, not only by David but by his uncle as well, the latter having decided that if he learnt the language at the same time it would be a greater help and encouragement to the boy. A French grammar and a French dictionary were also obtained, and uncle and nephew slowly and laboriously proceeded to learn together.

At last the great day arrived, and David and his uncle set out on a railway journey to Liverpool, still keeping secret the goal they had in view. However, after a few days they returned, and the secret was at last divulged among the neighbours—David had sat for the preliminary examination of the Incorporated

Law Society and had passed. This happened in December, 1877.

The following year David became a junior clerk in the office of a prominent firm of solicitors at Portmadoc, and when he was sixteen he was articled to the same firm. Those who remember him at this stage of his career say that he was distinguished for quickness of perception, for always carrying with him some serious book to dip into at odd moments, and for zeal and painstaking activity.

His Activity of Mind

It is interesting to know that one who in later life revealed journalistic gifts of a high order began when he was about seventeen to contribute anonymous articles to the Welsh Press on political subjects. The fact reveals the active mind, which could not be wholly satisfied with the humdrum duties of routine desk-work, but which, even while he sat there, was ranging far afield, and pondering deeply on affairs of national and even international importance. His duties in the solicitor's office also brought him into the political arena. At elections he was sometimes in charge of the ballot-box, while in a private capacity he attended many political meetings, being even then an out-and-out Liberal.

When he was about nineteen, Lloyd George joined the debating society at Portmadoc, and, although he was for a time the youngest member, he was soon recognized as the ablest debater. Standing on his feet and combating the opinions set forth by older men gave Lloyd George a training in public speaking and a facility of expression that afterwards proved of the greatest value to him. Before he was twenty, the local paper in describing one of these orations of the young solicitor's clerk, said that it was "a most eloquent harangue, full of clinching arguments."

Final Examination Passed

Lloyd George served an apprenticeship to the law in Portmadoc of five and a half years, during which his uncle had made many sacrifices to help him on. In 1884 he passed his final law examination with honours. The examination was not so difficult to the young Welshman as was the raising of the money for the many expenses incident to his launch into his profession. But somehow even that was accomplished, and David Lloyd George found himself a fully-fledged solicitor. However, as he has confessed, when this was achieved he was so hard up that neither he nor his uncle had the three guineas necessary to buy a solicitor's robes, and Lloyd George had to wait until he had earned a few fees before he could obtain the dignified garment that would enable him to appear in a county court.

As we have seen, Lloyd George is truly a "child of the people," and it was not long before the youthful solicitor became known as the people's champion. The incident which first established his reputation as a fighter was a peculiar one.

A quarryman had died, and on his deathbed he had asked, as his last wish, that he should be buried beside a dearly loved daughter, whose grave was in a churchyard. Difficulties arose, owing to the fact that the quarryman was a dissenter, and so bitter was the local feeling on the matter that, on the advice of Lloyd George, given in his capacity as a lawyer, the gates of the churchyard were forced in order that the quarryman's dying wishes might be carried into effect against all opposition. Then followed actions for trespass, and litigation that dragged on for months, until the whole of Wales was stirred to its depths regarding what was known as the Llanfrothen burial case, and the name of David Lloyd George had become a household word throughout the length and breadth of the principality.

Impresses Michael Davitt

When Lloyd George was twenty-two, a meeting in Wales was addressed by the famous Irish patriot, Michael Davitt, whose theme, as might be expected, was Home Rule for Ireland. At the close of his address, two local men rose to propose and second a vote of thanks to the distinguished visitor. Although Mr. Davitt had never heard of these men before, he was so impressed by their political knowledge, and their evident enthusiasm on the subject of Welsh as well as of Irish nationality, that before he left the hall he made their acquaintance. He there and then urged them to enter political life, and attempt to do for Wales what he was trying to do for his own country. Both these young men ultimately entered Parliament: one was Lloyd George and the other was Tom Ellis.

Lloyd George became a parliamentary candidate in 1889, and the following year he was elected M.P. for the Carnarvon Boroughs. In the year 1888 he married Miss Margaret Owen, of Criccieth, and no man ever found in his wife a truer or more inspiring helpmate in all the vicissitudes of a public career.

Early Days in Parliament

It is not such an easy matter for a man to make a name for himself in the House of Commons as in the local politics of a small Welsh town, and David Lloyd George had to travel a long and hard road before he became Prime Minister. Yet even in his early days as a member of Parliament there were observant and experienced men who prophesied that he would make his mark.

When Joseph Keating, the well-known novelist and dramatist, was a reporter on a Welsh paper, he was present at a meeting addressed by David Lloyd George, whom, he confessed, he had not heard of before. "Yet," says Mr. Keating in his book, "My Struggle for Life," this untidy young man interested me. In spite of the depressing conditions, his phrasing had the glow under it which turns ordinary words into eloquence. His voice was musical, and his ideas poetic. His clenched hand, when he waved it in a gesture, seemed to draw a line of flame through the air."

WITH HIS "SECOND FATHER"



Lloyd George with his uncle, Richard Lloyd, the cobbler-preacher of Llanystumdwy, who bestowed a father's care on him in his early orphan days, and to whose affection and influence he owed so much of his marvellous success.

Sir Henry Irving, after hearing Lloyd George speak in Manchester in 1890, said, "That young man has a career before him." Even so far back as 1895, the late Henry Broadhurst prophesied of Lloyd George, "You will live to see him Prime Minister."

The great passion of Lloyd George's life when he entered Parliament was his native country. He was the acknowledged champion of Welsh nationalism. But, as the sequel will show, his patriotism extended farther than the borders of his own country, as was so strikingly exemplified by his leadership of the Empire's cause during the darkest years of the World War. As Mr. Harold Spender has so well

said, "He became a Nationalist on a larger scale—a Nationalist of Britain. Wales practically gave him to England."

Brought up as he was in the home of a godly village preacher, it is but natural that Lloyd George should be a religious man. Speaking once at a luncheon on behalf of Spurgeon's College, he addressed his audience as "fellow Baptists," and related how, on his first Sunday in London over forty years previously, he went to hear Spurgeon preach in the morning, Liddon at St. Paul's Cathedral in the afternoon, and Dr. Joseph Parker at the City Temple in the evening. He regarded Spurgeon as the greatest preacher of his age.

HIS HOME IN THE LAND OF HIS FATHERS



Lloyd George's house at Criccieth, on Tremadoc Bay, Carnarvonshire. It was at Criccieth that he set up as a solicitor, when he was twenty-one. He was then so poor that he had to earn a few fees before he was able to buy his solicitor's robes.

"Religion," he once said, "provides for the fundamental needs of human life. When," he added, "the wise men, who from the altitude of their self-sufficiency shun the churches, can think of some more effective agency to guide men and women through the dangerous paths of life, for strengthening their hearts to bear the inevitable sorrows of life . . . then we, the simple people of the hills, may give up building chapels and churches."

Passion for Welsh Music

Another of the great passions of Lloyd George's life is Welsh music. "Go on singing your songs," he told an audience in the village of his boyhood. "I heard them when I was a

lad; I hope to hear them until I die; and I hope you will sing them over my grave." "During the darkest hours of the war," he asserted on another occasion, "our incomparable Welsh hymns were as balm to the wounded soul." He considers the Welsh hymn tune "Bryn-hyfryd," composed by John Williams, a farmer, as the most beautiful tune in the world.

Courage of His Convictions

It is a curious fact that the Prime Minister who guided the destinies of his country to victory in the greatest conflict of all time was the same man who, a few years before, was the most hated man in England, on account of his opposition to the South African War of 1899-1902.

The personal unpopularity of Lloyd George during the period just mentioned was almost without precedent in British political history. The mob really thirsted for his blood, but he continued courageously to uphold his convictions in public, although on these occasions the most careful arrangements had sometimes to be made to protect his life. At Birmingham, for example, he had to be smuggled out of a hall, disguised as a policeman, after addressing a meeting.

After the war he achieved cabinet rank as President of the Board of Trade in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's

ministry. Later he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer when Mr. Asquith became Prime Minister.

The inestimable services which Lloyd George rendered his country during the World War have largely clouded the memory of his parliamentary achievements before that period. Yet, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he created a revolution in the political history of Great Britain. One of the measures which he provided for in his first budget was old age pensions, and to find the necessary money for this and other reforms he proposed heavy taxation on the rich, which, compared with anything that had been done before, indicated

that a new era of national finance and reform was being inaugurated. The budget proposals led to an historic struggle between the House of Commons and the House of Lords—the latter having vetoed the Finance Bill—and as a result of two general elections, held within twelve months, the Parliament Act of 1911 established the principle that the House of Lords could not veto a money Bill after it had been passed by the House of Commons.

Old age pensions being then a reality, Lloyd George, on the 4th May, 1911, introduced his Bill for national health insurance. This was another extraordinary advance in social reform, and although the measure was at first the subject of cheap witticism about "ninepence for fourpence," it was made law, and is now regarded as one of the most statesmanlike measures ever passed in this country for the benefit of the working-class population.

As Pacifist

As already noted, Lloyd George's fame rests chiefly on the fact that he was one of the greatest war ministers Britain ever had, if not the greatest. Yet before the conflict of 1914-18 he was a pacifist, who hated war. In the budgets that he was responsible for he did everything possible to curtail expenditure on armaments, believing that the millions of money usually spent on war-like preparations could be put to better use on improving the conditions under which the poor lived. Even in the early part of 1914 he spoke of the growing expenditure upon armaments by European nations as "organized insanity."

There is, however, nothing inconsistent in the fact that, when war was declared against Germany, Lloyd George was second to none in his determination that Germany must be defeated at all costs. The reason for this change of attitude Lloyd George has himself explained in one word—"Belgium." Germany had to be defeated in order to establish the principle that a powerful nation could not unjustly trample upon a weaker one.

His views on the great injustice to Belgium are concentrated in the following words spoken on the 19th September, 1914:

What has Belgium done? Hundreds of thousands of her people have had their quiet comfortable little homes burned to the dust, and are wandering homeless in their own land. What is their crime? Their crime was that they trusted to the word of a Prussian king. I don't know what the Kaiser hopes to achieve by this war. . . . One thing is made certain, that no nation in future will ever commit that crime again.

AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER



Introducing his first budget in 1909. His proposals, which involved heavy taxation for the carrying out of social reforms, led to an historic struggle between the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

It will thus be seen that there was no inconsistency in Lloyd George's attitude. Before the war he was against military aggression, and during the war his very consistency obliged him to be wholeheartedly against the most blatant and shameless example of military aggression in history, namely, the German attack on Belgium.

First as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and

afterwards as Minister of Munitions, Lloyd George achieved wonders in providing the sinews of war, not only for the armies of the British Empire, but, also, for those of the Allies. In 1916 he became Secretary for War, and in December of that year succeeded Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister. From that time onwards to the defeat of the enemy and the peace conferences, Lloyd George was easily the most outstanding figure in world politics.

As a result of the general election at the end of 1918, Lloyd George was returned to power as Prime Minister of a coalition government. In October, 1922, the coalition broke up, and Lloyd George again became a private

phrases that stir the imagination of his hearers and readers. From the very first day that he entered the House of Commons, Lloyd George has regarded the whole nation, and not merely his immediate hearers, as his audience.

It ever a man has sat in the seats of the mighty, he has. For years during the World War he was practically in the position of a dictator, holding the fortunes of the British Empire in the hollow of his hand. Yet fame and popularity, such as few men have ever known, have not spoilt him. He is still a plain man, delighting in family life, finding pleasure in listening to a chapel sermon or the singing at a Welsh Eisteddfod, and never happier

than when he is at Llanystumdwy or 'Riccieth, among his own people, who have known him since he was a poor boy.

Lloyd George is one of the greatest orators of his age, possessing a power on the platform which has been described as "wizardry." At the end of his speeches he generally rises to an extraordinary height of eloquence. The closing sentences of his historic speech at Queen's Hall on the 19th September, 1914, have often been quoted as an outstanding example of this:

We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of Fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks we had forgotten—of Honour, Duty, Patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again; but as long as the men and women of this generation last, they will carry in their hearts the image of those mighty peaks whose foundations are not shaken, though Europe rock and away in the convulsions of a great war.

Nothing can shake his faith in the resources of British character. Given the will to achieve, he says, "Britain can do it."

[See "Life of David Lloyd George," by J. Hugh Edwards, M.P. (1918-18); and "David Lloyd George, War Minister," by J. Saxon Mills (1921).]

ORATORY AT THE WELSH NATIONAL BANQUET



Supported on one side by M. Brand, the able French statesman, and on the other by Marshal Foch, France's hero of the World War, Lloyd George presides with his accustomed geniality at the Welsh National Banquet at the Hotel Cecil, London.

member of Parliament. A year later he and Mrs. Lloyd George made a tour of Canada and the United States, where the great statesman was received with extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm.

What is the secret of this magnetic Welshman's strength? Surely it lies in the fact that he is "a child of the people," one who understands the life of the man in the street from a long personal experience of all the joys and sorrows, struggles and ambitions of a working man's life. Hence it is that we find him, in his capacity of a national leader, possessed of that rare quality of being able to address the common people, as Abraham Lincoln did, in their own language, yet crystallizing political questions in

NAPOLEON AT THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW



Having quarrelled with the Tsar, Napoleon with his Grand Army of more than 600,000 soldiers, plunged recklessly into Russia. On, on he went until he reached Moscow to find it almost deserted. Soon fires broke out in the city and about three-fourths of it was reduced to ruins. To winter there was impossible. No peace terms came, his own terms were refused. Then began the retreat of the Grand Army. The retreat soon became a headlong flight and of the 600,000 men who had so bravely set out only about 100,000 returned to tell the story of the disaster.



The CORSICAN who was BORN to COMMAND

How Napoleon Brought Order Out of Chaos to France, Carved Europe into Kingdoms, and by His Overweening Ambition Awakened Patriotism that Compassed His Downfall

"AFTER speaking to the admiral he turned to me, and then I understood for the first time in my life what was the meaning of the phrase 'A born ruler of men.' I had been taught to hate the French as I hated the devil; but when Napoleon looked at me, there was such power and majesty in his look that, if he had bade me lie down that he might walk over me, I would have done it at once, Englishman although I was. The look on Napoleon's face was the revelation of the man and the explanation of his power. He was born to command."

So wrote Admiral Eden of his visit as a senior midshipman to the fallen emperor when he was exiled on lonely St. Helena. The incident emphasizes the magnetic personality of one of the greatest human factors in history, one who began his career on a tiny island and ended it on another, and, in the few intervening years, succeeded in crowding in the most amazing work of construction and destruction ever achieved at the instigation of a single individual. Napoleon restored France from anarchy to order, overthrew kings, conquered principalities and powers, gave crowns to his family and friends, and all unwittingly infused new life into some of the ancient countries of Europe. Hatred of him awakened a sleeping patriotism that brought about his fall.

Napoleon was the fourth child of Charles and Letizia Bonaparte, and he came into the world on the 15th August, 1769, in Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica. His father was an easy-going lawyer who had helped to defend the island against France when it was sold to that country by the republic of Genoa in 1768, but it was to his mother's "good

precepts and upright example" that the future emperor always said that he owed his success. She was, he averred, "a superb woman, a woman of ability and courage." Letizia did not find it easy to curb her son's impetuous ways, and had the utmost difficulty in breaking the self-confident and somewhat moody child of an unfortunate habit of kicking, biting, and scratching a playmate who happened to incur his displeasure. He never forgot a thrashing

which she administered to him for climbing a favourite fig tree and eating the fruit.

Various members of the family taught the sallow-complexioned boy how to read and write before he was sent to a mixed school. Here he showed a fondness for a little girl that aroused the indignation of his companions, who would yell after him, "Napoleon with his stockings half off, makes love to Giacommetta." The phase soon passed, and in due course Napoleon went to a more advanced school and thence to a seminary, where he took more interest in mathematics and geography than in members of the opposite sex. The playroom walls bore witness to his love of sums and soldiers, for figures and outlines were scribbled on them until Letizia had a little wooden shanty built in the garden, where he could do no damage of any account.

At the Brienne Military School

When he was nine years old, Napoleon and his brother Joseph were taken by their father to France, the former to study as a pensioner of the king at Brienne, one of the twelve royal military schools, and the latter at the college of Autun. Napoleon, home-sick and poor, worked hard at his favourite subjects, and made but one chum, Louis de Bourrienne,

HOME-SICK AND SOLITARY



In moody silence the boy Napoleon paces the grounds of the military school at Brienne. Napoleon complained that he was "always alone in the midst of men."

who afterwards became his private secretary. He meditated the conquest of his native island, shunned his schoolfellows, and studied hard Plutarch's "Lives of Illustrious Men" and Caesar's "Gallic War." "With my sword by my side," he wrote to his mother, "and Homer in my pocket, I hope to carve my way through the world." At the end of his fourth term, an inspector reported that Monsieur de Bonaparte "would make an excellent soldier."

HIS LITTLE SON THE KING OF ROME



The emperor with his little son on the terrace at Meudon. The birth of the royal baby gave the utmost satisfaction to Napoleon, on whose abdication in 1814 he became titular emperor for a few days.

In October, 1784, he left for the military school in Paris, his character being stated as "masterful, impetuous, and headstrong." A year later Napoleon became a second lieutenant in the regiment of La Fère, but his duties still included the attending of lectures on military subjects. He complained that he was "always alone in the midst of men," and that the problem, What is there to do in this world? almost led him to commit suicide.

Napoleon had his first extended leave in September, 1786, when he set out for Corsica

with a light heart, a lighter purse, and a heavy box of books. His father was dead, and although he was not the eldest son, his mother recognized him as the head of the family, and urgently required his advice and help. On the plea of ill-health he managed to get an extension of absence, and even then did not return to his regiment on the proper day. If the young officer's insubordination was noticed it must have been in a very minor way, for in 1788 he was appointed a member of a commission to inquire into the value of certain pieces of artillery, and it fell to his lot to draw up the report. What leisure time he could spare he devoted to study and the writing of a history of Corsica. The note-books he filled are now in the Lorenzo Medici Library at Florence.

The Eve of the Terror

In February, 1792, when the storm that heralded the French revolution was already rumbling, Napoleon was again on leave. He was appointed adjutant-major of the Corsican Volunteers at Ajaccio, and a little later second-lieutenant-colonel, a position which enabled him to be absent from his own regiment. Then he heard that France had declared war against Austria, and as "the beginning of a revolution was a fine time for an enterprising young man," to quote his own words, he returned to France, to find Paris on the eve of the Reign of Terror.

Napoleon followed the rabble that made its way to the Tuileries to insult Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, saw the king appear at a window with "the red cap of liberty" on his head, and waxed indignant. "Why do they not sweep away four or five hundred of them with cannon?" he asked Bourrienne. When, a little later, the rioters rushed into the palace and slaughtered the Swiss Guard, Napoleon himself saved one of the soldiers from death.

Events moved rapidly. Louis XVI was guillotined, the Netherlands were seized by the troops of the new French Republic, and Savoy and the Rhine Valley were occupied. As England had allied herself to Holland, a state of war was declared against her, and Russia, Spain, and the Holy Roman Empire were soon added to the foes of France. Civil war broke out, Toulon revolted against the government, and British and Spanish men-o'-war blockaded the harbour. A rough-and-tumble mob, dubbed by courtesy an army, was sent to recapture the port. When the commander of the artillery was wounded, Napoleon was called upon to

Marriage to Josephine

NAPOLEON

take his place. It was his golden opportunity, and he seized it. He worked with feverish energy, brought up more guns, ordered sand-bags for defences, made attack after attack on Fort Mulgrave, which commanded the inner harbour, secured it and other points of vantage, and eventually compelled the enemy to leave.

On the 1st February, 1794, Napoleon became general of brigade, and was sent on a diplomatic mission to Genoa, in which he was completely successful. His reward was to be arrested on account of his intimacy with the younger Robespierre, and what was held to be suspicious conduct. For fourteen days his destiny hung in the balance. Instead of losing his head, he was deprived of his rank, which was soon after restored to him. Offered an appointment which he thought unworthy of his services to the republic, his name was removed from the active list.

The "Whiff of Grape Shot"

Napoleon now busied himself with a plan of operations for the army of Italy, which was not doing well against the Austrians. Soon afterwards, there was trouble in Paris regarding the National Convention, and a rival government was set up. Paris was in an uproar, and again there was a march in the direction of the Tuileries. Paul Barras, in command of the troops, enlisted Napoleon's services. With a keen eye to the possibilities of the situation, the younger officer made a skilful disposition of his guns by placing them so that they commanded the principal thoroughfare and bridges. A "whiff of grape shot," as he termed it, saved the day for the Convention.

On the 7th March, 1796, Napoleon married Josephine de Beauharnais, a widow of thirty-four, and therefore seven years older than himself. Less than three weeks later the bridegroom arrived at the headquarters of the army of Italy as its commander-in-chief. For two years the ragged and ill-fed soldiers had struggled against the Austrians and Sardinians to gain a footing in northern Italy. When the troops saw their new general they opened their eyes in astonishment. He looked almost like a heedless youth. He soon proved his capabilities as a soldier, however, and in less than two months he had entered Milan. When preliminaries of peace were signed in April, 1797, Belgium and the Ionian Isles were included in the territory ceded to France, and the Cisalpine Republic was formed in northern Italy, and Genoa became the Ligurian Republic.

Napoleon now proposed to conquer Egypt and India. "This little Europe is too small a field," he said, but he also realized that the men at the head of affairs in France were jealous of his growing reputation. Far better for him to add to his glory in the East than for it to grow tarnished in the West. No objection was made to the plan, which might lead to the expulsion of the hated British from the dominions which Clive's sword had won, and

WITH MARIE LOUISE AT COMPIÈGNE



Having divorced Josephine, Napoleon chose for his bride the arch-duchess Marie Louise of Austria, who was nineteen years old. The emperor was extremely fond of her, and gave her his confidence.

on the 19th May, 1798, his fleet left Toulon, managed to elude Nelson's look-out ships, which had been compelled to make for Sardinia owing to a fierce gale, and eventually reached Alexandria.

A short fight secured the city, and a march across the desert brought the troops to Cairo. Near the Pyramids, Napoleon, who ever had a keen sense of the dramatic, halted his army. "Soldiers!" he cried, "from those summits forty centuries contemplate your actions."

Cairo was captured and plundered. But while he was enthusiastically establishing a government, bad news came. Nelson had shattered the conqueror's fleet at the battle of the Nile. Even more disturbing, Britain, Russia, and Turkey were preparing to contest him in the field. The governor of Syria collected an army and captured El Arish. From the peaceful work of contemplating the possibilities of cutting a canal through the isthmus of Suez Napoleon turned to rend his enemies. For five days 10,000 of his men endured the tortures

PORTRAIT BY ONE OF HIS SOLDIERS



Napoleon, from the painting by Horace Vernet, in the Tate Gallery, London. A popular painter of military pictures, Vernet served as a soldier under Napoleon.

of a march across burning sand, and then bombarded and secured the frontier town. From El Arish they made their way to Goza, putting to rout another division of the Turkish army, and then stormed Jaffa.

Acre was besieged, but there the tide was turned by the indomitable courage of Sir Sidney Smith. Napoleon thought little enough of the opposition at first. The city was "the key of Constantinople or of India," to quote his own words, and once it fell he was convinced that he would be able to raise and arm the whole population, and overthrow the Turkish dominion. "I shall found in the East a new

and mighty empire, which will fix my position with posterity," he told Bourrienne. His air castles rested on insecure foundations. They were blown to fragments by Smith's guns, and Napoleon was compelled to retreat. Acre had defeated the conqueror.

With grim humour Sir Sidney managed to send a packet of newspapers to his adversary. In them he read of French reverses, the formation of new allied armies, and of general discontent in the homeland. On a still night in August, 1799, Napoleon stepped on board a frigate, and in the second week in October was in France. As for his army, he had left it under the command of General Kléber, to fend for itself until time and circumstances made withdrawal possible.

Plotting the Fall of the Government

For a time he lived quietly, which with Napoleon was usually a prelude to action. With his brother Lucien, Talleyrand, and many of the leading generals, he was plotting for the overthrow of the government. On the pretext of a Jacobin conspiracy, it was suggested that the two legislative bodies should transfer their meetings from the Tuileries to the more secluded palace of St. Cloud.

This was agreed to, although not without difficulty, and Napoleon was given command of the troops to see that the removal was duly accomplished. On the following day he addressed the Ancients and the Five Hundred, though he cut but a sorry figure when speaking to the latter, and nearly fainted through nervousness. Recognizing that they had been trapped, one of the deputies suggested that the general be outlawed. Lucien Bonaparte, who was President of the Council, refused to allow the matter to proceed further, and hastened out of the apartment to invoke the aid of the troops. Spurred on by a few glowing words from Napoleon, the troops advanced on the Orangerie, whereupon the majority of the deputies fled.

The Directory Abolished

On the 11th November, 1799, a carefully selected committee of both chambers abolished the Directory and created Napoleon, Sieyès, and Ducos provisional consuls. As for the Ancients and the Five Hundred, they were not to meet for three months. Paris, which had gone almost delirious with joy over Napoleon's military victories, now expressed similar feelings for what was believed to be a triumph for liberty and good government.

Napoleon soon proved to be the dominant personality of the three administrative partners. He put new energy into the country. Religion was re-established, civil war almost ceased, the army was reorganized, and stability was

given to trade. As First Consul, Napoleon lived at the Tuileries, and gradually introduced etiquette and ceremonies that were substantial shadows of coming events. He was gradually preparing the republic for the empire.

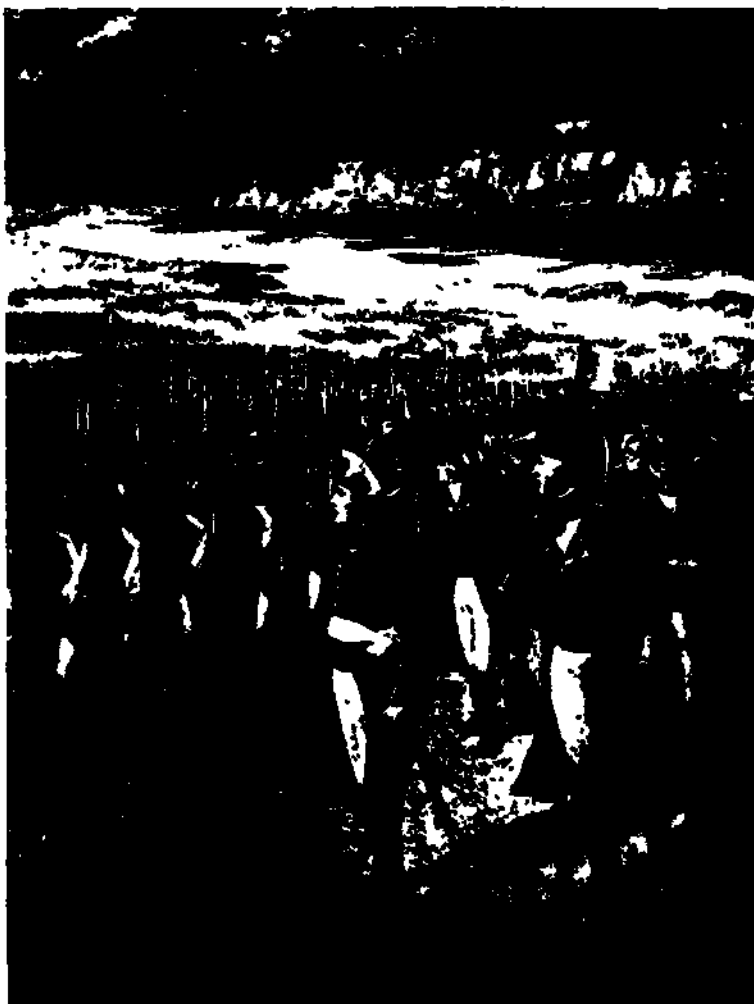
Meanwhile, France was still at war with Britain and Austria, and was faring none too well. With a reserve army, Napoleon conceived the bold plan of crossing the Alps into Lombardy. Milan was entered on the 2nd June, 1800, but the first phase of the battle of Marengo, fought shortly afterwards, was disastrous, and had it not been for the assistance of Desaix, who heard the rumble of guns several miles away and immediately marched in the direction of the firing, the result would probably have been the defeat of the First Consul. Desaix died on the field, to the great grief of Napoleon, who would have made him minister of war had he lived. Napoleon returned to Paris, but hostilities were carried on until the signature of the Treaty of Lunéville on the 9th February, 1801. England and the republic, at war since 1793, settled their differences for a time nine months later.

At War Again

The Peace of Amiens proved but a brief breathing space for the next round—a long-drawn-out agony that was to last for twelve years. Neither side, each suspicious of the other, kept strictly to the terms mutually agreed upon, and on the 18th May, 1803, Britain declared war. Just previous to his Egyptian expedition, Napoleon had contemplated the invasion of England; now he concentrated the whole of his amazing energy on organizing preparations for crossing the Channel. It was a colossal task. His antagonist had a superb navy, while Napoleon had virtually to create one, for the French marine had fallen into a lamentable state of decay. Thousands of little boats for the transport of soldiers and arms were put on the stocks and mainly centred at Boulogne.

Although immensely popular, Napoleon yet had a number of enemies in his own country, and several attempts were made to assassinate him. Innocent as well as guilty people sometimes paid the price of royalist conspiracies, including the Duc d'Enghien, son of the Duc de Bourbon, who was shot in the fortress of Vincennes.

WHEN NAPOLEON CONTEMPLATED INVADING ENGLAND



It was in 1804 that the emperor assembled his Grand Army round about Boulogne. He is here seen reviewing his troops at the Channel port. His fleet of ships, which were to transport the invading army, can be seen in the background.

On the 18th May, 1804, the Senate declared Napoleon emperor of the French, and in the following December he crowned both Josephine and himself, although the Pope was present at the ceremony, in the cathedral of Paris. "Off with these confounded trappings," he said with characteristic abruptness, not untinged with cynicism, when the great day's festivities

were over. The Great Adventurer was a good showman. In 1805 he placed the iron crown of Lombardy on his own head in Milan as King of Italy, and the Genoese Republic was annexed to the Empire. Britain heard of these successive events with amazement, but she was not idle. Pitt had engineered another coalition. Britain, Russia, Sweden, and Austria were to take united action against the "tyrant" who had succeeded the tyranny of the Revolution. "I shall be able to strike the blow before the old coalition machines are ready," was Napoleon's comment.

NAPOLEON AT WORK ON HIS MEMOIRS



The exiled emperor dictating the story of his life at Longwood, on St. Helena, the lonely island in the Atlantic, where, after the battle of Waterloo, he lived for the remainder of his life, closely watched by British soldiers.

The emperor's plans for the invasion of England were brought to nought by Nelson and other dauntless admirals, who refused to be drawn into the ingenious snares which Napoleon laid for them. On the 21st October, 1805, Nelson finally shattered the emperor's hopes of marching to London, but, nearly two months before the decisive conflict in Trafalgar Bay, Napoleon realized that his naval plans had miscarried. Without hesitation he marched his magnificent army from Boulogne to the banks of the Danube. Battle

followed battle, victory succeeded victory; Augsburg was occupied, Ulm capitulated, and by the middle of November the conqueror was in Vienna. At Austerlitz, on the first anniversary of his coronation, the allies lost 26,000 men, and Napoleon won a victory that shattered the coalition and added considerable territory to France.

Generous to a fault where his family and friends were concerned, Napoleon made his brother Joseph King of the Two Sicilies, Louis Bonaparte became King of Holland, his sister Caroline was given the grand duchy of Berg and Cleves, Pauline the duchy of Guastalla, the principality of Neuchâtel was handed to Berthier, and that of Benevento to Talleyrand. Sixteen small states seceded from the Germanic Empire, and were formed into the confederation of the Rhine, with Napoleon as protector.

The Berlin Decrees

Prussia, hitherto playing a waiting game, was stung into opposition by the last-mentioned arrangement, which almost hemmed her in. The king entered into an alliance with Russia and mobilized his army. Napoleon thought Prussia was bluffing, and was not a little surprised when an ultimatum was sent to Paris on the 25th September, 1806. Two months later, following the victorious fields of Jena and Auerstädt, Napoleon was in Berlin issuing decrees prohibiting commerce and correspondence with the British Isles—in a word, proclaiming a "paper blockade." He would "conquer the sea by the land."

The emperor now marched towards Poland to engage the Russian army. The campaign was difficult, the weather bad, food was reduced to potatoes,

and on one occasion Napoleon complained that he had not taken off his boots for a fortnight and that some of his staff officers had not undressed for four months.

Although the emperor remained in possession of the field, Eylau was virtually a drawn battle—and it proved that Napoleon was not invincible. The dearly-fought battle of Friedland brought about the capitulation of Königsberg and an armistice. At a meeting between the two monarchs, Tsar Alexander I surrendered to the fascinating personality of Napoleon,

WHERE THE MAN OF DESTINY LIVED AND DIED IN EXILE



Longwood, the house where Napoleon lived during his exile on St. Helena, and where he died on the 5th May, 1821. The name is taken from the Longwood Plains, in the north-east of the island, 1,700 feet above the sea. St. Helena, which is 1,200 miles from the west coast of Africa, is a British Admiralty coaling station.

with the result that Russia broke faith with Britain and Austria, and entered into an alliance with France. Prussia made peace. England, believing that Denmark was about to throw in her lot with France, proposed to her that she should hand over her fleet until a general peace was declared. Denmark refused, Copenhagen was bombarded, and the vessels conveyed to England. As a result, Denmark threw in her lot with France, and, together with Russia, declared war against Britain. The blockade did not starve England, but it sent up the cost of living in many continental countries in a most alarming way.

In 1807 Portugal, her ancient ally, temporized on the question of the confiscation of British property, whereupon Napoleon sent an army into the country and seized Lisbon. The house of Braganza ceased to reign; the Peninsular War had begun. A quarrel in the royal family of Spain gave him an excuse

for interference, and Joseph Bonaparte was proclaimed king. But Napoleon had gone a step too far. The people rebelled, and local affrays developed into the really serious conflict

THE EMPEROR IN EXILE



Napoleon at St. Helena in 1820. This illustration is reproduced from a sketch drawn from life at Longwood, and now in the British Museum.

that began when Sir Arthur Wellesley landed with a mere handful of 9,000 redcoats in Portugal. It was a tiny trickle that was to develop at long last into a mighty flood.

Austria, humbled in 1805, had been quietly arming, and was ready to take advantage of the struggle now going on in the Iberian Peninsula. Hostilities began on the 9th April, 1809, and in just over a month the French were bombarding Vienna. At Aspern, however, Napoleon sustained his first defeat, and although the Austrians were forced to retreat after Wagram, the Emperor had almost used up his reserves. Peace came in October, a few months before Napoleon, having divorced Josephine, an event whose shadow had long been cast, wedded the Archduchess Marie Louise of

Austria, the daughter of the monarch he had regarded as an enemy so short a time before.

In 1810, his brother Louis having quarrelled with him, Holland was annexed to France. The birth of a son, who was given the title of King of Rome, filled Napoleon with joy, but his delight was short-lived. He had acquired the duchy of Warsaw when peace was declared between France and Austria, but the Tsar was suspicious and asked to be assured that the kingdom of Poland should never be re-established. Napoleon refused, one quarrel led to another, and so the friends gradually drifted apart, until, in 1812, they became declared enemies.

The Retreat from Moscow

Napoleon's Grand Army, over 600,000 strong, crossed the Russian frontier, but only about 100,000 returned to tell the story of the disaster that befell them. The "little corporal" of yesteryear had degenerated both mentally and physically. He advanced recklessly, made inexplicable delays, and, instead of remaining at Smolensk, pushed on to Moscow with nothing but indecisive actions and the inconclusive battle of Borodino to his credit. When he reached the city it was practically deserted. Here and there fires broke out, followed by others, until three-fourths of the city was ruins and ashes. He waited for peace terms from the Tsar; they failed to come. He asked for terms; they were refused. Then began the retreat of humiliation.

Cossacks in clouds, and crows and kites,
Surround them as they go,
And when they fall and sink in death,
Their winding sheet is snow.

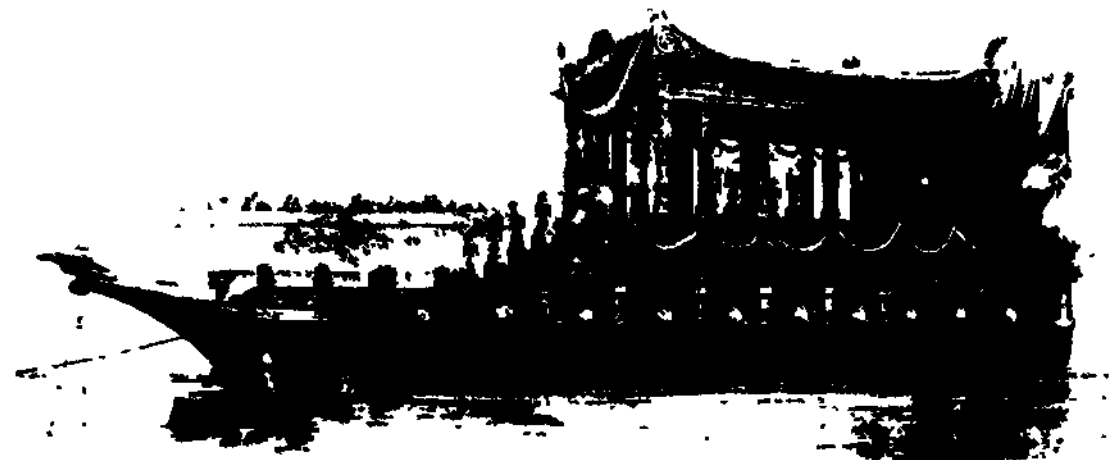
A Prussian corps that had marched with Napoleon came to terms with the Russians. Meanwhile, Prussia had been arming stealthily as Austria had done before, and in 1813 she and Russia, Sweden, Austria, and Britain made common cause. Napoleon won empty victories at Lützen and Bautzen, and at the battle of Leipzig, which lasted for four days, was defeated. His genius flickered yet again at Brienne, Braye, Montmirail, Château-Thierry, and Vauchamp, but Wellington had hurled the French from the Peninsula and occupied Bordeaux. Paris capitulated, and on the 11th April, 1814, the emperor abdicated.

Final Defeat at Waterloo

Napoleon was granted sovereignty of the tiny island of Elba, lying between the island of his birth and the mainland of Italy, and was to receive an annual grant of 2,000,000 francs. To such an active and ambitious man, this lonely life, devoid of all excitement, in the little Mediterranean island, was insufferable, and in February, 1815, with 1,050 troops, he escaped and sailed for France. Men joined him as he made his way to Paris, until at last they reached 125,000—and final defeat on the field of Waterloo. Thus came to an end the last bold stroke of the greatest soldier who ever fought for France. Great Britain took the fallen emperor to St. Helena, where he died on the 5th May, 1821. In 1840 his remains were removed to France and placed in the Invalides in Paris, "in the midst of the French people."

[See Lives by J. H. Rose (1907), W. M. Sloane (1910); "Napoleon in His Own Defence," by Clement Shorter (1910); and "Napoleon and the Invasion of England," by H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley (1904).]

HOW THE FRENCH PEOPLE HONoured THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD



The funeral barge of Napoleon. The prow of the stately vessel, the hull, and each of the four corners of the canopy, bore figures of the French eagle, and the smoke of incense went up from many cressets. Napoleon's remains were removed from St. Helena to France in 1840 and placed in the Hotel des Invalides in Paris.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

The LAST of SPAIN'S GREAT ARTISTS

Murillo, Who, from Hawking His Pictures at the Fair of Seville, Rose by Great Diligence to be One of the World's Most Famous Painters

IN an old, ramshackle stone house, close to the city wall of Seville, a man sat watching his little son; the neighbourhood was a poor one, and the man himself was roughly dressed. Outside was a babel of noise—dogs barking, children playing, and hawkers shouting their wares—but the man seemed deaf to it all. The boy, scarcely five years old, held a slate and pencil in his hand, and was busily employed in drawing the dog in front of him. Quickly it took form, first the outline and then the light and shade, until, satisfied that he could do no more, he handed the slate to his father, who, after studying it in silence for some minutes, passed it over to his wife.

"That's very good, Bartolomé," she said. "Now run away and play for an hour; I want to talk to your father."

As soon as the lad had gone, she turned to her husband. "That boy is going to be an artist some day," she said.

"I think so, too," he replied.

Perhaps neither of them guessed how true their prophecy was to become, or that their boy was destined to write his name on the scroll of fame as one of the world's greatest painters.

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo, to give the lad his full name, was born at Seville in 1617, the exact date is not known, but he was baptized on the 1st January, 1618, and the record of the rite still exists. His father, Gaspar Estéban Murillo,

was an artisan of quite humble class, living in the Jewish quarter of Seville, a picturesque labyrinth of narrow lanes and tumbledown houses. Here young Bartolomé lived his first few years, leading the ordinary life of the children of the district.

It was not very long before the passion for drawing took hold of him, and he was never so happy as when he was sketching something or someone. His parents took the greatest interest in his talent and, poor and uneducated though they were, determined to do what they could for him.

It so happened that they had a distant relative, Juan del Castillo, who was a painter, and after ascertaining that he was willing to take the boy under his care and teach him the secrets of his craft, they made up their minds that here was an opportunity not to be missed, and so to Juan del Castillo he was sent.

Murillo's new master had no fashionable school of painting, yet he had a fair number of pupils. He was not suffi-

ciently well off to employ many models, indeed, a living model was a rare luxury, and a few pieces of sculpture—usually damaged—were all that the pupils had to draw. Occasionally one or other of them would pose for the rest, and it was in this rough-and-ready fashion that Murillo learned anatomy. However, he proved himself an apt pupil, and

GALLANTRY IN THE MARKET-PLACE



Whenever the young Murillo passed a gaudily-skirted market-girl he would salute with the air of a grandee, so proud was he of his first hat, with the beautiful feather encircling the crown, which had replaced the child's cap

speedily learned to portray the ragged urchins of his native city with amazing fidelity.

Almost invariably in art the style and mannerisms of the master stamp themselves on the pupil, and sometimes a change of master is accompanied by a change in style. This was true of Murillo. During his lifetime he painted in three styles, the first of which he learned from del Castillo. The latter was somewhat mechanical, a correct and careful draughtsman and dry colourist, and though before very long Murillo equalled his master in technique, his work suffered from the same stiffness. This is shown particularly in two pictures of the Virgin which he painted during this period.

Murillo continued with del Castillo until 1639,

THE CHRIST CHILD AS SHEPHERD



"The Divine Shepherd," in the Prado, Madrid. The Child Jesus is seated on a mound, holding a crook in His right hand, and with His left arm resting carelessly on a lamb.

when the latter moved to Cadiz, and the young artist was at a loss to know how to continue his training, for his parents were either dead or too poor to help him, and the fashionable school of Zurbaran was entirely beyond his resources. As he had no means of earning his bread other than his art, he was compelled to paint pictures which he hawked at the "feria" or public fair of Seville.

These were for the most part "pot-boilers" of the worst type, and as the price paid for them was in direct relation to their quality,

it is not surprising that the artist did not grow very rich. But, poor as they were, they served a very useful purpose, in that they taught him dexterity. Most of the pictures so painted were shipped off to be sold to convents in Mexico and Peru, but one of them by Murillo, which is stated to be of this period, hangs in Seville. It is a "Virgin and Child," and fails entirely to show any improvement, either in colour or design, on his earlier work.

Murillo was not content to remain merely a hack artist. Impressed by the change in the work of a friend of his, Pedro de Moya, wrought entirely by travel, the young artist decided that he would set forth in an attempt to improve both his work and his financial condition.

The problem, however, was how to raise the necessary funds, and this he solved by purchasing a quantity of canvas, cutting it up into strips of different sizes, and painting pictures which he thought would be most likely to find a speedy sale among the American traders arriving at the port.

Visits Velasquez

Before very long he had accumulated sufficient money to enable him to leave his sister, who was dependent upon him, in the care of some friend, and, without revealing his plans to anyone, he set off for the Spanish capital. His original intention had been to go to Rome, but he got no farther than Madrid, where he visited Velasquez, who also came from Seville, and asked for introductions in the Italian capital.

Velasquez, however, took a fancy to young Murillo, and not only gave him lodging in his own house, but procured for him admission to the royal galleries. These contained pictures of most of the Italian and Flemish masters, and Murillo decided that he could as well study art here as in Rome.

For the next two years, therefore, he was employed in copying pictures by Velasquez, Van Dyck, and Ribera, and so expert did he become that Velasquez submitted a number of his paintings to the king.

By this time Velasquez had decided that he had in his young friend no mean artist, and that he could learn still more in Italy. He urged him to follow out his original intention of going to Rome. Murillo, however, had changed his mind, and decided to return to his sister and friends in the town of his birth.

For some time after his return to Seville he did not meet with any great success. The turning-point in his career came when the friars

MURILLO SURPRISES HIS MULATTO AT THE EASEL



Murillo employed a mulatto slave, Sebastian Gomez, upon the menial duties of the studio. So greatly did Gomez profit by the lessons given in his presence, that one day he finished a head of the Virgin which his master had left upon the easel. Coming unexpectedly into the studio, Murillo recognized the mulatto's talent, freed him, and gave him better work. Thus was just one of the many generous acts that the famous Spanish artist did during his simple and devout lifetime. Many of his finest paintings were executed for churches and other religious institutions.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed index

of the convent of San Francisco determined to adorn the walls of their cloister with paintings from the hand of some great artist. Unfortunately, in spite of endless begging, they found that their purse was not long enough to carry out this intention, and they had to be content with someone of lesser name and one who would undertake the work at a smaller fee.

Murillo offered himself, and, after much consideration on the part of the friars, was accepted. The result was that he painted eleven large pictures of great beauty. In these, the strong, rich colouring of Ribera, and the remarkable truthfulness of Velasquez are alike portrayed.

A SPANISH MASTER OF GRACE



Murillo, the Spanish painter whose noble nature is revealed not only in his pictures, but also in the love he inspired in those who were associated with him.

It is true they were executed in the first of his styles, the "frio" or cold style, but there is in them an immense improvement, wrought by his two years of study in Madrid.

The sequel was nothing short of sensational. Not only in Seville, but in all neighbouring towns, the fame of his pictures was spread abroad. Noblemen and patrons of art were eager to employ the hitherto unknown artist, and for the first time in his career Murillo found himself with as much on his hands as he

could well perform, and as much money in his pocket as he knew what to do with.

In 1648 his fortunes were still further advanced. He married a wealthy and noble lady, Beatriz Cabrera y Sotomayor, who lived near Seville, and his house soon became established as the meeting-place of all artists and art critics of Spain. Shortly after this, he painted his famous "Flight into Egypt," and this marks the end of the first of his styles.

His second style was much softer and warmer. His figures lost their austerity, and there was a corresponding increase in colour. The first picture in this style was "Our Lady of the Conception," for which he received in 1652 the equivalent of £26. Three years later there came his two magnificent paintings of "San Leandro," and "San Isidoro," which hang to-day in the cathedral of Seville.

Pictures Spoiled by Repairers

His most celebrated picture of this period, however, was a representation of "San Antonio de Padua," for which he received just over £100. This also hangs in the cathedral, but unfortunately, like so many of the works of this great artist, it has been "repaired" by much inferior artists of later periods, who have attempted to improve on its colour by cleaning or repainting. In no case has this been done without impairing to a great degree the quality and value of the picture.

Until 1658 Murillo continued to turn out a number of excellent works in his new style, but about this time he developed a third and totally different method of painting. This is known as the *vaporoso*, and in it the well-marked outline and careful drawing which was so characteristic of his earlier style disappears, and in their place there is what was practically the forerunner of impressionism, that is to say, the soft blending of light and shade. It is to be feared that the third style was adopted less for the love of his art than because it required less time to execute. So many commissions did the artist receive that he sacrificed a certain amount of his technique to perform them with the greatest dispatch. This applies, also, in a later period, to Turner.

Founds an Academy of Art

One of Murillo's greatest ambitions had always been to found a public academy of art: the task had been attempted by other Spanish artists, but had always ended in failure. However, Murillo attempted the feat and attempted it successfully. Securing the co-operation of Valdez Leal and Herrera, two famous artists of the time, the academy was opened at Seville in January, 1660, and Murillo and Herrera were chosen as joint presidents. The claims of his studio soon proved too great

of the convent of San Francisco determined to adorn the walls of their cloister with paintings from the hand of some great artist. Unfortunately in spite of endless begging they found that their purse was not long enough to carry out the intention, and they had to be content with some of the lesser name and one who would not do the work of a smaller fee.

Murillo, however, and determined consideration in the period of years was accepted. The result was a fine painted eleven-foot picture of great beauty. Of these the strong religious feeling was in the remarkable truthfulness of the conception and the perfect

A SAINT, A MASTER OF GRACE



Murillo's painted picture was a noble nature revealed not only in the picture but in the way he inspired it. For we were as we were with it.

It is true they were scattered in the first of his styles, but the style was not there. There is a certain amount of prayerful wrought by his two years of study in Madrid.

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Pictures Spoiled by Repairers

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unfortunate artists of later periods, who have attempted to improve on its colour by diminishing the original. In one case this has been done with the picture of "San Antonio" the quality never of the picture.

Until 1668 Murillo continued to turn out a number of excellent works in his new style, but about this time he developed a third and very different method of painting. This is the style of "The Boy with the Wolf" and it is the work of a man who was a true drawing man. His style disappears in a flash of a moment, and what was practically the forerunner of impressionism, that is to say, the soft blending of light and shade. It is to be feared that the third style was adopted less for the sake of his art than because it required less time to execute. So many commissions did the artist receive that he was obliged to employ a great amount of his technique to perform them with the greatest dispatch. This applies of course to a later period to Turner.

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THE PEASANT-PAINTER OF SEVILLE



"The Infant St. John the Baptist." Murillo's idyllic representation of the young forerunner of Christ, seated on a rock with his hand resting on the lamb, is in the Prado Museum, Madrid.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

ATTENDED BY THE ANGELIC CHERUB THRONG



"The Immaculate Conception," in the Museum, Seville. Here the artist has devoutly depicted the Virgin standing on a cloud, with a havy of cherubs hovering around her

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THE KINDLY FRUITS OF A SUNNY LAND



'The Virgin of the Rosary,' one of the treasures of the Prado Museum, Madrid



"Boys Eating Grapes" This picture of roguish boyhood is in the Pinakothek, Munich



'Rebecca at the Well' This fine painting of figures grouped about the famous fountain at Beer-Lahai-roi, with a caravan in the background, is in the Prado Museum, Madrid.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

GUIDING THE TINY FOOTSTEPS HEAVENWARD



'The Guardian Angel,' in the cathedral of Seville. The heavenly messenger holds the little child's hand and, pointing upward, with ineffable tenderness guides the faltering footsteps.

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for the former. After a little more than a year, he abandoned it to the attention of others. He left it in a flourishing condition, for which his enthusiasm and hard work were mainly responsible, and after his withdrawal it soon ceased to exist.

In 1661 Murillo obtained a new patron. This was Don Miguel de Leca, who commissioned him to paint eleven pictures for the hospital de la Caridad. Amongst these are to be found, perhaps, the most striking of Murillo's works. Three of them represent "Annunciation," "Infant Saviour," and "Infant St. John." The remainder include "Moses Striking the Rock," "Return of the Prodigal," and "St. Peter Released from Prison by the Angel," all masterpieces.

Completed in Four Years

The eleven pictures occupied him four years, and for them he received £800. "Moses Striking the Rock" is still in Seville. Many of the others and, indeed, most of Murillo's pictures, were carried off by Marshal Soult during the French invasion of Spain, though many of these have since been restored.

The hospital received further benefits at the hands of the artist, for five large designs in blue glazed tiles were executed from his drawings.

It cannot be said that Murillo painted only for money. He had always shown a strong sympathy for the Franciscan Order, and painted some twenty works for a small church called Convent de los Capucinos. For these he cannot have received much remuneration. Seventeen of them are preserved in Seville Museum.

In 1670 he received the highest honour that could be bestowed upon a Spanish painter, in that he was invited to Court, but his love for his native town overcame his ambition, and he decided to remain in Seville. He stayed there to the end of his life, with the exception of a visit he paid to Cadiz some years later.

Unlike many other artists, his later years showed no decline. The portrait of the Canon Justino, at whose feet there stands a spaniel, is one of the finest examples of his work. So life-like, indeed, is the spaniel that it has been known to call forth snarls from living dogs.

Fatal Fall from a Scaffold

The artist's life ended in tragedy. In 1681 he had gone to Cadiz to undertake a large picture of the "Espousal of St. Catherine." He was

standing on top of a scaffold in order to reach the higher parts of the picture, when he stumbled and fell, and received injuries from which he never recovered. He was taken to Seville, where he died on the 3rd April, 1682.

Murillo may be called a master of female and infantile grace in painting. He was not so masculine as Velasquez, who, in comparison, seems somewhat cold and grey in colour. Perhaps no artist has ever revealed such luminous streams of golden ether, in which his cherubs seem to float like butterflies.

A SUNNY YOUTH OF A SUNNY LAND



"The Gypsy of the Coin." In this picture, which is in the Prado, Madrid, Murillo depicts a roguish youth of sunny Spain enveloped in an ample scarf and holding a coin betwixt finger and thumb.

All his children are children indeed. What is more, they are the children of Spain. There is no harshness or abruptness in his portraiture, and all his colours blend and harmonize beautifully. These characteristics are shown especially in his pictures of the "Holy Family," which invariably show an essence of conjugal and parental happiness.

The value of his pictures has increased with the passing of the years. In 1852 his "Immaculate Conception," which hangs to-day in

the Louvre, was purchased for £24,000, one of the highest prices on record in the nineteenth century. A magnificent "Holy Family" hangs in the National Gallery, London.

Murillo, whose wife died before him, left two sons and a daughter. One of the former followed in his father's footsteps and became an artist, but with only indifferent success, and he abandoned painting to become a priest. Murillo is, in fact, the last of the great Spanish artists. His studio, which was practically his living-room, was light and sunny, like his paintings.

Religious Paintings Most Important

Undoubtedly Murillo excelled in realistic scenes of low life, and his pictures of Andalusian beggar boys are deservedly popular; but it is rather in the devotional paintings that we see the real Murillo. A simple, devout man, he was essentially the product of his religious age. Unlike the brilliant Velasquez, who lived and worked in the atmosphere of the Court, Murillo laboured in the shadow of the altar, meditating upon the Virgin and St. Francis.

Murillo painted chiefly to the order of religious communities, and especially his beloved Franciscans, and his works for the most part found a home in local monasteries or churches. Thus it came about that, in his life-time, Murillo was little known beyond Andalusia.

War Rediscovered Murillo

But the shock of arms was to bring Murillo's works out of their obscurity. For years these wonderful paintings remained hidden in shaded cloisters and the dim recesses of churches. Then came the Napoleonic wars, when such venerable shrines of Spanish art were rifled and their treasures brought to light, and among them many of Murillo's works.

In this way the fame of Murillo, which had slumbered so long, awoke once more. And now, although Murillo can still best be studied in his native city, there are many examples of his work in galleries outside Spain.

[See "Murillo," by A. F. Calvert (1908), "Velasquez and Murillo," by C. H. Curtis (1883), and "Murillo," by E. E. Minoi (1882).]

THE INFANT JESUS IN THE STABLE AT BETHLEHEM



In the "Adoration of the Shepherds" the Virgin is seen lifting the linen cloth to reveal the infant Jesus. On the right a handsome youth brings forward a lamb, and an aged dame offers a basket of eggs. At the back stands St. Joseph with hands crossed upon his staff. The picture is in the Prado, Madrid.

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The HEROIC NURSE of PESHAWAR

Lilian Starr, Who, with a Handful of Loyal Indian Natives, Penetrated into the Unknown and Rescued an English Girl from the Assassins' Den

IN the spring of 1923 the great heart of the British people was moved with deep and painful anxiety concerning the fate of Miss Mollie Ellis, an English girl who had been captured by Pathan murderers in the north-west of India, and carried off into the mountainous unknown land beyond the frontier.

Equally anxious was every British heart over the fate of an English nurse—Mrs. Lilian A. Starr, of Peshawar—who, when called upon by the resident commissioner, had immediately gone into the unknown with a handful of native loyalists to track down the kidnappers and effect a rescue of the unfortunate girl. As it proved, the courage of this devoted woman, and the far-sightedness of Sir John Maffey, chief commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province, who planned and directed the rescue, achieved a triumph that became historic.

Mrs. Lilian A. Starr is the daughter of a missionary who, like her, devoted his life to the native races living on the north-west frontier of India. Thomas Russell Wade began his missionary labours at Peshawar in 1863. That district then, as now, was notorious for the lawlessness and fanaticism of its inhabitants, the city of Peshawar being the metropolis of the untamed and uncivilized hillmen of that almost impenetrable mountainous region, which stretches into Afghanistan. It was a most unpromising station in which to gain adherents to the Christian religion, because the people of that region are some of the most fanatical disciples of Mohammed.

Thomas Russell Wade was a man of noble character, and his influence was great, even among those who despised both his race and his religion. In 1882 he married a lady missionary of the Church of England Zenana Medical Missionary Society. The younger of the two children of this marriage was Lilian, who was born at Dalhousie, a hill station in

the Himalayas, much frequented by Europeans during the hot season.

Mr. Wade's missionary labours had before this time been transferred to Amritsar, and it was there that Lilian and her sister spent their earliest years.

Coming to England with her parents when she was ten, Lilian's education, which until then had been in the care of an English governess, was continued, during the latter part of the time, at Hampstead.

After returning to India, her parents still continued to work as missionaries, and Lilian Wade, who was then eighteen, decided to devote her life to the noble profession of a medical missionary. In order to obtain the best possible training for this work she came back to England, and for several years was engaged as a nurse at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital and in Birmingham and London. She also took a course of training in missionary work.

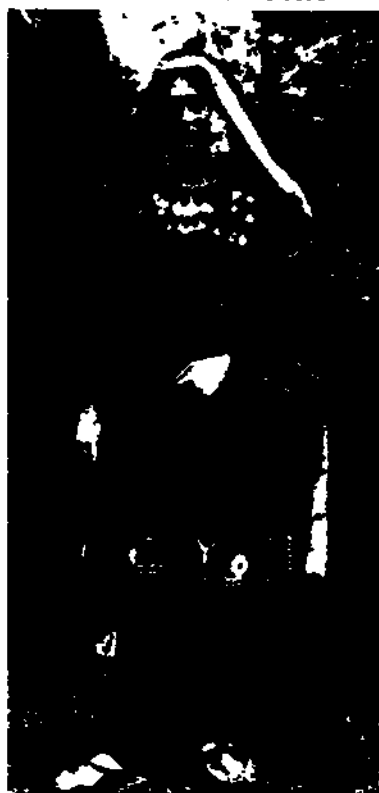
In 1913 Miss Wade went out to India again, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society Medical Mission, and began her official duties, as an honorary nursing sister, at the society's hospital at Peshawar, the same station where her father had commenced his missionary labours fifty years previously.

The hospital at Peshawar is, in a very real sense, a frontier outpost of Christianity. Situated as it is on the very borderland of one of the most

lawless regions in the world, it serves not only as a beacon-light in the midst of almost abysmal heathen darkness, but also as an oasis of healing on the fringe of a land where medical science, or even the most elementary medical attention, is practically unknown and unobtainable. In this interesting but perilous environment Miss Lilian Wade settled down to the laborious and anxious duties of the career she had chosen.

The surgeon in charge of the missionary

IN NATIVE ATTIRE



Mrs. Starr in the dress of a frontier tribeswoman. Peshawar is the capital of the North-West Frontier Province.

society's hospital at Peshawar was Dr. Vernon H. Starr, who had devoted his talents for several years to the healing of the sick and wounded hillmen, who sometimes repaid his kindness by stealing the soap and towels and other necessary articles belonging to the hospital. Dr. Starr and Miss Lilian Wade were married in Peshawar in 1915, but still continued to work in the hospital.

Her Husband Stabbed to Death

One of those appalling and apparently meaningless tragedies which occasionally happen on the north-west frontier cut short their happy union after less than eighteen months of comradeship. One dark night, while Dr. Starr was in bed, he was aroused by a tapping at his window. Rising, he went to the door, thinking perhaps that it was some native who had been brought there desperately wounded or bleeding to death, and requiring immediate aid. No sooner had he opened the door, than a man standing outside stabbed him and then disappeared with his companions into the darkness. Her husband's cry immediately brought Mrs. Starr to his side, but although everything possible was done to save him, the devoted doctor, who had never harmed anyone, was dead in a few hours.

In the lawless land of Tirah the hillmen hold that cold-blooded murder is a virtue if the murderer happens to have a grievance, real or imagined, against his unfortunate victim. They regard it as reflecting the highest honour upon themselves if, after waiting for years, if need be, they can revenge themselves upon an enemy or one who has offended them. Yet so profound is their degradation, that, while priding themselves above all else on their personal courage, these cave men of the twentieth century see nothing cowardly in stabbing to death a defenceless man in the dark.

It became known afterwards that the murderers of Dr. Starr had thought themselves in honour bound to kill him as they did, because a former patient, some relative of their own, had, on leaving the hospital, shown a desire to become a Christian.

Mrs. Starr, who still remained at her post, had been devoting her life to the sick and suffering at Peshawar for nearly ten years

before another tragedy brought her into public notice. On another dark night, in April, 1923, at Kohat, a frontier station less than fifty miles from Peshawar, a gang of Pathan desperadoes entered a British officer's bungalow, again intent upon a deed of revenge, and, almost without making a sound, murdered the Englishman's wife, and carried off his daughter into the mountains.

The whole of the British Empire was deeply stirred by this dastardly occurrence. An English girl in her teens had been taken from her bed, without even shoes on her feet, and was no doubt being carried by her kidnappers across rocky and almost trackless mountains farther and farther into the unknown lands of the north.

Upon the local administration fell the whole responsibility of devising some effective means of rescue. No one had any idea in which direction the murderers had gone; and those who knew the nature of the Pathan realized to the full that the problem had to be approached with the greatest care, because, if the murderers knew they were pursued, they would kill the girl without the slightest compunction.

Fortunately the local chief commissioner, Sir John Maffey, was equal to the occasion. He knew something of the workings of the cunning native mind, and arrived at certain conclusions as to the possible identity of the murderers and kidnappers. He believed that they intended to hold the captured girl to ransom, and would disclose their whereabouts when they were convinced they had placed themselves and their captive in some inaccessible place, where no Englishman could follow.

The Chief Commissioner's Foresight

Sir John Maffey did not intend to give the assassins the time they wanted, or to allow them to remain unmenaced. No one knew where they were, but if the murderers were the men he thought, he had sufficient information about their antecedents to form a pretty shrewd guess as to the locality they were likely to make for. Fortune favours the brave, and the chief commissioner's foresight was justified by events. Everything turned out as he had anticipated.

Four days after the kidnapping Mrs. Starr was hard at work in her hospital, which was

AS A LITTLE GIRL



The heroine at the age of three. She was born at Dalhousie, a very popular hill station in the Himalayas.

full of patients, when she received a message asking her to go to Government House at once. A motor-car was at the door in readiness to take her. She went, and the chief commissioner asked her if she was willing to place herself under his orders and go into Tirah, to a certain place, reach Miss Ellis, if that were possible, and remain with her, if she were found, until such time as she could be rescued. Mrs. Starr consented without demur. She was told that there was no certainty that Miss Ellis would be found at the place to which he was sending her; the whole plan was based upon deduction and rumour.

Into the Heart of the Mountains

Mrs. Starr returned to her hospital and went on with her work, keeping the secret of her interview until further orders. The following morning Sir John Maffey motored her to a certain point on the frontier, ninety miles away, where the party awaited them. This party consisted of the son of a very great mullah, or religious leader; an Afridi officer, who was in the Government service; and forty loyal hillmen. The commissioner gave his final instructions; then, after accompanying them a little way, bade the party farewell; and the Afridis, together with Mrs. Starr, started off into the heart of the mountains.

There was no saying when, if ever, Mrs. Starr would return. She was going where no British soldier could go, for the jealousy and hostility of the various tribes through whose territories they would have to pass is almost unbelievable. Even as it was, their progress depended entirely on the powers of tact, bluff, and personality possessed by the influential mullah who was their leader.

The Mighty Mullah's Silence

There is infinite humour in Mrs. Starr's relations with this mighty man during their perilous journey. He frequently sent his orderly to describe his symptoms at second-hand, and obtain pills from Mrs. Starr, as he was not feeling very well. But he never said a word to the Englishwoman, either on the outward or the return journey. No one could have protected her better than he did, but, of course, this great mullah could not be expected to condescend so far as to speak to a woman. Nor did Mrs. Starr expect him to do so.

They reached their objective at last, and there they met another searcher—a native political officer, who had been sent on the same errand by the chief commissioner from another direction. He had arrived at the secret rendezvous a day before Mrs. Starr's party, and, being a man of great resource, had already discovered the identity of the

murderers, and where they were in hiding with their captive, not far away. Indeed, he had talked with the murderers, and was trying to persuade the local mullah to prevent Miss Ellis from being carried farther away, when Mrs. Starr's party was seen approaching.

This unexpected happening caused the greatest excitement. The local people thought that there were British soldiers, possibly disguised, among the intruders, and vehemently threatened trouble. However, the leaders of the two parties of rescuers knew each other and were able to pacify the local chief, and to

IN HER NURSE'S UNIFORM



Mrs. Starr began her nursing career in 1913 at Peshawar. (This picture and those on the two previous pages are reproduced by courtesy of the Church Missionary Society.)

concentrate together on the problem of rescuing Miss Ellis.

The native leaders among the rescuers had been specially chosen because of their religious and family influence, and their great resourcefulness, and very worthily they justified the trust that had been placed in them. They had not been together many hours before they had won the local mullah over, and he, having the power of life and death within his own territory, was finally persuaded to force the murderers to hand the captive over into his charge, while they carried on the negotiations about the ransom.

Mrs. Starr made preparations to receive and care for Miss Ellis, to whom a reassuring letter and some clothing were sent. The fierce hillmen of Tirah made all their arrangements in the darkness of the night, and early in the morning Mrs. Starr was told that everything was all right. She walked a few steps to an adjoining house, and there beheld Miss Mollie Ellis, who had been lost to the world for over a week, resting on a native bed, quite uninjured, and the three murderers of her mother sitting in the room with her, still, in their utter conceit, regarding her as their property and in their power.

WITH SOME OF HER ADMIRERS



The famous nurse is devoted to children, and is never happier than when surrounded by little ones. Here she is seen playing with some young Indians.

It was a joyous meeting, and though the two women were still so far from their own kindred, they felt wonderfully secure in the comfort of each other's company, and the consciousness that their few native friends were well equipped for the battle of wits which was about to begin. They were in the mullah's house, where even the desperate murderers who sat beside them could do them no hurt without giving deadly offence to the powerful dignitary, who on religious grounds alone was regarded with almost abject veneration and fear by his subjects.

Later in the day, when the two English women were left together, their friends engaged in a council concerning the terms to be offered to the kidnappers. Suddenly there was an alarm. The murderers received news that another party of Afridis, sent by the Government, were approaching from the rear of the position. They were immediately filled with a frenzy of anger at the thought that their homes would be destroyed.

A Desperate Situation

First they broke into the privacy of the English women, accusing them and their companions of treachery. For a time things looked ugly, but Mrs. Starr kept the murderers in conversation in order to gain time. Soon the uproar brought the other men on the scene, and the leader of the gang was hustled away into the presence of the mullah, whose house he had invaded. Then it was that this desperado so far lost his self-control that he loudly reproached the mullah himself—the local divinity—with treachery.

This indiscretion sealed his fate. The mullah, in great anger, cursed and excommunicated the murderers with the result that they were soon groveling at his feet. Effectively humbled, and doubtless disgraced in the eyes of their acquaintances, these men now consented to release the captive if two friends of theirs were released from gaol.

It was characteristic of Mrs. Starr, during the short period of waiting that had to elapse while runners took the news back to civilization, and for the bargains to be carried out, that she busied herself attending to the sick in the hill village where all these events had taken place. Some of the men, let alone the women, had never seen a white woman before.

Leaving the Tenth Century Behind

And yet, when the return journey was started, Mrs. Starr and her companions had to travel only thirty miles before they were again in touch with civilization. They accomplished the journey in one day, between daybreak and sunset. So very narrow is the line which divides the twentieth century from the tenth on the north-west frontier of India!

When Peshawar was once more reached, Mrs. Starr immediately resumed her work in the hospital. She was very soon afterwards awarded the Kaiser-i-Hind gold medal for public service in India, and a similar honour was also conferred upon the gallant native political officers who were associated with her in the rescue of Miss Mollie Ellis. Mrs. Starr subsequently married an English officer in Peshawar, and became Mrs. Guildford Underhill.

[See "Tales of Tirah and Lesser Tibet," by Lilian A. Starr (1928).]

A POLISH COMPOSER of MUSICAL POEMS

How Frédéric Chopin, the Celebrated Composer and Pianist, Made His Many Childish Triumphs the Stepping-stones to a Genius that was World-renowned

ONE day in the year 1830 a small gathering of musicians at Leipzig was discussing the rival merits of various famous composers. Suddenly a friend rushed into the room waving some sheets of music, and cried out: "Hats off, gentlemen! A new genius!"

While the sedate Germans upon whom he had burst gazed at him, wondering whether he had gone out of his mind, the newcomer sat down at a piano and began to play. As he played they grew reassured. Their friend was both sane and sober—his playing proved that much; but when he had finished no one could say whose work had been performed.

"These variations are not Beethoven's," said one.

"No, nor yet Schubert's," answered another.

"But if not theirs, who can compose like that?" questioned a third.

They consulted the title page of the score, and read, "La ci darem la mano" "Variations for the Piano. By Fr. Chopin Op. 2."

"Something good at last," the company decided; "but who is this Chopin, who can do as well as this in his second work?"

Frédéric François Chopin was the only son of a Frenchman, Nicholas Chopin, who had emigrated to Poland. It may be that this Nicholas was a French Jew—none seemed to know certainly one way or the other. Jew or Gentile, however, he married a Polish lady, and so prospered in Warsaw that he became a man of some consequence in the city. His son was born on the 22nd February, 1810, and showed his gifts at an astonishingly early age. When he was but three years old music affected him strangely, especially the mournful national airs of Poland, for the little boy wept whenever he heard a folk-song and would hardly be comforted. This powerful influence was not a painful one in spite of his tears, and before

his small hands could stretch an interval of a fifth, Frédéric was playing the piano.

His parents, delighted at their son's precocity, obtained Adalbert Zwiny, then the first music-master in Warsaw, to teach him. Long before he had learned to set down his ideas on paper, the little boy was composing, and he would beg Zwiny to write out the melody as improvised. He made such progress, that soon he was known as an infant prodigy, and became the marvel of Warsaw's drawing-rooms. During the severe winter of 1818, a concert having

been organized for the benefit of the needy, the co-operation of this virtuoso of nine was solicited. Frédéric had a new suit for the occasion, and a fine lace collar of which he was especially proud. Mme. Chopin could not be present to hear him play, so on his return she asked, "What did they like best?" "Oh, mamma," answered her son, "no one looked at anything but my collar!"

The childish *marvel* of this answer never wholly deserted Chopin. Though for most of his life he was doomed to be the darling of salons, and to be petted and spoiled in three capitals, he never assumed that self-conscious arrogance which ruins the character

of so many musicians. He never ceased to be a little surprised at all the adulation and praise, which he was none the less delighted to receive.

When ten years old, Chopin composed a march for the Grand Duke Constantine, an old man whose violence made him the terror of his courtiers. Frédéric, however, played before him with complete assurance, and managed to please the ogre so much that the march, scored by the duke's express orders, was often played by military bands in Warsaw. From such childish triumphs he went on from strength to strength, so that he became by far the best

A PEER AMONG PIANISTS



Chopin was not only a wonderful composer, he was also a master of the piano. Except for Liszt, he was probably without a superior.

pianist in the city before he had left school. As a boy he was a merciless practical joker and caricaturist. One day he perpetrated a drawing of his head master, which satirized Monsieur Linde to the life. Unfortunately, the drawing fell into its subject's hands. Chopin trembled; the class looked round at him apprehensively. Without a word M. Linde returned the scrap of paper to the young artist, having written on it, "The likeness is well drawn."

Possessed of Real Genius

By 1827 Chopin had passed his final examinations at Warsaw, and had learned all that the city could teach him musically. Elsner, his friend and music-master, at once perceived that this pupil of his possessed real and original genius. He, therefore, urged Nicholas Chopin to send his son abroad for further study, either to Paris or to Italy. Accordingly, Frédéric set out for Vienna, to try his wings on a short flight, before he ventured farther afield to Paris or Italy. His friends urged boldness upon him, pressing him to appear publicly before a Viennese audience. He himself had misgivings. "Here in Warsaw I have been judged leniently by kind-hearted compatriots, but what am I to expect from a city which can boast of having heard a Haydn, a Mozart, or a Beethoven?" So he wrote to a friend.

However, in spite of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—or, perhaps, rather because of them—Vienna received Chopin with delight. He played gratuitously at two concerts, appearing in the twofold capacity of composer and pianist. The applause was so tremendous that on one occasion he had to give four encores. "Whenever I show myself," he wrote home joyfully, "I am besieged with requests to play." He returned to Warsaw by way of Prague and Dresden. At the latter city he repeated his Viennese successes; all who heard him improvise were amazed, and went away charmed and happy.

A Period of Hard Work

The success of this visit to Vienna, combined with the favourable notices he was given by the newspaper critics, induced Nicholas Chopin to send his son to Paris, and from there to Italy. Chopin did not set out on this journey for some while, however, but remained at home, working hard at his playing and composing and giving occasional concerts, which were attended by overflowing audiences rapturous in their enthusiasm.

He grew the less anxious to leave Warsaw because he had fallen in love with Mlle. Constantia Gladsowska, who sang in the opera and had recently made her debut. All the thoughts and emotions of the poetic

youth were centred upon Mlle. Constantia. She seemed the realization of all his ideals, so naturally he desired to stay in Warsaw and adore her. Disturbances also broke out in the Rhine provinces, which made Nicholas Chopin loath to let his son go.

At last, by the beginning of November, 1830, trunks were packed and farewell visits paid. Constantia had wished him good-bye with tears in her eyes, and given him a ring, henceforth to remain his most treasured possession. On the second day of the month Chopin departed—never to revisit Warsaw. As a farewell gift his fellow musical students offered him a great silver goblet filled with Polish earth, so that the very soil of his native land might accompany him on his travels.

His Arrival in Vienna

The first stage of his journey was to Vienna, where Chopin intended staying for a few months to renew pleasant friendships, possibly to give a concert. With his friend, Titus Woyciechowski, who went with him thus far on his travels, Chopin arrived there early in December. They quickly found admirable lodgings in the occupation of a British admiral whose tenancy had expired. But the officer refused to budge except in his own good time, and Chopin and Titus had to spend several days in dislodging the tenacious man.

Scarcely were they settled in their rooms than news arrived of a revolution in Warsaw. The Poles, who had submitted most patiently to the despotism of the Grand Duke Constantine for fifteen years, now determined to throw off the yoke. Chopin was immediately all patriotism; he would go back to Warsaw and fight, as Titus had made up his mind to do. Titus pointed out that, with his slight physique and weak lungs, Frédéric could never endure a month's life as a soldier. So Titus departed alone, and Chopin remained, and soon made efforts to arrange a concert.

The attitude of Viennese musicians had now changed towards Chopin. As a brilliant boy who played gratuitously at concerts, and who had influential friends, they had opened their arms to him. Now the musician found himself coldly received and neglected.

Days of Abject Misery

In those days, folk kept aloof from Poles for motives of prudence, while many professional musicians feared that this brilliant, agreeable Chopin might settle in Vienna, if he were successful, and "take the bread from honest men's mouths." Chopin lacked the energy to overcome these difficulties, and so he stayed on in Vienna, growing daily more miserable, pining for Constantia, unhappy about his country, his present position, and his future.

THE LITTLE CHOPIN MAKES THE PIANO TELL A STORY



Sometimes little Frédéric would entertain his father's pupils with an improvised story at the piano. On one occasion he played so realistically to them of some robbers who entered a wood and fell asleep, that his youthful audience were themselves impelled to sleep. (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Leggat Brothers.)

At last, in July, 1831, he managed to give a concert, which was a personal if not an artistic success. "So sincere a worshipper of true art is worthy of all honour," wrote the chief musical paper. Long before this concert materialized, Chopin had applied for his passport for France. The police and embassies, however, put all manner of frivolous and imaginary obstacles before a Pole who wished to leave the country. "I am promised a passport every day," he wrote to his family, "and I run from Herod to Pontius Pilate . . . although I am quite ready, I cannot start." At last the passport came to hand, and Chopin left Vienna for Paris, halting at Munich and Stuttgart on the way.

Polish Colony in Paris

Chopin arrived to find Paris in a most disturbed state. Louis Philippe had just ascended the throne over the ruins of the Bourbon dynasty. Uncertainty and want prevailed—no moment could have been more unpropitious for the arrival of a young artist who desired to

take the city by storm. Nevertheless, Chopin was comforted to find a considerable colony of his compatriots in Paris. Most intelligent Poles, despairing of their country's future and dreading the vengeance of Russia for the revolution of 1830, had emigrated. Some hoped for French aid in restoring Polish independence; most were happy enough to find a safe and peaceful refuge in Paris.

Failure in the French Capital

To give a concert in Paris seemed impracticable in the extreme. Chopin was quite unknown, and who went to hear anyone merely because he had the effrontery to play in public? Nevertheless, in February, 1832, he gave a concert. No one but the well-to-do Polish refugees attended; the receipts did not nearly cover the expenses. Chopin now thought he saw no hope of improving his position in Paris, and determined to go to America. What success an entirely impractical and city-bred young man, such as he, would have had in the America of the thirties of the nineteenth century is hard to imagine.

Luckily, on the eve of his intended departure he met Prince Valentine Radziwill in the street. The prince, whom Chopin had known intimately at Warsaw, asked him about his plans. The American project was unfolded. "America?" answered the prince. "No, I shouldn't go to America. Come with me to the Rothschilds' this evening instead."

Charming a Brilliant Audience

Despondent and hopeless, Chopin arrived at the house of the great financier. His hostess, having heard vaguely that he was a pianist, politely asked him "to play something." Chopin played and extemporised as he had, perhaps, never done before. The brilliant audience was enraptured—Chopin was "made." He received requests to give lessons from the greatest families in Paris; he played in the most brilliant salons. Within a year, celebrities were dedicating their compositions to him; private pupils of other famous pianists scrambled to take lessons from him; he was overwhelmed by requests to play in public. "He is now the mode," wrote a Polish *émigré* to his friends at home, "and the fashionable world will soon be wearing 'gloves à la Chopin.'"

In 1836 Chopin took a holiday at Marienbad. Here he met and fell in love with Maria Wodzinski, the sister of a compatriot of his. Constantia Gladsowska had now been married for some years, and Chopin's worship of her had grown fitful with the passage of time, so Maria and he were soon engaged. His affection seems to have been most sincere and whole-hearted, but Maria was something of an opportunist, and in the following year she married an Austrian count. The news of the wedding quite destroyed Chopin's happiness and equilibrium. He could no longer compose or teach: he imagined he could scarcely live.

No Longer Without a Friend

In this condition he made a new acquaintance in Mme. Aurore Dudevant, better known as George Sand, the famous French novelist. At first Chopin was not pleased with her: "I do not like her face; there is something in it which repels me." George Sand fell headlong in love with him, and the homage of a woman of genius first touched his heart, and then, if not passionately, yet sincerely and deeply, he returned her love. Now he was no longer alone in the world, for in George Sand he found a steadfast and intellectual friend, whose own strength of mind supported him through years of ill-health. He wished to marry the lady, but he could not, since in her youth George Sand had married a man many years her senior, a most unpleasant character, from whom she had separated.

In 1837 Chopin's lungs gave way, and consump-

tion set in with alarming suddenness. George Sand took him to Majorca. In Paris he had refused to obey his doctor's injunctions, and she considered that in Majorca he would be forced, from pure boredom, to live quietly. The natives of the island thought consumption to be as infectious as the plague or cholera, and no one would take the invalid. At length the two established themselves in a lonely Carthusian monastery, which had lately been left empty by the monks. Chopin sent to Marseilles for a stove and a piano, to help him while away the winter months. When, at last, these articles arrived in great packing-cases, the customs authorities refused to allow them to pass for a long while, imagining them to be diabolical machines calculated to blow up the island.

Health Completely Broken

Every summer after this journey to Majorca Chopin used to visit George Sand at her country house, and try to repair in quietness the ravages which a winter of Paris society had wrought on his poor health. He never ceased to ignore his physician's advice to suit his own least convenience, and ultimately, in 1844, his health broke down completely on hearing of his father's death at Warsaw. Month by month his consumption made rapid strides. He lay on a couch to give lessons to his numerous and devoted pupils, and very seldom left the house. The works he continued to compose were as fine as ever, but such a one as the *Polonaise-Fantasia* (Op. 61) displays the melancholy agitation and morbid state of the composer's mind.

A dejected invalid, nervous, suspicious, and petulant, Chopin ceased to have any attraction for George Sand. The pair quarrelled continually about nothing—to George Sand, a separation seemed inevitable and for the good of both. Early in 1847 a final and violent quarrel brought about their parting, and Chopin quitted her house for ever. He saw George Sand only once again. At an evening reception they met accidentally. She advanced, anxious for a reconciliation; he turned gently away from her without a word.

Influence of George Sand

It is hard to estimate her influence upon Chopin's genius. For many years she certainly supplied him with inspiration, friendship, and advice. His parting from her, however, strained his already weak nerves past breaking-point, and hastened his death. Without George Sand, Chopin would never have risen to his great heights of imaginative composition, but he would have remained calmer, less extravagant, and less fitful and petulant in his work.

From now onwards to Chopin's death little remains to be told. He grew better, he grew

PARIS MEMORIAL TO THE POLISH PIANIST



From the time that he settled in Paris in 1831 till the day of his death eighteen years later, Frédéric Chopin led a romantic life among the élite of the French capital. This beautiful monument to the celebrated composer and pianist in the Parc Monceau is a token of the great esteem in which he was held in the city where he spent so great a part of his life. Here he died on the 17th October, 1849, and he was buried in the Père la Chaise cemetery. (Photo Donald McLough)

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

moved by the rider"—an embryo bicycle many years before its time.

Towards the end of 1636 his stepfather died, and his mother took him from school

MADE WITH HIS OWN HANDS



The quaint little telescope made by Sir Isaac Newton, resting on the manuscript of his wonderful book, which created such a profound interest in Europe

to live with her at Woolsthorpe once more, in company with his half-brother Benjamin, and his two half-sisters, Mary and Hannah. Apparently Mrs. Smith had at this time no further ambition for her eldest child than that he should settle down at Woolsthorpe as a farmer.

This mode of life was very uncongenial to young Newton, however, and his distaste soon became evident in his ways of discharging his various duties. Sent in charge of an old manservant to sell the farm produce at Grantham every Saturday, Isaac would wait until he was a few miles from home, and then steal away to some shady hedge, and leave the old man to himself.

Books interested him far more than cattle, authors far more than farmers, and pleasantly he would while away the time until his companion returned from the market and routed out the truant from his hiding-place. Sheep and cows might just as well have been left without a guardian

as have been entrusted to Isaac. A comfortable seat in a tree, a half-finished model in his hand—and his animal charges might wander where they wished.

They were not slow to take advantage of his complete indifference, with the result that many a farmer went raging up to Mrs. Smith, loudly complaining that his corn had been trampled underfoot by her beasts and demanding substantial compensation.

Not Fitted for a Farmer

Isaac Newton's mother learned by bitter experience that one of her sons, at any rate, would require an extraordinary amount of tuition before he became versed in the agricultural art.

Fortunately her brother, William Ayscough, rector of the parish next to Woolsthorpe, soon noticed that his nephew Isaac was of a mechanical and mathematical turn of mind. He persuaded his sister to send Isaac to Cambridge, and on the 5th June, 1661, the boy was admitted a member of Trinity College. He was to prove himself the greatest of that famous college's many illustrious sons.

Newton arrived at Cambridge full of excitement for learning, his mind eager to develop its latent powers. We possess only the most meagre details of his life at Cambridge as an undergraduate. He prepared himself for a course of lectures on logic by digesting a text-

THE "CRAZY OLD GENTLEMAN" BLOWING BUBBLES



When studying the composition of light, Newton caused much amusement to his neighbours. They dubbed him crazy when they saw him in the garden blowing bubbles like a child. Little did they know that they were witnessing one of the greatest scientific experiments that has ever been made.

book on the subject with such success that, when the lectures commenced, his tutor found Newton already master of the subject and excused his further attendance. This is only

a characteristic example of his ability for mastering a subject unaided and by his own initiative, a faculty which never deserted him throughout life.

Shortly after going to Cambridge, Newton bought his first text-book of astronomy. He plunged into the subject with delight, but immediately found himself balked by a lack of geometrical knowledge. So another visit to the bookseller's equipped him with a "Euclid."

No sooner had he returned to his rooms with this than he started looking through the index for propositions most likely to help him onwards towards an understanding of astronomy. Quickly he cut the pages, and eagerly read through the propositions. Within ten minutes he had thrown the volume in disgust upon the floor, for to Newton's mind—as to Pascal's—all the propositions seemed self-evident. He could not, for the life of him, make out why anyone should trouble to offer demonstrations of them. He therefore put Euclid aside "as a trifling book," and next day he applied himself to the sterner task of mastering Descartes' "Geometry."

Reads Descartes

The reading of Descartes, the father of modern mathematics, inspired Newton with a real and abiding love for this subject, and led him on to grapple with its higher branches. So his undergraduate years passed by in studies which were a pleasure. He flung himself into hard and intricate calculations as eagerly as a schoolboy flings himself into a game of football. Difficulties but gave an added delight, until at last they were overcome, almost with regret that they no longer existed to be conquered.

In January, 1665, Newton took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, though how high he stood in the class list we do not know, since the record of the merits of the candidates for that year is missing from the "Grace Book," wherein it should appear. This omission is less remarkable when we consider the fact that in this year, and in 1666, the Plague visited Cambridge, and the colleges were temporarily dismissed on that account.

During the long holiday Newton was by no means idle, for the two great discoveries with which his name is associated, gravitation and fluxions, to both of which we will return later, germinated in his mind at Woolsthorpe during the autumn of 1666.

Elected a fellow of Trinity College in 1667, Newton returned to Cambridge, and commenced a life of hard scientific work, in which he was completely happy. He bought prisms, lenses, a furnace, chemicals, and plunged into optical and chemical experiments, although still busy on pure mathematics. In October, 1669, when not yet twenty-seven years old, Newton was elected Lucasian professor of mathematics, a sure indication of the esteem in which Cambridge

WHERE NEWTON WALKED AT CAMBRIDGE



In his rooms at Trinity College, Cambridge, Newton often sat far into the night propounding theories and finding solutions to gigantic mathematical problems that had puzzled many learned professors.

already held what a friend called "his unparalleled genius." As professor, Newton had to lecture at least once a week to the students, and he chose optics for his subject. Though, perhaps, his pupils failed to appreciate the fact, Newton delivered an epoch-making series of lectures. He entirely discarded current ideas about light, and substituted the results of his own researches. Gradually a rumour reached the august ears of the then newly founded

Royal Society that this young Lucasian professor either must have made most startling discoveries, or else was an entire impostor.

Newton had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in January, 1672, but for some weeks he communicated nothing to its secretary. However, early in February he sent in an account of his invention of the reflecting telescope, and he also announced his discovery that white light—our common daylight—was composed of lights of many different colours, and could be split up into a spectrum of such colours by means of a prism.

The study of light had fascinated Newton for some time. He had helped his tutor to prepare for publication a technical treatise on the composition of colours and light, and had noticed that the theories set forth therein were all wrong.

What is white light? Newton asked his tutor. "White light is that which discharges a copious light equally clear in every direction," was the answer he received, and the pupil was left just as wise as before. Straightway he determined to find out for himself.

The Spectrum

Newton had bought a glass prism at Stourbridge Fair, near Cambridge. With its aid he split up a thin ray of sunlight which alone poured in through a chink in the shutters of his darkened room. Viewing the spectrum, in all its brilliance, displayed across a sheet of white paper, Newton was transported with delight: "It was at first a very pleasing divertissement to view the vivid and intense colours produced thereby." As a matter of fact, the philosopher delighted in his discovery like a child in a new toy. Each sunny morning found him in his darkened room, breathlessly watching the spectrum, moving his prism, measuring angles, and enjoying himself vastly.

Although the publication of these discoveries led to some years of controversy with unbelievers—controversies which Newton loathed, yet in which he bore himself with great patience and politeness—the Lucasian professor had once and for all established himself among the foremost scientists of Europe. "I see I have made myself a slave to philosophy," he wrote of

his many disputes, "but . . . I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally, excepting what I do for my private satisfaction, or leave to come out after me; for I see a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or to become a slave to defend it."

As already mentioned, Newton originally considered the problem of gravitation at Woolthorpe in 1666. Voltaire first put the famous apple story in print, and, since no one has ever denied it, let us accept it as true. When sitting alone in his mother's orchard on a warm October day and speculating upon the general forces which keep the planets in their courses, Newton saw an over-ripe apple fall to the ground with a dull thud. It occurred to his mind, as the fruit fell, that this attraction, which the

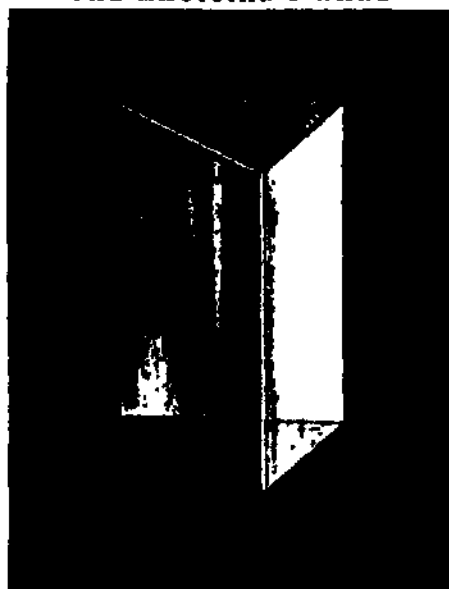
earth mysteriously exerts on all her creatures, must be universal. On the tops of the highest mountains, on ships at sea, from pole to pole, the same power was apparent everywhere. This force bends into a curve the flight of a cannon ball; might it not equally well bend the moon in her orbit round the earth? And, if the moon, why not the planets in their courses round the sun?

His Exactness

Inspired by these speculations, Newton set about calculating the forces at work which keep the solar system in its many whirling paths, first turning his attention to the moon's monthly journey round the earth. At first he found that the force exerted upon the moon by our planet (assuming it to be the same

force as that which the earth exerted on the apple), ought to correspond to a figure 16.1, whereas actually by observation the figure was 13.9. A less careful observer would surely have been rejoiced at such a close approximation, but the figures were not good enough for Newton, who "laid aside at that time any further thoughts of that matter." It seems, however, that a French scientist, Picard by name, had announced that a degree of latitude in reality measured 69.1 miles and not 60 miles as had hitherto always been assumed. Some time after hearing of the discovery, Newton looked about him for his old calculations. Substituting this new piece of data, he found that now his

THE MAGICIAN'S WAND



A simple glass prism was the magic wand with which Newton discovered the properties of light and so paved the way for a host of other scientific investigations.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON IN HIS LITTLE ROOM



Deep in thought, Sir Isaac Newton sits in his little room anxiously seeking the answer to some new question baffling scientific all the world over. One of his contemporaries has said that, "when immersed in thought, Sir Isaac Newton was a man of no very promising aspect. He spoke little in company, so that his conversation was not agreeable." His friend, Conduitt, however who married Newton's favourite niece, Catherine Barton, speaks of his "comely and gracious aspect."

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

THE MODEST DIVINER OF MANY OF NATURE'S WONDERFUL SECRETS



A picture by Vanderbank, now hanging in the National Portrait Gallery, showing Sir Isaac Newton at work in his study. Once, on being complimented on his success, the great natural philosopher with his characteristic modesty replied: "If I have seen farther, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants."

calculated figure agreed exactly with the figure he had arrived at by observation.

True to his principles already stated, Newton greatly hesitated to publish the fact that he had discovered the laws which hold up the heavens. The Royal Society, however, was clamorous on the subject, and at last Newton gave way, though not before friends had cajoled him, and the Royal Society had passed numerous resolutions. In fact, not until about mid-summer, 1687, had the entire "*Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*" (generally known as "*Newton's Principia*") appeared. This great work, containing as it did the whole results of Newton's many researches, excited tremendous interest all over Europe, so that by 1692 a copy was not to be procured anywhere for love or money.

The Infinitesimal Calculus

In the "*Principia*" Newton uses the "method of fluxions," which we nowadays call the "infinitesimal calculus," as a means of dealing with mathematical problems. The idea of the calculus, which is an invaluable though complicated piece of mathematical machinery, was not entirely new, for Newton had already made some use of it. However, it had hitherto been

looked upon as a portentous piece of pure mathematics. Now Newton calmly used it as an everyday intellectual tool.

His Gigantic Abilities

This fact, perhaps, affords the best index to his gigantic abilities; that he could invent and elaborate a whole branch of mathematics merely in order to use it for the solution of further problems. Euclid and Descartes were content to serve pure mathematics for their own sake; Newton first reduced the science to its really serviceable use as the universal handmaid and instrument of all other sciences.

As years went by, many of Newton's Cambridge friends and contemporaries rose to high and honourable positions in the land, yet the first of English scientists himself remained a professor of mathematics. Charles Montague, sometime a fellow of Trinity, a close friend of Newton's, and who afterwards became Lord Halifax, began in William and Mary's reign to move the engine of court influence in his friend's favour. Success did not at first attend his efforts, and even Newton, the most pleasant of men, grew bitter, and wrote that he was "fully convinced that Mr. Montague, upon an old grudge which he thought had been worn out,

was false to him." At length, in 1694, Newton forgave Montague, who had risen to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, when the latter obtained for him an appointment as warden of the Mint.

Newton's general scientific and mathematical knowledge now enabled him efficiently to direct the complete recoinage of the English currency. He devoted two laborious years to this task, and in 1697 rose to be master of the Mint, a position worth about £1,200 to £1,500 a year. As master, Newton drew up some elaborate and exhaustive tables of coinage assays dealing with currencies—foreign, ancient, and modern.

Many have whispered that Newton owed these places at the Mint not to Halifax directly, but to Halifax as persuaded by the philosopher's charming and witty niece, Catherine Barton, who moved sparkling through a circle of politicians and courtiers. Voltaire has remarked in this connexion: "Fluxions and gravitation would have been of no use without a pretty niece." How much exactly Newton owed to his friend and how much to his pretty niece is an undecided point, but he always remained a most grateful uncle.

When he became master of the Mint, Newton ceased to discharge his duties as Lucasian professor, appointing one Whiston his deputy "with the full profits of the place."

In 1701 he resigned the professorship, taking good care to see that Whiston was appointed his successor. Henceforth he lived almost entirely at Kensington, which was then a country village, with green fields and market gardens between it and London. Shortly after moving he became president of the Royal Society, to which position of honour he was annually re-elected for twenty-five years until he died, a period of office in which he has been exceeded only by one other president, Sir Joseph Banks.

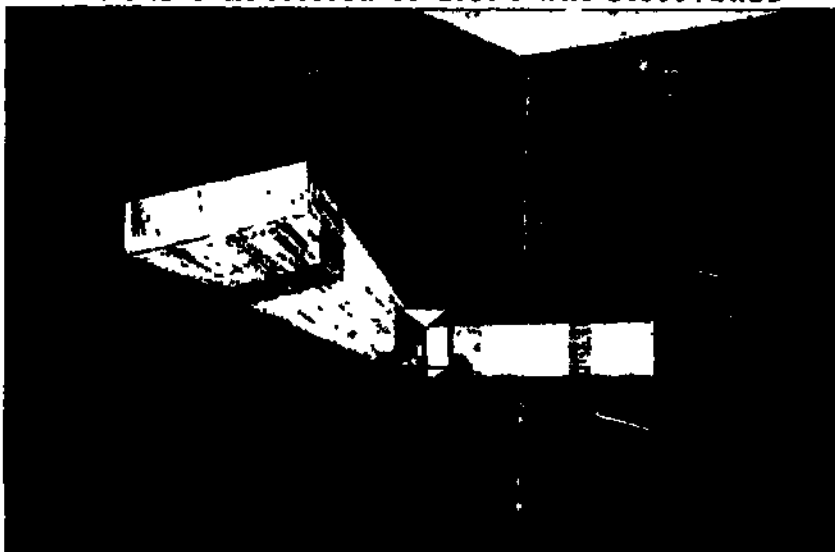
Knighted by Queen Anne

As president of the Royal Society Newton was brought into close relations with the court, especially as Queen Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark, had been elected a fellow. Queen Anne, moreover, held Newton in the

highest esteem, since he had made so deep an impression upon her husband, and in April, 1705, he accompanied her upon a visit of state to Cambridge. On the 16th of the month her Majesty held a formal court at Trinity Lodge, where, in the college that had been the birth-place of his brilliant researches, she knighted "the most distinguished of her subjects, the noblest knight who ever won his spurs in science, Sir Isaac Newton."

Not content with conquering in the fields of mathematics and astronomy, Newton was all his life preoccupied with theology. He left behind him a bulky manuscript entitled "Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of Saint John," which was

HOW THE COMPOSITION OF LIGHT WAS DISCOVERED



The ray of light coming in through the hole in the shutter on the right struck the prism. This separated it, causing the coloured ribbon of the spectrum to appear upon the screen, which is seen on the left.

published in 1733. Other religious works of his included a "Church History," a "History of the Creation," and "Paradoxical Questions regarding Athanasius." Ever cautious of any controversy after his first experience, Newton wisely refrained from publishing these works in his lifetime.

Chemical experiments also absorbed a fair amount of Newton's time, the early ones in conjunction with his kinsman, Dr. Newton, of Grantham. It provides a curious sidelight on his character, moreover, that a mind so eminently sane and free from superstition in so far as his main work was conceived, could quite seriously engage in a fantastic quest after "the philosopher's tincture," and could copy out in his own hand extracts from Flamsteed's "Explication of Hieroglyphic Figures" -

book which professedly deals with astrology and magic.

During the later years of his life Newton suffered greatly from a chronic and disagreeable disease, though a most regular life at Kensington village and a careful regimen did much to relieve him. Early in 1725, he contracted a severe attack of gout, which nevertheless wonderfully improved his general health. Two years later all his old symptoms returned with increased severity, and he grew greatly weaker, until he died on the 20th March, 1727, aged eighty-five. Throughout all his years of ill-health and pain Newton never once complained, but bore all things with an untiring good temper and mildness. He was buried in Westminster Abbey after his body had lain in state in the Jerusalem Chamber—for England loved and honoured her greatest intellect.

His Character

In character Newton was the most modest, candid, and affable of men, without any of the usual marked eccentricities of genius. "I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and in diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me." So

wrote Newton of himself, and, besides being an object-lesson against vanity and presumption in philosophers, his words reveal how essentially modern was his mind and point of view. Read these words of his to anyone who does not know them, and add that they were spoken by Kelvin, by Mme. Curie, by Marconi, by any great scientist of our own era, and who would gainsay you?

Although hospitable and generous in the extreme, Newton himself lived simply, dined frugally, and dressed plainly. In an age of great moral laxity he retained an unimpeachable character, financial and personal. Impiety, as he judged it, was a thing he could never tolerate, and once he rebuked his bosom friend, Dr. Halley, who ventured to speak disrespectfully of religion. "I have studied these things—you have not," said Newton.

When considering a problem Newton often became absorbed in deep meditation, and grew quite oblivious of the minor incidents of daily routine. He would frequently sit down on his bedside on rising in the morning, become engrossed in speculation, and remain there immovable and undressed for hours together. Similarly he would forget to take his meals, and a servant often followed him round the garden of his Kensington house imploring deaf ears to "come and dine."

A SPLENDID LIKENESS



At Trinity College, Cambridge, there is a fine bust of Sir Isaac Newton made by the famous sculptor Roubillac.

With his thoughts completely fixed in his abstruse speculations, Newton often failed to give a proper attention to trifling matters. While he lived at Trinity College he had a favourite cat, for whose convenience a hole was cut in the door of his rooms, so that she could go in and out without disturbing the philosopher.

Cut Another Hole

In due course, his pet invited Newton's admiration of a fine family of kittens. Newton got out his tools and forthwith cut a smaller hole in the bottom of his door so that the kittens might run in and out as well as their mother.

In appearance Newton was of rather under middle size, and in later life corpulent. "He had a very lively and piercing eye," wrote Mr. Conduitt, a friend of his, "a comely and gracious aspect, with a fine head of hair as white as silver, without any

baldness, and when his peruke was off was a venerable sight."

Mere collections of facts can never constitute true knowledge; Newton, as it were, codified mathematics, astronomy, and physics. In his "Principia" Sir Isaac drew up a vast scientific constitution which ushered in a new era of rapid scientific development. To-day, in Professor Einstein, another master-mind has taken a farther step forward into the unknown, and we stand at the end of the Newtonian era in physics and mathematics. Let us remember, however, what huge and marvellous strides forward were made in that era, and that they all ultimately reach back to Newton.

[See "Life of Newton," by Sir D. Brewster (1831); and "Newton, His Friend and His Niece," by A. De Morgan (1885).]

The CREATOR of the MODERN DRAMA

How Henrik Ibsen Pounded Drugs for an Apothecary and, After a Grim and Resolute Struggle, Triumphed Over Poverty and Misunderstanding

A SOLEMN-faced little boy sat alone in the cold kitchen of his parents' house at Venstøb, a small Norwegian village. Outside in the garden, his four brothers and sisters romped in the newly-fallen snow. They called loudly for Henrik to come and join them, but he took no notice. He had locked himself in, so as to be able to read and think undisturbed.

The players began to throw snowballs at the door. As this had no effect, they hurled stones, and finally they peered at him through the window of the little room, jeering and grimacing. At last the young student turned the key and rushed out, as though in a great fury. The children scampered away to the bottom of the garden, in terror now at the wrath of their elder brother, who, with his wide-staring eyes and stock of straight upstanding hair, could at times look very fierce as well as preternaturally grave.

A Serious Boy

But there was no thought of violence in Henrik's mind. He merely wished to rid himself of his tormentors. When he had successfully dispersed them, he smiled gently to himself and slowly returned to the kitchen, where he again locked the door and settled down to his pursuits.

For hours he sat there, completely absorbed in his thoughts or turning over the pages of a few old books, the only ones that he could lay hands on. As most of them were written in English, he could only appreciate the pictures. Among the volumes was Harryson's "History of London." Other objects in the bare little room that interested the eight-year-old child, although with an intensity far beyond his years, were an hour-glass and an eight-day clock that had long ceased to work.

Sometimes he amused himself by cutting out figures that he had drawn and painted on

cardboard. These he would fix on to wooden stands and move about in accordance with the strange fancies that flitted through his mind.

In the performance of these miniature plays there was reflected much of the drama of real life as he had already observed and experienced it. His puppets represented the various functionaries and dignitaries of the little town where he had lived his earliest years. The schoolmaster, the lawyer, the pastor, together with other local characters all took their due place in the social scheme as envisaged by this extraordinarily precocious little boy. He moved the puppets about in an orderly manner, put words into their mouths, and analysed their significance.

Puzzling Problems

Perhaps the drama that he most persistently worked out might have been called *Riches and Poverty*, for it was this study in contrast that most absorbed him. Why was it considered a disgrace to be poor? How terrible it was to have been rich once and then to feel the pinch of poverty. People who had once been kind and friendly then looked askance at you. These and other problems perplexed the child's mind, and he tried to make his puppets answer the riddles that he propounded.

Henrik Ibsen early put away childish things. When he was born, on the 20th March, 1828, his father, Knud Ibsen, was a thriving merchant in Skien. Henrik spent his early childhood in luxurious

surroundings, mixing with the children of prosperous aristocrats, and enjoying, with childish innocence, all the privileges and delights that wealth can bring. Then came the sudden failure of his father's business, and a complete reversal of the family fortunes.

Knud Ibsen had never been a provident

HENRIK IBSEN



Colossal bronze statue of the great Norwegian dramatist outside the National Theatre, Christiania.

man. While he had money he spent freely, entertaining on a lavish scale and showering the good things of life upon his family. People in Skien looked up to him. As he drove through the streets in his "glass carriage," the citizens bowed low and the aristocrats saluted.

When the crash came, Skien turned its back upon the former man of substance. His creditors allowed him only a small dilapidated house on the outskirts of the town. The Ibsens, who had once set the pace of high living, were now obliged to exist like peasants and to bear the stigma attached to social outcasts.

Henrik was only eight years old when the change took place, but he felt to the full what it implied. He could not play any more with the rich children, for his clothes were shabby

THE DRAMATIST IN MIDDLE AGE



Thwarted in youth, Ibsen developed a vein of bitter sarcasm, but behind the sting lay a truth born of early suffering and a genuine love of mankind.

and he was the son of a man who had fallen into disgrace. Rementment and a burning sense of shame forced the unhappy child's thoughts inwards. He began to brood over the short, happy past, and he looked to the future only with a sense of gloomy foreboding.

One of the inevitable results of the misfortune that befell the Ibsens was that the education of their children suffered. Henrik learned a little Latin at the small middle-class school run by Johan Hansen, whom the grateful pupil recalled in after years as a good man who "had a mild, amiable temper, like that of a child." Henrik wanted to become a painter, but the expense of such a career was out of the question.

At fifteen he left home and went to Grimstad,

a seaport not far from Skien, where he began to earn a meagre living as an apprentice to an apothecary. This was the only start in life that his father could afford to give him.

Grimstad was a prosperous town, and the young Ibsen felt himself still more of an outcast. In bitterness and dark silence he ground his pestle and mortar and filled bottles, listening attentively meanwhile to the conversation that went on around him.

An Observant Apprentice

The apothecary's shop, like the barber's, was a centre for gossip. Well-to-do people with plenty of leisure met there and exchanged views upon local matters while they waited for their prescriptions. Nobody took any notice of the poor apprentice bending over his counter in a dark corner: but the apprentice studied every face and noted everything that was spoken.

It is said that during his seven years' drudgery as an apothecary's assistant Ibsen "walked about Grimstad like a mystery sealed with seven seals." He made few friends and rarely talked. A girl who knew him at the time said that she could not bring herself to like him. He seemed "spectral," occupied entirely with unearthly dreams.

Once, when revisiting Skien, he went for a walk with his sister. They climbed a high hill on their way to an old convent. Ibsen remarked to his sister that his ambition "was to reach the highest and most perfect attainable pitch of greatness and cleanness."

"And when you have reached it, what next?" his sister asked.

"Then I would die," he replied.

A Short-lived Romance

One day a young girl passed him in the street and threw a posy of roses into his face. Startled out of his self absorption, Ibsen followed the girl and made love to her. But the romance was short-lived. Ibsen's father sternly forbade the marriage. The unhappy youth obeyed his father, but he never forgot the incident, and referred to it with tenderness in extreme old age.

Thwarted in all his natural inclinations, and feeling that his gifts entitled him to a better fate than to be an apothecary's assistant, it is no wonder that Ibsen became morose and ill-natured. He developed a vein of bitter sarcasm that repelled people who did not understand that behind the sting there lay a truth that was born of suffering and love of mankind.

Whenever possible he escaped from his duties in the shop and studied, and from these few available hours he stole time in which to write poetry. He wrote in the little

WHERE IBSEN UNDERWENT SEVERAL DREARY YEARS OF DRUDGERY



The shop at Grimstad where Ibsen spent seven years pounding drugs for an apothecary. Little did the prosperous gossiping customers think that the poor apprentice, bending over his counter in the dark corner, was studying their faces and noting all that they said, and that one day he would be the greatest dramatist of his day.

dark garret above the shop, which was also his bedroom. He was so poor that, in order to buy books, he tried to dispense with under-clothing and even socks. So accustomed did he become to wearing few clothes, even in winter time, that throughout his life he never needed to put on an overcoat.

His first play, *Catiline*, was written under these conditions. When it was finished he left the apothecary's shop with very little money in his pocket, and went to Christiania where, early in 1850, he joined a young law student named Schulerud, with whom he had long carried on a sympathetic correspondence.

Betrieded in Adversity

Schulerud had a very small allowance, scarcely sufficient for himself, but he insisted upon Ibsen sharing his apartment. The two friends studied together for the university at the school of Heldberg, an old Latin grammarian, who taught students of all ages and classes. Among other men destined for fame in that mixed class was Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, afterwards the friend and rival of Ibsen.

The penniless poet and his warm-hearted patron lived in a respectable quarter of the town, but they could not afford to pay for dinner. About the time that people dined they went out for a walk, returning to take coffee with the better-off inmates of the house.

Catiline was rejected by one publisher after another. At last Schulerud insisted upon printing it at his own expense. But the play did not attract any attention outside

the students' circle. As the result of such extravagance, the young adventurers had to tighten their belts still farther.

One day a street hawker called at the house and inquired if the students had any old paper for sale. All that Ibsen and his friend could show was a number of copies of *Catiline* that had not been sold. The hawker's eye brightened. Examining the paper that the poem was printed upon, he announced that it was most suitable for wrapping parcels, and bought the lot. "For the next few days," Ibsen afterwards wrote, "we did not lack the necessities of life."

Ibsen could not afford to take all the classes at Heldberg's school, and in consequence he failed at the university examination. Shortly afterwards he wrote a one-act play, *The Viking's Barrow*, which, to his overwhelming joy, was immediately accepted by the Christiania Theatre company. The performance of this play at once placed Ibsen in the front rank among young Norwegian dramatists.

Resolved to be an Author

Upon the strength of this success and the small amount of money that he received for the play, Ibsen decided to abandon his university studies and become an author.

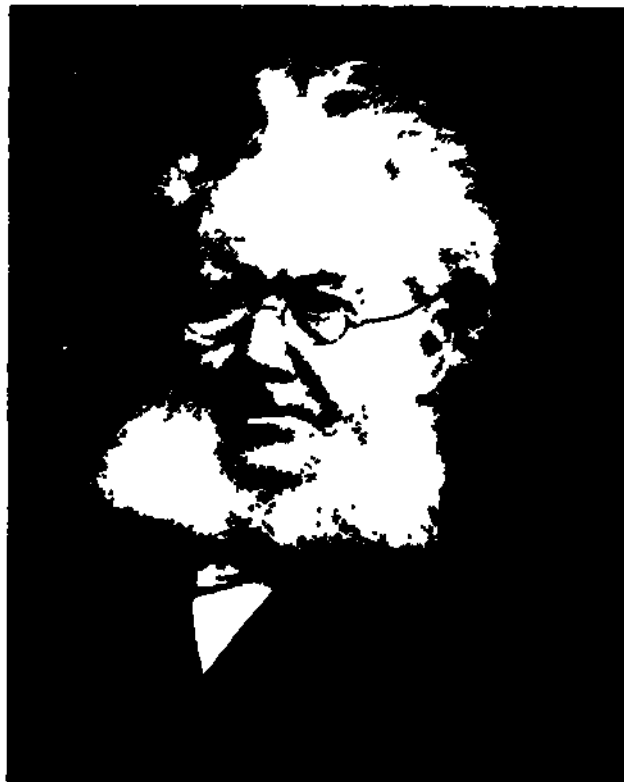
For a year he worked tremendously hard as a journalist and miscellaneous writer. Unfortunately, he had become involved in political controversies, and sometimes the course of events in Christiania drew from him opinions which were regarded with horror by



the conventional townsfolk. Ibsen, as a thinker, early found himself in conflict with the opinions of the majority. The political doctrine that he believed in all his life, "A minority may be right a majority is always wrong," made him unpopular, as did, also, the ironical epigrams and caricatures of local people that he could not resist writing.

He started a weekly paper called *The Man*, but never obtained more than a hundred subscribers. At last, when he was again at the end of his financial resources, he obtained a post as "stage poet" at a small theatre in Bergen. The salary was no more than

IN THE HEYDAY OF HIS SUCCESS



Although Ibsen was long in coming into his own, all those weary years were amply compensated after he returned to Christiania in 1891. Henceforward he was a national idol.

£67 a year, with the addition of £47 travelling expenses to enable him to study the methods of other theatres.

This appointment was of profound importance in the development of Ibsen's gifts as a dramatist. He was responsible for the choice of plays to be performed and for their rehearsal. In this way he became familiar with the dramatic works of Shakespeare, Goethe, Molière, and Scribe. From the last-mentioned playwright, in particular, he learned the modern stage

technique which, later on, he was to turn to wonderful account.

For the present he confined himself to poetical dramas, in which, like his great contemporary, Bjørnson, he made use of the beautiful Norwegian folk-lore legends. During the next two or three years he wrote *Mistress Inger at Østraat* (1855), *The Feast at Solhaug* (1856) and *Olaf Liljekrans* (1857), all three of which plays were produced with moderate success at the Bergen theatre.

Ibsen was a long while in discovering the real direction of his genius. Most of his early plays are imitative or tentative. He wavered between the method then greatly in vogue, that of reinterpreting, in the form of the saga-drama, the national history of Norway, and one of his own which he had not yet worked out to his entire satisfaction.

In 1858 his five years' engagement at the Bergen theatre came to an end, and he obtained a similar post at a larger theatre in Christiania. Here he produced his saga-drama *The Warriors in Helgeland*, which was not distinct in form or measure of achievement from the work of other contemporary dramatists.

An Unpopular Play

Four years later Ibsen startled Norwegian audiences by the production of *Love's Comedy*, the first of the plays in which his individuality expressed itself strongly, and the form and subject of which ran counter to current ideas. The comedy, in fact, violently satirized Norwegian provincial life and its attitude towards the institution of marriage. Ibsen had also introduced caricatures of well-known local people, which was regarded as bad taste on his part.

This was a serious set-back, and, in conjunction with the bankruptcy of the theatre shortly afterwards, reduced Ibsen again to poverty. His friends tried to obtain him a post in the customs. Ibsen himself boldly applied to the Government for a travelling pension.

His situation was desperate. He had married in 1858, and all he had by way of income was the very small amounts that he received yearly for the sale of his published plays.

The Government committee were dubious about granting a subsidy to a poet whose reputation was temporarily under a cloud. One of the members declared that "the man who had written *Love's Comedy* deserved a thrashing rather than a travelling allowance."

Ibsen carried his petition to higher authorities, and finally it was granted. In 1864, furious

and disgruntled, he left Norway for Rome, determined never again to return to his native land.

For twenty-seven years Ibsen wandered abroad, settling at various places for short periods in order to complete the works that were to win him a cosmopolitan reputation. In Egypt he was the guest of the khedive, and witnessed the opening of the Suez Canal. Between the years 1868-74 he lived in Dresden.

Travel and constant meditation ripened the genius and broadened the sympathies of the hot-headed young man who had seen all the faults of human nature mirrored in the life of his own country. His next play, *Brand* (1866), dealt with Norwegian folklore in a broader fashion, and contained less of the carping spirit that had aroused the antagonism of his fellow countrymen. A year later the poet reached his full height in *Peer Gynt*, a magnificent fantastic drama of spiritual struggle exalted by a noble vision of the destiny of man ranking second only to Goethe's *Faust* in modern literature.

About 1876 Ibsen definitely abandoned poetry and turned his attention to prose drama. Björnson, of whom Ibsen was always a little jealous, had written "problem" plays satirizing the evils of modern society. Ibsen set himself to the same task, but with deeper insight and a greater understanding of stage technique.

It has been said by a critic that "in Ibsen's plays we see the characters for the first time without the wires attached to them." In *The Pillars of Society* (1877) and *A Doll's House* (1879) it became apparent that a dramatist of extraordinary originality and force had suddenly sprung into being. The characters in these plays seemed to the audience to be really alive and not merely parts acted by players. This was the illusion aimed at by the dramatist. His conception of stage representation was that the audience should seem to be witnessing real life taking place in a room

with the fourth wall taken out. His characters spoke with absolute naturalness, and there was never the least hint of artificiality.

Norway, which had been shocked by its revolutionary poet, gradually awakened to the fact that it had produced the greatest dramatist of modern times. People were still hurt by Ibsen's merciless satire, but they were spell-bound by the magic of his art. An Ibsen play became the event of the year. "Night

THE DOUBTING "KING" SKULE IN HIS PALACE



A scene from Ibsen's saga-drama, *The Pretenders*, written in 1864. Earl Skule, a man born to doubt, disputes the throne of Norway with the rightful monarch, Hakon Hakonsson. Skule sets up a kingship, which inevitably falls.

after night," we are told by Mr. Edmund Gosse, "people left the theatre, pale with excitement, arguing, quarrelling, challenging." *Ghosts* (1881) sent a thrill throughout Europe. It was a terrible indictment of social crime, founded on the Biblical text, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," such

as had never before been exhibited on any stage

Meanwhile, Ibsen had no thought of returning to Christiania. He knew that his genius was now recognized, but he felt that as a private citizen he would hardly be welcomed in the city about which he had written so much that was hard and bitter, and yet true. In 1891, however, he came home for what was intended to be a short visit, and was astonished to find himself greeted on all sides with every sign of respect and admiration.

"Norway's Greatest Man"

Henceforward Ibsen was a national idol, even though he continued to lampoon Norwegian manners and to hold the mirror up to social wrongs as he had studied them in Shien and in Grimstad. As the familiar form of the playwright, attired in his frock coat and top hat passed down the street, people stood aside and whispered, "there goes Norway's greatest man."

At the restaurant where Ibsen dined every day his place was reserved for him, and he was an unlucky man who chanced, unawares, to occupy the master's seat. If nobody else

had pointed out the intruder's mistake, a glare from Ibsen himself was sufficient to make him uncomfortably aware of it.

Ibsen lived in the extremest simplicity. He arose very early in the morning, and took sometimes an hour and a half over his toilet, owing to his habit of walking about and thinking out his day's work as he put on his clothes.

Plays Performed All Over Europe

An Enemy of the People (1882), *Rosmersholm* (1886), *Hedda Gabler* (1890) and *The Master Builder* (1892), further established Ibsen's now world wide reputation. His plays were translated and performed throughout Europe, and it became generally recognized that Ibsen was the creator of the modern drama.

In his later years Ibsen was subjected to almost embarrassing receptions on the rare occasions of his appearance at the theatre. After the performance crowds lined the street, bowing and smiling, and wildly enthusiastic.

In 1901 Ibsen's mind suddenly gave way. He lingered for five years, only partly conscious of events, and died on the 23rd May, 1906.

[See "Ibsen," by Edmund Gosse (1907)]

WHERE THE CREATOR OF THE MODERN DRAMA WALKED AND WORKED



The little room in his house at Christiania in which Ibsen wrote some of his world-famous plays. This room communicated with three others, and through these rooms the dramatist would pace while composing his plays. Ibsen was a deliberate writer, sometimes taking as much as three years to complete a single play.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

JOHN CLIFFORD, the YOUNG MAN'S PREACHER

A Free Church Preacher and Reformer Who Held His Life in Trust for Humanity and for Upwards of Sixty Years Fought the Good Fight

AT four o'clock on a wintry morning a little boy slept soundly in the upper bedroom of a workman's cottage at Beeston, near Nottingham. He was dreaming, perhaps, of Sunday, the one day in the week when he did not have to work from five in the morning until eight at night in a cotton factory, but when the hours were passed happily and peacefully between chapel and his home.

But to-day was just an ordinary day, to be spent in hard, mechanical toil under degrading conditions. Only a few seconds after the hour, the boy's father entered the room, lifted him bodily out of bed, and placed him on the floor with his bare feet not on the strip of carpet beside the bed, but on the outer skirting of bare board.

This was Samuel Clifford's deliberate way of inculcating his own Spartan doctrine into the mind of the young. He was not a cruel man, but he believed that hardship was necessary to spiritual development. In the eyes of this stern Puritan of the old type even the delicacy of his son's health was no excuse for coddling him.

Mrs. Clifford was cast in the same mould as her husband, although of softer material. It was she who wrapped a muffler round the neck of the brave little worker, and whispered words of comfort and hope into his ear as he set out in the early morning air for his day's toil.

At the cotton factory, the eleven-year-old child worked as a "piecer." All day long his nimble fingers joined together the broken threads of cotton as they came out of the weaving machines. Hour after hour the looms spun, and there was no respite for the tired little hands or the watching eyes. Even during the short

pauses for breakfast and dinner the machine had to be cleaned.

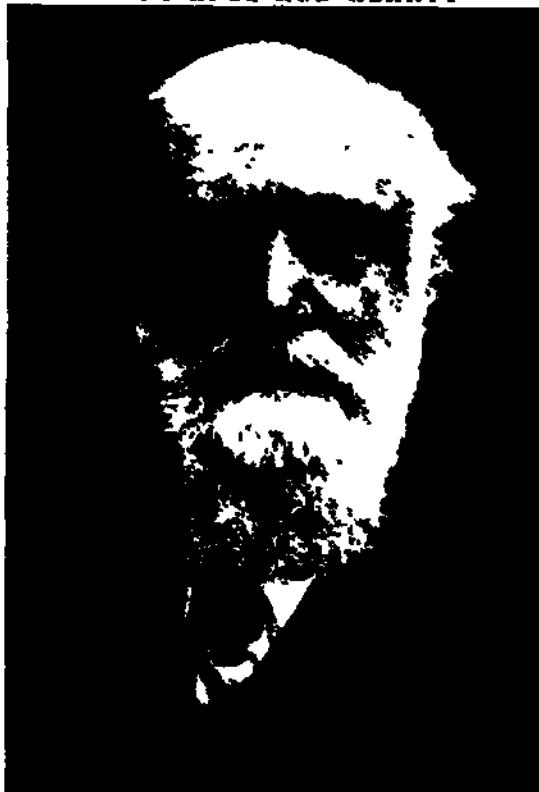
Around him ragged little boys, brought in cartloads from the workhouse, swept up the waste from the floor or put new bobbins into the machines. These were the "bound" children, forced by threats and blows to justify their superfluous existence by ceaseless toil.

John Clifford, fortunate in the possession of loving parents, was a "free" child, earning half-a-crown a week. Deeply unhappy himself, he pitied still more these wretched, homeless little waifs, on whose behalf no one raised the least protest. Veritable slaves were these children of misfortune, condemned by the greed of man to lose their health and innocence, and grow old before their time. No childish joys for them, but only blows and bitterness in an atmosphere of villainy.

Such conditions seem incredible to-day, yet they existed, and were tolerated at a time within the memory of men living now. John Clifford never forgot his childish impressions of the callous cruelty that he saw during the years of his own miserable apprenticeship. He learned then that underneath the most plausible veneer of civilization in mankind there lurks a monster of selfishness.

John Clifford was born on the 16th October, 1836, at Sawley, in Derbyshire, and he grew up in days when even the kindest of parents acquiesced in a system that made childhood for the lower classes a curse. Nobody could see any way of escape from a scourge that the law allowed. The parents of poor children needed the few shillings a week that their children could earn at such a monstrous sacrifice. It was the dark age of British industrialism.

STILL HALE AND HEARTY



The veteran preacher at the age of eighty, after retirement from his long and successful pastorate had set him free to serve all the churches

The Clifford family moved to Beeston when John was about four years old. He had already learned his alphabet at the Baptist school at Sawley, riding there on the back of a big dog. At Beeston he suffered at the hands of a brutal schoolmaster, a big, black-eyed tyrant whose alarming squint led to misunderstandings and wrongful punishments. The discovery of bruises on her son's body by Mrs. Clifford brought about a change for the better. At the national school the delicate, sensitive boy found a friend in Mr. Godler, who talked to his

to be devoted to reading, and so, later on, he made himself so expert at his mechanical toil that he could read as he worked. When forbidden to do this, he begged to be allowed to demonstrate that he could study his book and at the same time beat all his fellow-workers at their mechanical task. This he did, and afterwards nobody interfered with his reading while at work.

(One of his favourite books was Emerson's "Essays," in which he marked, among other passages, "My life is not an apology, but a life.")

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE GREAT PREACHER



The cottage at Sawley, in Derbyshire, where Dr. Clifford was born on the 16th October, 1836. In his childhood days Sawley was a quiet, sequestered village, but now there are two stations on the railway, each about a mile distant.

At thirteen he became a machine-minder. Soon afterwards, through overwork and lack of fresh air, his health broke down. He was sent for a year to work with a firm of nurserymen. When he returned to the factory, restored by the outdoor life, he was promoted to the position of book-keeper and put in charge of a department. He was then sixteen years old, but his own sufferings and what he had seen of human wrong had made him, in thought and feeling, much older. He presented, to those few who understood him, the tragic spectacle of a boy in years troubled with the spiritual unrest of a mature man.

The Fetters Break

Other boys, possessed of Clifford's ability and energy, might have sought means to rise quickly in the world. But Clifford was not ambitious for worldly success. It was his inward state that tortured and perplexed him—perhaps his very revolt against the evil conditions of his life. He sought for the faith that would make existence, with all its wrongs and personal hurts,

supportable. At last there came a sudden light.

intelligent young pupil about Oxford and the possibilities of learning, and lent him books.

But the door had been opened just a little, only to be slammed violently. When Clifford had begun to dream of a university career and the opportunity to cultivate his mind, he was taken from school and sent to work in the factory. Like Dickens, when he went to the blacking warehouse, Clifford knew that he was worth more than to be a drudge, and he suffered a torturing sense of humiliation and waste.

He never forgot the dream that had been so abruptly thwarted. There were no spare hours

At the evening service at the Baptist village church, about November, 1850, at the close of a prayer meeting, and after some five or six months of misery and wretchedness, of sustained efforts to get free from the burden of conscious guilt, of battle with the evil in the heart, I experienced quite suddenly, in a moment, spiritual emancipation. The fetters seemed to be broken by one stroke, and into the liberty of the children of God I leaped as in an instant.

Seven months later, on the 16th June, 1851, he was baptized, and not long afterwards he decided to enter the Church. It was not easy for a mere youth to persuade the grave elders

that he had suffered the experiences considered indispensable to spiritual salvation. Clifford won them over in the end by the simple force and sincerity of his account of his conversion, and the urgency of the call that he felt.

He preached his first sermon, when still only nineteen years of age, at the General Baptist Church, Nether Street, Beeston. The building was an ordinary dwelling-house roughly adapted to its purpose. Clifford and four others used to lock themselves in a room and practise preaching by the light of a single candle. The pulpit consisted of a box turned up on its end.

This first sermon was brought to the notice of a local minister, who advised the young preacher to prepare another sermon to be delivered in church as a test. Clifford did so, taking as his text, "The leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy."

"In much fear and trembling," he says, "I entered that pulpit, not terrified by the audience, for the living figures of which it was composed were scarcely discernible in the gloom, but agitated by feelings of awe and dread—awe in undertaking so responsible a task as that of preaching the Word of God, and dread that I should fail."

The candles on the pulpit guttered badly, but Clifford was afraid to snuff them, lest in doing so he might extinguish them and be unable to read his carefully written manuscript.

Gaining Confidence

Soon he found himself in demand as a local preacher. The sheets of written matter diminished. He was gaining in confidence, and felt able to speak with only the barest notes the message that burned within him, and upon which he brooded day and night.

Sometimes he made a slip or two, at which the kind-hearted, encouraging congregation merely smiled. On one occasion he was discussing the interview between Christ and Nicodemus and called the latter Nathaniel by mistake. Instantly a rough voice at the back of the church prompted him, "Thou meanest Nicodemus, lad."

The Baptist Association, realizing the earnestness and growing power of the young preacher, sent him to the Midland Baptist College to be trained for a pastorate. In his second year at the college Clifford acted as student pastor at Market Harborough. Then came a great honour. He was invited to become minister of Praed Street Baptist Church, London.

This church had been founded in 1827 by a woman named Alice Ludford, who, coming from the country to London, could find no church of her own denomination in Paddington, the district in which she had settled. For the time being she joined the Wesleyans, and it was while visiting the poor and sick on their behalf that she came upon a young man and his wife, the former grievously ill, and almost dead from starvation, living in a single underground room.

THE ELOQUENT PASTOR OF PRAED STREET



Dr. Clifford in 1869, eleven years after becoming, at the age of twenty-two, pastor at Praed Street Church. In this church Clifford preached to overflowing congregations for nineteen years.

Alice discovered that the young man was a General Baptist, and had occasionally preached. She nursed him back to life, hired a room in Praed Street, borrowed chairs and a pulpit, pledged her best cloak in order to buy other necessities, and announced a service.

A Tiny Congregation

At first the congregation consisted of the two families and a few friends. "We kept on preaching and praying," says this remarkable woman.

One day a well-to-do Baptist came and put ten shillings in the plate. After the service he inquired who had paid for the furnishing of the room, and gave Mrs. Ludford £2 with which to redeem her cloak. Soon afterwards the little room was filled to overcrowding, and a larger one was obtained. This process was repeated until, in 1831, a church was built at a cost of £1,700, and capable of holding 500 persons.

In 1858, when Clifford came to Praed Street Church, it had fallen on bad days after twenty years of fluctuating fortunes. There were only sixty members of the original com-

WHERE HE PREACHED HIS FIRST SERMON



The General Baptist Church building in Nether Street, Beeston, Nottinghamshire, in a little room in which Dr. Clifford preached his first sermon at the age of nineteen. From the ability of this attempt he was encouraged to preach in church.

munity, many having joined other branches of the Baptist faith, and for six months no regular pastor had preached.

Clifford only accepted the office after much searching of heart and mind. The college authorities wished him to study for another year. But Clifford was burning with impatience to preach the message which he felt every day with all the force of a new discovery. On the other hand, he was still only twenty-two years of age. Was he fit to preach to a larger and, most likely, a more critical congregation?

Moreover, he was anxious to complete his education, in the secular sense, and he did, in

fact, make it a condition of his acceptance that he should be allowed to combine his ministerial duties with a course of study at London University.

This condition is characteristic of Clifford's extraordinary broad-mindedness. Altogether unshakable on matters of personal religious conviction, he never allowed his faith to narrow his vision. He was always eager for knowledge, and his keen, active brain was for ever being sharpened upon some new problem of a social, political, or educational character.

When he graduated as a Bachelor of Science at London University, he gained honours in logic, geology, and palaeontology. He was interested in all aspects of life, and it was this catholicity, in the original sense of the word, that enabled him throughout his career to take such a large and useful part in public affairs.

His success as a preacher in London was instantaneous. "Speech, did you say?" observed a member of the audience which Clifford had just addressed. "It was not a speech, it was a battle-cry, a rousing shout from beginning to end."

His Long Ministry

For nineteen years Clifford preached to overflowing congregations at Praed Street Church, and only financial difficulties postponed the building of an adequate-sized church in Westbourne Park to the year 1877. Here the beloved pastor remained for another thirty-eight years, making the period of his service to the community which first engaged him the phe-

nomenal one of fifty-seven years.

But Clifford's work for humanity far overflowed the confines of his parish. He flung his matchless energies into every kind of social work—organizing, lecturing, writing articles, and espousing political and educational causes. Frail as his body was, he never spared himself while there was a meeting of young people to be addressed, a letter to be written to someone in torturing doubt, or even an acquaintance to be engaged in light-hearted gossip after the long day's work was over.

His friends warned him that he would never be able to combine scholarship with the arduous

duties of a pastorate, but he followed up his science degree by graduating in arts. His sermons were always loaded with quotations, testifying to his wide and sustained reading.

Two circumstances, apart from the strong, simple faith that held the ramshackle body together, helped to keep him alive until his eighty-seventh year—the devotion of his wife, whom he married in 1862, after laughingly declaring that she would never marry a Baptist minister, and who supported him through the strain of his daily work and at the great crises of his pastoral career; and the fact that he had the happy faculty of being able to sleep at any moment and in any place.

Once a friend who had listened to an address given by Clifford complained that the latter had shouted. "I had to," said Clifford. "I was asleep when the chairman called upon me to speak, and I had to shout to wake myself up."

Dr. Clifford became president of the London Baptist Association in 1879, and of the Baptist Union in 1888. These important positions sometimes involved him in difficulties requiring all his fighting ability in order to protect his individual conscience and the doctrine that he preached.

A Memorable Fight

He was sometimes almost too nonconformist for the Nonconformists. In 1887-89 there occurred the famous "Down Grade" movement, in which Clifford and the great C. H. Spurgeon found themselves at loggerheads over theological points, although there was never any question of a serious split between these two friends who had always had a warm admiration for each other.

Spurgeon supported, both by his influence and by vigorous articles from his pen, a critical attack upon certain new tendencies in the Baptist churches. Clifford replied to the charges, but the older preacher remained dissatisfied and resigned from the Union.

Widespread consternation was caused by this secession of a Baptist beloved and revered

by the entire denomination. Meetings were hurriedly arranged and thousands of delegates travelled from all parts of England to record their opinion in the controversy that had arisen.

Clifford rose to great heights of eloquence at these meetings, that might easily have led to a serious split in the Union. He pleaded for the faith that he had always preached, and which was based upon the simplest possible interpretation of the Gospel. He proved that

A MASTER OF IMPASSIONED ORATORY



This portrait gives a vivid impression of the energy which Dr. Clifford put into his public utterances. (From the original painting by the Hon. John Collier in the Baptist Church House; reproduced by courtesy of the Baptist Union.)

there could be no fundamental cause for disunion where both sides were agreed upon the one vital issue at stake.

Spurgeon, ill and nearing the end of his life, never returned to the Union, but he allowed his own supporters to do so, and he took the utmost pains to assure Clifford that he had no personal quarrel with him.

Inevitably, a man so deeply immersed in the

problems of his time, and yet unmoved in the question of faith, found himself occasionally in conflict with those responsible for the conduct of public affairs. Upon the question of religious instruction in schools Clifford remained adamant. He could not accept the view that the teaching of religion was a responsibility of the State. In consequence he inaugurated and led the great Passive Resistance movement from 1903 onwards. As time went on and others compromised, Clifford maintained his conviction; and to the very end of his life, his small goods and chattels were periodically confiscated in lieu of taxes which he refused to pay.

Champion of Liberty of Conscience

Clifford was essentially a fighting missionary. To him the saving of souls was a joyous work,

A DOUGHTY SUCCESSOR OF OLIVER CROMWELL



The Rev. Clifford Cromwell: "Take away that bauble!" Dr. Clifford resolutely refused to accept the view that the teaching of religion was a responsibility of the State. (By courtesy, from the "Pall Mall Gazette," the 9th May, 1906.)

and he found sixty years all too short a time in which to give freely the revelation that he had received in early boyhood. Never forgetting the injustices that he witnessed in his most impressionable years, he fought hard for social liberty; but he put liberty of individual conscience first.

Clifford has been called "the young man's preacher." He was enormously popular among the younger members of his congregation, and he loved to talk with them and to discuss with

them their difficulties and temptations. To Clifford religion was never dull and prosy, and he took care that the young people who belonged to his social organizations should have plenty of wholesome fun and sport. He made salvation a glorious adventure. It was a quest in search of that state "when mind and heart and life are so full of Christ and men that there is no room for any devil of any kind whatever."

He remained young himself throughout a life crowded with activity such as was his ideal for all. He was always renewing himself by flinging his energies whole-heartedly into some new campaign, whether it was to protest against Armenian oppression or to plead with a House of Commons committee on behalf of the poor at home. He was as great a platform orator as a preacher. "His body," it was said, "works like a windmill in a hurricane: his eyes flash lightning: he seizes the enemy, as it were, by the throat, pommels him breathlessly with blows, and throws him aside, a miserable wreck."

Perhaps there has been no other minister of any denomination who was so universally respected, irrespective of creed or class. He never stressed the fact that he was a pastor, even purposely wearing a loose flowing black tie instead of the usual one of formal shape, and sometimes appearing in public in ordinary tweeds. By this means he gained the ear of many who feared the "parson's black looks."

Preacher and Reformer

His life is a record of two great activities, rarely combined in one man. He was a great preacher and a great social reformer. He began life in an environment that

aroused in him a moral indignation that time never quenched, and he ended it still fighting against injustice, and repeating the simple message derived from his own conversion.

He died very suddenly, on the 21st November, 1923, after having made a short speech at the Baptist Hall. He had been created a Companion of Honour in 1921, and held the honorary degree of D.D.

[See "Dr. John Clifford, C.H.: Life, Letters, and Reminiscences," by Sir James Marchant, LL.D. (1924.)]

How DE LESSEPS BUILT the SUEZ CANAL

The Wonderful Accomplishment of a French Diplomat Who Became an Engineer and Carried Out an Idea of Napoleon's to Join Two Seas

SOMEWHERE BORN Ambassador to the Court of Spain at Madrid, Honorary Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Star of India, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, Member of the French Academy, creator of the Suez Canal, received by Queen Victoria, petted by the Empress Eugénie, condemned to five years' imprisonment—such is the brief story of Ferdinand de Lesseps.

The De Lesseps Family

The little house at Versailles, where de Lesseps was born on the 19th November, 1805, may still be seen, distinguished by a marble tablet with gold inscription commemorating the event. The de Lesseps family had been associated with French diplomacy for hundreds of years. One of them was Cardinal Mazarin's most trusted agent, and Ferdinand's father, Mathieu le Lesseps, filled in turn the consul-generalship at Cadiz, Cairo, St. Petersburg (Leningrad), and New York, while in later life he became chargé d'affaires at Tunis. Ferdinand de Lesseps enjoyed the company of a small host of brothers and sisters, for his parents rejoiced in a very numerous family.

Ferdinand spent his boyhood in Versailles and Paris, taking long rambles through the surrounding country to the forests of Marly and Germain-en-Laye.



The magnificent statue erected at Port Said in 1899 to the memory of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the French engineer who built the Suez Canal. The ceremony of opening the canal was attended with great splendour, among those present being the Empress Eugénie.

Whenever opportunity served he rode on horseback, and he became an enthusiast for all kinds of outdoor amusements, a somewhat unusual taste in an educated Frenchman of his day. Thus he laid the foundations of an iron physique, which in later life enabled him to bear innumerable labours, hardships, and fatigues. Even at the age of eighty he still carried himself with the vigour of a young man.

In recognition of his father's faithful services to France, Ferdinand de Lesseps was educated at the expense of the State. He attended the Lycée Napoléon—which after Bonaparte's fall was renamed the Lycée Henri IV—where he proved an active, intelligent, and almost excessively conscientious pupil, eager to learn all that the school had to teach him. At the age of eighteen he reached the end of his school-days, and determined to follow his father by making diplomacy his career.

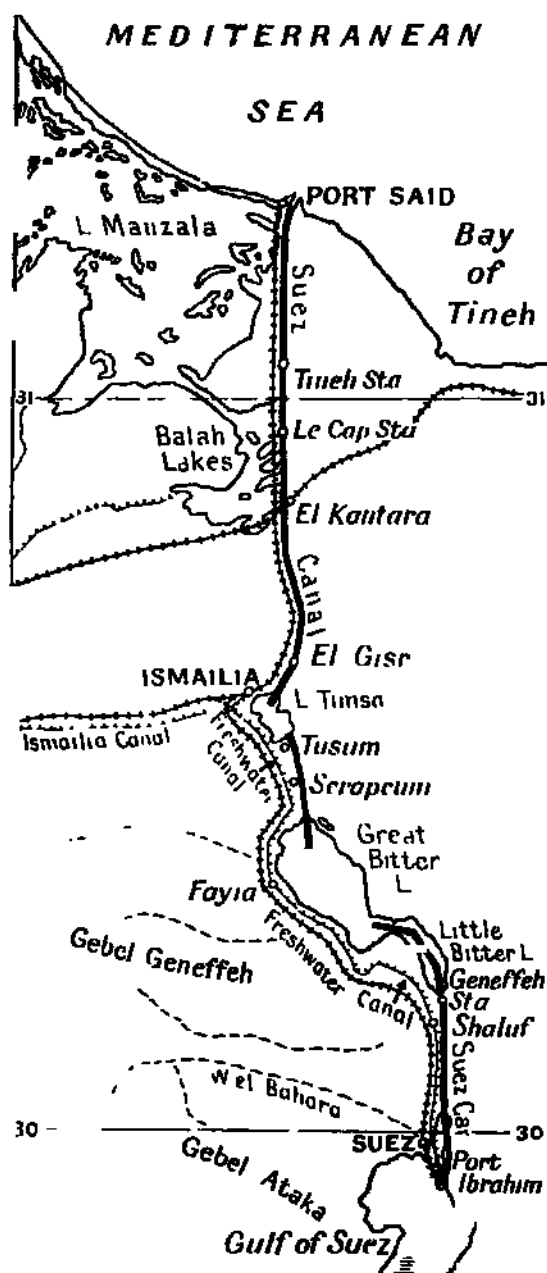
Two Years in Paris

He spent about two years training in Paris, learning foreign languages—for which he had a great natural aptitude—and foreign office routine. In 1825 he received his first appointment as attaché to the French consulate at Lisbon, where his uncle, Barthélemy de Lesseps, was then ambassador. After spending four



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE CANAL

Canals —
Railways



The Suez Canal, connecting the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, was started by Ferdinand de Lesseps in 1859, and completed ten years later. The total length of the canal, with lakes and channels of approach, is 103 miles, the maximum depth about 30 feet and the maximum breadth some 200 feet. Normally about 5,000 vessels of all nationalities annually pass through the canal.

pleasant years here, he was transferred to Tunis under his father, and afterwards to Algiers. This was a period of active French expansion and conquest in North Africa. Intrigues with rival native potentates, and negotiations for treaties with them, kept the embassy in a hum of excitement, and young de Lesseps was generally quite busy enough.

Appointed Consul in Egypt

From Algiers de Lesseps moved to Egypt, where he acted as consul from 1832 to 1838. During this period he acquired a wide knowledge of the country and made acquaintance with its language and dialects. In addition, he became the firm friend of the khedive's family, a connexion which was to be of the utmost use to him in later life. During the succeeding ten years he occupied satisfactorily different posts in the consular service at Rotterdam, Malaga, and Barcelona. At the outbreak of the revolution of 1848, which again turned France into a republic, Lamartine summoned de Lesseps to Paris, and sent him off as ambassador to Madrid—an almost dazzling promotion for a diplomat of only forty-three years of age.

After he had been in Madrid for a year, de Lesseps was recalled by Louis Napoleon, then president of the French Republic, and sent to Rome on a delicate and confidential mission. In February, 1849, a republic had been set up there under Mazzini and two other triumvirs, and Louis Napoleon, who had favoured the republic's clerical and reactionary opponents, had involved himself in difficulties with them. De Lesseps was, therefore, dispatched to smooth away the causes of friction, and establish a basis of friendly relationship. When he had just succeeded in negotiating a most advantageous agreement, Louis Napoleon changed his mind, went behind de Lesseps' back, discredited him, and finally superseded him by another official without giving any reason whatsoever.

Resigns from Diplomatic Service

Returned to Paris, de Lesseps was made the object of a most insulting inquiry at the hands of the Council of State, a body inspired and dominated by the president, in order that a mask of decency should be cast over the sudden change of policy towards Rome. Although the council could find no flaw in his conduct, they nevertheless passed a vote of censure on him "for reasons of State." De Lesseps instantly resigned from the diplomatic service, and retired into private life. He bought a large tract of uncultivated land in the Beny district, built a model farm, and settled down to its management. This disastrous end to such a promising diplomatic career was in reality a most providential stroke for de Lesseps, for,

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index



had he remained an official he could never have built the Suez Canal.

In 1854 Said Pasha became viceroy of Egypt, under the ultimate authority of the Turkish Government at Constantinople. Suez Canal schemes were much in evidence at this time, and Said called upon his friend, Ferdinand de Lesseps, to go to Cairo to consider the matter. Since his retirement de Lesseps had studied in detail all the questions, old and new, relating to such a project, and he, therefore, went out armed with arguments and data.

All ages of mankind had been attracted by this project, and it is said that Rameses II, king of ancient Egypt, actually constructed a canal from the Nile Delta to the Red Sea. This canal gradually silted up, but it was reopened by Darius of Persia, "the Great King" who passes across Bible history, and subsequently the Arab conquerors of Egypt used it for the passage of their ships. When Napoleon was in Egypt, he conceived of a canal large enough to allow the passage of ocean-going vessels, and his engineer, Lepère, examined the ground in 1798, and prepared a report on the matter. Since that date numerous other investigators had gone over the question, so that, when de Lesseps arrived in Egypt in 1854, he had any amount of data to work upon. Most important of all, he knew, from the work of Father Enfantin, a Jesuit, that the Mediterranean and the Red Sea were on the same level.

Obtains His Concession

As stated, Said Pasha sent for de Lesseps to go to Cairo, when he assumed power. As soon as he arrived there, Said called together his generals and advisers, who listened to his proposals for a sea-level canal, without locks, joining the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. The whole body rode out and viewed the terrain.

"As I rode out with them on horseback," wrote de Lesseps, "and as they were inclined to think more of a man who could jump a fence than of a savant or bookworm, they were well disposed towards me; and when the viceroy showed them the memorandum I had drawn up, they were unanimous in my favour. So I got my concession, and this was the origin of the Suez Canal."

Once in possession of his concession, de Lesseps said to the viceroy, "I am not a financier, or a man of business. What do you think I had best do?" The first financial

step taken was for a hundred of de Lesseps' personal friends each to put £200 into the scheme. This sum was used to pay for a preliminary investigation of the ground by engineers brought from Europe. All previous surveys had been for a canal from the Nile to the Red Sea; no one had ever yet carried out a sea-to-sea survey.

The engineers and de Lesseps set off from Cairo at the end of November, 1854, in a caravan of sixty camels. The party traversed the isthmus from north to south, studying every particular relative to the proposed canal. This preliminary expedition exhausted all

DREDGERS AT WORK IN THE WATERWAY



Although the engineers who made the Suez Canal were equipped with sand dredgers, nearly all the other work had to be done by manual labour, as excavating machinery was then unknown.

the funds in hand, and de Lesseps returned once more to Said. "The question as to the possibility of making the canal is settled," he assured him. "Would you like me to put myself in the hands of financiers at Paris, who will probably get the better of me?" Said answered that he had a heavy reserve fund at his disposal, and that he would bear all the cost. Having reassured himself that Said would back him financially, though he knew the Egyptian treasury was quite unable to bear the cost of the whole undertaking, de

Lesseps hurried back again to his engineers, and went on with the work of surveying.

So far all had been plain sailing, and no resistance to the scheme had been encountered. Suddenly, however, the British Government began to take a most active and hostile interest in the canal. The unhappy *Said* was at his wits' end, and wanted to revoke the concession for the sake of peace and quiet. De Lesseps naturally refused to surrender his precious concession, and, leaving his engineers to their task, he prepared to meet all attacks upon his scheme. With tentative plans of the project in his pocket, he left Egypt for Constantinople, first, to obtain the sultan's sanction, or "firman," for his concession, and, secondly, to try to win over the English ambassador there to his scheme.

Opposition from "Sultan" Stratford

Unfortunately for de Lesseps, this ambassador was Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, whom the Turks called "Sultan" Stratford, and who did more or less as he chose with the Turkish Government. Thus determined and polite gentleman could see nothing in the Suez Canal but an insidious French attempt to strike at Britain's maritime supremacy. He, therefore, set his face against the scheme, and saw to it that de Lesseps, although he was received with most charming politeness and hospitality, should find no support in Constantinople.

Since the engineers in Egypt had now finished their preliminary work, and had sent in a most hopeful report de Lesseps took

himself off to Paris, hoping to break down British opposition at closer quarters. It may be asked why he did not go ahead, in spite of that opposition, and start raising more funds and digging his canal. The answer is that, unless he obtained a formal "firman," the undertaking would be illegal, and that Stratford de Redcliffe had drawn a most terrifying picture of the consequences which would ensue should the sultan and grand vizier dare to grant the "firman" without British sanction.

In July, 1855, de Lesseps was in Paris interviewing Baron de Rothschild, then head of the famous firm of bankers. He was also in communication with the Empress Eugénie, who throughout acted as fairy godmother to the Suez Canal scheme. When ambassador at Madrid, de Lesseps had done the future Empress of the French considerable services, and Eugénie never forgot to be grateful, sticking to de Lesseps with great pertinacity through thick and thin. Partly through her influence de Lesseps obtained the ear of the Rothschilds, and through them of London bankers, so that his future financial position was well assured.

Pays a Visit to England

However, the British Government had still to be overcome, and at that time the Government consisted of one man only who mattered—Lord Palmerston. After a few months in Paris, de Lesseps crossed to England in order to beard Palmerston in his own den. He knew well that the Prime Minister was determinedly

LOADING THE ROCK TO BUILD THE WALLS OF THE CANAL



The project of constructing a canal linking up the Mediterranean and the Red Sea was not first conceived by Ferdinand de Lesseps. Although it is believed that a waterway from the Nile Delta to the Red Sea was excavated by Rameses II, the credit for the Suez Canal idea must be given to Napoleon, who suggested it in 1798.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

AN INGENUOUS MACHINE THAT HELPED TO DEEPEN THE CHANNEL



One of the dredgers employed in excavating the Suez Canal was quite a triumph of engineering. The duct through which the soil from the bed was conveyed measured 230 feet in length, and was so adjusted that with the dredger working in the middle of the channel the contents of the duct could be discharged beyond the bank.

hostile to his canal, and prepared for a very stormy interview. Actually he found a blandly imperturbable old man, who received him with the most charming bonhomie. Nevertheless, de Lesseps' earnest arguments affected Palmerston not one whit.

This struggle against British opposition to the canal went on unceasingly, until the canal was actually opened. After Palmerston was succeeded as Premier by the joint ministry of Disraeli and Lord Derby, England's attitude remained unceasingly hostile. De Lesseps, however, assured of Eugénie's protection, now determined to go ahead, trusting to luck, ultimate success diplomacy, and the empress to pacify the British and obtain the "firman."

Realization of the Canal's Advantages

He continued to stir up public opinion in Europe, until most people came to realize the vast and undoubted commercial advantages which a Suez canal would bring in its train. As a result of this persistent agitation an international scientific commission sat at Paris in June, 1856. De Lesseps' scheme for a sea-level maritime canal met with the entire approval of this body.

By the end of 1858 the Universal Company of the Maritime Suez Canal was in full swing, and de Lesseps was free to leave the financial side of his gigantic undertaking and return once more to Egypt. As soon as plant and labour could be got together, the actual construction was put in hand. On the 25th April, 1859, de Lesseps, surrounded by a staff of 150 workmen, and his four principal engineers, gave the first blow with a pickaxe, and turned the first spadeful of earth on the beach at

Pelucé, the Mediterranean terminus of the canal. This was to be the site of the future port, named Port Saïd on account of the interest and support which the canal had received from the viceroy. Within a month after this first ceremony from 25,000 to 30,000 men were hard at work excavating, much to the disturbance of Lord Palmerston, who had thought that by suitable wire-pulling he could prevent the inauguration of the work.

The actual construction of the Suez Canal was a most uneventful, though busy, process. Both voluntary and forced labour were employed, the labourers being chiefly Arabs, who could stand the sun better than Europeans. Since the Egyptian Government was behind the scheme, there was no difficulty or friction of any kind; in fact, everything was done to smooth the way for de Lesseps and his staff. It must be remembered that nearly all the excavation had to be done by manual labour, for, although the engineers were equipped with sand dredgers, other excavating machinery was then unknown.

Lack of Sufficient Drinking Water

When the work had been in hand for about two years, progress was held up seriously for lack of drinking water, and a canal had to be cut which would bring fresh water from the Nile to Ismailia, near the middle of the isthmus, and carry it thence southwards to the Red Sea. Eventually, on the 18th November, 1862, water was let into the first portion of the canal, from the Mediterranean to Lake Manzala, one of the chain of salt-water lakes which form the northern stretch of the canal. Yet even when the canal had progressed thus

far, Lord Palmerston, "for reasons of State," continued to denounce it in the House of Commons as "a delusive and chimerical scheme," and as "an undertaking which, I believe, as regards its commercial character, may be deemed to rank among the many bubble schemes that from time to time have been palmed off on gullible capitalists."

Suddenly, in January, 1863, Saïd died, and Ismail Pasha succeeded him, a circumstance which greatly perturbed de Lesseps and his colleagues. De Lesseps rushed off instantly to interview Ismail. All was well, and he telegraphed back to his colleagues a message which reads like a sigh of relief: "... we may feel quite at ease both as regards the progress of our work and the regular payment of the sums for which the Egyptian Government has made itself responsible."

How the "Firman" was Obtained

All this while the "firman" had not yet been obtained, and, now that the work was so far advanced, its absence could no longer be tolerated. De Lesseps started one more strenuous campaign, the empress bestirred herself once more, and worried her husband about the matter continually. In 1865 Napoleon embarked at Marseilles for Algiers, and among those who saw him off stood the Turkish grand vizier, Fuad Pasha, who was visiting the south of France to recruit his health. Primed by Eugénie, Napoleon pointedly ignored Fuad, until the latter approached and asked if he had given any grounds for offence. "The only answer he received was an expressive gesture accompanying the one word 'firman'." As a result of this short interview, and since Palmerston no longer roared at the British Foreign Office, or Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople, the "firman" appeared, bearing the date of the 19th March, 1866.

Saving the Honour of France

With this encouragement the canal was pushed on with renewed vigour, and its opening was announced for the 17th November, 1869. Yet, after all the years of smooth progress, a month before this date a sudden obstacle made its appearance. An outcrop of rock, whose existence had escaped the surveyors, was discovered. De Lesseps hastened to the scene, to find an immense boulder rising 5 metres (between 16 and 17 feet) above the bottom of the dry canal bed. "Go and get powder from Cairo," he ordered, "powder in masses—and then, if we cannot blow up the rock, we will blow up ourselves." Invitations had been issued for the inauguration; the eyes of all the world were fixed upon the isthmus of Suez. De Lesseps had to make any sacrifice to be

in a position to receive the company's guests. He waited the coming of the powder on tenter-hooks. After an agonizing delay it arrived, the charge was placed and exploded, the smoke cleared away, and the great rock lay scattered in fragments. De Lesseps had, fortunately, saved his reputation.

So, on the appointed day, the Suez Canal was opened with imposing ceremonies. Eugénie was there, among a brilliant group of personages, together with the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the British minister in Egypt. On the 18th November Ismail gave a great reception to all the guests, and the canal, as well as those who made it, were blessed by a Mohammedan sheik and a Christian priest in turn. On the following day, headed by the *Aigle*, the French imperial yacht, with Eugénie and de Lesseps on board, a procession of vessels set out from Port Saïd to pass through the canal. Their passage took nearly three days; in fact, they did not eventually moor to the quay at Suez until eleven o'clock on the morning of the 20th. All this while Eugénie was a prey to anxiety.

"Circle of Fire Round Her Head"

Years afterwards the Empress told de Lesseps that "during the whole journey she had felt as though a circle of fire was round her head, because every moment she thought she saw the *Aigle* stop short, the honour of the French flag compromised, and the fruit of our labours lost."

During the six months or so which intervened between the opening of the canal and the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, de Lesseps was the hero of all Europe. France fêted him endlessly, Queen Victoria appointed him an Honorary Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Star of India, and he was elected a member of the French Academy, the highest honour to which any Frenchman can aspire. He came to England and received ovations such as are usually reserved for victorious warriors; he was complimented by his old opponent, Disraeli; and he returned to France, possibly sick of the sight of banquets and the sound of his own praises, but at all events assured that Britain was no longer hostile to the Suez Canal.

Panama Canal Scheme Considered

The isthmus of Suez conquered, it was but natural that de Lesseps should turn his attention to that other isthmus which divided oceans—the isthmus of Panama. Soon after the existence of the Pacific Ocean had been ascertained by the Spaniard Balboa in 1513, schemes had been drawn up for a canal to join the Atlantic and Pacific. In a scientific congress at Paris, held during 1875, the subject



A TRIUMPHAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF FERDINAND DE LESSEPS



On the 17th November, 1869, the Suez Canal was opened with imposing ceremony. A procession of vessels headed by the French imperial yacht, with the Empress Eugénie and de Lesseps on board, set out from Port Said to pass through the canal. At the end of the voyage, which lasted three days, the engineer was overwhelmed with honours.

of a Panama canal was discussed at length, and at the same time the United States Government sent an expedition to explore the possibilities of such a canal.

De Lesseps summoned a congress to meet at Paris in May, 1879, before which the data gathered by the American expedition might be laid, so that the matter could be discussed thoroughly. The congress duly met on the premises of the Paris Geographical Society, and thrashed the matter out. Canals of all kinds, and in all localities, were proposed—sea-level canals, canals with locks, canals which should pass through mountains by means of vast tunnels. Finally de Lesseps' own proposal for a sea-level canal like the Suez Canal was considered practicable and adopted. It was estimated that such an undertaking could be carried out at a cost of about \$40,000,000.

Surveying the Panama Canal Route

The congress having separated, a company for constructing the canal was formed, styled the Universal Inter-Oceanic Canal Company. A concession to build the canal through Colombian territory was easily obtained, and in the course of five years four applications for capital were made which realized some \$20,000,000. In 1880 de Lesseps paid his first visit to Panama. He went over the ground with the engineers who had served him at Suez, and concluded that the canal could

be built in eight years for the sum of 843 million francs, or £7,000,000 less than the estimate of the congress.

Work Started on the Canal

So, at the age of seventy-five, de Lesseps embarked upon his titanic undertaking. On the 1st February, 1881, work was commenced on a canal from Colon to Panama, the route now followed by the actual Panama Canal. De Lesseps was full of optimism and enthusiasm. He intended to employ between 8,000 and 10,000 workmen, farming out the various sections of the work to five firms of contractors, one American and four French. Until the end of the year 1884 considerable progress was made, in spite of earthquakes and the discovery of great numbers of hidden springs, which continually swamped the cuttings. In 1885 a series of disasters overtook the scheme. A revolution broke out in Colombia; Colon, the headquarters of the works, was totally destroyed; and corruption and yellow fever brought the work almost to a standstill.

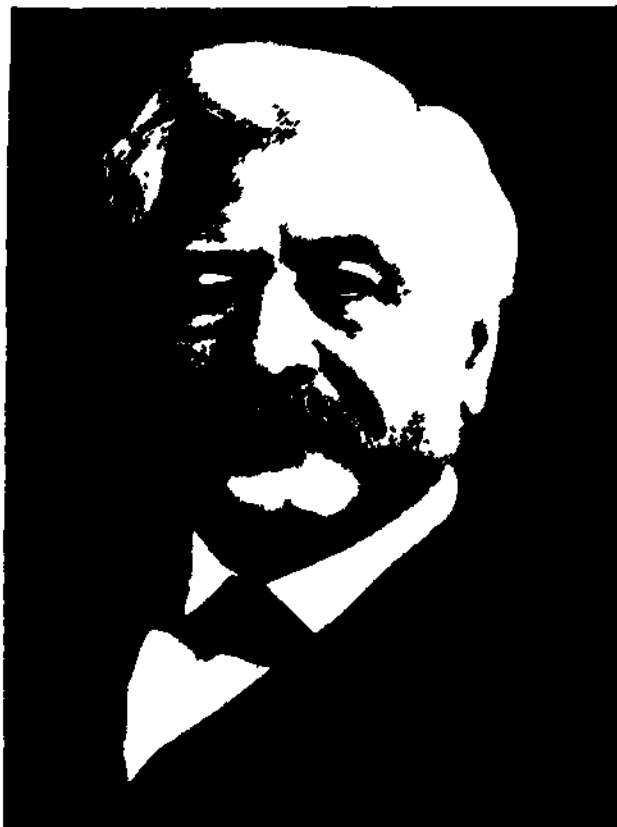
Actually mosquitoes really ruined de Lesseps' great attempt to pierce the isthmus. That these insects were the cause of the fever was not then recognized, and no precautions were taken to drain the swamps where they bred. Ever since the work had been started in 1881, between thirty and forty funerals had taken place every day at Colon alone.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index



Yellow fever led to laxity, laxity to corruption, corruption to the embezzlement and misappropriation of funds—and so to ruin. The truth was that de Lesseps was far too old a man to maintain his grasp upon so vast an undertaking, especially since so many different firms of contractors were engaged at one time. His power of attention flagged, and although he himself never actually appropriated moneys belonging to the company, he hopelessly failed to keep adequate control over the many who

ONCE ACCLAIMED A POPULAR HERO



The end of de Lesseps was pitiable in the extreme. Ruined, despised, and insulted, the once popular hero of France died a broken-hearted old man on the 7th December, 1894.

were so disposed. The finances of the company went from bad to worse, and shareholders began to feel uneasy, then to clamour for their money back again.

In 1887 de Lesseps roused himself and determined to make one last effort to pull the whole concern out of the morass into which it had slipped. By the advice of M. Eiffel, one of his contractors, who later built the Eiffel Tower in Paris, he proposed to build four locks on the Atlantic side and four on the Pacific side of the canal. But the capital at

his disposal had so dwindled, and shareholders were so reluctant to furnish more money, that the scheme had to be abandoned.

In December, 1888, de Lesseps, now aged eighty-three, made one last desperate appeal for funds:

I appeal to all Frenchmen, to all my associates, whose fortunes are threatened. I have devoted my life to two great works, which were pronounced to be impossibilities—namely, the Suez and Panama Canals. The Suez Canal is constructed, and has enriched France. If you wish to complete the Panama Canal, your chance is in your own hands. You must decide.

France decided that to invest any more in the scheme would be to throw good money after bad, and de Lesseps' last appeal failed. On the 13th December the Panama Canal Company suspended payment, and three judicial liquidators were appointed by the Government.

As a last effort, de Lesseps tried to found a new company out of the wreck of the old, called the Panama Canal Completion Company. But no capital was forthcoming, and the attempt had to be abandoned. An inquiry was instituted into the proceedings of the original company by the French Government. After so long an interval that most men's minds had completely turned to other affairs, the world was startled to learn, on the 15th November, 1892, that the Government had decided to prosecute de Lesseps and his co-directors for breach of trust and misappropriation of funds.

Humiliating the Famous Engineer

It seems strangely cruel that an old man of eighty-seven, who had seen the hopes of his life shattered, and whose sole guilt consisted in a reckless disregard of practical and economic difficulties in his desire for the aggrandizement of France, should be brought to the humiliation of the dock.

The long trial of de Lesseps and the other directors dragged on month by month. Finally, on the 9th February, 1893, de Lesseps was sentenced to five years' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs (£120). Throughout the trial he had lain at his country house utterly unable to move. He was in ignorance that he had been tried and sentenced, and since he was so ill he was not put in prison.

Fortunately, de Lesseps never knew of the fearful end of the Panama Canal Company at all. For a little while he lingered on, an object of profound pity to almost all the world, eventually dying on the 7th December, 1894.

[See Lives by A. Bertrand and E. Ferrier (1887), and G. B. Smith (1893).]

The DISCOVERER of the NEW WORLD

Christopher Columbus, the Fearless Genoese Navigator, Whose Voyages in Search of a Passage to the East Established the Existence of a Vast Unknown Continent

TOWARDS the end of a January day in 1485, a tall, thick-set, travel-stained man of middle age, sank down wearily on the steps of an ancient Franciscan monastery. With him was a little boy, scarcely seven years old. After he had rested his tired limbs, the man rang the convent bell and a monk appeared at the gates, surprised at being disturbed at such a late hour. The wayfarer appealed for a crust of bread and a drink of water for his son, but the kindly monk, attracted by his courtly bearing and speech, would not allow him to continue his march that night, and, throwing open the gates, invited him to enter the monastery.

Refreshed by the food and rest provided by his hospitable hosts, the traveller told them his story. He was a native of Genoa, and his name was Columbus. That day, he explained, he had walked many miles over rough mountain roads to the seaport of Palos, on the Gulf of Cadiz, seeking a friend who, he was disappointed to find, had moved to Seville. Penniless, and without food or shelter, he had then wandered along to the isolated monastery of La Rabida.

The interest shown in him by the monks induced Columbus to take them into his confidence, and to explain what had brought him to Spain.

Like one or two other learned people of that day, he was convinced that the earth was spherical in shape, and that the vast continent of Asia could be reached by sailing westward. He was anxious to test this theory, and to start on a voyage across the Atlantic, but his project was held up through lack of funds. He had, therefore, come to Spain to see if he could interest the Court in his plans, and obtain from them the financial assistance he required. The monks were enthralled by

the ingenious theories propounded by Columbus, and they promised to look after his little son, Diego, while he sought an interview with the King and Queen of Spain.

Seven years passed before Columbus reappeared at the gates of the monastery. He had left them full of hope and enthusiasm; he came back despondent, low-spirited, almost broken-hearted. During that long interval he had striven to interest royalty and nobles

THE SHIP THAT BORE COLUMBUS



The *Santa Maria*, one of the three ships commanded by Columbus on his expedition to the New World in 1492. The vessel eventually foundered and sank off Haiti.

men of various nationalities in his scheme, and he had failed. He had travelled far and wide; he had explained his plans to King John II of Portugal, to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, to rich Spanish dukes, as had his brother to Henry VII of England.

Everywhere he had met with rebuffs and disappointment. None believed his plan was practical; most of those he had consulted had thought him mad, and had openly ridiculed him. Deluded by false promises, betrayed by unworthy friends, sustained only by recurring hopes which proved groundless, the fruitless quest continued until at last his patience had become exhausted, and he had turned his back on the Court of Spain, as he thought, for ever.

Setting out on foot for France, where he hoped he might yet find someone to help him, he called at La Rabida with the intention of reclaiming his son. The monks were still interested in his ambition, and listened to his adventures with unaffected sympathy. Moved by their faith in him, Columbus consented to remain at La Rabida while Juan Perez, the aged head of the monastery, who had formerly been Queen Isabella's confessor, wrote to her Majesty on his behalf. The conquest of Granada had been completed, the Moors had been driven from their last stronghold in

Spain, and Isabella readily listened to her old confessor's pleading. Urged by him not to miss this opportunity of finding a new route to the Indies, she consented to receive Columbus. After hearing what he proposed to do, she agreed to help him.

Reward of Perseverance

Many of the best years of his life had been sacrificed for the golden opportunity that had at last arrived. Overwhelmed with joy, he could scarcely realize that his steady persistence and patience had brought their great reward, and his gladdened heart turned in gratitude to those faithful friends at La Rabida who had performed for him such an invaluable service.

Christopher Columbus, or, to give his name in its Italian form, Cristoforo Colombo, was born in or about the year 1446. Genoa, his birthplace, was at that time one of the busiest ports on the Mediterranean coast, and many hours did young Christopher spend on the quayside, watching the strange vessels entering and leaving the harbour. Many were the stirring tales of life at sea he heard from the hardy seamen who thronged the busy streets.

As soon as lessons were over at the little school where he learnt arithmetic, Latin, and geography, he would run down to the harbour and gaze longingly out at sea for hours at a time. He loved to feel the sting of the salt breeze, to hear the foam-crested waves break against the harbour walls, to watch the ships plough their way majestically out to the open sea. His thoughts dwelt on distant lands, and the opportunities they offered for adventure. He was a dreamer who dreamed only of one thing—adventure on the high seas, and in foreign countries.

Choice of a Seafaring Life

No one who knew him could have been surprised when, at the age of fourteen, he entered on a seafaring career. Little is known of his early voyages, but it is probable he did not, in those early days, go far afield, for he was frequently at home helping his father, who was a wool-weaver. All his spare time was given to the study of map drawing, astronomy, history, and geography—subjects that were to be so useful to him later in life. In map drawing and making sailor's charts he became extremely efficient, and for a long time, while awaiting the chance to start on his first great voyage, he earned his living in this way.

At the age of twenty-eight, Columbus left Genoa and went to Lisbon, then the centre of geographical knowledge. In the Portuguese capital his courteous manner and skill as a seaman soon brought him popularity. For many years he remained in Portugal,

developing his theories, discussing his plans with experienced navigators, and consulting with geographical experts on the possibility of reaching the Indies by sailing west.

The more he thought about his plan, the more convinced was he that it should be attempted. Many disagreed with him, but while they continued to explore the west coast of Africa, with a view to finding a passage to the Indies by sailing eastward round its most southerly point, Columbus mentally pursued a lonely route in the opposite direction.

Whenever possible he went on a voyage, and on one of these he called at an English port, afterwards making for Iceland. He heard tales of mysterious islands and continents on the other side of the Atlantic; he pored over the fantastic maps of the period; he studied ancient theories; and he consulted with Toscanelli, a famous Florentine astronomer, who showed great interest in the ambitious explorer.

His Doubts Dispelled

Columbus was deeply religious, and at divine service one day he met Filippa Mofiz, the daughter of one of the sea-captains of Prince Henry the Navigator. When he married her, in 1477, he discovered many valuable charts and maps formerly used by his father-in-law. These removed the last shreds of doubt as to the soundness of his theories, and not long afterwards he began his weary quest for someone to finance his expedition. How, after so many disappointments, he finally found a friend in Isabella of Spain has already been related.

Columbus was a far-seeing man. He had faith in his success, and he took precautions to ensure that he would have a share in the riches he expected to bring back with him. He also demanded to be appointed governor of any islands he might discover. His terms were at first regarded as extravagant, and were refused. Columbus promptly took his departure, but he had not gone very far before he was overtaken by a messenger, who had been sent to recall him at the queen's express request. Columbus returned to the Court to receive the news that all his demands had been conceded, and that he had also been given the title of Admiral of the Ocean.

Preparations for the Voyage

After months of careful preparation, Columbus was ready to start on his historic voyage. The expedition consisted of three small ships, none of which was larger than a medium-size fishing boat. Columbus took command of the *Santa Maria*, while the *Pinta* and the *Niña* were entrusted to the care of two brothers named Pinzon. The crews, numbering less than 100 persons, were recruited chiefly from



THE REALIZATION OF A LIFE-LONG AMBITION



While the adventurous sea-captains of Portugal were seeking a passage to the East by way of the west coast of Africa, Christopher Columbus was looking to the West. Convinced in his views by the discovery of certain charts and maps, he sailed across the inhospitable waters of the broad Atlantic, and, after an adventurous voyage, set foot on land in a new world.

convicted criminals, who were given the chance of sailing with Columbus as an alternative to being imprisoned.

On the 3rd August, 1492, after a church service had been held, the three vessels sailed from the harbour of Palos. No voyage was ever started under more depressing conditions. Men and women wept bitterly as Columbus weighed anchor. Full of evil forebodings, they watched the ships drift out to sea, convinced that the bold pioneers would never return.

Full of Joyous Anticipation

Nor were they alone in their pessimism, for a similar view prevailed among the crews. Gathering in gloomy groups, they watched the shores of their native country gradually receding in the distance, wondering if they were destined ever to see them again. In their midst was Columbus, the one man who was embarking on that dangerous adventure full of joyous anticipation, full of faith in God and in himself. Conscious, not of fear, but of happiness that came from the realization that at last he was fulfilling his life-long ambition, he paced the deck of his ship, a conspicuous figure by his impressive height, his sturdily built frame, his

red hair, intelligent blue eyes, freckled countenance, and grave features.

Helped by a favourable wind, Columbus soon reached the Canary Isles, where he spent nearly a month refitting his vessels. Then began his great voyage into the unknown. Favoured with a strong breeze that filled the sails of his ships, he took leave of the Old World and steered a course due west.

A steady rate of progress was maintained, and Columbus kept a careful record of the distance covered each day. But as the days gradually totalled to weeks, and still no land appeared, his men grew uneasy. Every hour took them farther and farther away from Spain, and their fears soon found expression in threats.

The Rumblings of Mutiny

If, as seemed to be the case, the wind in that quarter always blew from the east, how was it possible for them to return to Spain? Their hot-headed commander must be mad, they argued; only a lunatic would behave as he was doing. Trivial incidents were magnified into portents of ill-omen; the variations of the magnetic needle threw them into paroxysms of terror; their discontented murmurings grew

in volume until the whole crew threatened mutiny, and the more desperate among them contemplated throwing Columbus overboard.

The task of pacifying these faint-hearted and ignorant beings taxed the explorer's ingenuity to the uttermost. He resorted first to deception, then to promises, and finally to threats. In order to keep them in ignorance of the great distance they had travelled he

WHEN THE CREW THREATENED MUTINY



On his first voyage of discovery to the New World, the explorer's life was in danger from his crew. They feared that land would never again be seen, and threatened to throw Columbus overboard.

kept two logs—one for his own use, showing the correct mileage, and the other, bearing fictitious figures, for exhibition to the crew. Not once, but many times, clouds on the evening sky deluded them into thinking they were in sight of land. Their hopes rose, only to be swallowed in agonizing disappointment.

So often was this repeated that to calm his men Columbus was forced to promise in the end that if land was not sighted within three

days he would turn back. Proofs were not wanting at that time that land was near at hand. Birds that were known never to venture far from land visited the ships, and Columbus's only fear was that he might unknowingly sail between two islands. Another day passed. They had seen fresh green weeds; they had picked up a piece of wood delicately carved by the hand of man; they had seen float by a tree-branch bearing some berries.

That night of the 11th October, 1492, Columbus ordered everyone to keep a sharp watch for land. The crews, no longer rebellious, needed no instructions, for a reward had been offered for the first man to give an authentic report that their goal had been reached. This was earned by Columbus himself. Two hours before midnight, he was standing alone, peering into the darkness, when he thought he caught sight of a light in the distance, moving slowly as if being carried by someone. Hardly able to control his excitement, he called one of the men to his side, and pointed a trembling finger in the direction of the tiny object of his gaze.

Hours of Uncertainty

Almost at once it disappeared, and for four hours Columbus was left in a state of uncertainty as to whether he had been deceived. At two o'clock in the morning a cannon was fired from one of the other vessels. His hopes were confirmed. Land had been sighted. Overcome with emotion, the intrepid navigator dropped to his knees, and offered a prayer of thankfulness for their deliverance.

No words can describe his feelings when, at dawn on that historic 12th October, he looked out for the first time on the New World. His dauntless courage, his persistence, his determination and strength of purpose, all found their consummation in the glory of that moment. He had proved to an incredulous world that he was right and they were wrong; but surmounting the pride he felt in his achievement was an overwhelming sense of gratitude to Providence. From his humble station in life, he had been chosen as the instrument of God to reveal to mankind the glories of the New World.

Confronting him was a fertile low-lying island, plentifully endowed with green trees. On the shores a large number of naked savages stood gazing at the ships, lost in astonishment.

The Spaniards, with their pale faces, their beards, and their gorgeous raiment—these strange beings who seemed to have appeared from nowhere—must, they reasoned among themselves, have dropped from heaven during the night. When, therefore, Columbus and his men approached the shore in their small boats, the natives fled in terror to the woods, and remained there until it became clear that the invaders were disposed to be friendly.

As soon as he landed, Columbus knelt down and prayed fervently. Then unfurling the royal standard, he took possession of the island in the name of the Spanish rulers, and gave it the name of San Salvador. Columbus found out as much about the island as he could from the natives, distributed among them some beads and trinkets in exchange for gold and cotton, and then sailed south. Haiti and Cuba, which he discovered while cruising among the islands of the West Indies, he mistook to be parts of "Cipango," or Japan: and India, he estimated, could not be more than ten days' journey away. His calculations were, of course, very wide of the mark, a mistake due to his having greatly underestimated the circumference of the earth.

Loss of the *Santa Maria*

While off the island of Haiti, the *Santa Maria* grounded and was lost. Columbus, therefore, returned to Spain on the *Niña*, leaving forty-four of the crew behind to form a settlement. The two ships reached Palos on the 15th March, 1493, after an absence of seven months. Columbus was greeted with extraordinary enthusiasm as he passed through Barcelona and other towns on his way to the Spanish Court. Along streets thronged with excited spectators, he rode in a strange procession, consisting, apart from himself and his fellow-sailors, of six captive "Indians," gaily painted according to their weird custom, and a veritable menagerie of queer-looking birds and animals. At Court he was welcomed with great pomp and ceremony and after listening spellbound to the story of his adventures, Ferdinand and Isabella willingly promised to help him equip another expedition.

In September, 1493, Columbus started on his second voyage. This was on a much larger scale than the previous one, for his ship, the *Marigalante*, was accompanied by two other merchant ships and fourteen caravels. In the

course of this journey he made numerous discoveries, including the islands of Dominica and Jamaica. Further settlements were made, trading with the natives was begun, and when he returned to Spain he took with him large quantities of native produce, consisting chiefly of fruit and maize. Columbus realized the importance of keeping alive a spirit of goodwill with the natives, and he strove hard to control his men. Apart from his brother,

COLUMBUS SIGHTS THE NEW WORLD



On the night of the 11th October, 1492, Columbus believed that he had sighted land. His belief was confirmed at 2 o'clock the next morning, when a cannon boomed forth the prearranged signal.

however, he found no one to support him. Plundering, robbery, and violence became commonplace incidents which he was powerless to check.

On his third voyage, in 1498, Columbus headed more to the south and skirted the north-east coast of South America as far as the river Orinoco. Although practically an invalid, suffering from eye trouble and crippled with gout, his enthusiasm was undimmed and his great intellect was unimpaired. The hardships of travel, the intense heat, and the tortures

of thirst were endured with the resolute courage he had always displayed. When, after discovering Trinidad, he made his way to Haiti, he found the colony in a state of mutiny.

Charged with Cruelty

In spite of his sickness, he managed to restore order. In Spain, however, about this time, Columbus, for various reasons, was fast losing his popularity with Ferdinand and Isabella, his importation of natives into Spain being specially regarded with disfavour. He, therefore, shortly found himself superseded by a man named Bobadilla, who had been sent out by Ferdinand to take his place. Deserters from the colony had gone home with grotesque stories, charging Columbus with cruelty and misgovernment, and, on the king's instructions, the famous navigator was put in chains and taken back to Spain a prisoner.

Columbus soon cleared himself of these preposterous charges, and in 1502 he made a fourth voyage to the New World, with the object of finding a passage to India. In spite of terrible storms and constant illness, he reached Honduras, in Central America, and explored the Gulf of Mexico. Finally, he was wrecked off Jamaica, and after an absence of two and a half years he returned to Spain, misfortune dogging him to the last. After the death of Queen Isabella in 1504, his entreaties to the king for some recognition of his work met

with no response. A fickle world forgot the debt it owed to one of its greatest sons, and in 1506, low-spirited, broken-hearted, and in bad health, Columbus went to Valladolid, where, on the 20th May, he died in poverty and neglect. A more pitiful end to a life that had been dedicated to the service of mankind could scarcely be imagined.

That he died a poor man was due partly to his unselfish generosity, for he had made large grants of money to his native town of Genoa, with the object of relieving the poor townspeople of taxation. The last few years of his life were clouded by the knowledge that he had failed to find a westerly route to India; it was never revealed to him that he had made the most remarkable voyage in the world's history.

His Last Resting-Place

Columbus was buried at Seville, where his son Diego was also laid to rest some years later; but some time after the latter's death their remains were taken to the cathedral of San Domingo, in the island of Haiti, and, at the end of the eighteenth century, they were reinterred at Havana. To-day they rest once more in Seville, having being moved thence in 1898, following the occupation of Cuba by the United States.

[See Lives by Sir C. R. Markham (1892), Washington Irving (1890), Filson Young (2 vols., 1900), J. B. Thacher (1893-4), C. I. Elton (1892), and J. Winsor (1892).]

THE PITIFUL END OF A GREAT SERVANT OF SPAIN



Altogether four voyages to America were made by Columbus, and following the last of these he became a broken man in both health and spirit. His brief period of popularity at the Court of Spain ended with the death of Queen Isabella, and two years later, in 1506, he died, in poverty and almost forgotten by the country he had served so well.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

When ROCKEFELLER WORKED for NOTHING

How One of the World's Richest Men Started His Career by Receiving No Payment for His Work and Eventually Built Up an Income of Five Pounds a Minute

A LITTLE boy was being soundly birched for his alleged part in a disgraceful prank at the village school. Between the strokes of the switch he managed to produce convincing evidence of his entire innocence—of this offence at least.

"Never mind," said his mother, "we have started on this whipping, and it will do for next time."

It is not recorded whether or not John D. Rockefeller afterwards reminded his mother that he was a whipping in hand. If he did, he probably received the same answer as above, for the parents of young Rockefeller believed in the use of the rod on principle.

Punished though Brave

Even when John, having disobediently joined a midnight skating expedition, helped a friend to save a man from drowning, the condign punishment was not mitigated.

In later years, when he began to embark upon business enterprise, he used to apply to his father for loans, which were usually granted, although at a high rate of interest. Sometimes Rockefeller senior would suddenly ask for the return of the money, even though he did not actually need it. This was just a simple method of testing his son's independence and resource.

John D. Rockefeller was born on the 8th July, 1839, at Richford, in Tioga county, New York state, where his parents lived until he was twelve years old. The elder Rockefeller was a man of many occupations, a circumstance which enabled him to give his son invaluable advice when he began a similar, many-sided career. In 1853 the family moved to Ohio, and four years later there was a final settlement in Cleveland.

The Rockefellers had a hard struggle for existence during the early days of their married

life. They lived in a simple cottage made of rough beams cut with the father's axe from the surrounding trees. John and his brother William had to rise early in the morning to help with the milking of the cows and the chopping of the wood before tramping six miles to the village school. At night they slept in an ill-sheltered attic, often in winter time waking to find themselves covered with snow.

One day, in the woods behind the cottage, John saw a wild turkey hen, and tracked it to its nest. He brought the chicks home and reared them on curds from the daily supply of milk, begged from his mother.

As the little chicks grew up into fine fat birds, John took them to the village market and sold them. He was very proud of the fact that the sum he obtained for them represented a 100 per cent. profit, since he had paid nothing for the chicks or their food, and had earned the money by his own labour.

Pocket-Book Entry

This transaction was duly entered up in a little pocket-book, which the future man of business labelled "ledger A," together with carefully balanced accounts of how he spent the proceeds. The importance of accuracy in the matter of facts and figures was very early impressed upon Rockefeller's mind, and his schoolmasters had little to teach him in this respect.

He received only a high-school education, followed by a short period of training at a commercial college in Cleveland. When he left the latter, at sixteen years of age, he set out to find himself a job.

In those days there were no employment agencies. Rockefeller tramped the streets for many weeks, offering his services as an office-boy. It happened that there were plenty of smart boys in Cleveland at the time, and

AT THE AGE OF FORTY-NINE



Eleven years after this photograph was taken, John D. Rockefeller, whose income was then about £5 a minute, was adjudged the richest man in the world.

Rockefeller found it difficult to obtain even an interview. Everywhere he called he met with the same answer, "no vacancy," and the same indifference to his plea to be given a chance.

At last a man at the Cleveland docks told him that he might start work, although he

THE HOUSE WHERE HE WAS BORN



Rockefeller was born in this house at Richford, in Tioga county, New York state, on the 8th July, 1839. He lived here until he was twelve years old.

made no promise of payment. The firm in question was Messrs. Hewitt and Tuttle, wholesale produce agents. Rockefeller worked with them for three months without pay, and not knowing whether his services would ever be rewarded. At the end of that time he received 50 dollars, and his future salary was fixed at 25 dollars a month. Before long the office-boy was doing the work of a book-keeper whose salary was 2,000 dollars a year. At the end of twelve months this book-keeper left the firm, and Rockefeller took over the job at about a quarter of the salary.

Keeping His Ears Open

One great advantage of his new position was that he sat in an inner office where he could not help overhearing the conversation of the partners. While patiently adding up figures and adjusting accounts, the book-keeper listened to discussions about the cheapest method of transport, the arrangement of loans, and the general management of a business that had many side lines.

It was not long before Rockefeller had an opportunity to use his acquired knowledge. One day, when he was still only seventeen, he was entrusted with the working out of costs in relation to a large shipment of marble from Vermont to Cleveland, a process involving three methods of transport at different rates. His employers were struck by his skill

in manipulating this intricate piece of business, and raised his salary to 700 dollars a year.

Rockefeller now began to dream of a fortune, although, even in his wildest flights of imagination, he never envisaged a greater sum than £25,000. What troubled him in his more rational moods was the need for capital. He knew that brains alone would not make him a rich man. He began to save money, and in two years contrived to put by 800 dollars.

Then came a chance to enter into partnership and the humiliating discovery that with all his stinting he had not saved sufficient capital to be able to accept it. In those days Cleveland was a small country town, and everybody knew everybody else. One of Rockefeller's acquaintances was Mr. B. Clarke, an Englishman ten years older than himself, and very ambitious. It was he who suggested the partnership, but he had saved 2,000 dollars himself, and he wanted a partner able to put the same amount into the venture.

An Appeal to His Father

Feverishly anxious lest he should lose the opportunity, Rockefeller appealed to his father, who was now a flourishing merchant. After some hesitation, the latter agreed to advance the sum. He explained that he had intended to give each one of his children 1,000 dollars when they became twenty-one. Rockefeller was only nineteen at this time, and he agreed to pay 10 per cent. interest on the sum until he became of age.

THE ROCKEFELLER HOME AT CLEVELAND



In 1853 the Rockefeller family moved to Ohio, and four years later made a final settlement at Cleveland. In this town John received a commercial college training.

Clarke and Rockefeller were commission agents, dealing in carload lots and cargoes of produce. Before long they found their capital wholly inadequate to carry on a rapidly increasing business. Rockefeller, who managed the accounts side of the enterprise, went to see the

THE OIL COUNTRY WHERE ROCKEFELLER MADE HIS FORTUNE



advent of the great stampede to the American oilfields, Rockefeller saw the chance to make his fortune. The people who joined the rush and staked out claims knew nothing whatever about oil, and when the expenses became too heavy for them to bear they were only too pleased to sell their property to Rockefeller.

bank manager, named Handy, who for years had interested himself in the careers of young men. Handy lent the young man what they needed upon no other security than their warehouse receipts.

Years afterwards Rockefeller was able to make this good turn. Handy wanted to come money in the Standard Oil Company. He lacked the sum necessary, whereupon Rockefeller lent him the amount.

In Search of New Business

For a while Rockefeller left the country and went on a tour in search of new business. He covered all the districts of Ohio and Indiana, visiting every person who was in any way interested in the kind of business that his firm could carry out. "I made up my mind," he said, "that I could do this best

by simply introducing our firm and not pressing for immediate consignments."

The result of Rockefeller's cool-headed and thorough campaign was that in the first year of the business the sales amounted to half a million dollars.

Rockefeller was very careful not to allow his head to become swollen by this success. Every night before he went to sleep he said to

himself, "Now a little success, soon you will fall down, soon you will be overthrown. Because you have got a start you think you are quite a merchant; look out, or you will lose your head. Go steady."

Soon Rockefeller had to return to look after the financial end of the business, for, as the orders streamed in, more and more working capital was required. Often, within a couple of hours or so, Rockefeller would raise thousands of dollars from various banks, rushing from door to door in a cab, and overcoming the scruples of the managers by sheer boldness and capacity for proving the soundness of his propositions.

Perhaps the financial feat in which Rockefeller took most pride at this time was the raising of 2,000 dollars in order to pay off a mortgage on a little church which he attended.

How He Saved the Situation

The creditor had foreclosed, and threatened to sell the church if the money were not forthcoming. Rockefeller stood at the church door after each service, with a little note-book in his hand, and cajoled or bullied each member of the congregation into giving what he could, even if it were only a few cents.

He did this regularly for many months, and

contributed large sums himself, sometimes inducing those who could to follow his example. But most of the donations were very small. It was a proud day in Rockefeller's life when at last his persistence as a beggar in a good cause was rewarded, and the church was saved.

In 1862, four years after the commencement of the oil industry in America, Rockefeller and his partner invested in a small oil refinery. In this enterprise they were associated with Mr. Samuel Andrews, who had made an ex-

bid was 500 dollars, but Rockefeller kept on bidding higher and higher until he secured the plant for 72,500 dollars, outbidding his former partner by 500 dollars.

Rockefeller then went into partnership with Andrews, and from that time he devoted all his energies to the oil industry.

At first the profits were enormous, but the great oil rush had set in, and there was tremendous competition. People of all classes and professions sold their businesses and flocked to the oil fields. Many of them knew nothing about oil, and were as glad after a time to sell their claims as Rockefeller and his partner were to buy them.

Nobody knew better than Rockefeller how hazardous was the enterprise into which he was putting all his money and that of his partner. At any moment the supply of oil might give out; there was the constant danger of fire, the difficulty of distribution, and the swamping effect of rivals, who kept on arriving on the fields to join in the scramble. As yet there was no legislation to deal with the situation, and nothing but chaos could arise from the irregular staking of claims, most of which were mismanaged, and the raw struggle for fortune without regard to the interests of the community at large, who were ultimately to benefit by the discovery of the oil in the form of cheap light and warmth.

His Foresight

A good many of the rival settlers succeeded to a moderate extent, with the result that soon more oil was being produced than there was a demand for. The price fell, and numbers of the smaller oil merchants were

ruined. Rockefeller had foreseen this situation, and he was ready with his plans. He saw that a new and wider demand must be created, and he set himself to think out ways and means of distributing the oil cheaply and efficiently, not only throughout America, but to all parts of the world.

One of the important observations that Rockefeller made, when he was still an oil refiner in a comparatively small way, was that the barrel in which the oil was transported to its destination cost more than the oil itself. He, therefore, devised the pipe-line system,

A QUIET HOUR IN HIS BEAUTIFUL GARDEN



A garden is a veritable sanctuary to John D. Rockefeller. When wandering among the flowers, lost in the delights of nature, business, with its attendant cares, is banished altogether from his mind.

tensive study of the process of cleansing the crude oil by the use of sulphuric acid, and so making it marketable as petroleum.

Rockefeller was the financial genius of the combination. He saw that there would be a race for ownership of wells and control of the market, and he urged his partners to raise more and more money in order to ensure success.

Clarke refused to go far enough to please Rockefeller, and in 1865 the partnership was dissolved. The financial business was wound up, but there remained the actual plant. The ex-partners agreed to bid for this. The original

whereby the oil could be conveyed cheaply and quickly to all parts of the country.

In 1867 Rockefeller and Andrews, in co-operation with Messrs. H. M. Flagler and S. V. Harkness, bought up many oil refineries, including one that had been worked with considerable success by Rockefeller's brother, and the Standard Oil Company was formed with a capital of 1,000,000 dollars. Flagler had certain faculties that Rockefeller lacked, and his part in building up the huge corporation ranks second only to that of the man who might be said to have written his name in oil on the map of the world.

For a number of years the two young men worked shoulder to shoulder in their office. Flagler had a genius for drawing up contracts which allowed for every legal contingency, a matter which was of immense importance to a company that was always buying land and claims.

Flagler's Activities

It was Flagler, too, who insisted that every oil refinery should be rebuilt and conducted upon absolutely the best scientific lines. He abolished the old shoddy sheds and ramshackle gear that had been put up by men who feared always that the oil supply would give out. Flagler admitted the risk, but he argued that the refineries should be equipped and organized as though the supply were unlimited. This was done, and, although in some cases the wells did run dry, the majority continued to flow, and, thanks to Flagler's care and Rockefeller's enterprise in continually opening up new fields of virgin soil, the Standard Oil Company beat all its rivals and emerged triumphant.

During the next thirty years the genius of Rockefeller enabled the mightiest trade organization in the world to weather all the set-backs that from time to time threatened its existence. Only by continually expanding the market, and by ingenuity in manipulating the gigantic capital needed to tide over "slumps," was the powerful combination kept growing and saved from the nemesis which such colossal undertakings often encounter.

About the year 1899 Rockefeller became the richest man in the world. His fortune was computed at £64,000,000, and it was said that

his income amounted to £5 a minute. Later his wealth became incalculable, but was generally believed to have exceeded £200,000,000. By this time he had vast interests in iron and lead mines and other concerns.

Rockefeller was never a slave to the pursuit of wealth. "I know of nothing more despicable and pathetic," he once wrote, "than a man who devotes all the working hours of the day to making money for money's sake." Once he had fairly established himself in business,

THE FAMOUS CAPITALIST AT HOME



John D. Rockefeller was never a slave to the pursuit of wealth. He bitterly despised the man who spent his life working to make money for money's sake. He himself loved to escape to his hobbies.

Rockefeller frequently escaped from the fretful fever of money-getting in order to pursue his hobbies of landscape gardening and the laying out of estates.

One spring afternoon Rockefeller sat in his office discussing an affair of finance with another great capitalist. The latter was keen on the matter in hand, but he noticed that Rockefeller's interest seemed to flag. Every now and again he got up from his chair and gazed wistfully out of the window.

At last Rockefeller suggested that they should put the matter aside and run down to

the Pocantico Hills, where he was building an estate. He talked enthusiastically about some beautiful paths that he was making with his own hands.

"I cannot do it, John," said the other capitalist; "I have another important matter of business on hand."

"That may be," urged Rockefeller, "but it will give you no such pleasure as you'll get when you see those paths—the big tree on each side—"

DISTRIBUTION OF LARGESS TO HIS LITTLE FRIENDS



On each anniversary of his birthday the famous capitalist makes every little boy who lives in his neighbourhood as happy as a king. Contrary to custom, Rockefeller then gives, not receives, presents.

But the busy man refused to go, and Rockefeller went by himself to spend a few care-free hours staking out garden paths and planning a wonderful drive that would enable his visitors to obtain the very best view of the scenery.

Rockefeller never allowed petty feelings to affect his business principles. "Watch the natural operations of trade," he advised his

young men, "and keep within them. Don't even think of temporary or sharp advantages."

On one occasion he persuaded his greatest rival in the lead-ore trade to come to his assistance. It had become necessary for the Rockefeller concerns to build their own ships, as the ordinary means of transport were inadequate. Rockefeller knew that Mr. Gater, who was the head of the rival concern, had an expert knowledge of shipbuilding. He, therefore, sent for him, and asked him to build a fleet of ships for

the Rockefeller company. Mr. Gater naturally pointed out that he had no wish to make things easier for a rival concern. Rockefeller, however, in the course of a very short interview, convinced the other that, since the ships would in any case be built, he might as well have the commission rather than some other shipbuilder.

In his fiftieth year Rockefeller made great efforts to retire from business, but, like Carnegie, he found that the possession of vast wealth carried with it enormous responsibilities. Eleven more years of intense application to duty followed before he was able to retire and live the simple, unostentatious life which he loved best.

His huge fortune was again estimated in 1921, when it turned out to be more than £480,000,000. Of this he disbursed £100,000,000 to educational and humane institutions. He founded and financed the University of Chicago, built the Rockefeller Institute for medical research in New York, and spent fortunes upon campaigns against the scourges of hook worm, yellow fever, and tuberculosis.

In March, 1910, Rockefeller succeeded in obtaining the consent of Congress to a Bill enabling him to establish the Rockefeller Foundation, the object of which was the promotion of well-being, the advancement of civilization, and the dissemination of knowledge." He disposed of his interest in the Standard Oil Company to his children in 1923.

[See "Random Reminiscences of Men and Events," by John D. Rockefeller (1909).]

A LEADING LIGHT in ENGLISH LITERATURE

How Dr. Johnson, the Son of a Bookseller, Wished to Become a Schoolmaster, and How He Entered the World of Letters and Compiled an Immortal Dictionary

IN the market-place of the Staffordshire town of Uttoxeter an elderly man stood bareheaded in the pouring rain. His attitude was strangely quiet and solemn, like that of a worshipper doing humble reverence before a shrine.

Rough market-women and rude boys looked on in wonder, while the bolder among them jeered. The man answered nothing.

He was Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the greatest intellects and leading publicists of his time, revered and courted by nobles and the most learned among his countrymen. Why did he stand in the muddy gutter of the old market-place? A strange man this, and surely a stranger impulse never provoked so singular an act. Johnson was doing penance for a sin that was the secret of his own soul.

Kept His Own Counsel

He had told no one of his intention to act in this way, and he let none into his confidence until some years later, when a friend during conversation referred casually to the duty of honouring one's parents.

Dr. Johnson mentioned that he could not in general excuse himself of being an undutiful son. "Once, indeed (said he), I was disobedient; I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of the refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter, in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

Dr. Samuel Johnson, born at Lichfield on the 18th September, 1709, is one of the greatest figures in English literature. During a long life of ceaseless labour in what was then, as it is now, the heart of London journalism, his output was enormous, quite apart from that connected with his immortal dictionary.

Here we encounter one of the strangest paradoxes of literature. Dr. Johnson's genius,

applauded in his own day, is still universally acknowledged: and yet practically nothing that he wrote is now read. On the contrary, his fame in a popular sense is immortalized by a book, not from his own facile pen, but by one that was written about him by his strange yet very likeable biographer, James Boswell.

This young Scottish lawyer followed Johnson about wherever he could, continually noting down on paper conversations, witticisms, and sundry epigrammatic observations that emanated from the mouth of the master.

Persistent Questions

He studied very carefully every habit and trait of Johnson's character, every little idiosyncrasy, and fired question after question at him with persistent regularity. Often the great man would get annoyed with his devoted follower, for he hated being catechized, and a passionate exchange of words would result.

These differences, however, never lasted long enough to develop into a serious breach, and very soon friendship would be re-established and a visit made to a neighbouring tavern to pledge each other's health.

For twenty years Boswell and Johnson remained friends, and all the time the former was collecting the material, which, when published, proved to be the most readable and interesting biographical work that has ever been written.

Yet—and here we have another paradox—it is not because of the literary merits of Boswell that his "Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D." still remains in a class by itself, and possesses perennial interest for succeeding generations, but because in its pages we can visualize the great Dr. Johnson, and follow his conversation almost as vividly as though we were in his company. We turn to Boswell's "Life," not to read Boswell, but to see and hear Johnson.

DR JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE



The house in the market square at Lichfield in which Dr. Samuel Johnson, the famous son of a bookseller, was born on the 18th September, 1709.

When the mind dwells upon the great English writers of the past, it is certain to recall among the first and foremost the names of Shakespeare and Johnson. The contrast in our intimate knowledge of these two men is amazing. Shakespeare the man is so faint in detail as to be almost shadowy, yet his writings are found on every bookshelf. On the other hand, Johnson's literary work is covered with the dust of oblivion, yet his personality is so familiar that it is difficult to believe that he has been dead for almost a century and a half.

Samuel Johnson inevitably kindles our interest by his humanity. We pity him for the heavy handicaps with which he started life, the while we know that he possessed, even as a young man, a strength of character, an

THE "JOHNSON" ROOM IN THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE"



The "Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet Street is supposed to have been one of Dr. Johnson's favourite haunts. Boswell does not mention the tavern, but the master's name has long been associated with it.

originality, a genius, an indefatigable industry that could not but carry him victorious through every ill and every difficulty.

At ten weeks old Johnson, who had apparently contracted scrofula, or king's evil, from his nurse, was "a poor diseased infant, almost blind." When thirty months old, he was taken all the way from Lichfield to London, to be "touched" by Queen Anne. This was a recognized remedy, and had been advised by a distinguished and titled physician. It effected no improvement in his condition.

Latin Whipped into Him

Johnson was exceptionally brilliant at school. When, in after life, he was asked how he had acquired such an accurate knowledge of Latin, in which he was exceeded by none of his contemporaries, he answered, "My master whipt me very well."

"His memory was so tenacious," writes Boswell, "that he never forgot anything that he either heard or read." However, he did not acquire knowledge without the exercise

of great resolution, for constitutionally he possessed a "dismal inertness of disposition," and had inherited from his father a "vile melancholy," which dogged him all his life.

Poverty is often the bed-fellow of genius, and Johnson experienced many a humiliation and hardship from this cause. When he was at Oxford University he became so needy that his shoes were quite worn out, and his feet appeared through them. Someone, noticing his sad condition, placed a new pair of shoes at his door, but Johnson, in his pride, threw them away in indignation. The crowning humiliation came when, after being three years at Oxford, he had to leave the university without completing his course and without taking a degree, because his father, a Lichfield bookseller, had become too poor to provide the necessary fees.

Johnson's life as a literary man is wholly bound up with London, whither he first went in 1737, two years after he had married Mrs. Porter, a widow, twenty years his senior. He was accompanied by young David Garrick, a former pupil of a school which Johnson had founded but had failed to establish.

His Love of Taverns

It was appropriate that one who was afterwards so intimately and continuously associated with tavern life should, on his introduction to London, have made it his custom to dine in one of those dark but sociable holes, then so numerous in the courts and alleys of the metropolis.

I dined (said Johnson) very well for eightpence, with very good company, at the Pine Apple in New Street, just by (the Strand). Several of them had travelled. They expected to meet every day; but did not know one another's names. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine: but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite well served—nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing.

Johnson at first earned a precarious living as a literary hack, turning his hand to any form of journalistic work which came his way. His first employment was writing for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, then printed by Edward Cave, at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, which historic structure Johnson says he beheld for the first time "with reverence"—an emotion for which he was famous.

One day, while Johnson was working in his employer's room over the Gate, a popular literary man came in to dine with Cave, and, in the course of conversation, warmly praised a book which Johnson had just published.

BOSWELL IS INTRODUCED TO THE GREAT MAN OF LETTERS



When Boswell reached London one of his greatest desires was to meet "Dictionary Johnson," as he was often called. On the 16th May, 1763, while visiting Davies, the actor, who kept a bookseller's shop at 8 Russell Street, Covent Garden, Boswell was introduced to the famous doctor. A firm friendship sprang up between the two.

Meeting his guest a day or two later, Cave told him he had made a man very happy during his visit. "How could that be?" asked the other; "nobody was there but ourselves."

Afraid of His Shabby Appearance

Cave answered his guest by reminding him that a plate of food had been sent behind a screen during the dinner. He then added that Johnson, who did not care to appear because of his shabby clothes, had emptied the plate, his enjoyment of the food being intensified because, while eating it, he had overheard the unseen guest's generous praise of his work.

Sometimes Johnson found himself without a home in London, and walked the streets all night with his companion, Savage, because they had no money for a lodging. Johnson was often paid for his work only a guinea or two at a time, and there were occasions when

he was thankful for even so inconsiderable a sum as half a crown on account.

When he was twenty-nine years of age, Johnson had a desire to retire from the struggle for the barest livelihood in London, and to secure the mastership of a country school at a salary of £60 a year. But he was foiled even in this humble ambition, owing to the fact that he did not then possess the necessary university degree.

A Bitter Disappointment

Although Johnson was bitterly disappointed at being prevented from becoming a school-master—with a certain income, however small—posterity is incalculably the richer in that he was forced at this stage to pursue his arduous course in literary effort. London treated him harshly at first, but he conquered it in time, and, far from these early hardships embittering him against the great city, he developed an intense affection for it, and

became in a very real sense one of the greatest Londoners that ever lived.

"To a man whose pleasure is intellectual," he said at seventy, "London is the place. . . In London a man may live in splendid society at one time, and in frugal retirement at another, without animadversion. There, and there alone, a man's own house is truly his castle. . . The chief advantage of London is that a man is always so near his burrow."

One morning, Boswell records, Johnson received a message from Oliver Goldsmith that the latter was in great distress, and unable to come to him. Johnson, with characteristic generosity, sent back a guinea with the messenger, and, as soon as he had dressed, hurried to Goldsmith's lodging in person. He found that Oliver's landlady had had him arrested for unpaid rent.

Goldsmith told Johnson that he had a novel just completed. The latter seized the manuscript, looked into it, saw its merit, and immediately went to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds, and returned to his friend with the money. The novel in question was "The Vicar of Wakefield."

The Dictionary

The turning-point in Johnson's career occurred when, at the age of thirty-eight, he undertook the stupendous task of compiling a new "Dictionary of the English Language." This great undertaking he successfully completed after seven years of labour in his house in Gough Square, off Fleet Street, which fortunately is still preserved to us in its original condition and has fittingly become a place of pilgrimage for Johnsonians from all parts of the world.

This great literary giant never waited, as some lesser men do, for "inspiration" before putting pen to paper. It was an article of faith with him that "a man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it." Although he could idle as magnificently in his favourite Fleet Street taverns as anyone, and despite his chronic depression of spirits, no literary man was more prompt in his engagements than he was.

When the dictionary was at length published, in 1755, his fame was firmly estab-

lished. As Boswell says, "the world contemplated with wonder so stupendous a work achieved by one man, while other countries had thought such undertakings fit only for whole academies."

Several of Johnson's definitions are quaintly coloured with his sardonic humour. *Grub-street* he defined as "the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems." A *lexicographer* was "a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

His Definition of "Patron"

Johnson's rebuke to the Earl of Chesterfield, when that noble lord had attempted to patronize Johnson after his fame was established, although he had withheld his encouragement previously, is historic.

Is not a Patron, my Lord (he wrote), one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disposed to conclude it, if less be possible, with less.

pointed though I should with less.

Though the publication of his dictionary had certainly and finally established the fame of Johnson, it did not relieve him a great deal from the burden of his impecuniosity. For his vast labours he received from the booksellers a sum of fifteen hundred guineas, all of which he had spent before the last pages were on the printing press.

Twice Arrested for Debt

Twice during the year which followed Johnson was arrested for accumulated debts, and it was only through the generosity of one of his friends that his liberty was restored. He set to work to publish an abridged edition of his dictionary, and drew up plans for a new subscription edition of Shakespeare.

In 1758 he issued a series of essays called

WHERE HE PREPARED HIS DICTIONARY



In this house at Gough Square, London, Johnson worked for seven years at his dictionary. Ardent Johnsonians from all over the world now come here on pilgrimage.

WAITING FOR AN AUDIENCE WITH THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD



Before fame came to him, Johnson spent many a weary hour waiting for an audience with the Earl of Chesterfield, who had expressed a wish that he should become the struggling writer's patron. So often was Johnson turned away from the earl's door, that he lost all patience and determined to write his dictionary unaided.

"The Idler," presenting them in weekly fragments to the public, who read them with great interest and clamoured for more.

It was while engaged in this work that Johnson heard with saddened heart of the death of his old mother at Lichfield. In order to pay off a few debts she had been obliged to contract, and to defray the necessary cost of the funeral expenses, her son immediately sat down and in a single week wrote a little book, sent it off to the publishers without reading it through, and received £100 for the copyright.

Unknowingly the purchasers had made a good bargain, for "Rasselas," as the book was called, sold well and brought them in much profit.

Always Surrounded with Friends

Johnson had many friends, even in his days of poverty. When, at last, his barque emerged into smoother waters his friendships greatly increased, and he became the centre of an admiring circle of wits, who rejoiced in the easy and brilliant flow of his conversation.

When some distinguished man called on Johnson for the first time, he would come down from his bed-chamber, about noon, "as newly risen, a huge, uncouth figure, with a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and his clothes hanging loose about him. But his con-

versation was so rich, so animated, and so forcible," that his visitor would conceive for him a veneration and attachment which time and absence could not afterwards efface.

His young friend David Garrick had risen to great eminence on the stage; Sir Joshua Reynolds and many other famous men were his close friends; and when he made his historic tour in the Hebrides, or journeyed in England or Wales, the highest people in the land delighted to do him honour and entertain him under their roof.

Created Doctor of Laws

Trinity College, Dublin, created him Doctor of Laws when he was fifty-six; two years later he was honoured with a lengthy private conversation with King George III, who had previously granted him a pension of £300 a year; and at sixty-six he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Oxford.

Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" is still a most popular book, not only on account of the great interest of the narrative, but also because the character of Dr Johnson is so clearly portrayed in his actions and observations during his travels on that occasion.

Johnson arrived in Edinburgh by stage-

coach on the 14th August, 1773, and a few days later he started out on the tour, in company with Boswell and the latter's manservant. Johnson was then sixty-four years of age, so that it was a very formidable undertaking to venture so far along atrocious roads and into places where even the elementary comforts of civilized society were sometimes unobtainable. The great man evidently anticipated a rough journey, and even the possibility of danger, because he carried with him two pistols,

TAKING A WALK IN THE ABBEY



Often, when wandering in Westminster Abbey, Dr. Johnson would point out, with pardonable pride, to his poet friend, Goldsmith, many an inscription that he had composed.

together with gunpowder and bullets. Boswell, however, easily persuaded him to leave these weapons behind in Edinburgh.

While he was most hospitably entertained by the northern nobility, it sometimes happened that Johnson and Boswell found themselves in wild Highland places where they could obtain only the poorest kind of accommodation.

On one occasion they had to spend the night in a peasant's hovel. Boswell stripped before getting between the sheets, which his wife had

thoughtfully packed in the luggage; Johnson, who was in excellent humour, said he felt like a man hesitating to plunge into a cold bath. However, he also undressed, and, tying a coloured handkerchief round his head, got into the miserable bed, and after praying, as was his custom, immediately fell asleep. So indifferent was the "Rambler" to his surroundings, that it was with difficulty that Boswell managed to shake him awake next morning.

At Iona they slept in a barn on a bed of hay, with their portmanteaux for pillows. It was while on the island of Iona that Johnson gave utterance to these sublime words:

To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Sleeping on Prince Charlie's Bed

As a contrast to his bed of hay in Iona, Johnson slept, in Skye, in the house of Flora Macdonald, on a bed in which Prince Charlie had slept in 1745. Johnson said to Boswell as he lay in this historic bed: "I have had no ambitious thoughts in it."

Johnson's hostess on this occasion was Flora Macdonald herself, and, from her own lips, he heard the story of her connexion with Prince Charlie's escape, all of which Boswell records faithfully in his "Journal." Sometimes Johnson used to read Boswell's "Journal" during the tour, and he was kind enough to remark to the chronicler: "I take great delight in reading it."

As indicating the primitive state of the Highlands of Scotland at the time of Dr. Johnson's visit, it is only necessary to say that one day he and Boswell saw a peasant woman grinding corn in a stone quern. Yet Johnson often said, after his return to England, that the time he had spent on his tour to the Hebrides was the pleasantest part of his life.

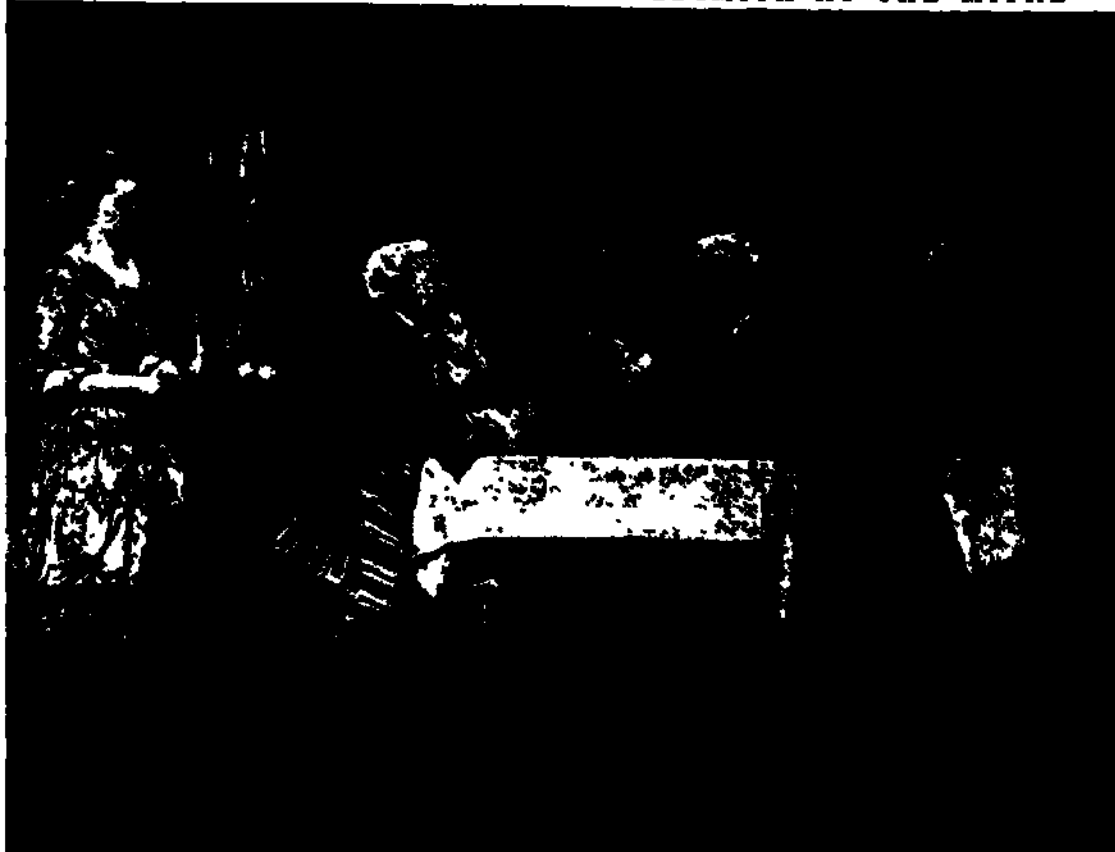
His True Character Revealed

It often happens that a man's true character is revealed by a spontaneous action far more completely than by the attempted analysis of a friend. Repeatedly it was so with Johnson.

For example, what could be more eloquent of his kindness to animals than his habit of going out himself to buy oysters for Hodge, his cat, lest his servant might take a dislike to the poor creature through being put to the trouble?

He loved children, calling them "pretty dears," and had a great heart of pity for the

JOHNSON WITH BOSWELL AND GOLDSMITH AT THE MITRE



The cosy, pleasant rooms of the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street often used to shelter some of the most learned men of letters. Dr. Johnson, accompanied by his cronies, used to gather here, drink wine and talk far into the early hours of the morning, and then go off home to bed and remain there till midday.

poor. He frequently gave all the silver in his pocket to the needy wretches who watched for him between his house and the tavern where he dined. He walked the streets at all hours, so Boswell tells us. Johnson was never robbed, for the rogues knew he had little money, nor had he the appearance of having much.

Succouring a Poor Woman

Coming home late one night, he found a poor homeless woman lying in the street, so ill that she could not walk. He took her upon his back, and carried her to his house, and had her looked after and tended for a long time, at considerable expense to himself.

Johnson was not an early riser. Usually he went abroad, as he termed it, at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. The Mitre Tavern, in Fleet Street, was a favourite resort, where he used to sit up until the early hours.

Boswell has told us that at noon he generally found Johnson in bed, declaiming over his tea, which he drank very plentifully, to the dis-

tinguished company of morning visitors, who called to listen to him nearly every day. He rose to go to dinner at a tavern, stayed there a long time, and then loitered for hours over his tea in a friend's house.

Boswell thought that Johnson must have done his writing after two in the morning. He seldom if ever refused to accompany Boswell to a tavern, but he went there for conversation and company rather than liquor, often eschewing wine altogether, saying he could practise abstinence but not temperance.

Poking Fun at Scotsmen

Johnson's flow of wit was a perennial joy to the company he favoured. He loved to poke fun at Scotsmen. When Boswell was first introduced to him, his future biographer pleaded guilty to having come from Scotland, but added that he could not help it. "That, sir, I find is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help," retorted Johnson.

On another occasion Boswell remarked that Scotland possessed a great many noble prospects.

"But, sir, let me tell you," answered Johnson, "the noblest prospect which a Scotaman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England."

The following dialogue is another instance of this kind of humour:

WILKES: Pray, Boswell, how much may be got in a year by an advocate at the Scotch bar?

BOSWELL: I believe, two thousand pounds.

WILKES: How can it be possible to spend that money in Scotland?

JOHNSON: Why, sir, the money may be spent in England; but there is a harder question. If one man in Scotland gets possession of two thousand pounds, what remains for all the rest of the nation?

WILKES: You know, in the last war, the immense booty which Thurot carried off by the complete plunder of seven Scotch miles; he re-embarked with three and sixpence.

Johnson was very strange in appearance. Large and well-formed, his face was nevertheless scarred with the scrofula of his childhood. He had the use of only one eye, and when he walked "it was the struggling gait of one in fetters." He was slovenly in his dress, and was

by temperament indolent and melancholy. The attacks of hypochondria to which he was subjected, seem to have been inherited from his father. Often he was firmly convinced that it was only a matter of days before he would lose his reason. Many miles he trudged into the country, endeavouring to shake off his fit of depression. His intellectual strength was unrivalled, however, for he towered head and shoulders over all his contemporaries.

Samuel Johnson ended his stupendous struggle with adversity and with himself on the 13th December, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His last words were addressed to a young girl. They were, "God bless you, my dear!"

[Johnson's principal literary works are his "Life of Savage" (1744), "The Vanity of Human Wishes" (1749), the *Rambler* (1750-52), his Dictionary of the English Language (1755), and his "Lives of the Poets" (1781). See "Life" and "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," by James Boswell, and "Samuel Johnson," by Leslie Stephen (1887).]

THE FAMOUS MEETING WITH FLORA MACDONALD



In 1773 Dr. Johnson and his faithful biographer, Boswell, made an interesting tour through the Hebrides. Journeying to Skye, they paid a visit to Flora Macdonald, and, much to the doctor's delight, he was asked to spend a night on a bed that had been used by "Bonnie Prince Charlie" when a fugitive from the English.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

A KING *who* LIVED on HORSEBACK

The Long Reign of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, Whose Judicious Government and Military Organization Greatly Increased the Power of His Dominion

IN the middle of the eighteenth century one figure was known of all men, from the Elbe eastwards to Russian Poland, from the great pine-clad mountains of southern Bohemia northwards to the windy, sandy shores of Pomerania. It was the figure of a little man, about five feet six inches only in stature, who seemed to live on horseback; a rather dirty-looking little man, who wore an old grey slouch hat, a faded blue soldier's tunic smeared plentifully with the snuff he was for ever taking, and top-boots so long neglected that their roughened surface had turned a dull reddish colour. He is known to history as Frederick II, King of Prussia, commonly known as "the Great," and the lack of all the usual trappings and millineries of royalty did but make his figure the more impressive.

Frederick the Great was born on the 24th January, 1712; he grew up in, perhaps, the strangest royal family history of which there is record. King Frederick William considered his sceptre as a superior sort of cudgel, with which he was at liberty to chastise whom he would. His manners and amusements were those of a bargee, his intolerance of all ceremony turned his courtiers grey-headed with worry, and his children learned to hate and dread him.

Qualities of Frederick William

Notwithstanding these traits, he made an admirable monarch for his little kingdom of Prussia, as it then was. A great power of attention, a genius for detail, and a conviction that nothing touching the welfare of Prussia could possibly be insignificant, united with a keen commercial and opportunist instinct to

make this boor of boors a most suitable master of his people.

This ill-mannered king turned all his talents towards his son Frederick's education. When nine years old, therefore, this rather delicate little child found his every hour assigned to some part of a scheme of education designed by the king to make his son as much like himself

as possible. From the very outset Frederick William seems to have assumed that the boy was "desperately evil," and he drew up a brutal system of taunts, thrashings, and deprivations, by which he hoped to exorcise the devil from him.

Naturally, these "corrections" only served to turn Frederick against his father. Moreover, Queen Sophia Dorothea and the Princess Wilhelmina tremblingly conspired with Frederick to defeat the schemes of their lord and master. They, too, no less than poor little Frederick, detested the

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS SISTER



Frederick the Great and his sister Wilhelmina when they were children. The early years of the warrior's life were made most unhappy by the severe discipline exercised by his father.

king, whose ideal of true happiness was to sleep in a barn full of straw, inspect farms and account-books all day, gorge himself with coarse dishes, and then devote the evening to bawdy humour, tobacco, and beer.

After a year's schooling, Frederick had grown completely outraged by his father's scheme of discipline. In his extreme youth he had been cared for by a certain Mme. de Camas, a Frenchwoman, from whom he had learned to love all things French. His tutor, Duhan, was a Huguenot, and between this gentle teacher and Mme. de Camas, Frederick managed to avoid a good deal of parental brutality. As English and Latin were forbidden to Frederick, he fed a lively intellectual hunger exclusively upon

French literature and translations; so much so, that to his life's end French was his most natural speech, nor could he ever speak or write his native German idiomatically or with ease.

At last Frederick determined to tolerate the ogre no longer. With the aid of his devoted friend, Lieutenant von Katte, he planned to escape across the Prussian frontier. On the 4th August, 1730, the attempt was made. At dawn the two conspirators tried to steal off and ride away to France. Owing to the vigilance of Frederick's comptroller, Colonel von Roehow, they were caught even before they were on horseback.

Imprisoned in a Sombre Fortress

The furious king ordered von Roehow to deliver Frederick at the castle of Wesel "alive or dead." From Wesel the unlucky crown prince was dispatched to the sombre fortress of Cüstrin, which stood on a dreary, sandy waste east of Berlin. "He is very cunning," wrote the king to his son's gaoler, "and will have a hundred inventions for making his escape." Should any such attempt be made, he ordered that Frederick was to be killed instantly.

Frederick was confined in a tiny cell, clothed in an ordinary criminal's rough brown dress, deprived of all reading, and fed entirely on bread and water, but even these degradations were not nearly enough to satisfy the king. One dark winter's morning, long before dawn, Frederick was roughly awakened by two officers, who told him that he was to witness the execution of von Katte. "Rather take my life," exclaimed the prince. For two terrible hours Frederick waited in despair, clamouring for a respite so that a courier might go to his father. His supplications and tears were powerless to alter the king's decision that Katte must die, "that justice should not entirely leave the world."

Forced to Witness an Execution

As seven o'clock was signalled by the fortress clock, Frederick was led to a window overlooking a courtyard, into which Lieutenant von Katte and his executioners filed. The prisoner stood pinioned and bareheaded to hear the death sentence read. Frederick cried out to him in agony, but he only bowed respectfully and shook his head. Then he knelt, and by one great sabre stroke his head fell. Frederick collapsed, and needed all the attention of the prison chaplain to rouse him from a dull stupor of despair. He later learnt from the chaplain that his friend's fate would not be his own.

After six months' most rigorous imprisonment, far harder than any convict is now compelled to undergo, Frederick was allowed

a little liberty. "If there were any good in him he would die," the king wrote of him, "but I am certain he will not die, for weeds never disappear." Frederick now perceived that he could gain nothing by opposing the king, so he determined to beguile him into thinking he had his own way. Accordingly, he exhausted the vocabulary of contrition, and promised endless amendment for the future, gradually cajoling Frederick William into granting his forgiveness.

A new phase then began in the education of nineteen-year-old Frederick. The first phase had simply made him a rebel; the second made him a consummate hypocrite. Until 1732 he remained at Cüstrin studying agriculture, strategy, and his duty as a soldier. "I have just drilled, I drill, I shall drill; that is all the news," he wrote to his sister Wilhelmina, but he was no longer a prisoner.

Under Sentence of Marriage

At last the king allowed him to leave his hated place of exile, but he left under sentence of marriage. The lady Frederick William intended to honour with his son's hand was Elizabeth, Duchess of Brunswick-Bevern. He broke the news to Frederick in a most affectionate letter: "She is a creature who fears God, and that is everything." The bridegroom-elect did not take so comprehensive a view of his fiancée's virtue. "When all is said and done," he remarked, "there will be one more unhappy princess in the world."

Outwardly, Frederick was delighted at his father's choice, and only too eager for the ceremony to take place. The marriage was most certainly not made in Heaven; it was, in fact, almost a crime. As Frederick's hands were tied, he cannot be too severely blamed. The wedding took place on the 12th June, 1733, and though the king still dictated to his son, and kept him very short of money, he was allowed to set up a household of his own at Rheinsberg. During his father's lifetime Frederick lived with his wife in apparent agreement, but, once he was king, she was given a separate establishment of her own, into which Frederick never came. To all intents and purposes he lived a bachelor life.

Hardening Towards His Father

Until 1740 Frederick continued at Rheinsberg, probably happier than at any other time in his life. He kept the king at arm's length by dutiful letters addressed to his "most all-gracious father." At the same time he hardened towards him year by year. "It is like a foretaste of death," he wrote, "when a hussar appears to command my presence at Berlin." Gradually this hardening of his nature affected his relations with the rest of

INDULGING HIS TASTE FOR READING AT HIS RHEINSBERG CASTLE



To escape from the tyranny of his father, Frederick the Great ran away, but he was recaptured and placed in solitary confinement. Two years later he was freed, on the condition that he married. To this Frederick assented, and he and his wife made their home in a castle at Rheinsberg, where the future king indulged his taste for literature.

the world. He grew to despise all men equally and thoroughly; and as death removed the friends of his youth one by one, he grew bankrupt of affection. At Rheinsberg Frederick could at last indulge his taste for reading to the full. Literature and philosophy engaged most of his time, and he gathered around him a circle of men of letters, chief among whom was Voltaire, in whom Frederick found a mentor and friend after his own heart, whose cynical and sceptical opinions largely formed Frederick's own philosophic ideas.

Death of Frederick William

At last, by the 31st May, 1740, Frederick William had drunk himself to death, consoled in his last hours by the illusion that he left behind him a son who agreed with him in all his ideals—perhaps the most happy and successful of all that son's many deceptions. Now Frederick was master, with no one to gainsay him. He was contemptuous and impatient of coronation, and reduced the actual installation ceremonies in Berlin to a bare

minimum. Afterwards he appeared on a balcony and gazed down on the huge singing, cheering crowd below. For some minutes he remained silent, buried in thought, then he bowed coldly to the multitude, and went off to watch a military review.

Prussia's Magnificent Army

In 1740 Prussia was only a third-class power of Europe. The Hohenzollerns, who had bought for cash the nucleus of their domains, the Mark of Brandenburg, in the fifteenth century, had ever been thrifty and eager to "lay field to field." Even so, Prussia had but risen to the dignity of a kingdom under Frederick's own grandfather. Most of the soil was poor and sandy, manufactures and commerce were in their infancy, but the army was superb, and had earned a reputation all over Europe as the finest in the world. True to the traditions of his race, Frederick at once started looking about for some means of making additions to his inheritance.

In November, 1740, a courier arrived at

Rheinsberg to announce that Charles VI, the Hapsburg emperor, was dead. Frederick lay in bed with a severe attack of fever. On hearing the news he defied the doctors, took quinine, and became well. Here was his opportunity to use the political situation caused by the emperor's death for seizing the Hapsburg province of Silesia for Prussia. His ministers were anxious to furbish up some sort of legal claim to back up the king's plans. "The question of right is the affair of the ministers," answered Frederick, with true Hohenzollern indifference to such quibbles, "but the orders to the troops are given."

Thirty Years of Warfare

Having fully determined that Silesia must be his, Frederick pitted himself against Maria Theresa, the devoted, courageous, and high-minded empress of Austria. The struggle which ensued lasted intermittently for thirty long years. On the 13th December, 1740, the young despot left for Silesia on his first military adventure, exclaiming, "I will either perish or have honour from it." Before he left Berlin he had to use actual physical restraint to prevent the two youngest colonels of his army, his brothers, aged fourteen and ten respectively, from marching to Silesia with their regiments.

The worst foe that Frederick's invading army met in Silesia was the weather. Torrential rains poured down, "the country grew to be one wild lake of eddying mud," says Carlyle. "Up to the knees for many miles together, up to the middle for long spaces; sometimes even up to the chin or deeper . . . the Prussians marched through it as if they had been slate or iron." Within three weeks of leaving Berlin, Frederick was master of Breslau, Silesia's capital, without having had to fight a pitched battle, and so half the province lay supine in his grasp.

Seeking an Alliance

In January, 1741, Frederick returned to see what trouble had been stirred up by the diplomatic whirlpools which his Silesian adventure had created. He spent a busy month at Berlin trying to engineer an alliance with either France or England, for he saw stormy times ahead for all Europe, and it was morally certain that France and England would take opposite sides.

Leaving the question of alliances still in the air, Frederick hastened back to Silesia in February. Glogau, an Austrian fortress which still held out, was brilliantly stormed, and to this day, near the north gate of the town, is a stone inscribed "F.R. 1741." Near Mollwitz, Frederick met the Austrian army on the 10th April. "Still rigorous to the rules of the old ship," as Carlyle says, Frederick employed

the time-honoured Prussian method of winning battles by the slow, inexorable advance of highly-trained infantry. The "rules of the old ship" carried the day, and, though Frederick lost heavily, he had humbled Austria's might, gained the whole of Silesia, and won his spurs as a general.

He now plunged into a whirl of secret agreements in order to reap the fruits of his victory. He was pledged at the same time to France and to the Austrians he had so recently defeated. During the next few months, French arms were successful everywhere against Austria and her allies.

Frederick, therefore, promptly threw over his agreement with Maria Theresa and stuck to France. On the same day that he thus repudiated his signature, he embodied the following sentiment in a letter to one of his ministers: "Alas! trickery, bad faith, and double-dealing are the leading faults of most of the men who are at the head of the nations, and who ought to set them an example."

The Strategy of Frederick

Austrian attempts to win back Silesia for the crown kept Frederick busy until the spring of 1745, when events once more began to move on a large scale. The Prussians prepared for a strenuous defence of their lately acquired province, and took the field with 80,000 foot and 30,000 horse, under their king's command. Frederick concentrated all his troops around the Silesian stronghold of Niesse, and allowed the Austrian armies, commanded by Maria Theresa's somewhat incompetent brother, Prince Charles of Lorraine, to enter the country unopposed.

Since the Prussians made no move, Prince Charles imagined that they were afraid of him. Frederick did everything in his power to encourage the prince's optimism. Discovering that one of his own spies in the Austrian camp was selling information there, he cleverly hinted that the one thing he feared was that Prince Charles should cut his communications with Breslau, and so with Prussia. Prince Charles fell guilelessly into the trap prepared for him, and advanced towards Niesse, utterly oblivious of the fact that Frederick was waiting for him with 70,000 men. The Austrians encamped between Niesse and Breslau, confident of annihilating Frederick on the morrow.

Route of the Austrians

All through the dark hours the Prussians stole around the unsuspecting Austrians, and, as the first gleams of dawn broke, they launched an attack as furious as it was totally unexpected. By eight o'clock in the morning Frederick sat down to breakfast at his headquarters. The Austrians were in full and

ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ



The Prussian army, marching towards Silesia, was in desperate plight. With but 30,000 men against the 114,000 of the Austrians and Russians, Frederick's troops were almost completely surrounded, and their gallant leader viewed the position with grave misgiving. In the battle that ensued at Liegnitz, however, on the night of the 24th August 1760, the Prussians gained a splendid success against the Austrians, who were completely overwhelmed.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

disordered flight, and the invasion of Silesia was at an end. Frederick's delight over this victory knew no bounds. He hugged the French ambassador, who accompanied him on the field. He even believed that Maria Theresa would give up the struggle to regain Silesia, "for such a victory must soften even the heart of Pharaoh." Through the year 1745, however, the struggle dragged on, but at last peace was signed at Dresden on Christmas Day. Frederick retained Silesia, and the peace came most opportunely, for the Prussian treasury had by now become completely exhausted.

RECEIVING HOMAGE FROM HIS LOYAL SUBJECTS



Although much of his reign was spent in waging war against his enemies, Frederick yet found time, during the last twenty years of his sovereignty, to put into effect many schemes of domestic reform for the benefit of his people.

Maria Theresa now turned all her energies towards the Hapsburg possessions in Italy, and the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle brought a general pacification to all Europe. From 1746 to 1756 Frederick was left alone by his neighbours, and was himself content in seeing to the domestic development of his realm.

Period of Rapid Progress

They were ten uneventful years, but years of astonishingly rapid progress. Unfortunately, although his Silesian experiences made Frederick say, "I would not henceforth attack a cat, except to defend myself," he could not diminish the size of his army: "We have drawn the envy of all Europe by our acquisition of Silesia—there is none who does not distrust us."

Frederick now devoted his every minute to the service of his despised people. "It is not necessary that I should live, but it is necessary that I should act," was one of his favourite remarks. He admitted no social claims upon his time, though he delighted in society; he rose at dawn, or earlier, and laboured incessantly at business till noon. Then he dined, discussing policy at table with high officials, and often sitting three or four hours over this meal. Then followed an hour's exercise on horseback, more work, another two hours' relaxation in literary conversation, or else in a chamber concert in which the king himself often took part. Finally, after a light supper, he retired early to bed.

Such was his fury for work that secretaries often waited on him at 4 a.m. These secretaries lived in absolute seclusion about the palace, and through them Frederick dealt with his ministers. Eichel, his chief secretary, and for many years his most intimate friend and adviser, so rarely emerged from the obscurity of the palace that the French ambassador said, "he has never been seen by any human being except the king." Ministers submitted reports; Frederick scrawled a decision across them in brusque French or ungrammatical German. So the king governed Prussia entirely by his own counsel.

Gradually Frederick came to administer Prussia as though it had been a vast beleaguered camp. Everything was done in order to turn the realm into the best possible military machine. Commerce, manufactures, agriculture, in fact all departments of life, were regulated by the monarch himself through his bureaucracy. Frederick drained the marshes, planted forests, irrigated sandy wastes, reorganized the army, encouraged immigrants from other states. He transformed Prussia from a third-class to a first-class power. He allowed all his subjects to think and believe exactly what they chose—so long as they acted as he chose. All men had a right of petition to the king, and he was just and impartial in his judgments.

In 1756 Frederick embarked upon a struggle in comparison with which all his previous

THE ROYAL PALACE OF SANS-SOUCI AT POTSDAM



In this palace, erected by Frederick the Great in 1769, the king assigned apartments to Voltaire. The famous French writer revised the king's manuscripts, but the two frequently quarrelled, and eventually they parted, temporarily, as his majesty supposed, but for ever as Voltaire himself determined. (Photo: Donald McLeish.)

campaigns had been child's play. This was the Seven Years' War, which embroiled almost the whole of Europe. Ever since 1750 the powers of Europe had gradually grown more and more apprehensive of Prussia's growing and upstart power. Even Russia, whom Frederick feared "more than his God," began to express her dissatisfaction. Ultimately, when hostilities had become inevitable, Frederick precipitated events himself, and, seizing a favourable opportunity, poured his army into Saxony *en route* for the Austrian frontiers.

A Powerful Enemy

Throughout the varying fortunes of this dreary and bloody war, Frederick's most steadfast and implacable enemy was a non-combatant—Kaunitz, the statesman in whom Maria Theresa placed all her trust. Kaunitz himself treated his mistress with a haughty contempt, and though he spent all his life in exalting her power, he forced her to humour his dislike of fresh air by shutting her palace windows the moment he arrived on the premises. This Kaunitz, however, managed to league together Austria, France, Saxony, Sweden, Russia, and various minor principalities of the empire against Frederick.

Things looked black indeed for Prussia, who had as yet no single ally; but, since France was against his country, Frederick adroitly managed to obtain an alliance with England by the Convention of Westminster, signed in January, 1756.

The elder Pitt, Prime Minister of England, would do anything to diminish the power and prestige of France, and was quite willing to promise Frederick a subsidy to the extent of £870,000 per annum—a very large sum of money in those days. Furthermore, he paid up punctually each year, and in gold. With such financial backing Frederick took up the rôle of the champion of Protestantism against Catholic Austria and France, and made ready for a struggle for life or death.

The Seven Years' War

Through all the intricate campaigning of the Seven Years' War we cannot here follow Frederick. At first Prussian arms were successful, but as the years went by the slender natural resources of his realm became exhausted, and Frederick's armies were defeated again and again.

Frederick, however, was a realist in war; he realized that no general could hope to

FREDERICK THE GREAT

win always, and he accepted defeat with philosophic resignation. As a general, he was distinguished by the speed with which he manœuvred his troops, and made the most of any advantage offered to him. He gave to infantry a mobility then unrivalled, introduced horse-artillery, created the finest heavy cavalry brigades in Europe, and raised his artillery to the dignity of a separate arm—a tremendous advance in the warfare of the century.

In 1759 it seemed as though the sands of Prussia's very existence were running out. A huge combined Russian and Austrian army was advancing upon Berlin. Frederick marched to meet them with only the remnants of an army.

THE AUTHOR-MONARCH OF PRUSSIA



In his early years, Frederick thought everything of literature and art, and nothing of the affairs of State. Yet he became a powerful ruler and a distinguished soldier.

At Kunersdorf the Prussians met the combined might of the allies. In spite of incredible valour, the Prussians failed. Frederick sought death in vain, leading desperate charges. Eventually he was carried off the field by the main force of his bodyguard. "Only a miracle can save us now," ran his dispatch to Berlin. The miracle intervened, and the Russians, by their quarrels and jealousies, prevented any use being made of their victory. Soon the winter set in, as cold a winter as men could remember, and the Russian hordes melted away, while the Austrians retreated to Bohemia.

A Heart-Sick Veteran

Such was the lowest ebb of Frederick's greatness, for events soon turned again in his favour. Pitt remained faithful through all adversities, and Russia fell out of the league against him. At last, after three more weary years of campaigning, Kaunitz realized that Frederick could never be turned out of Silesia. Therefore, the peace of Hubertsberg was signed on the 15th February, 1763, and Austria and Prussia thereby agreed to return to their position before the war. Silesia remained in Prussia's hands, in spite of seven years' lavish expenditure of blood and treasure.

Directly peace was signed, Frederick characteristically entered Berlin by back streets in order to avoid any attempt at a civic welcome, and, without any loss of time, plunged into a fresh career of domestic reform.

Teaching Soldiers their Duty

The next twenty years were passed in peace. Frederick now felt that his days were numbered, but he was determined to die at his post, and there was no slackening of effort. On the 24th August, 1785, he attended a review in Silesia, and showed himself as brusque as ever. "Were I to make shoemakers or tailors into generals," he stormed, "the regiments could not be worse." During this review the old man insisted on teaching his soldiers their duty by sitting his horse for six hours in a deluge of rain, without the protection of his cloak. A month later he paid the penalty, and at Potsdam he had a stroke. Gout, asthma, and dropsy also attacked him, and Frederick grew seriously ill.

Throughout the winter he fought stubbornly against his manifold ills, as sternly as he had fought against Austria and her allies. With the spring he rallied; by June he was much better, and shocked his doctors beyond measure by suddenly abandoning liquids, and eating a hearty meal of soup, beef, eel-pie, cheese, and brandy. Four days later he arose from his bed, and galloped a horse round the park of Sans-Souci. The reaction from this last act of rashness prostrated him once more.

The King's Last Moments

All through the 16th August, 1786, Frederick had to be held erect in his chair by his devoted valet Strützký, for erect he would sit. He dictated dispatches as usual, and demanded an account of the excise returns. Towards midnight he asked for his favourite dog, old like himself, and bade the servants cover it with a quilt. At two o'clock on the morning of the 17th, Frederick the Great died quietly, still held up in his chair by the faithful Strützký. Characteristically enough, his last words were a command that he might die alone.

[See Lives by N. Young (1919), etc.]



How CLIVE WON INDIA for BRITAIN

The East India Company's Servant Who Became a Gallant Soldier and Laid the Foundation of a Rich British Possession in the East

NEARLY two hundred years ago the good townspeople of Market Drayton, in the county of Shropshire, often regretted that a boy going by the name of Robert Clive had ever been born into the world. The terror of the shopkeepers and the despair of schoolmasters, almost every one predicted he would come to a bad end.

There was one individual, however, who prophesied differently from the others, and, curiously enough, he was a schoolmaster. Dr. Eaton, a worthy man who kept school at Lostock, Cheshire, does not appear to have been blindly prejudiced against his most mischievous and unruly pupil; rather, in the light of after events, he seems to have been gifted with particularly keen foresight. He predicted that if Clive "lived to be a man, and if opportunity enabled him to exert his talents, few names would be greater than his."

Opportunity did come to Robert Clive, enabling him to exert his talents, with the result that to-day we honour this man, once the terror of the town, as the creator of the Indian Empire and one of Britain's bravest and most resolute soldiers.

About two miles from Market Drayton, the little hamlet of Moreton Say nestles peacefully among the trees, and it was here, in a mansion which had been the home of the Clives since the reign of Henry II, that Robert was born on the 29th September, 1725.

He was a delicate child from birth, and his health proved a source of great anxiety to his parents—so much so that before he was three he was sent away to live with one of his mother's sisters at Manchester, where the air was not so vigorous. It seems evident from one of the letters written to Clive's father by his uncle that, at a very early age, the boy began to show that combativeness and imperious instinct which later distinguished him.

"I am satisfied," his uncle wrote, that his fighting (to which he is out of measure addicted) gives his temper a fierceness and imperiousness that he flies out upon every trifling occasion; for this reason I do what I can to suppress the heroic that I may help forward the more valuable qualities of meekness, benevolence, and patience."

However much his poor uncle must have

A BRAVE AND RESOLUTE SOLDIER OF BRITAIN



Lord Clive as he appeared to Gainsborough. Had it not been for the resourcefulness of this great soldier, India would probably have become a French possession.

tried, Robert Clive never to the end of his days possessed meekness, neither was the heroic suppressed; but the character of his nature was certainly benevolent and affectionate, though his enemies have maintained otherwise.

Clive's introduction to school life took place when he was a mere child. First he was sent to the establishment at Lostock kept by Dr. Eaton, the shrewd man who, as previously stated, saw a successful future for his young pupil. From there Clive went to Market Drayton and attended the grammar school till he was

twelve, at which age he was removed to Merchant Taylors' in London. Two years afterwards the last change occurred, and he entered the academic portals of a private school at Hemel Hempstead in the county of Hertfordshire.

The records of his disjointed school life do not offer any clue as to whether he was remarkable for brilliance or tenacity in the acquirement of learning. The frequent changes of establishment suggest, rather, that he was more concerned with the pursuit of roguish pleasure in the form of mischievous pranks and practical jokes.

Of the many incidents which have been recorded regarding Clive's wild youth, one in particular demonstrates how he, like Nelson, did not know the meaning of fear.

The church at Market Drayton possessed a very high steeple, near the top of which was

a stone spout fashioned like a dragon's head. The inhabitants of the town were amazed one day to see the tiny figure of a boy climb up to the grinning gargoyle, take a seat on its back, and lean down and watch with a smiling face the consternation of the crowd gathered below. But Robert Clive, despite the frantic shouts that warned him of his danger, refused to descend until it suited his pleasure, and so all that the people could do was to sympathize with his father, a "most respectable man," for having such an unworthy son.

No Inclination to Study Law

When the time came to find employment for him, his father expressed a wish that he should enter the profession of the law, of which he was a member. The dull routine of a solicitor's office, however, had no fascination for the boisterous "terror of the town," and he successfully pleaded for some more congenial occupation.

About this period two or three squires' sons returned home from India laden with riches and giving a glowing account of the

THE ANCESTRAL MANSION WHERE ROBERT CLIVE WAS BORN



From a drawing made in 1754 of Old Styche, the mansion at Moreton Say, near Market Drayton, occupied by the Clive family since the reign of Henry II. Robert Clive was born here on the 20th September, 1725

opportunities in the East for young men with ability and strong will. These reports no doubt greatly influenced Clive's father, and a clerkship was found for his son with the East India Company at Madras.

With sincere affection, Clive bade his kindly uncle and aunt farewell, promised his parents he would make good, and took regretful leave of all his rough associates. The *Winchester*, on which he sailed, left the Thames in March, 1743, and the good citizens of Market Drayton heaved thankful sighs of deliverance.

The India to which this boy of seventeen emigrated was vastly different from the India of the present day. In 1743 the Mogul empire was rapidly crumbling away; everywhere native princes and rulers were indulging in petty intrigues and warfare. The merchants of the East India Company were far too busy piling up wealth to harbour any thoughts of gaining political glory. Not so the French.

A Shrewd French Governor

Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry, their chief settlement, was a shrewd man, possessing ambitions for the advancement of his country. He was acute enough to see what a splendid chance France stood of becoming mistress of India, and he worked and plotted and planned with this great end in view.

When Clive set foot in Madras, more than a year after his embarkation from England, Dupleix was nearly ready to aim the first blow for the conquest.

To the new arrival life in Madras fell far short of his happy expectations. He had no kinsfolk or friends there, and the only man to whom he had been given a letter of introduction had left India before he arrived. To make matters worse, unforeseen expenses of the voyage had placed the boy in debt with the captain of the *Winchester*, and it was with an exceedingly heavy heart that Clive sat down to write home the first account of his experiences.

Instead of abating, the home sickness that assailed him grew worse as the weeks wore on, and one day he wrote to his friends in

England: "I have not enjoyed one happy day since I left my native country." The effect of the climate increased his depression, and gradually he sunk into such a morbid state of mind that death seemed a greater liberty than life. Fortunately, the pistol he snapped at his head refused to go off, and he went back again to his work as a clerk.

At last, to his unbounded joy, Clive found a friend in the person of the governor of Madras, who, possessing a large library of good books, willingly allowed the despondent youth

to study therein. Clive eagerly seized the opportunity thus offered to make up for some of his wasted years at school, and as a result of this distraction his life at once became happier.

A pen-portrait of Clive written at this period described him as follows: "His person was the largest of the middle size, his countenance inclined to sadness, and the heaviness of his brow imparted an unpleasing expression to his features." Somehow this description does not strike one as that of a man destined for a hero's laurels, but from it one is certainly rather inclined to have greater belief in the words of his biographers, who tell how he was resentful of occupying any subordinate post, and how his unruly disposition often led him into disfavour with his superiors.

Very soon the dullness of Clive's existence was broken by events which were to lead him to pursue for a while, a different calling from that of clerk. As soon as the news of the declaration of war between England and France reached India, the French hurried their preparations to seize the much-coveted land. In 1746, the year when Clive celebrated his twenty-first birthday, the French, under command of Admiral Labourdonnais, marched on Madras, forcing the town to capitulate.

Welcoming the excitement, but not wishing to remain a prisoner for an indefinite period, Clive, disguised as a native and in company with a friend, managed to escape and reach the English settlement at Fort St. David, some twenty miles away. Here he served well in the defence of the fort, and, being heartily sick of commercial life, he applied for and obtained a commission as ensign in the military forces of the company.

The Attack on Pondicherry

In July, 1748, when Admiral Boscawen arrived from England with reinforcements, it was decided to make an attack on Pondicherry, the French stronghold, before the enemy could obtain help from one of their native allies. The siege lasted two months,

and, owing to bad organization, failed, but it gave Clive an opportunity to study the methods of attack and defence, and to exhibit that great gallantry on the field which he showed in all other engagements.

His immense activity nearly occasioned a duel at this period. In fact, it was prevented from taking place only by the immediate intervention of those who witnessed the incident.

During the siege Clive, who was posted at a gun, suddenly discovered that he was short of

CLIVE RECEIVING MEER JAFFIER AFTER PLASSEY



After the battle of Plassey, the traitor, Meer Jaffier, paid a visit to the English camp. Though Clive knew that the crafty native had wanted to see the result of the engagement before deserting Surajah Dowlah, as arranged, he welcomed him with cordiality.

ammunition. Instead of sending a corporal or a sergeant for fresh supplies, he did not wait but went himself. Afterwards, rumours circulated that the young ensign, overcome with fear, had deserted his position, and, coming to hear of this, Clive marched up to the man he suspected of spreading the slander and demanded to know the truth of the matter. The reply was not satisfactory, and Clive challenged the man to a duel. The only answer he received was a blow, and Clive, now thoroughly incensed, unsheathed his sword. Rushing forward before he could wreak vengeance, his friends interposed, and for a while the matter ended.

A court of inquiry, instituted to settle the affair, found that the officer had been guilty of gross misbehaviour, and forced him to apologize to Clive before the battalion of which they were both members. Clive wished for satisfaction for the blow, and, this being refused, he waved his cane over the offender's head, telling him he was too despicable a coward to be thrashed.

Exactly a week after the English forces had been withdrawn from Pondicherry, news came from England that peace had been established with France, and so for a time hostilities ceased. Madras was handed back to the British, and Clive regretfully returned to his old duties of wielding a pen.

A few months went by, and then an invitation came from a native prince, who had been expelled from the throne of Tanjore, asking the English to assist him to regain his dominion, in return for which he would grant them the fort of Devikota.

It was a chance for Admiral Boscawen to wipe out the ignominy of his defeat at Pondicherry, so a small force was immediately dispatched, in which Clive was granted a lieutenant's commission. To the admiral's disgust the company had to return home without having achieved their object, and, not willing to run the risk of another defeat, he allowed the second expedition to be commanded by Major Stringer Lawrence, a most able soldier and organizer.

Leading a Storming Party

While making the attack on Devikota, Clive requested that he might lead a storming party against an embankment thrown up by the besieged to protect a breach in their walls. The request was granted, and he marched off at the head of 700 Nepoys and 30 Europeans, his heart gladdened with excitement at the coming conflict. He knew that death was round him everywhere, but he was unafraid.

Before reaching the embankment, a rivulet swept by the enemy's fire had to be crossed. The situation was dangerous in the extreme, but Clive was undaunted. Boldly he led the way, and, closely followed by the little band of Europeans, succeeded in gaining the foot of the breach.

Turning round, he saw to his dismay most of the Nepoys cowering on the bank of the rivulet, afraid to face the murderous fire and advance to his support. At the same moment a body of enemy cavalry, hitherto hidden by the fort, dashed out and fiercely attacked Clive and his thirty Europeans.

Narrow Escape from Death

Greatly outnumbered, the gallant little band fought gamely to the end, an end that left only four of them alive. Before Clive thoroughly understood the extent of the disaster, a horseman bore down on him, aiming a slashing blow. Quick as a wrestler, Clive slipped to one side, and the sword whistled harmlessly past his ear. Then, together with the four survivors, he rushed for the rivulet and rejoined the main body of troops.

The defeat, however, was turned into triumph

by the alertness of Major Lawrence, who, seeing that the sortie had distracted the attention of the enemy, immediately gave the order to advance in force to the breach. Forward went the men, who, in one strong wave, swarmed up the embankment and captured the fort. The valiant part that Clive had played did not pass unnoticed, and it won for him the friendship and admiration of the veteran commander. "The young man's early genius surprised and engaged my attention," wrote Lawrence, "as well before as at the siege of Devikota, where he behaved in courage and judgment much beyond what could be expected from his years, and his success afterwards confirmed what I said to many people concerning him."

Return to Civil Employment

After the Tanjore expedition Clive again returned to civil employment, holding a post as commissary—obtained for him by Lawrence—to supply food and provisions to the European troops. His health then suffered a breakdown in the form of a nervous fever, and he was forced to live in Bengal for a time, where the change of air soon proved beneficial.

On his return, he found that the quarrels among the native princes had started again with fresh vigour. The French took one side and the English the other, and up to that period fortune had been with the former. One of their allies had been successful at Hyderabad, another had seized the whole of the Carnatic—the south-eastern coastal plain of the Deccan—with the exception of Trichinopoly, which was then being defended by Mohammed Ali, whose cause the English supported. Clive, scenting trouble again, applied for military work, and was given, much to his delight, a captain's commission.

Relief for Trichinopoly

His first adventure in his new rank was to make a way through the Tanjore district to Trichinopoly, taking recruits and stores for the besieged. After a smart skirmish with the French, the city was entered, and Clive found the little garrison in terrible straits.

Hopelessly outnumbered by the besiegers, led by Chanda Sahib, despair had created disagreement among the defending officers, and it seemed a matter of a few days only before the city would fall. Clive realized this, and saw, too, that, if Trichinopoly were captured, nearly every English settlement would immediately be attacked.

Returning with all speed to Fort St. David, he put before Saunders, the governor, a plan whereby the siege of the city might be raised. Chanda Sahib had left Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, practically undefended in his



SCENE OF FIERCE FIGHTING AT TRICHINOPOLY



Some time after Clive's successful defence of Arcot he was dispatched as second in command under Major Stringer Lawrence to the relief of Trichinopoly. Much fierce fighting centred round the great pagoda, and it was here that Clive, terribly weakened by wounds, nearly suffered death at the hands of some English deserters.

effort to gain Trichinopoly. If a force were sent to capture the former, many of the fighting men outside the walls of Trichinopoly would be withdrawn to retake their capital.

Clive offered to lead the expedition himself, and Saunders, struck with the strategy of the plan, gave his immediate assent.

Most of the British troops under the command of Admiral Boscawen had previously been recalled to England. There were only a few men available at Fort St. David and Fort St. George, but Saunders gave Clive all he could spare.

Thus it was that when, on the 26th August, 1751, Clive marched out of Madras to capture Arcot, he was accompanied by only some 200 Europeans and 600 Sepoys—all under the charge of eight officers, of whom six had never before been in action. It certainly seemed a hazardous enterprise, but to Clive all risks were worth taking if there was a great result to be achieved.

The Forced March to Arcot

The distance to Arcot was about sixty-four miles, across low-lying country, and he

marched as quickly as possible, hoping to reach the town before Chanda Sahib could get wind of his move. Two days out from Madras the youthful commander, hearing news of the strength of the garrison at Arcot, sent a message to Fort St. George for two 18-pounder guns. Hastening on again, not waiting for the cannon, he had gone but a short distance when a monsoon storm, frequent at that season, burst over his little force.

Lightning played in the heavens, roll upon roll the thunder crashed, and a fierce torrential downpour soaked every man to the skin. Soon the plains over which they walked were transformed into vast swamps, but still they marched on, and did not halt until within ten miles of their objective.

Fort Abandoned by the Garrison

The garrison of the fort, learning how Clive had laughed at the storm and marched through it, abandoned their position during the night, arguing that resistance against such a determined man would be futile.

Arcot was captured, but Clive foresaw that a much greater task awaited him. He had

to hold what he had gained. Quickly he set about laying in provisions and renewing the fortifications, and in this he was helped by the townspeople in gratitude for his kindness to them.

Two or three weeks passed, during which many successful sorties were made against bodies of the enemy advancing on the town. At last, on the 23rd September, a host of

in military history. For fifty days the 320 men within the fort manned the dilapidated defences, and kept at bay over 10,000 of the enemy.

Clive's fine example of courage endeared him to the hearts of his followers, both native and European—so much so that, when food was running short, the Sepoys offered to give up their portion of rice to the white men and to be content with the water in which the grain was boiled.

The final assault was made on the 14th November. Again and again the attackers surged up to the walls, seeking to force breaches, using elephants as battering-rams. Again and again they were repulsed, Clive managing one of the field-pieces and directing operations at the same time. At last they fell back, to come no more. The following morning, when the gallant defenders went out into the town, they found that the enemy had stolen away in the night, leaving their ammunition and provisions behind.

A Glorious Fame

From this time onwards Clive was an honoured man. His courage, sagacity, and determination won for him a glorious fame in every country. Arcot had been the turning-point in India's history; the tide now flowed in Britain's favour.

The victories at Arni and Kaveripak brought more laurels to Clive; Trichinopoly was relieved, and at last Dupleix, the French general, was defeated, and in great anger his Government called him home to suffer their displeasure.

In 1753 Clive's health broke down again, necessitating a visit of recuperation to England. Before sailing he married Miss Margaret Maskelyne, and the union proved to be ideal. Always he had a friend in his wife, someone to whom he could turn for comfort in his hours of trouble.

On reaching his native land, he and his bride were accorded a welcome such as is reserved only for the people's heroes. Honours were showered on him; Pitt spoke of him as "a heaven-born general"; the East India Company presented him with a beautiful jewelled sword, costing 500 guineas. The young captain—he was only twenty-seven—was suddenly surrounded with "friends" who very willingly helped him spend the money he had obtained in India. However, he found

VIEWING THE ENEMY BEFORE THE BATTLE



On the morning of the battle of Plassey Clive climbed on to the roof of Surajah Dowlah's hunting-lodge to view the enemy position. About a mile away he saw the formidable host drawn up in readiness.

10,000 men, consisting of French and native soldiers, under the command of Chanda Sahib's son, marched into Arcot and prepared to lay siege to the fort, behind whose crumbling walls Clive had ensconced his little force.

A little force it was, indeed, for casualties had reduced their numbers, until there were only 320 men fit for duty. The siege that followed is justly regarded as one of the most remarkable incidents that has ever occurred

THE "HEAVEN-BORN GENERAL" AT PLASSEY



In the battle of Plassey, Clive displayed to the fullest advantage his wonderful abilities as a general. Though the enemy outnumbered the English troops by nearly twenty to one, Clive organized his attack so skilfully that when evening came it saw him victor on a field of battle whereon few of the dead were his. It was this historic fight that established, once and for all time, the military supremacy of the British in Bengal.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed index



enough money to pay off the debts which had accumulated on his father's estate, and he then tried to enter Parliament.

In this he failed, and in 1756, the call of the East proving too strong, he set sail for India as the governor of Fort St. David, holding the position of lieutenant-colonel in the king's army. On his way he called at Bombay, and there undertook a work the need of which had been felt for months. Pirates had established a regular stronghold in the district, and, with the help of Admiral Watson, Clive cleared them out.

On the day that he took his seat as governor of Fort St. David, Surajah Dowlah, the native

against the English again, he determined that safety could be obtained only by the ruler's complete defeat.

The result was the battle of Plassey. Clive, with but 3,200 men and 8 light field-pieces, met the army of Surajah Dowlah, about 60,000 strong and equipped with 50 guns. The engagement was fierce, lasting the whole day, and though outnumbered by twenty to one, Clive had organized his attack so admirably that when evening came it saw him victor on a field of battle whereon few of the dead were his own men.

Meer Jaffier, with whom Clive had plotted to encompass the downfall of Surajah Dowlah, was placed on the throne, and in gratitude the new ruler opened his vast treasures, requesting Clive to take what he desired. In accepting £200,000 he unwittingly forged the strongest link in the chain of evidence that was later brought against him during his trial in England for indulging in corrupt practices.

Clive left India in 1760, happy in the knowledge that not only was Bengal secure for the British, but practically the whole of the country.

He entered Parliament and received an Irish peerage, much to the satisfaction of the people, who were still ardent in his praises.

In India Again

Five years later he was back in India again, this time as governor-general. He immediately embarked on a reforming campaign, striving to stamp out corrupt practices indulged in by officials all over the land. His administrative powers were marked by the same firmness that he had displayed when a military leader, but this characteristic, unfortunately, did not endear him to a great many.

After not quite two years' residence, he returned to England for the last time, on account of ill-health. He arrived a much poorer man than he had left, but this did not prevent his enemies from circulating wild rumours concerning his alleged corrupt practices.

After a parliamentary inquiry, the committee vindicated him by passing a motion declaring "that Robert, Lord Clive, did render great and meritorious services to his country."

Clive died by his own hand on the 22nd November, 1774, leaving two sons and three daughters.

[See Lives by Sir G. W. Forrest (2 vols., 1918) and Sir A. J. Arbuthnot (1899).]

A COURAGEOUS SOLDIER WHOM CLIVE OPPOSED



In 1758 Count de Lally was ordered by the French to drive the English from India. Opposed by Clive, he failed in his purpose, and, returning to France, he was thrown into prison.

ruler of Bengal, attacked the English settlement at Calcutta. Soon news came to Clive of the terrible outrage of the "Black Hole," and, together with Admiral Watson, he went on a mission of vengeance.

Calcutta was recaptured, and Clive advanced on Hngli, seized the place, and then confiscated booty to the value of some £15,000 as a punishment. Then Surajah Dowlah sued for peace, to which Clive assented. Later on, however, hearing that the crafty ruler was intriguing

A FRENCH MAGICIAN of the CHISEL

Auguste Rodin, Who with His Inspired Chisel Carved His Way through Misunderstanding and Distrust to Recognition and World-wide Fame

IT is pretty generally accepted that artists are born, not made. No less true is it that the art instinct is one of the earliest to express itself. Before the child can read or write he shows an inclination to draw; and a box of paints reveals how deep-rooted is his delight in colour.

It is because of this, no doubt, that so many artists who have reached eminence have shown surprising gifts in early years. The infant prodigy crops up in art more frequently than in any other department of human activity. Most of the Renaissance artists had produced great works before they were out of their teens. Millais won a prize at the art schools when he was still wearing an Eton collar, and Landseer could draw any kind of animal with his eyes shut when he was ten.

Nature, however, appears to delight in making exceptions to her most accepted rules, and, instead of the infant prodigy who achieves greatness by sudden inspiration, she selects one here and there to show how, by slow and steady effort and patient continuance, the same goal may be reached.

Of this latter class we have an illustration in the life of Rodin, generally accepted as one of the greatest sculptors of the nineteenth century, and perhaps of all recent foreign artists the best known and most appreciated in this country. In him we have one whose growth was slow, who did not come to his own until well on in middle life, who experienced few of those inspirations which are supposed to give birth to great art, and who yet, by fortitude and incessant toil, made for himself an enduring name.

Auguste Rodin, or, to give him his full title, François Auguste Rodin, was born in Paris on the 14th November, 1840. The house in

which he first saw the light has been demolished. The humble dwelling was situated in an uninteresting street in an interesting neighbourhood, for it stood on the fringe of what is known as the Latin Quarter, not far from the Panthéon and Sorbonne.

His father, Jean Baptiste Rodin, by profession a clerk, was of Norman extraction, while his mother hailed from Lorraine. Those who hunt

AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS FAME



Auguste Rodin, the famous French sculptor. It was many years before his extraordinary genius was fully recognized by his countrymen.

for hereditary influences to account for distinctive genius will search Rodin's ancestry in vain. No artist, and no one even remotely connected with art, can be discovered among his relatives on either side.

The humble position occupied by his parents gave but little hope for Auguste's future. He was sent for his education to an elementary school in the neighbourhood, where no doubt he would have remained had it not been that an uncle, who kept a boarding-school at Beauvais, made room for him at a fee which came within the slender means of his parents. This venture did not prove a success. The poverty of the boy was a source of pain to himself and of unkindness towards him by others. He was naturally shy, and also short-sighted, though unconscious of it, so that his

progress was slow, his apparent denseness being a source of irritation to his teachers. Beauvais, however, with its glorious cathedral, often described as the Parthenon of the Gothic, was an inspiring spot for one in whom lay the seeds of artistic genius.

Having reached the age of fourteen, Rodin was only too glad to return home to Paris in order to begin his life of work. His inclination led him in no particular direction. Although fond of drawing, he felt no overwhelming desire to pursue the calling of the artist;

indeed, to his boyish fancy, that which appealed to him most was oratory. He longed to be a public speaker, and, slipping into an empty class-room at school, he would delight in mounting the teacher's desk and haranguing an imaginary audience.

Drifts into a Career of Art

Living as he did on the verge of the Latin Quarter, he, as it were, drifted into an artistic career more by proximity than by predilection. The Latin Quarter is the centre of that Bohemian life which is more characteristic of Paris than of any other city in Europe. It is a district where poverty offers no barrier to comradeship and confers no shame, where art and letters are more esteemed than wealth, and where liberty of self-expression is accepted as the cardinal necessity of the artistic career.

At that time a drawing school existed, now named L'École des Arts Décoratifs, which offered free tuition to anyone who cared to take advantage of it. Rodin entered, and at sixteen had definitely settled on art as his profession in life. Here he found himself in a world full of interest, surrounded by friends, many of them as poor as himself, yet full of ambitions for the future. Rodin had his ambitions, no doubt, but he was less demonstrative than the ordinary student of the Latin

Quarter, and his natural shyness tended to keep him in the background.

During his stay in the drawing school, and through this early period of his career, there was little evidence that he had anything but ordinary gifts. The remarkable feature about him at this time was the possession not of any striking faculty, but rather of an amazing industry. At eight in the morning he began his classes, which went on till twelve; after a scanty lunch he would proceed to the Louvre, where he made drawings of the antique. His evenings were spent in laboriously copying or elaborating the drawings he had made.

Attracted by Modelling

So far Rodin's time had been absorbed in drawing, but there came a period in the ordinary course of instruction when he had to try his hand at modelling. His interest was awakened in his new work; he was conscious of an added pleasure, though of no overmastering revelation that this was to be the medium through which he was to find self-expression.

The lack of means wherewith to continue his studies forced Rodin at last to seek employment. This he secured, though with a mere pittance as a wage, at an ornament-maker's. The work itself required little skill and only limited invention, and the years in which Rodin

WHERE THE ARTIST WORKED AMID A WORLD OF STATUES



A corner of Rodin's studio at Meudon, near Paris. Here the sculptor kept not only casts of his own statues, but also an amazing array of antique figures and fragments in marble and bronze, of which he was long an inveterate collector. It was at Meudon chiefly that he prepared the rough drafts of his compositions.

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was forced by poverty to engage in it might have ruined his career, by turning him from an artist into a mere mechanical wage-earner. He was saved from mediocrity because he never allowed himself to regard even the making of ornaments as commonplace. He forced himself to take an interest in his work, and at the same time never ceased during his spare hours to continue his studies in sculpture.

Rodin was twenty-four when an opportunity reached him of entering, as an assistant and pupil, the studio of a sculptor named Carrier-Belleuse, a graceful and facile, though somewhat insipid, artist then at the height of his career. In this studio Rodin remained for six years, with but little advantage to himself. Although there was mutual respect, there was, from the artistic side, nothing in common. The bent of Rodin's genius was not in the direction of insipidity or prettiness or elegance.

Early Failures

Up to his twenty-fourth year Rodin had produced nothing original or distinctive, but in 1864 he emerged from obscurity and sent to the Salon a head in clay, to which he gave the title "The Man with the Broken Nose." In this first work some of Rodin's distinctive genius was discovered, but it did not please the authorities, and was rejected. From time to time Rodin had also competed for admission as a student to the École des Beaux Arts, but was thrice refused. These repeated buffetings of fate would have discouraged most men, and they discouraged Rodin for a time, but they did not convince him that he had no work to do in the world.

After a while they only made him more grimly determined that, since he could not gain the teaching of the schools, he would teach himself, and this through still more years of trial he continued to do. A commission entrusted to Carrier-Belleuse was passed on by him to Rodin for execution, and took him to Brussels. By this time he had married, and during his

seven years' stay in Brussels he was able to live modestly but decently, and to pursue amid quiet surroundings his studies and his intellectual and artistic development.

Rodin was now thirty-seven years of age, a man living in obscurity, engaged in work which was hard and engrossing without offering hope of advancement. He had come to a time of life when most men sink into an accepted routine, when habits are formed and also a disinclination to break them; when early

AN INSPIRATION FROM RODIN'S CHISEL



In this striking group, "The Hand of God," the artist has portrayed a gigantic hand holding a mass of clay, in the midst of which two human beings are depicted locked together in a passionate embrace.

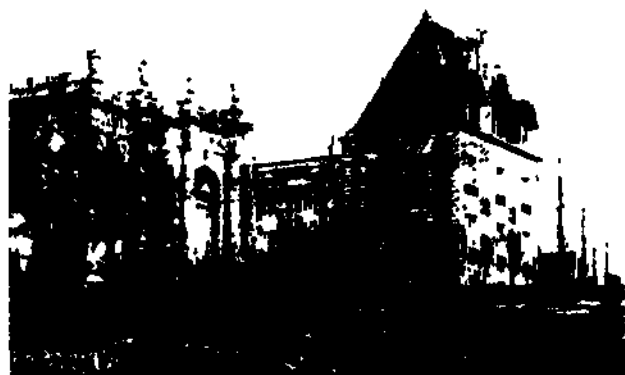
ambitions begin to fade, and one settles down to accept things as they are. It was at thirty-seven, however, that Rodin broke his long silence, and emerged as the finished sculptor, with convictions formed, with ideas about art which were his own, and with the power as well as the disposition to say new things.

In 1877 Rodin sent to the Salon a statue to which he gave the title "The Age of Brass." The examining committee accepted it, but at the same time made the astounding accusation that the artist had taken a cast from life, a conclusion which they reached evidently owing to the perfection of the modelling. This is a practice not unknown among sculptors, but Rodin indignantly repudiated it. A Belgian soldier had been his model. He secured photographs of him and sent them to the committee, who never looked at them, but persisted in their unfounded accusation.

Living Under a Cloud

The work was bought by the secretary of the Fine Arts, and placed by him in the Luxembourg Gardens, but even this did not remove the evil produced by the accusation. For two years Rodin lived under a cloud of suspicion,

THE SCULPTOR'S SPACIOUS ABODE



Rodin's beautiful home at Meudon. The house is of sixteenth-century style, and from its setting of vineyards looks over Paris and the wooded heights of St. Cloud.

which was only dispelled when another sculptor, Boucher, chancing to see Rodin executing a study of children in clay, was so amazed at the facility and swiftness of his work that he publicly declared that a skill such as Rodin's had no need of taking casts from life, and that there could be no doubt of the genuine nature of his work. This silenced accusations, and the unfounded aspersions cast upon Rodin seemed to draw increasing attention to his creations.

Rodin was not destined to have an easy passage through life, welcomed as a man of genius, and worshipped by the crowd. His "Age of Brass" was not only a piece of consummate workmanship, it was a challenge, and represented a vigorous and original type of mind. It was the achievement of an artist who had not been bred in the schools, but who had reached definite convictions, and hewn out original methods of expressing them. "The

Age of Brass" represents, as Rodin describes it, "the man who awakens to nature." The body is that of a youth, who leans slightly backward, the right hand clutching the hair on the forehead. The impression conveyed by the face and body is the dawn of delight, which the youth himself scarcely understands. When the plaster model appeared in the Salon of 1877, it immediately arrested attention by its freshness and virility. Here was something new, a sculptor who had not sunk his personality in the conventional categories of the schools, but who had come into close and personal contact with his subject. At once the critics were on his track. Rodin's contempt for the facile and the pretty, his unconventional methods, his intense realism, which finds expression even in harshness and angularity, all these shocked the critics trained in the academies of style, and thinking only of art walled within the narrow bounds of tradition.

A New Controversy

The controversy aroused by "The Age of Brass" was reawakened in 1880, when Rodin exhibited his "St. John the Baptist." The sculptor represents the prophet crying in the wilderness, his face wild, his mouth open, his arms stretched out with a harsh and disturbing gesture.

Here again was the revolutionist, the man whom the critics could not endure, perhaps mainly because he had been only a common workman and was both obstinate and independent. Like all original artists, Rodin had to suffer such attacks for many years, until at length controversy died down, and the truth and worth of his work were recognized.

Rodin was more happy than many others in that he lived long enough to see the change.

The years which followed were years of growing recognition by the public, and also of growing power in the artist. Rodin's industry was in no way diminished, and as his skill increased he continued to pour out a great mass of interesting work. By reason of his extraordinary unconventionality Rodin has aroused embittered controversy even among those willing to be accounted his admirers; yet his work is always stamped with sincerity.

His Bust of Rochefort

Rodin often used to tell a story against himself, which unwittingly was a tribute to his conscientious methods of work. The famous sculptor was modelling a magnificent bust of Henri Rochefort, the well-known French journalist, and was taking such infinite pains with his work that the sitter began to get weary of the long sittings. Misunderstanding the artist's

"NOTHING IS UGLY THAT HAS LIFE"



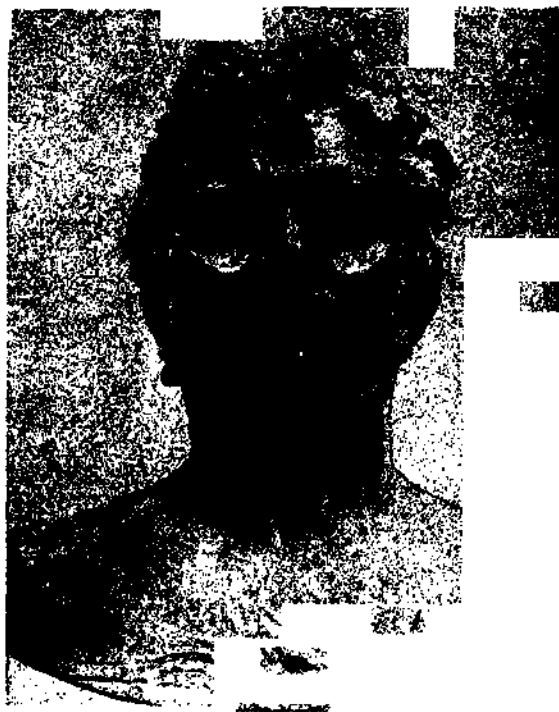
"Thought," in the Luxembourg, Paris, one of Rodin's best-known and most beautiful works. To critics who expressed the view that his work was ugly, Rodin replied, "Nothing is ugly that has life"

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HOW THE ARTIST MADE THE SPIRIT LIVE



Bust of Falguière, who executed the statue of Balzac for the Society of Men of Letters after their rejection of Rodin's.



In this bust of Balzac, in the South Kensington Museum, Rodin has admirably caught the spirit of the great writer.



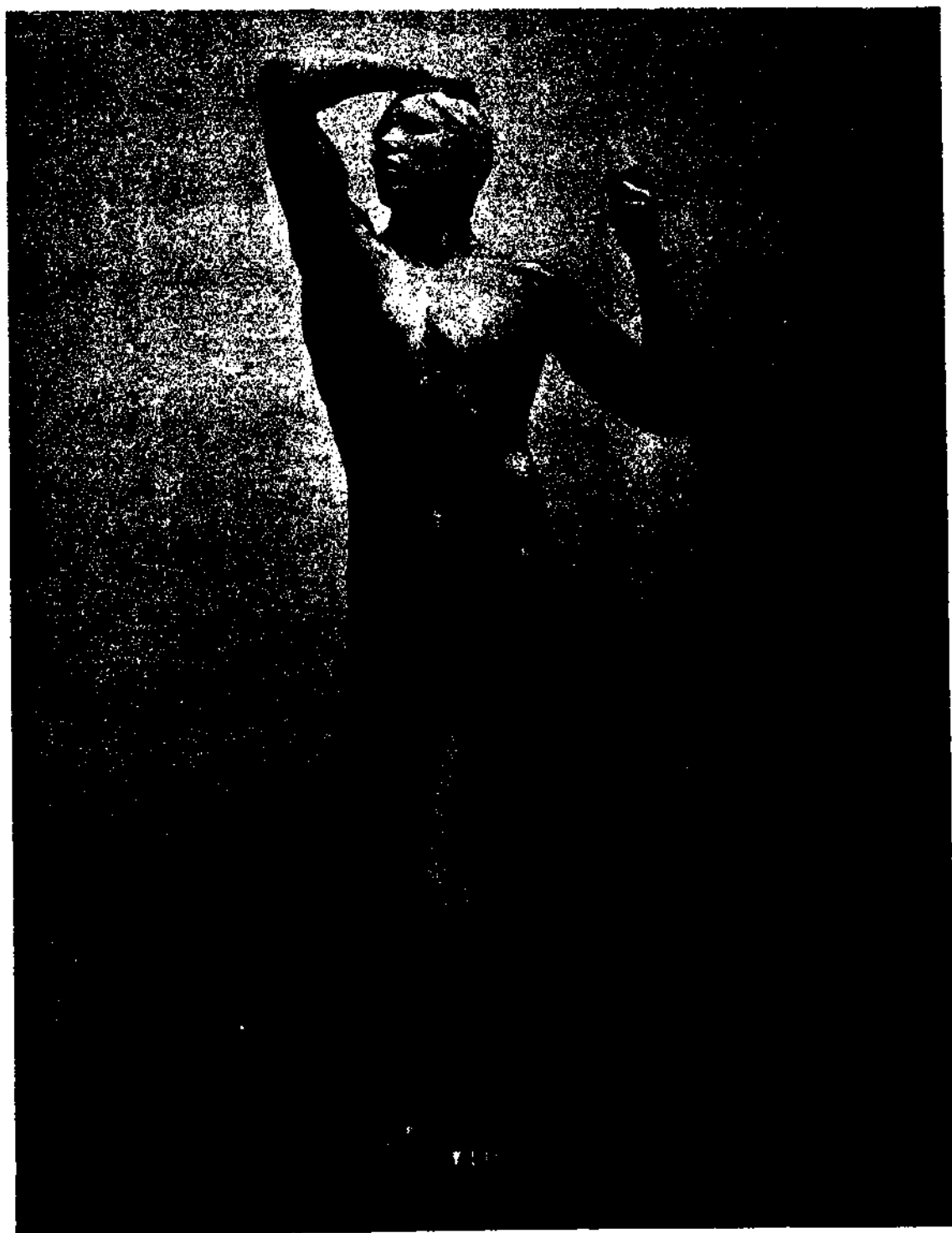
The bust of Madame V. is a finely modelled head of a young woman. It is in the Luxembourg, Paris.



Detail of the bust of Madame V. in profile, showing the extraordinary lifelikeness attained by Rodin.

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PERFECTION FROM THE SCULPTOR'S CHISEL



So perfect is the modelling of this gem of the Luxembourg, Paris, "The Age of Brass," that the sculptor was accused of having taken a cast from life—a charge which was proved to have no foundation.

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MUSING ON THOSE WHO CAME AFTER HIM



In this splendid bronze, "The Thinker," from the unfinished "Portal of Hell," Rodin depicts primeval man, deep in thought, gazing upon the crimes and passions of his descendants which unfold below him.

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careful nicety for laziness, Rochefort used to give the following account of what happened in the studio.

"The work goes on and on," he said. "I go to M. Rodin in the morning, and he very carefully places a tiny little pellet of clay on the face of my bust. I return full of hope in the afternoon, and—he laboriously removes that very same pellet!—and thus the days and the weeks go by!"

He was a great lover of nature, and believed, unlike Whistler, that in everything she fashioned there was some beauty or goodness. Once, when he was asked what he thought of nature, he replied swiftly and to the point: "Nature! Oh, I know how to admire her now! And I find her so perfect, that if God were to call me and ask me what there was in her to be modified, I should reply that everything is so exactly as it should be that nothing ought to be touched. The fable of Antæus, who derived fresh strength from each successive contact with Mother Earth, is the symbol of man who recovers his power every time he goes back to Nature."

Even in the large dining-room in his house at Meudon, Rodin saw that fitting worship was paid to "the bountiful mother of all things." Except for a dozen white chairs, a trestle table, and a picture by Falguière the room was left bare. The walls stretching out on three sides of the room were painted a very pale dawn-like tint, thus creating an atmosphere of repose.

"When I open the windows of this room and the landscape floods my vision," Rodin would argue, "my room partakes of the pensive stillness of Nature. No obtrusive artificialities prevent it from harmonizing with the hills and the fields that surround it."

Throughout his life Rodin had been an admirer of Dante and a passionate student of his works. Being commissioned to erect a door decorated by sculpture for the Palais des Arts Décoratifs, Rodin chose the subject of Hell, the Hell that Dante conceived in his great poem, and which seemed to offer possibilities of poetic treatment of the most varied character. This immense work, six metres high, occupied Rodin's attention for over twenty years, and is one of the most elaborate of modern works.

"The Burghers of Calais"

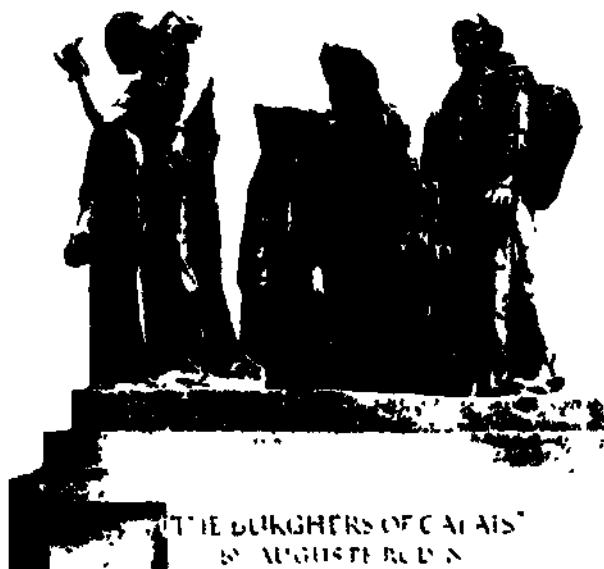
In 1889 appeared "The Burghers of Calais," a piece of sculpture which caused a profound sensation when first exhibited. Having received

a commission for a statue of Eustace de Saint-Pierre, the hero of Calais, whose devotion saved the city when besieged by Edward III of England, Rodin, instead of creating one figure, arranged a group of six. Not only so, but his monument deliberately departs from all rules of official art. Instead of arranging his subjects on a flat surface, Rodin has created six separate individuals, and he places them on their different planes, walking two by two, with halters round their necks, tottering through weakness and hunger. The whole thing is a piece of most daring and successful realism.

Opposition to Balzac Statue

In addition to many works of a purely imaginative character, such as "The Danaïd,"

IN MEMORY OF AN HEROIC ACT



Bronze replica of "The Burghers of Calais," in the Victoria Tower Gardens, London. Six burghers, with halters round their necks, surrender the besieged city to Edward III.

"Bellona," and "The Kiss," Rodin executed a long series of busts of illustrious men and women, and in no department was his output more original. As usual, some of his work in portraiture aroused the most embittered opposition, conspicuous among them being his statue of Balzac, whose head emerges from a rough and unshaped dressing-gown. The object of the sculptor is to express the immense intellectual power of the author of the "Comédie Humaine," untrammelled by drapery, the whole force of the work being concentrated in the huge head and neck. This independent treatment was too much for the society that had ordered it. Its members protested against Rodin's "rough model," and

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refused to recognize it as a statue of Balzac; so they returned it to Rodin, refusing either to accept it or pay for it.

A Noble Masterpiece

A better fate attended his "Victor Hugo," regarded as one of Rodin's masterpieces. This noble work represents the great French author seated upon the rocks of exile, listening to the entreating voices of the men of History and the muses of the Ideal which hover near him, and which supplicate him to defend oppressed humanity and inspire the world to seek the things that are above. This work, which was intended for the Panthéon, has been placed in the Luxembourg Gardens.

Among his portrait busts of women, two of the most notable are those of Madame V. and Mlle. Claude. These offer a very complete contrast, the former being a piquant and charming study of feminine beauty, realistic in its character, the other idealistic in treatment, reflective and spiritual.

The period of the 'eighties of last century showed a remarkable output of original and creative work, during which Rodin's fame was securely established in France. In the years that followed, requests poured in from every quarter inviting him to exhibit his work.

In England, which Rodin visited on several occasions, there has been a generous recognition of his genius. Two famous writers, Henley and Stevenson, were among his admirers, and with them both he was in constant correspondence. In 1902 his "St. John" was bought for the nation and placed in South Kensington Museum, and in the following year Rodin was lionized in a representative gathering of the *élite* of London society.

Honours Showered Upon Him

In France the opposition which attended his early efforts gradually died down. His great work, "Le Penseur," a study suggesting elemental power with rudimentary intelligence, adorns the great square of the Place de Panthéon in Paris. Honours were heaped upon him, and his countrymen awakened, though tardily, to the fact that he is the one original sculptor which France has produced in the nineteenth century.

In the year 1905 Rodin presented to the people of Britain twenty of his wonderful works. On the 17th November, 1917, he passed away at his house at Meudon, and left the remainder of his works to France.

[See Lives by R. Dircks (1901), O. Grantoff (1908), G. Kahn (1909), and C. Manclair (1905).]

RODIN AND HIS WIFE IN THEIR GARDEN AT MEUDON



After many years of difficulty and trial, Rodin was able to purchase a comfortable home, and he enjoyed to the full his pleasant haven outside Paris. Here, among beautiful trees and flowers, with a majestic landscape spread before him, he both worked and spent his well-earned hours of ease.

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A SEA HEROINE of ENGLAND

Grace Darling, Who, Heedless of Danger, Braved the Terrors of the Storm, and Helped Her Father to Bring the Shipwrecked Back to Safety

ABOUT two miles from the coast of Northumberland a group of rocky islets raise their craggy heads above the whiteness of the surging foam.

Almost it seems as if some giant of far-off days had flung them there—as if, in his anger, he had caught up handfuls of rock and heaved them into the North Sea, where they lay for ages battered by wind and wave. On the maps they are marked as the Farne Islands, and in history-books of that district there are two stories told about them.

The first one, and the older, concerns the island of Farne—or House, as it is sometimes called. It tells how St. Cuthbert, tired of communion with the world, betook himself to the island to spend his days in fasting and prayer; how he left his lonely cell to become bishop of Lindisfarne; and how he returned when he felt the hand of death placed upon him.

The second story concerns a girl—a girl of the early nineteenth century, who lived with her father and mother in a lighthouse on the island of Longstone, and who by an act of splendid heroism leapt in a day from the darkness of obscurity into the brilliance of popularity. The name of Grace Darling will be remembered long after the Longstone Lighthouse has crumbled away.

It was in the village of Bamborough, in Northumberland, on the 24th November, 1815, that Grace, the seventh child of William Darling, was born. In the same year her father was appointed keeper of the lighthouse on Longstone Island, and thither he moved, taking his wife and baby girl with him.

William Darling was just the type of man needed for the post. Trustworthy and courageous, he had served for ten years as assistant to his father, the keeper of the old Brownsman

Lighthouse. He knew every current and every channel in the waters that washed the islands. The authorities had implicit faith in his abilities.

The loneliness of her home never seemed to trouble Grace. Probably, as a young girl, she never had time to feel desolate. There was always something to be done. A timetable for her lessons was drawn up by her father, who taught her to read and write, and informed her which books in the small library she should make chief use of.

Then, too, there were household duties, taught by her mother. The seven apartments in the lighthouse had to be kept clean and tidy; cooking had to be learned; and there was also knitting, spinning, and sewing. But when the sun shone brightly, and the sea was calm, Grace was always out in the open.

Longstone Island was not a paradise, but to the student of nature it was never dull. All round, on the ledges of rock, hosts of sea-birds flocked to rear their young. Both father and daughter became intimately acquainted with the habits of these feathered folk, and vied with each other in obtaining the best collection of eggs. And then, too, there were the sea-shells.

The tide would go out, and Grace would climb

down over the slippery seaweed, anxious to snatch some prize to add to her father's collection. Many happy hours were spent in this way.

But the days Grace liked best of all were those when her father launched the little boat and took her on excursions to the neighbouring islands. A journey would be made to Farne, and there Grace would visit the ancient chapel, supposed to have been built on the site of St. Cuthbert's hermitage. Close to it was a square tower, and, seated at the foot of this, she would listen to the tales her father told of the miracles

IN MEMORY OF A BRAVE DEED



At Bamborough, the village of her birth, this splendid tomb was erected to commemorate Grace Darling's heroism in saving life at sea.

performed by the saint, and how the tower was built in the fifteenth century to defend the chapel.

Laden with fresh specimens for their collection, they would return to the lighthouse, and Grace would climb up the stairs with her father and watch him trim the light. After the evening meal, perhaps a pleasant hour would be passed in reading aloud a passage from Milton or a chapter of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Then came the greatest treat of all. William Darling, who loved music as much as he loved poetry, would take down his violin and play the tunes he knew so well.

Terrible Winter Storms

In winter there was a different tale to tell. Then fierce gales roared round the isolated tower, whipping the waves into such fury that they leaped upon each other, reaching up white hands to grasp and beat against the window-panes. Clad in his oilskins, William Darling often had to climb up the stone stairs to clear the icicles and spray from the glass that shielded the lantern.

Perilous work was this, and Grace, with anxious eyes, would watch her father clinging to the rail on the balcony for dear life, the spray blinding his eyes, the wind striving to tear him from his perch and dash him on to the rocks beneath.

Often she would start up in her sleep, agonized cries for help seeming to reach her ears above the howling of the storm. Generally her fears would be unfounded, but sometimes they would be realized, and in the morning, when the tempest had abated, she would see from the lantern gallery a proud ship in her death throes, breaking in pieces on the jagged teeth of the rocks. The boat would be launched, and her father would go off to the rescue, leaving Grace and her mother in the lighthouse to pray for his safe return.

Christmas at the Lighthouse

Grace's visits to the mainland were few, but her brothers and sisters would often pay visits to the lighthouse, especially at Christmas time, when William Darling loved to gather his family round him. The tiny apartments were then transformed with decorations; the stone walls rang with the echo of happy laughter; and carols were sung with just as much heartiness as if the lonely lighthouse were a rich mansion in the depths of the country.

Thus happily the seasons passed, until at last Grace grew from childhood to womanhood. Then Lachesis picked up the fibre of shipwreck to spin fame into the thread of Grace's life.

On the night of the 6th September, 1838, a terrific north-easterly gale occurred in the

North Sea. Some way off St. Abb's Head the *Forfarshire*, a small passenger steamer of 300 tons, was battling with the wind and waves. Bound from Hull to Dundee, she carried on board some sixty souls, including the crew, and in her holds reposed a valuable cargo.

Misfortune had followed in her wake from the beginning of the voyage. She had steamed out of Hull with her boilers badly needing repair, and had not gone far when the storm burst forth in all its fury. The weakened engines now became utterly useless, and the ship was unmanageable.

With all speed sail was bent on, the captain hoping to put the vessel round and stand for the open sea. But she would not answer her helm, and gradually she fell off and began to drift.

Every wave threatened to lift the ship up on its foaming pinnacle and roll it down into the seething troughs. Below the decks the frightened passengers were huddled together like sheep—first thrown to one side of the ship, then to the other.

"Breakers to Leeward!"

They were terrified, but only the captain and crew knew to what grave extent danger threatened. Blown about at the mercy of the wind, they were rapidly being driven inshore, to a coast bristling with rocks. Suddenly rose the dread cry, "Breakers to leeward!" and at the same moment the Farne light shone through the darkness.

The end came soon afterwards. Vainly the captain strove to guide his ship through the deep water between the islands and the mainland. With a crash that knocked everyone off their feet, a huge wave picked up the *Forfarshire* and flung it with the force of a battering-ram against a sharp spur of the Harker Rocks.

Wild with excitement and terror, the passengers surged on deck. A boat was hastily lowered, and nine people scrambled in and succeeded in pushing off. Fortune favoured those nine, for they managed to weather the storm, and were rescued in the morning by a Montrose sloop.

Those left on board the wreck ran to and fro bewailing their doom and seeking the place that would yield them greatest safety. Some chose the bows, others the after-part, some faltered amidships, uncertain which way to go. Fate decided for them, swiftly and terribly.

The Vessel Breaks in Two

With a roar like a hungry beast, a huge wave lifted the stricken vessel high on its crest, carried it forward for a moment, then dashed it down once again on the sharp-edged rock, literally severing it in twain. The fore-part stuck fast, but the after-part plunged back into the

BATTLING UNAIDED WITH THE WIND AND WAVES



"Grace Darling," after the painting by T. Brooks. When the boat drew near the rock on which were the survivors, William Darling leapt out. Unaided now, the noble girl bent to her task of keeping the boat off the rocks, and after a tremendous struggle some of the shipwrecked party were got aboard and rowed to safety.

sea, and was swept away by the tremendous current flowing between the islands. Everyone in the stern, including the captain and his wife, perished. The only survivors were nine terrified creatures clinging to the wreckage on the rock.

It was then about 3 o'clock in the morning, and the storm was still raging as fiercely as ever. With superhuman tenacity, born of the fear of death, the survivors grasped at anything within reach to prevent them from being washed into the foaming sea. Wave upon wave swept over them, tearing the clothes off their backs, and blinding their eyes with stinging spray. There was among them a woman named Sarah Dawson, who clasped to her breast two little children, half demented with cold and terror. Anxious eyes peered into the darkness, watching for the help that did not come.

Dawn Reveals the Wreck

At last a grey dawn broke, and through his telescope William Darling, from the Longstone Lighthouse, could just make out the wreck of the *Forfarshire* some half a mile away. In the half-light he could descry no sign of life, but at 7 o'clock, when he looked again, he thought he saw survivors.

A call brought Grace to his side, and her keen eyes soon confirmed her father's conjectures. There were people clinging to the rock. Could they be saved? Any attempt under such conditions seemed madness to William Darling. It would be impossible for one man to row out in such weather, with the wind and tide against him, let alone bring back others in the boat.

Calmly Grace turned to her father and offered to go with him. True, she had never helped to row a boat in such a sea before, but she was willing to try. She could not bear to see the poor creatures perish before her eyes, without making some effort to help them. "Let us go, father," she said; "God will bring us success." Her appeal succeeded.

Launching the Little Boat

Down the steps they ran—mother, father, and child—and made ready to launch their little boat. Waiting for a wave to recede, they pushed off, and then both sprang for an oar. A strong pull, and the boat was lifted on the crest of the next wave, and headed out into the seething turmoil. The perilous journey had begun.

Mrs. Darling, left alone on the island, ascended the steps of the lighthouse to watch their progress. The sight of her loved ones in such

terrible danger proved too much for her, however, and she dropped on the floor in a swoon.

Gradually Grace and her father drew nearer the wreck, and the cries of despair changing to cries of joy spurred them to fresh vigour.

At last the rock was reached, and a difficult task had to be accomplished. Getting in as close as they could, William Darling leaped out, and shouted to Grace to pull away a little to prevent the boat from being dashed to pieces.

He arranged quickly among the survivors who should help him with the boat, and, at a signal, Grace drew in near to the rock again. Four of the men and Sarah Dawson scrambled on board, the poor woman, in the depths of despair, forced to leave behind her the two bodies of her little children, who had died from exposure.

The Survivors Safe at Last

After a terrible struggle the lighthouse was reached, and Grace and her mother ministered to the relief of the half-conscious survivors, while William Darling, aided by two of the rescued men, rowed back to the rock and brought off the rest of the shipwrecked. One hour later, a rescue boat from Sunderland, over six miles distant, containing a volunteer crew of seven men, arrived at Harker Rocks, only to find that they had been forestalled. The storm was still raging, and the heavy sea running compelled them to seek refuge in the Longstone Lighthouse, where they were held prisoners for two days by the weather.

When the story of Grace Darling's wonderful courage became known every heart was stirred

with admiration. From all parts of the British Isles congratulations and gifts were showered upon her. The Government gave her a present of £50, and in addition £750 was raised by public subscription. Gold medals were awarded to Grace and her father by the Royal Humane Society, and other public societies voted her their warm thanks. From everywhere letters came, requesting a lock of her hair, or her autograph: poets sang her praises; painters besieged her at the lighthouse; the proprietor of Batty's Circus tried to engage her; and the manager of the Adelphi Theatre in London offered her £20 a night if she would sit on a pasteboard wreck in view of the audience.

Unchanged by Popularity

To such a modest girl as Grace, all this must have been very overwhelming, but she could not be prevailed on to leave the lighthouse, and was helped by the wise counsels of the Duke of Northumberland, who had established himself her guardian. Every proposal of marriage—and there were many—was carefully scrutinized by him, and he warned off all adventurers and unscrupulous amusement caterers.

Unhappily Grace did not survive long to enjoy the many benefits she had received. She had never been robust in health, and a few years after her great triumph the dread signs of consumption appeared.

A change of air was advised, and under its influence she rallied for a time. Becoming worse again, she was removed to Bamborough, and there, in her birthplace, with her mother and father by her side, she passed away, in her twenty-seventh year, on the 20th October, 1842

THE BOAT USED BY GRACE DARLING IN HER FAMOUS EXPLOIT



One of the greatest treasures that the little village of Bamborough possesses is this battered old relic of a glorious sea rescue. The boat is known as a "coble," a type common on the east coast, and designed with a special view to launching off beaches in heavy seas.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index



The NIGHTINGALE of AMERICA

Madame Galli-Curci, the Daughter of an Italian Baker, Who Has Charmed Audiences the World Over with Her Wonderful Golden Voice

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI was born on the 18th November, 1889, of humble parents, in a rather mean quarter of that famous musical city, Milan. Her father was an Italian baker, her mother a native of Spain.

The family was intensely musical, and at the early age of five little Amelita began a very serious study of the piano. Her mother was her teacher, and the daughter-pupil proved such a rapid learner that she gained a diploma and gold medal at the Royal Conservatory of Milan at the age of sixteen. But always throughout her tedious pianoforte apprenticeship Amelita was longing to sing.

At the age of ten she was constantly transforming herself into a *prima donna*, with high notes, long trills, and the *morceau de résistance*—the flute obbligato. And then, with the ingenuousness of unconquered and unconquerable youth, she traced her name slowly, "Amelita Galli," and wrote underneath it "Adelina Patti." To her childish imagination it was incredible that the two names should have the same vowels and the same number of letters.

Unfortunately, however, when she obtained her diploma for pianoforte at the Milan Conservatory, the family met with severe business reverses, and Amelita



The great diva gathering roses, her favourite flowers. Madame Galli-Curci is passionately fond of flowers, and her garden is a sea of wonderful blooms, rivaling the rainbow in colours.

had to give piano lessons to keep the wolf from the door. Thus she could not take up the study of singing under a professor, as all the money she earned by giving pianoforte lessons was needed to support the family. So she snatched an hour every day to practise singing without the aid of a teacher. Her teachers were books on vocal art, common-sense, and listening to the song of the birds near her home. Probably Mme. Galli-Curci is the only *prima donna* who is self-taught; yet the thoroughness of her tuition is acknowledged wherever she has sung.

Pietro Mascagni, the famous composer, whose intermezzo from his favourite opera, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, has achieved undying fame, was a close friend of the Galli family. Upon one of his frequent visits, he chanced to hear her sing, and, marvelling at the flexibility of her voice, said, "Amelita, my girl, you have a wonderful voice, teach yourself to sing."

But she was already doing this, and, when at last the family extricated itself from financial difficulty, she went to Rome to try her fortune in opera, and soon afterwards made her debut as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, at the Constanzi Theatre. Her performance was a success, although it by no means foreshadowed her amazing future, and she signed a three years'

contract at the rate of thirty shillings for each performance.

When this contract expired, Amelita started out on another tour, during which she sang in Turin, Barcelona, Havana, many South American cities, and the Canary Islands. Wherever she went she created a furore by her sensational vocal equipment and the ease with which she managed her beautiful voice. Her last appearance in the lovely Canary Islands produced a most wonderful scene. At the conclusion of the performance the audience let loose thirty doves in the auditorium. Fastened to the feet of the fluttering messengers were tiny banners bearing the words, "Vive Galli-Curci," and other affectionate phrases.

A Shower of Rose Petals

After the freeing of the doves came showers of rose petals, and the whole stage was soon covered with sweet-scented leaves. But even this was not enough to show their appreciation. For, as a last tribute to her, a charming golden cage, wreathed in roses and containing a beautiful canary, was lowered. Such was the character of the tributes bestowed upon Mme. Galli-Curci throughout her tour.

Another unique experience which Mme. Galli-Curci encountered on this tour took place at Madrid. She essayed the almost impossible task of singing a strenuous operatic rôle in a wheeled chair, while she had a temperature of over a hundred degrees.

That particular Madrid season had scarcely begun when the soprano fell ill of typhus. For six weary weeks the fever held her, and she was in an agony of pain all the time. And then, when she was only just convalescent, the manager of the opera-house came to her

with woeful tidings of a season foreshadowing bankruptcy. He implored her to sing. Something must be done to bring the people back to the Teatro Real.

Mme. Galli-Curci at first laughed at him. "Sing?" she exclaimed; "it is impossible. Why, I can't even stand, let alone sing."

The manager seemed disappointed at her reply, and then was very thoughtful. Into his brain came the idea of giving that favourite opera, *The Barber of Seville*, with Mme. Galli-Curci as Rosine, sitting in a wheeled chair.

At first the soprano would not entertain the idea, but the entreaties of the rest of the company were irresistible, and finally she acceded to their request. Money was very scarce, and the Spaniards would pay to hear the new soprano sing, so poor Amelita sang.

Off the stage they fed her with the strongest meat jelly they could procure, and refused to admit her rising temperature. The hectic excitement of singing and the reception of the sympathetic audience kept her from collapsing. She was like one in a dream. It all seemed so unreal and fantastic, but many people who heard her then and afterwards at other famous operatic houses have declared that she sang just as well under those appalling conditions as she did when making her American debut.

The Enthusiasm of the Audience

When the performance came to an end the crowded audience nearly wrecked the theatre in their unbounded enthusiasm. They completely carpeted the bare boards of the stage with flowers of every description. The event is a very precious memory in the life of Mme. Galli-Curci.

The effort of giving a performance under such

A PEACEFUL OLD-WORLD HAVEN IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS



Sul Monte, Madame Galli-Curci's charming country mansion in the Catskill Mountains, New York State, U.S.A. It is built in old English style, and contains a remarkable collection of tapestries and lace. In this quiet old-world atmosphere the prima donna spends her summers practising for the forthcoming season.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed index

An American Ovation

extraordinary conditions did her no injury, but, incredible as it may appear, it produced the reverse effect. For it so stimulated her that it actually put her firmly on the road to recovery and health. The day before she sang in the wheeled chair she could hardly stand, but on the day after the memorable performance she was not only able to remain on her feet, but to take a short walk as well.

Despite the overwhelming successes she had experienced wherever she appeared, when she reached the United States in 1916, scarcely anybody knew her or had ever heard of her. Originally she went there on a holiday, little dreaming she would make it her home for the next eight years. Staying longer than her bank balance permitted, she was compelled to seek an engagement to pay her expenses back to Europe. So Mme. Galli-Curci canvassed every manager for a chance, but met with heartbreaking refusals. However, by great determination and constant worrying, Cleofonte Campanini, of the Chicago Opera Association, grudgingly consented to hear her sing. The result was that he at once engaged her for two "trial" performances at the Chicago Opera House, strangely enough, as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, the opera in which she had made her first public appearance in Italy.

A Galli-Curci Story

The Americans tell a little story about that first appearance. The story goes that a certain music lover came late that afternoon, and, when he entered the auditorium lobby, he stopped, looked about him for a moment, and then turned to a man who was standing near and asked, "What's happened?"

"Did you feel it too?" the man answered; "it's a new singer. Name's Galli-Something-or-other, and she's just got them fairly crazy."

There was something approaching a riot in the Chicago Opera House that November afternoon. People waved their handkerchiefs, shouted and yelled, stamped and hammered on the seats, and generally acted as American audiences seldom do. The following day Mme. Galli-Curci woke to find herself the most sought-after singer in the United States, and it seemed to her that the whole civilized world was claiming the credit for her "discovery." Campanini at once tore up the original contract he had made with her, and offered her a dazzling salary in its stead.

However, with fame so quickly acquired, Mme. Galli-Curci found she had aroused the animosity of several important people in the

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

musical world of the United States. They said her remarkable success was too rapid to be lasting; in other words, she was simply a vogue for the time being, and would soon be forgotten. To all these remarks Amelita did not respond, but she remained true to her declared reasons for musical success:

"The beginning and end of musical success, politically speaking, is to see nothing, hear nothing, and say nothing—above all, say nothing."

UNITING THE ARTS OF DRAMA AND SONG



The great singer as Manon in *Manon Lescaut*. Madame Galli-Curci not only has a unique voice of remarkably wide range, but she is also a highly accomplished actress.

Firm in this belief, she went from triumph to triumph through the principal cities of the United States, winning fresh laurels and adding to her repertoire. Six months after her Chicago début she realized \$100,000 from royalties on gramophone records, and soon she became known in Great Britain, as well as in America, as "the Gramophone Queen." Then followed her marriage with the American composer, Mr. Homer Samuels, who was also her accompanist, and thus she became a citizen of the United States.

While singing in Baltimore during the World War, Mme. Galli-Curci and her husband had

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

an amusing experience. Between the acts of *La Traviata* a request came to the great *diva* to sing the "Star-Spangled Banner"—the national anthem of the United States—in honour of some eminent army officers in one of the auditorium boxes. The famous singer knew the first verse of the national anthem, but was very uncertain when it came to the others. To aid her imperfect memory, she requested her husband to act as her prompter. He took his place in the prompter's box, near the footlights, and the opening notes of the orchestral accompaniment broke forth.

It was the first time Mr. Homer Samuels had

THE SOPRANO IN HER GREATEST RÔLE



Madame Galli-Curci as Gilda in *Rigoletto*. She is one of the most perfect exponents of this part, and always receives an encore for the aria "Caro Nome."

prompted, and he was quite unaware that the hood of the box acted as a sounding-board, provided one stood far enough back in it. Instead, thinking the nearer he was to his wife the better she could hear, he leaned forward. The result was that she did not catch a single word, and faltered. Dismayed at her slip, and hoping to save her from disgrace, he kept leaning farther and farther towards her, until he banged his head against the edge of the box with sufficient force for the noise to be heard by the audience, who were highly amused. After that Mme. Galli-Curci took the earliest opportunity of learning the anthem.

It was not until January, 1918, that Mme. Galli-Curci made her New York operatic debut,

Prompted by Her Husband

in *Dimorah*. Having gained such a great reputation, she was pardonably nervous as to her ability to conquer the great American city, but after the famous Shadow Song her triumph was complete. This most difficult of all operatic airs was so easily and beautifully sung that the critical audience burst into frantic applause. Her acting was only excelled by the skilful management of her golden voice. Critics declared that not for twenty years had there been heard such exquisitely pure singing. In short, Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci had reached the summit of her ambition.

From that day onwards she proved herself to be an institution and not a vogue. She became the star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, and the Chicago Opera Company, a feat which had hitherto been regarded as impossible. Apart from these two engagements, she constantly toured the principal cities of the United States in concert recitals.

Thousands Turned Away

These concert recitals proved even more successful than her operatic engagements. Thousands were turned away wherever she appeared. On an average she received £1,800 a concert. On one occasion, at Hollywood, California, she drew an audience of 20,000, and the receipts amounted to over £5,000. It was a semi-open-air concert, as her previous visits had shown that no hall which Hollywood boasted could hold the number of people that wanted to hear her.

In another American city the theatre in which she was singing possessed a sliding wall behind the stage. The theatre was full, but many thousands of people were still clamouring for admission when the recital was due to begin, and the soprano, hearing of this, ordered the sliding wall to be raised. Thus, in a downpour of rain, thousands of people, many in their motor-cars, heard the great *diva* sing without having to pay anything for the much-coveted privilege.

An Affectionate Nickname

Every new musical season found a greater demand than ever for "the Nightingale of America," as she was affectionately termed. Her original intention of a few months' holiday in the United States developed, as previously stated, into a stay of eight years.

Meanwhile gramophone records of her songs were mystifying Europe and even far-away Japan. The long-sustained trills, the delicate sense of melody, the round and full top notes, the luxurious middle register, the remarkable ease of execution, all combined to make the perfect soprano voice which is born, so it is said, but once in a generation.

For a long time Mme. Galli-Curci did not

A CORNER OF GALLI-CURCI'S MUSIC-ROOM AT SUL MONTE



What puzzles every visitor to Sul Monte is the music-room, with its heavy carpets and hangings, for it combines all the features that the ideal music-room should on no account possess. The reason for this is that the soprano prefers to practise in a room that is inferior, acoustically, to the worst concert-hall.

realize how far her fame had spread. When, however, she visited Europe in 1921, on account of the death of her mother, to whom the *diva* has declared that she owes whatever success she has achieved, her fame was brought home to her in many and various ways. For instance, on her way back to the United States, she stayed for a few days in London with the intention of resting after her sad bereavement. Rest, she discovered, was out of the question. She was besieged at her hotel with telephone calls, and visitors arrived every minute of the day. She was so harassed that she left for America before she had intended doing so, but not before she had discovered how much the British people wanted to hear her sing.

Her Début in England

So, on her return to the United States, she decided to complete the engagements she had already booked, and then make a short tour of England. This was not found possible until the autumn of 1924.

The actual date of her English début was fixed for the 12th October, at the Royal Albert Hall, London, and the announcement was made public in the middle of January, 1924. In a matter of a few hours every seat in that huge building was sold. A day or two before the concert five-shilling seats were changing hands for five pounds, and a gallery queue began to form in the early hours of the morning.

During the afternoon she sang in six languages, and catered for every taste. As was expected, her *coloratura* singing took the audience by storm, and the flautist strove in vain to compete with her glorious voice.

There are many reasons for the extraordinary success of Amelita Galli-curci. First, her voice is unique in its qualities. Throughout her wide range of three octaves every note is even. Her lowest notes would do justice to a first-class contralto, her middle register is warm and full of colour, while her high notes above top C are brilliant in the extreme. Her mezzo voice is almost unearthly in its purity and sweetness, while her fortissimo singing rings clear and true without forcing. Her breath control seems almost limitless, and doubtless accounts for her marvellous technique. Add to all this a unique personality, and you know the secrets of her success.

Living in the Catskill Mountains

She has built a charming Old English mansion, called Sul Monte, in the Catskill Mountains, New York State, where she spends every summer, practising for the forthcoming season. It is in many respects a wonderful and original house. It boasts a very remarkable linen cupboard, in which some of the rarest laces in the world repose. The *prima donna* is immensely proud of it, and, in fact, declares that her friends are chosen by their correct

or incorrect appreciation of the dainty and costly treasures in her linen cupboard.

One can even criticize adversely her rendering of a certain operatic air and yet retain her friendship by admiring the monogrammed tiers of delicate linen. The tapestries are another feature of the house, and of them it can truly be said that countries have been ransacked to obtain them.

But it is the music-room that puzzles every visitor to Sul Monte, for it is the very antithesis of what such a room should be. Instead of bare floors and bare walls, we find a huge piece of thick blue carpet covering a large portion of the floor, heavy curtains of Italian red damask, and also an exquisitely embroidered Japanese cover flung carelessly over the piano. There are deep English sofas and upholstered chairs placed casually about. In other words, everything possible is done to hinder the voice instead of helping it.

An Ingenious Arrangement

The reason is that Mme. Galli-Curci is so tired of the depraved ways of many concert-halls, that she prefers to practise in a room which is infinitely worse to sing in than most of them. Thus, when she begins to sing in public she does not receive any of the shocks from the sound of her own voice which she would undoubtedly experience if she had not marred the perfect acoustics of her music-room.

Mme. Galli-Curci is a believer in physical culture, and not a day passes without her indulging in exercise, including special breathing practice, for the benefit of her voice and health. She is practically a vegetarian, only on very rare occasions eating meat of any kind. As a precaution against taking cold—the greatest of all evils in the eyes of a professional singer—she applies a piece of ice over every inch of the surface of her throat. This is not only a wonderful astringent, but it also hardens the tissues of the throat, and is thus an excellent preventive of sore throats, chills, and colds.

Practising Half an Hour a Day

The *prima donna* practises for only half an hour a day, and believes more in mental study than actual singing exercises. She rightly regards the vocal cords as very delicate, and so tries to keep her voice fresh and flexible.

"Some winter's day," Mme. Galli-Curci said to the present writer, "I shall run away from opera and the concert-hall, and shut myself up in my home on the mountain top. And the snow will come down and fold itself softly about my house, and I shall sit inside by my fireplace, all cosy and safe with my dogs at my feet. There I shall stay the whole winter through, with my husband and my music and my books. There I shall live, like the heroines of my dear old Hans Christian Andersen's fairy stories, happy ever after."

A PLEASANT INTERLUDE IN A HARD DAY'S WORK



Madame Galli-Curci is practically a vegetarian, eating meat only on very rare occasions. Like all singers, she has to take the utmost care of her voice, which she realizes will not last for ever. A great lover of books, she looks forward philosophically to the time when, her singing days over, she will seek solace in reading her favourite authors.

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CONQUERORS of PAIN and POISON

How Simpson, the Discoverer of Chloroform, and Lister, the Exponent of Antiseptic Surgery, Abolished to a Great Extent the Horrors of the Operating Theatre

IN the year 1805 several letters appeared in medical journals dealing with the treatment of arteries in operations and during recovery. They were signed with the two names Simpson and Lister, and answered one another from two totally opposite points of view. Thus the two greatest medical discoverers of the nineteenth century engaged in controversy on a minor point of technique. For Lord Lister and Sir James Young Simpson, though they were neither friends nor allies, transformed medicine by their innovations, saved countless thousands of lives, and earned the gratitude of mankind by their introduction of antiseptics and of the general use of anaesthetics.

In pre-Lister and pre-Simpson days an operation was the most ghastly performance imaginable, only used as a last resort to save life. Held or strapped down to the table, the patient was hurriedly operated on by a surgeon, whose nerves were raw with the thought of the dreadful agony he was inflicting. Ether, chloroform—any kind of anaesthetic was quite unknown. Neither cleanliness nor antiseptics had been heard of. Surgeons operated in their old black frock-coats, which, when too shabby for the consulting-room, were consigned to the theatre. One eminent in his profession used the same garment for twenty years, until his students destroyed it as too filthy to be borne with longer.

Instruments, hands, dressings—everything, in fact, was impregnated with the germs of deadly diseases. The patient counted every hour, every minute, every second, until the awful ordeal of pain commenced, knowing full well that, after the operation, blood-poisoning, erysipelas, and gangrene would probably end his life. Sixty out of every hundred persons

operated upon died of these scourges afterwards. When a surgeon was once called in, most folk resigned themselves to agony and slow death.

To-day these fears and pains are banished. Gangrene and blood-poisoning are gone, and for ever. Lister exterminated them. Operations are carried out painlessly under an anaesthetic. Simpson banished pain.

James Young Simpson was born at Bathgate, Linlithgowshire, a little village about twenty

LISTER AT THE AGE OF THIRTY



A portrait of Joseph Lister made the year after his marriage to Miss Agnes Syme, the daughter of the famous surgeon whom he assisted for some time.

miles from Edinburgh, on the 7th June, 1811. The Simpson family had lived there for many years, steadily labouring farmer folk. James's father, David Simpson, happened to be the village baker, while his mother, Mary Jervay, came by direct descent from a Huguenot family which had fled from Guienne to Scotland after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. From his mother, therefore, James Simpson no doubt inherited his nimbleness of thought, his gaily pleasant disposition, and his ability to turn his hand to any kind of work, all of which characteristics he showed in his childhood.

During the summer in which Simpson was born, hard times came upon the baker's household in the steep village street of Bathgate.

There were already one daughter and six other sons in David Simpson's family. An epidemic of fever had swept through the village, money was scarce, sickness and embarrassments had run the Bathgate baker sadly into debt. Neighbours shook their heads when James arrived, and said that another mouth to feed would well-nigh bring ruin to the household.

However, the arrival of the seventh son seemed to bring fortune. Business improved, debts were paid, and when the news of Waterloo arrived at Bathgate, James Simpson had just



begun his schooldays, while his parents had moved to new and larger premises across the street. James's first schoolmaster, who was a Mr. Henderson, had a wooden leg, and so he went by the name of "Timmerleg" among his pupils. The weaving population of Bathgate were quite intelligent, and "Timmerleg" was far above the usual run of village pedagogues. He was also a keen naturalist, and James Simpson, his brightest pupil, learnt to love nature no less than other subjects from the wooden-legged Henderson. So far in advance of his playmates was he that they all soon referred to him as "the wise worn," that is, the wise child.

Planning a University Career

As George Herbert said, "A good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters," and James Simpson had the best of mothers. Directly she saw that her youngest son was outgrowing his present school, she set to work to plan a university career for him. The family cash-box was opened and its contents counted, economies were discussed, brows wrinkled, intricate calculations made on odd scraps of paper. His mother died when James was but nine, yet she had already set in motion the wheels which were to carry him to Edinburgh.

At the age of fourteen James Simpson left Bathgate and was enrolled as a student in the art classes of Edinburgh University. "Very, very young and very solitary, very poor and almost friendless," is how Simpson, when receiving the freedom of the city forty years later, described his condition on his first arrival at Edinburgh. "He was a painstaking, but not a specially brilliant scholar," wrote one of his class-mates. At first he was downcast, homesick, and distressed at the largeness and strangeness of the city. Soon, however, urged on by Professor Pillans, he won the Stuart Bursary of £10 per annum, which vastly encouraged him.

Begins to Study Medicine

In 1827 Simpson began his medical studies, and determined to be a doctor. He worked with ceaseless diligence and marked originality, and soon gained the first place in his class. In 1830 he passed his final examination with honours, and in 1831, when only just out of his teens, he was made a member of the Royal College of Surgeons at Edinburgh. He was still too young to take his degree as doctor of medicine and practise, so for a while he worked at a minor assistantship in the medical school at Edinburgh. He also went on a tour through Holland, Belgium, and northern Germany.

In 1835 Simpson settled down to acquire an Edinburgh practice, and set up his plate in

Heriot Row, Stockbridge, an unusually healthy suburb of the city. Soon he found patients, who, he reported, "are mostly poor, but still they are patients." After a year's hard work he obtained a hospital appointment, which brought him new experience and spread the fame of his deftness, gentleness, and sympathy. As a sequel, patients with fees in their hands came to seek out this skilful young doctor in Heriot Row.

Wins a Professorship and a Wife

In 1839 Dr. Hamilton, professor of midwifery at Edinburgh, resigned his chair. Several years before this Simpson had pointed out Hamilton to some friends at a university function, remarking, "Do you see that old gentleman? Well, I intend to have his gown." He now set to work to obtain the vacant chair. Youth and bachelorhood were objected against him. The latter disability he had long wished to remove, and he now proceeded to pen the most quaint letter of proposal to Miss Jessie Grindlay, a second cousin of his: "I write to make an application—a formal application—for a wife, and to solicit from you, not a testimonial in your handwriting, but your hand itself" (earlier in the letter Simpson had described how he had written many letters asking for testimonials to back his application for the chair he so much coveted). Jessie Grindlay's answer was completely satisfactory to Dr. Simpson. They were married on Boxing Day, 1839, and before the end of January, 1840, Mrs. Simpson was able to tell all her friends that Dr. Simpson had become Professor Simpson.

Sudden Rise to Fame

Simpson quickly became famous. He could heal where others had abandoned hope. His attractive presence, silvery voice, and immense charm inspired hope and confidence in every heart. Patients came to seek him out from all over Europe, and he had much more to do than he could find time for, as he had his professorial duties to fulfil as well as attend to his practice. His old Bathgate friends, however, always had first call on his time. Was he never so busy, the formula "An old friend from Bathgate" opened his consulting-room door. Once, when he was engaged with such a patient, a then famous authoress rang his bell, but was informed by his servant that no more patients could be seen that day. "But," said the lady, "I am sure I can be admitted: take my name, he knows me." "Dr. Simpson knows the queen, ma'am," was the answer. Such was Simpson's practice, for in 1847 he was appointed one of Queen Victoria's physicians for Scotland.

The horrors of the operating theatre before the advent of anaesthetics had always haunted

THE FIERCE ENEMY PAIN CONQUERED AT LAST



On a November evening in 1847 James Simpson and his two assistants experimented on themselves with a possible anesthetic in the presence of Mrs Simpson, her sister and her niece. The doctors inhaled the liquid, and in a few minutes were rendered unconscious. On recovering Simpson laughed with joy when the horrified women inquired how he felt. Chloroform that most blessed and most potent enemy of pain had been discovered.

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Simpson's dreams and preyed upon his mind. In 1846 the news came from America of the first trial of ether in surgery. No one hailed the discovery more heartily than Simpson, who at once adopted its use in his own practice. But soon, with his usual prodigious energy, he was on the track of some better anæsthetic than ether the use of which was often attended by danger to the patient, besides being otherwise inconvenient. Nightly, after the day's work was over, Simpson and his two assistants, Drs. Keith and Duncan, inhaled various drugs in order to discover some really satisfactory anæsthetic.

Once, when experimenting with anæsthetics, Simpson paid a visit to Lyon Playfair (who afterwards became Lord Playfair). The famous

BEFORE THE DAYS OF ANÆSTHETICS



The method used by a doctor of mediæval times to extract an arrow-head. The horror of the surgeon's knife was practically abolished by the history-making discoveries of Simpson and Lister.

chemist was at work in his laboratory, so Simpson took the opportunity of asking him if he possessed any new liquid capable of producing anæsthesia.

To Simpson's unbounded joy, Playfair told him that his assistant had recently prepared a liquid which was well worthy of experiment. Immediately Simpson suggested that he should go into his friend's private room and inhale some of the vapour to see what effect it would have. Playfair absolutely refused to allow such a thing to happen, unless the experiment was tried on two rabbits beforehand.

Reluctantly Simpson agreed, chafing at what he considered a needless waste of time. The new anæsthetic was given to the animals, and with much delight Simpson watched their recovery of consciousness. He returned home, and went back the next day determined that he and his assistant should inhale the vapour. Before the test, however, his assistant suggested that they should see how the rabbits were faring. The inspection was made—both animals were found to be dead.

Thus, through Simpson's reckless bravery, medicine nearly lost him before his great discovery had been made.

On the evening of the 4th November, 1847, Simpson and his assistants met as usual to inhale possible new anæsthetics. Dr. Keith started to inhale half a small tumblerful first. In two minutes he was under the dining-room table. Simpson and Duncan soon followed him. Anyone suddenly entering the room would have taken for a drunken orgy one of the epoch-making moments in the history of medicine.

"Far Better and Stronger than Ether"

Simpson was the first to recover his senses. "This is far better and stronger than ether," said he to himself. "This will turn the world upside down." All the while Mrs. Simpson, her sister, and her niece, had watched the three men in horror. So soon as Simpson showed signs of returning consciousness, they plied him with anxious questions as to "how he felt." The great doctor laughed, for he knew now that pain was conquered, that he had laid his hand upon a tremendous new "gift of healing."

Nevertheless, a fierce and dogged resistance arose against the introduction of chloroform. Professional and theological arguments and abuse poured on Simpson from all sides. He met his detractors in the open field with huge relish. Actual demonstrations and statistics silenced medical objectors. Ignorant theological prejudice, however, was more difficult to overcome. (Chloroform was "unnatural," it was said. "So are railway trains, carriages, and the steamboats," retorted Simpson, who, further, published pamphlets refuting the theologians on their own scriptural grounds, showing, moreover, that he knew his Bible better than they. This battle, which now seems so remote and fantastic, raged bitterly for several years; but it was half won when Queen Victoria herself took chloroform, and when Dr. Chalmers, then the foremost of Scottish divines, declared that the question had not even the remotest connexion with theology.

A Happy Laughing Magician

Simpson then established the use of anæsthetics throughout the civilized world, and passed on to other questions. Nevertheless, chloroform remains his greatest triumph and his finest discovery. For many years he continued to bring health and happiness to multitudes, both rich and poor, giving himself to the work without thought for his own health. This little, rather stout doctor, with his twinkling eyes and happy laughing manner,

grew to be looked upon as a kind of magician, whose very presence and touch could heal. "Hide my hat," he would say to his butler, on returning home for a few scanty hours of rest, "it is such a tell-tale."

Ultimately, of course, overwork told upon him. He grew less strong in every way, and sciatica crippled him for months together. At last his willing heart finally rebelled against the enormous strain he put upon it, and he became a semi-invalid. As the sun set on the 6th May, 1870, Simpson's life journey came to an end, and after years of ceaseless toil he rested at last.

Queen Victoria desired that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey, but, according to his own wish, he lies buried in a grave at Warriston, overlooking Edinburgh, the city whose ills he so splendidly worked to heal. Simpson was one of the greatest doctors that ever came into the world to cure its ills; and to all his thousands of patients—to nearly all Britain—he was "the beloved physician, who never tired of doing good."

A Quaker Home

Unlike Simpson, Joseph Lister spent his childhood in comfortable circumstances. The fourth child and second son of his parents, he was born at Upton House, Upton, in Essex, on the 5th April, 1827. Upton was then a remote country village, communication with London being made by means of a winding lane which ran through Upton on its way from the Romford road towards Plaistow. The Listers were a well-to-do Quaker family, of high intellectual character and philanthropic tendencies, methodical, frugal, and strict observers of their religion. They were a most happy and united family, with none of the gloom and atmosphere of repression sometimes associated with very religious households.

Joseph Lister passed a happy childhood in the fine old, red-brick house at Upton. He attended two private schools, the first at Hitchin, the second at Tottenham, where he got the reputation for being a forward boy

for his age, especially in classics. At Tottenham he received a first-class education, broad beyond the usual at that time, and was thoroughly grounded in mathematics, natural science, and modern languages. Even in his boyhood Lister turned to medical and biological studies in quite a natural way. He would dissect small animals, obtain their skeletons, and articulate them. While still at school he wrote a paper on "The Human Structure," and delivered lectures to his schoolfellows.

In the spring of 1844 Lister left school, and

SCENE IN AN OPERATING THEATRE OF TO-DAY



The grateful thanks of the world are rendered to James Simpson and his brave assistants, who willingly risked their lives to discover an anæsthetic. Now, while the surgeon operates, the patient sleeps; before, he writhed in agony.

his family at once determined to make a surgeon of him. Accordingly, he proceeded to University College, London, for, as a Quaker, he could not then go to either Oxford or Cambridge. Young Lister threw himself heart and soul into the rigorous courses prescribed for the students. He worked so hard, in fact, that in 1848 he suffered a nervous breakdown, which necessitated a long holiday.

Lister began to study surgery shortly after Simpson had introduced the general use of

anæsthetics, when the science still retained all the rough-and-ready features, all the breathless haste, of the pre-anæsthetic days.

Absorbed in his work, Lister lost the happy disposition of his boyhood for the time being, and became a rather austere young man, "kind and considerate, but rather dwelling apart, and not making any strong friendships with his fellow students." His ability soon obtained for him a post as house physician under Walshe at the old University College Hospital (since pulled down), and in 1851 he became house surgeon there. In the following year he took his degree as Bachelor of Medicine, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and his nine long years as a student drew to a close.

Removal to Edinburgh

In 1853 Lister migrated to Edinburgh, where he was received with open arms by James Syme, then the most thoughtful, bold, and accomplished surgeon in Europe. He found Edinburgh far ahead of London in surgery, and patiently set to work to unlearn much he had thought final, and adapt himself to better and more advanced ideas. He more or less lived with the hospitable Syme at the great surgeon's house outside Edinburgh, where he met all the leading lights of European medicine, and was soon appointed as his host's "supernumerary clerk" or supernumerary house-surgeon.

It was in Edinburgh that Lister experienced an adventure that nearly cost him his life. A certain Dr. Beddoe, who had been a fellow-student with Lister in London, suggested that they should try to make the ascent of a rather perilous cleft of Salisbury Crags called the Cat's Neck. Many distinguished persons had undertaken the climb before, and the two young men thought they would add their names to the list of the successful ones.

Accordingly one fine Sunday the two set out, fired with a keen ambition to reach the summit in record time. Beddoe led the way, Lister following below him. Half the ascent was accomplished in safety, when suddenly Lister called out: "Beddoe, I feel giddy; would it not be foolish in me to persevere to-day?" "Certainly," his companion replied.

Beddoe started to descend, when, without any warning, a piece of stone to which he was clinging came away in his hands. He tried vainly to recover his balance, lost his footing, and fell. Lister, who was looking up at the time, flattened himself as quickly as he could against the rock. He was just too late. The heavy stone struck him a severe blow on the thigh, glanced off, and bounded down the cliff, passing without harm a group of children, who were playing at the foot.

Beddoe was precipitated on to Lister, and how they both managed to reach the bottom without further injury is a marvel. The latter was badly bruised, although, fortunately, there

were no bones broken. Beddoe, who was in great pain himself, immediately went off to the hospital and fetched a litter and four men to carry his comrade.

When the ambulance party arrived at the hospital, great concern was shown, for Lister was a favourite with everyone. The old head nurse wept and wrung her hands, exclaiming that it was the judgment of Providence for attempting such an expedition on a Sunday.

"We suffered for the national offence," said Beddoe, when relating this incident, "for we were both in bed for a fortnight."

Takes New Quarters

Learning every day more and more of his craft, Lister remained with Syme until 1855, when he set up on his own account at 3, Rutland Street. His new quarters were

opposite Syme's consulting-rooms, and Lister still continued more or less as his master's pupil. On the 24th April, 1856, he married Miss Agnes Syme, thus even more closely cementing the bond of respect and affection between himself and the skilful little Scotsman, who became his father-in-law. With his marriage Lister's education may be said to have terminated. He was twenty-nine years old, and had taken care that his training should be thorough.

After a honeymoon tour through Europe, Mr. and Mrs. Lister settled down at 11, Rutland Street, Edinburgh. A few months after his return, Lister was elected assistant surgeon to the Edinburgh infirmary, and threw himself into a career of research and investi-

THE DISCOVERER OF CHLOROFORM



Simpson, like his fellow-medico, Lister, worked always for the good of humanity, never for selfish advancement.

CLEANLINESS THAT HAS SAVED THOUSANDS OF LIVES



Aghast at discovering that sixty out of every hundred persons who survived the terrors of an operation died through blood-poisoning or gangrene, Lister determined to investigate the causes. In 1865 he started his great campaign against wound infection, which soon resulted in his advocacy of antiseptic surgery, a system in which clean linen bore a great part

gation, rather than one of private practice. He remained at Rutland Street, busy and happy, until, on the 28th January, 1860, he was appointed regius professor of surgery at Glasgow University.

As professor at Glasgow, Lister proved an inspiring teacher, while he also continued his researches. In Edinburgh he had been somewhat overshadowed by Syme's dominant personality. In Glasgow his own genius grew and expanded very quickly. He was soon elected surgeon to the infirmary, and thus was provided with ample scope for every kind of clinical observation. He was already turning over the problems presented by the healing of wounds, and the prevention of gangrene and inflammation. His position at Glasgow made it easy for him to experiment and make innovations as he saw fit.

Starting on His Great Campaign

In 1865 Lister began his great campaign against wound infection and hospital diseases. All his researches had long been leading him to believe that "something" got into wounds—a "something" connected with both dirt and

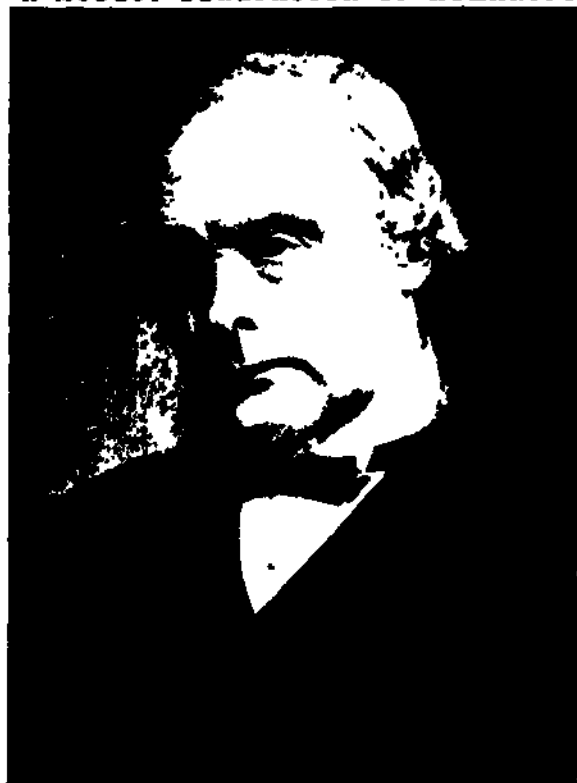
dust—that this mysterious "something" caused diseases, and that, if only it could be killed off by the application of suitable dressings, gangrene and blood-poisoning and all kindred diseases could be banished once and for all. Pasteur had just revealed the fact that there could be no decomposition or disease without the presence of germs. Perceiving the importance of Pasteur's work, Lister corresponded with him, and obtained valuable first-hand information. He then cast about for a suitable substance which would kill off all the germs in a wound, and hit upon carbolic acid.

Use of Carbolic Dressings

The first antiseptic dressings of crude carbolic acid, however, caused extensive superficial burns, owing to the acid's strength. Lister then found a Mr. Calvert, who supplied him with a pure and soluble acid, enabling him vastly to decrease the strength of the acid used. This same Mr. Calvert became the first large manufacturer of antiseptics. The next development consisted of oily dressings, for oil dissolves and holds carbolic far better than water.

Carbolic was first used to dress a compound fracture in March, 1865, but after this the experiment was not repeated until the following spring. The results were so startling that Lister was amazed—there was no pus, gangrene, or inflammation. He started applying carbolic dressings to all kinds of wounds, and equally astonishing and gratifying results immediately followed. Antiseptic surgery had commenced at Glasgow, but it was as yet in its infancy. Not even Lister realized the vast possibilities before him.

In 1869 Lister transferred the scene of his
A MODEST BENEFACTOR OF HUMANITY



Lister, in spite of the fame he achieved, always remained a simple, straightforward, rather reserved man. His was a life of great work, and he has left an imperishable name.

labours to Edinburgh, where he obtained the much coveted chair of clinical surgery, vacated by the resignation of his father-in-law, Syme. Here Lister extended the scope of his new departure in surgery, and began to introduce antiseptic conditions into the technique of surgery. Instruments, the surgeon's hands, everything, in fact, that came into contact with the patient, was most rigorously treated with carbolic or some other equally strong antiseptic. The results he obtained soon showed that a new era had opened in surgery, that hence-

forward everyone must adopt antiseptic practice, or else retire from the profession.

Of course, there was the usual opposition which every great innovator meets. Ignorant and prejudiced medical men denounced Lister on all hands. Polemics were unspookably repulsive to his delicate, studious, and self-contained mind, so he left his results to speak for themselves, except when forced into the field by gross calumnies or misstatements.

Later in life, Lister became a professor at King's College, London, and as soon as the battle of antiseptics had been won, honours poured in upon him. He became president of the Royal Society, president of the British Association, an LL.D. of Cambridge, a D.C.L. of Oxford. In 1883 he was created a baronet, and in 1897 his name was in the New Year's honours list as a peer. In 1902 King Edward set the final seal of his country's regard upon him by making him a member of the Order of Merit—that most prized of all our honours.

He lived on until 1912, dying on the 10th February, in his eighty-fifth year. He was buried by the side of his devoted wife, in West Hampstead cemetery. A public funeral service was held in Westminster Abbey, where he would have been buried but for the instructions contained in his will.

The Serenity of Genius

Lister was always a simple, straightforward, rather reserved man—one to whom his work and the teaching of his students meant everything. Unlike Simpson, he cannot be said ever really to have practised, and to him a patient always remained something of a "case" or a "specimen." Nevertheless, his was a life of great work, great dignity, and great happiness. Above all, his whole career, his character, and his figure were marked by that peculiar quality of serenity which is a sure hall-mark of genius. He never had to struggle against poverty or hardship, yet, though his life was passed in research, he is the great example of a man of science who directly benefited untold multitudes of his fellow men.

Before Lister, "the man laid on the operating table of one of our surgical hospitals was exposed to more chances of death than the English soldier on the field of Waterloo." Nowadays, thanks to his life of calm, diligent work, no one dies after an operation from "hospital diseases" such as gangrene and pyæmia. He has saved more lives by far than Napoleon in all his campaigns succeeded in destroying.

[See "Sir J. Simpson," by E. B. Simpson (1890), and "Simpson and Chloroform," by H. L. Gordon (1897); "Lord Lister," by Sir R. J. Godlee (1917), and "Lord Lister, His Life and Work," by G. T. Wrench (1918).]

A DAINTY BLOOM FOR THE KING OF POETS



Shakespeare with his wife and his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, in the garden at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon. This 'pretty house of brick and timber' was the largest in the town. It was built towards the close of the fifteenth century by Sir Hugh Clopton, a wealthy mercer and lord mayor of London. Though Shakespeare purchased the property in 1597, he did not occupy it regularly until about 1610. The mulberry tree, which was for more than a century a feature of the garden, is said to have been planted with the poet's own hands.

The PEERLESS DRAMATIST of STRATFORD

William Shakespeare, the Master of Dramatic Art, Who Took Humanity for His Province, and by His Abounding Sympathy Moves Us at Will to Laughter or to Tears

SO far as is known, the greatest dramatist of all time came to London when he was about twenty-two years of age, and with only a grammar-school education as his passport to the centre of Elizabethan culture. Ambition may have been one of his motives, although there is no record of his having written anything at this time. We know, however, that his high-spirited nature and love of adventure had already got him into trouble in his native place, and that probably he was unhappily married.

Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare was born on or about the 23rd April, 1564, was then a thriving country town, and among the many prosperous magnates who owned estates in the neighbourhood there was one, Sir Thomas Lucy, whose influence throughout Warwickshire was very great. Shakespeare seems to have incurred the displeasure of this important personage. Tradition has it that he broke into Sir Thomas's preserves one night and was caught in the act of poaching. For this he would have been punished, and, as his own father, John Shakespeare, was an alderman in the town, the disgrace would have been much more serious.

Probably this episode occurred when Shakespeare was little more than a boy, but there is some evidence to show that Sir Thomas Lucy kept his eye on the wild youngster, and that other high-spirited pranks, which in another might have passed unnoticed, were, in Shakespeare's case, exaggerated into crimes. There is further support for this assumption in the fact that the character of the mean-minded, spiteful Justice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* strongly resembles that of Sir Thomas Lucy. It is easy to imagine, therefore, that Shakespeare left Stratford in high dudgeon, nursing a sense of unwarranted persecution.

He left behind him a wife, eight years older than himself, besides three young children; the two youngest, however, who were twins, may have been born after his departure. In his eighteenth year he had fallen passionately in love with Anne Hathaway, who lived in a cottage at Shottery, a village near Stratford. It is said that Anne at first resisted the ardent wooing of Shakespeare. Perhaps her maturer judgment saw the folly of the match. But

Shakespeare as a lover must have already shown signs of his gift for "honeyed phrases," and he pressed his suit amidst idyllic surroundings. Anne finally gave her consent, and the marriage took place on the 28th November, 1582.

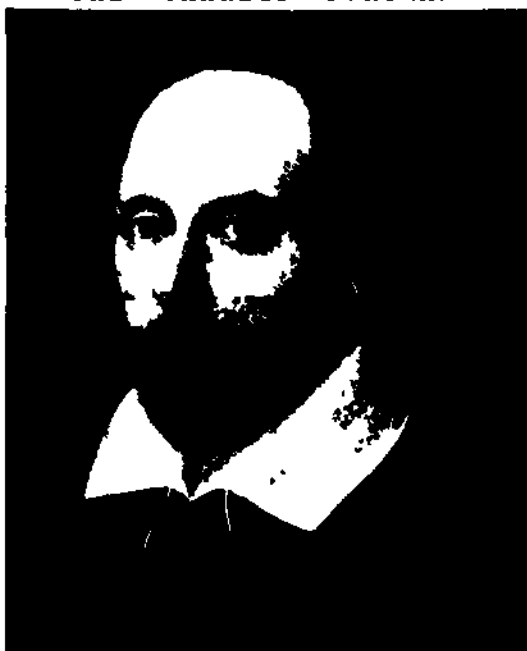
The disparity between the ages of the couple must have led to frequent discord. Shakespeare, smarting under his sense of injury, and feeling that he would always be under a cloud, probably became restless. Companies of strolling players occasionally visited the town. Shakespeare spent much time in the society of these "vagabonds," and so further deepened his ill-repute in Stratford. Anne, who naturally wished her husband to

settle down to a respectable law-abiding existence, sat alone at nights, while Shakespeare supped with the actors and listened to their tales of London life.

There is no record of how Shakespeare earned his living at this time. One report says that he was a schoolmaster, but he may have been apprenticed to a local tradesman or helped his father to kill calves. Whatever was his occupation, he could not have been any happier in it than he was in his marriage or in his position as a citizen.

The profession of an actor seemed to offer a means of escape from his various entanglements. Anne had a legacy of her own, which

THE "CHANDOS" PORTRAIT



This painting, which is in the National Portrait Gallery, London, was bought at the sale of the effects of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.



would leave her provided for while he made his way in the world. Afterwards, with money in his pocket, he could return to Stratford and turn the tables on the scandal-mongers.

Buoyed with High Hopes

In spite of his miserable state of mind, Shakespeare must have realized that a glorious adventure lay before him. The times were full of stirring romance and intellectual excitement. Queen Elizabeth had been twenty-eight years on the throne, and England had recovered from the horrors of civil and religious strife that took place during the two or three preceding reigns. Drake and Hawkins had made England mistress of the seas. Fresh fields of knowledge opening up, soon brought about a revival of interest in the best forms of learning. Trade was flourishing, and on all sides there

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE



Part of these two half-timbered cottages at Stratford-on-Avon, which have been converted into one building, is now used as a Shakespeare museum.

were signs of increased prosperity, which would affect the humblest citizen as well as the great lords at court.

As Shakespeare walked along the London streets, after his long tramp through Oxford, Henley, and Uxbridge, he must have been struck by the evidences of a new life beginning. Young gallants, recently returned from the grand tour abroad, probably excited the envy of the raw country youth, who had many more troubles than pence. These sons of well-to-do merchants wore gorgeous Italian costumes, and imitated the airs and graces of a more cultured land. They were, so to speak, walking advertisements of the great Renaissance.

Treasures of the Bookstalls

If, as is more than likely, Shakespeare lingered at all by the bookstalls, he could have turned over well-thumbed copies of Italian novels, and perhaps he spent part of his small store of money on the purchase of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso,"

or some other romance full of material for dramatization.

On the Thames, which in those days ran clear, barges and wherries conveyed fashionable folk who wished to avoid picking their way through the narrow, muddy, and evil-smelling streets that linked one part of the city with another. At London Bridge Shakespeare might have paused to watch the lifting of the draw-bridge that enabled some tall-masted ship bearing foreign merchandise to pass through. At the Royal Exchange imposing-looking merchants presided over the buying and selling of rich velvets and silks from Venice and Spanish iron or leather. In the taverns by the riverside, sailors wearing ear-rings smoked foul-smelling pipes, and told romantic tales of life and stirring adventure on the Spanish main.

Visits the London Playhouses

Once in London, Shakespeare certainly lost no time in renewing acquaintance with his actor friends. This could not have been very difficult, as there were but two, or at the most three, theatres in existence. The first of these to be built was The Theatre, a circular-shaped timber building, partly roofed in with thatch, which stood in a field near Shoreditch. Not far from this was The Curtain, a similar type of building, but square in shape. At Southwark, on the Surrey side of the river, there was, a few years later on, The Rose, which, since it belonged to Philip Henslowe, whom Shakespeare already knew, was most likely a frequent resort of the future dramatist.

These theatres were very crude structures. The stage projected into a yard, covered with straw, where the "groundlings" sat. The rest of the audience occupied boxes of varying degrees of comfort in the main body of the building, which was usually octagonal in shape, so that the stage might be seen from all parts. Behind the stage a curtain hid the "green room." There was no scenery, but many ingenious properties were used.

Growing Popularity of the Theatre

At the time when Shakespeare came to London the theatre was becoming very popular, although actors were still regarded with contempt, and there was so strong a prejudice against them that theatres could be built only outside the city area. But the court patronized plays, and gallants vied with one another for the hire of stools on the stage during the performance. Shakespeare, even though he may not yet have formed the idea of writing plays, must have seen that here was an art that was just entering upon a glorious period. Nor was the fact that the nobility, as well as the wits of

the age, consorted together in the theatre lost upon his shrewd, far-seeing mind.

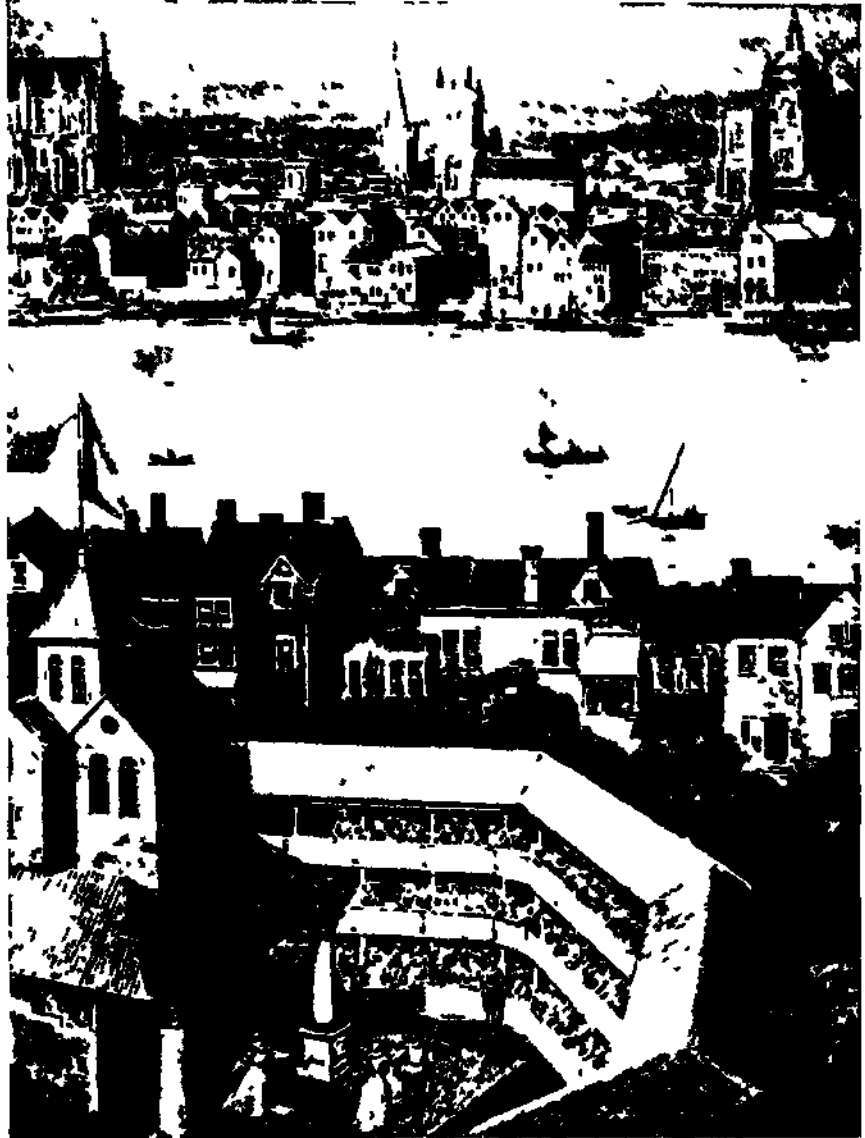
Even though he was at first, and probably for a long while, a mere nonentity amidst his new surroundings, there is no doubt that he soon forgot his Stratford troubles. No thing is known about his first work in connexion with the theatre. It is said that he did not immediately become an actor but worked as a scrivener or a printer's assistant. He certainly spent much time at the theatre, witnessing the historical plays of the period, and such widely different pieces as Lyly's *Endymion*, and Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* but by degrees he gravitated towards a professional stage career. Probably he "hung round" on the chance of being asked to assist with the properties or to walk on the stage as a supernumerary. In the meanwhile, even holding horses' heads for lords outside the theatre was a better occupation than kicking his heels in his native town.

At some time during this intermediate period in his career Shakespeare's ambition to write plays must have been fired, and it is more than probable that the spark was provided by Christopher Marlowe, whose brilliant play in blank verse, *Tamburlaine the Great*, had set all the town talking. This *tour de force* was followed by the majestic *Dr Faustus* and a masterpiece in historical drama, *Edward II*. The performance of these plays opened a new era in English drama. The old dramas had been

of the blood-and-thunder type full of violent catastrophe, but Marlowe added to these essentials poetic strength and refinement and the use of blank verse which greatly aided the actor.

Christopher Marlowe was the same age as

A THEATRE IN THE DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE



The Elizabethan theatre was a very crude structure. The actors played on a raised stage, open to the sky, and most of the audience sat in the surrounding galleries, with but slight protection from the weather. Behind the stage was the green room.

Shakespeare, having been born at Canterbury in 1564. He, too, left his native surroundings as a young man in search of fame. But Marlowe had taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts at Cambridge, and numbered among his friends the great Sir Walter Raleigh. Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE HALED BEFORE A LOCAL MAGNATE FOR POACHING



"Shakespeare Before Sir Thomas Lucy," after the painting by Thomas Brooks. According to tradition, Shakespeare broke into Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves and was caught deer-stealing. The youth was severely dealt with by Lucy, who is almost certainly ridiculed by the dramatist as the spiteful, mean-minded Justice Shallow.

knew "little Latin and less Greek," and his only associates were common actors.

Under the influence of Marlowe, and it may be with his help, Shakespeare began to write plays and poetry. Tradition has it that the two young men became fast friends, and it is highly probable that the bold, rebellious nature of Marlowe found in the wild and restless Shakespeare a congenial spirit. Certainly the friendship could not have lasted long, for in 1593 Marlowe's brilliant career was cut short in a tragic fashion. Exactly how he met his end is not known, but it is believed that he was murdered by a sailor during a sordid tavern brawl at Deptford, just outside London.

Acting and Revising Plays

Shakespeare was now a registered member of the Chamberlain's company of actors, and he made frequent appearances at court. He never played very important parts, but he is reputed to have been an entirely competent actor, and he continued to act for some time after he became a playwright, appearing as Adam in *As You Like It*, and as the ghost in *Hamlet*. He was also taking a hand in the re-writing of old plays and furbishing up the work

of contemporary dramatists. Whenever the opportunity occurred he showed that he could add something to the "mighty line" of Marlowe—a more delicate cadence, or a subtlety of which the latter would have been incapable.

Career Interrupted by the Plague

Much dispute has arisen over the authorship of the earlier plays that are generally attributed to Shakespeare, but it is known that from 1593 onwards he wrote on an average two plays a year, which were performed either by the companies of Lord Strange or by those of the Earl of Leicester. His playwriting career was interrupted twice during 1593-4 by the advent of the plague, when the theatres were closed. Shakespeare employed this time in writing his two long poems, "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece," which he dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. Their publication did much to enhance Shakespeare's growing reputation, and it is said that the earl's patronage took the substantial form of a gift of £1,000 to the poet, "to enable him to go through with a purchase that he had a mind to."

Exactly what this purchase was is not known, but it may have been New Place, an imposing

house in the High Street, Stratford. Shakespeare did eventually obtain possession of this residence, and lived there during his retirement. Throughout the years of his rising prosperity he paid frequent visits to Stratford, and there is little doubt but that one of the leading motives in his life was to restore himself in the esteem of his townspeople.

Shakespeare's rapid development as a dramatist laid him open to jealousy on the part of his older fellow craftsmen. "There is an upstart crow," said Robert Greene, on his death-bed, "beautified with our feathers, that with his Tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum* ('Jack of all trades') is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrey . . . for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes."

Ben Jonson's Criticism

Even Ben Jonson said that "Shakespeare wanted arte," although he admitted the universality of his genius. Envy may have prompted this remark, for while Shakespeare appeared to write with ease, never blotting the page or making alterations, Ben Jonson toiled over his own brilliant comedies, leaving upon them traces of the midnight oil.

As he advanced into middle life, Shakespeare must have revelled in the unbounded exercise of his marvellous gifts. The awkward, disgruntled Stratford youth had passed through a process of purification, and the hack-writer had developed into the poet who could spread his wings. In his thirtieth year he wrote *Romeo and Juliet*, in which all the beauty stored up during the poet's youth is crystallized by the sure hand of the grown man. Albeit, Shakespeare was not yet a rich man, and he continued to supply the needs of the time by writing historical plays, strongly tinged with patriotism; and from time to time he turned out such lighter fare as *Much Ado About Nothing* and *All's Well that Ends Well*.

Every now and again, when his work permitted him to leave London, he visited his family at Stratford, where he cracked jests with his father, "a merry chekt old man," who fully appreciated the wit and wisdom of his son, now a man of the world and in the full tide of his powers.

It is thought that during his London life

Shakespeare had apartments either in Southwark or Bishopsgate, but nothing is more certain than that he frequented the Mermaid Tavern, which stood at a corner fronting Friday Street and Bread Street in the City. Here he often joined in the battle of the wits with "Rare Ben Jonson," Middleton, Dekker, Ford, Massinger, and Webster, all colleagues who had risen on the same tide of intellectual activity that carried Shakespeare to greatness.

Unfortunately no record exists of these talks between the giants of the age, but it can be

SHAKESPEARE COURTING ANNE HATHAWAY



So passionately was Shakespeare in love with Mistress Anne Hathaway, who lived at Shottery, near Stratford, that they were married before he was nineteen. She was eight years older than her husband.

imagined that Shakespeare's words were appreciated even by those who in many respects closely rivalled him.

Between the years 1600-6 Shakespeare wrote four of his greatest plays, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*. His genius was now in full stride, and a change had affected his attitude towards play-writing. He no longer wrote purely to please the public, and there enters into his work a vein of philosophical brooding, which was never, however, out of keeping with dramatic effect. It may be that his assured reputation made him independent of patronage. During the early part of 1600

A SHAKESPEARE READING BY THE DRAMATIST HIMSELF



Shakespeare reciting *Hamlet* to his family. The popularity of this play testifies to Shakespeare's unerring dramatic instinct. Although the action develops slowly, the extraordinary interest aroused by the character of the hero carries the play along. *Hamlet* was the only one of Shakespeare's dramas that was acted in his lifetime at both universities.

he wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the request of Queen Elizabeth, who wished to see Falstaff in love; and *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* were also written at this time of his great popularity. But the intense questioning spirit, which found partial outlet in the sonnets addressed to some unknown person and circulated privately among his friends, reached a grand climax in *King Lear*. After that everything points to the fact that, for some time at least, the great mind became clouded, and the sweetness of the poet's nature turned to a bitterness which found expression in *Timon of Athens*.

His Methods of Work

How did Shakespeare work at his plays? It is known that he wrote in a fairly legible handwriting of the kind usually employed at the time, and that he did not revise his manuscripts. The original copies in existence are marked with stage directions in another handwriting, which seems to show that they were used by the "producer" during rehearsals. The author apparently cared little about the fate of his manuscripts, once they had been completed.

There is some evidence that Shakespeare often wrote hastily, for he makes false quota-

tions and commits many historical blunders, which he could have avoided. On the other hand, he may have thought historical accuracy a small matter compared with the creation of the characters concerned. In the Elizabethan theatre the fact, for example, that clocks were unknown in Rome at the time of Julius Caesar was not likely to be noticed by the audience, who wanted drama, not historical accuracy.

Shakespeare borrowed his plots from contemporary novels or other plays, and he was not afraid to express, in his own way, a thought that he had recently read in the essays of Montaigne. It is possible, also, that witticisms and happy expressions overheard by Shakespeare at the Mermaid Tavern found their way into his plays, although with the added force of expression that made them live for ever.

Where the Elizabethan Poets Shone

This habit of plagiarism, which the decriers of Shakespeare have cited as evidence of his lack of originality, is not so extraordinary as it seems. The Elizabethan poets to a great extent pooled their resources. Where their original genius shone was in the presentation of the material through the medium of the theatre, which was the highest goal of intellectual endeavour in the Elizabethan age. In this shaping and

arranging of common material Shakespeare far excelled his fellow craftsmen.

About the year 1610 Shakespeare left London for good, and settled down to live the life of a country gentleman at Stratford-on-Avon. It is believed that he revisited the scene of his early and middle years of triumph from time to time, but mainly in order to look after some property he had acquired. He was now a rich man, for not only had play-writing proved a profitable undertaking, but shares in various theatrical enterprises brought in annual dividends.

Whether or not his fame was appreciated in Stratford is unknown, but the successful resident of New Place could at least claim to have reversed the verdict passed upon him in youth. He lived very quietly, and probably suffered in health. He wrote *The Winter's Tale*, which shows signs of fatigue and failing interest. A year later, however, his mind cleared, and in *The Tempest* the exuberant fancy of youth joins hands with the serene philosophical detachment of mature age.

Few great men have left so little trace of their personal existence as Shakespeare, but he must have crammed into the twenty years of his London life many wonderful experiences. There are hints derived from his works and contemporary allusions which suggest episodes, but the full story of his life will never now be known. He died in 1616, and the fact that he left his estate to his married sister, Susanna Hall, instead of to his then childless daughter, has been cited by commentators as a sign that one of his last anxieties was for the continuance of the Shakespeare line.

Many attempts have been made to form an idea of Shakespeare's personality from the thoughts and expressions that he has put into the mouths of his characters. The obvious objection to this method is that out of such a wealth of suggestive material it would be possible to evolve many alternative theories about Shakespeare's own manner of thinking

and acting, and that not one of them would be really convincing. Shakespeare wrote of, and for, all mankind, and he takes first one point of view and then another, according to the needs of the occasion.

Thus certain commentators have endeavoured to identify Shakespeare with Hamlet, the most complex and subtle of his creations. It is said that Shakespeare, like the unhappy Prince of Denmark, was a man who shrank from action

SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN AT NEW PLACE



From the many references to flowers in his works there is little doubt that Shakespeare took a pride in his pretty garden, and spent many a happy hour there, reveling in the beauty and fragrance of the blooms.

and physical violence, and that many of his troubles arose from vacillation and a rather craven attitude towards the more unfortunate experiences of life.

There is certainly little enough evidence to show that Shakespeare acted habitually either with resolution and courage or the reverse; and if more were known about his dealings with his friends and enemies, it might as easily disprove any theory about his character as prove it.

It is possible to conjure up only a faint image of Shakespeare as he lived, talked, and worked in those days when the best intellectual qualities of the English character flowered to a degree unknown before and never since excelled.

We know that Shakespeare was a great laugh, and it does not need much imagination, added to knowledge of his works, to hear that laughter, and to see the twinkle at the corners of his eyes. It was a characteristically English laugh, hearty and loud, and it was often in

THE POET'S LAST RESTING-PLACE



Stratford Church, where Shakespeare was buried, in the chancel, in front of the altar. The bust of him in the church is a crude piece of carving, possessing but little individuality.

evidence. His smile, we are informed, was "honeyed."

His voice was probably low-pitched and exceedingly pleasant to hear. All the known portraits of him agree that he was a small-built man, although sturdy, and that his forehead was high and broad. His hair was light brown and his eyes hazel.

We know that he was a poet among poets, and that, apart from occasional jealousy, he was regarded by his contemporaries as the master poet of his age. We know also that, as a

theatrical craftsman, "a tinkerer of plays," he was probably without peer, for no other dramatist of the period can be proved to have made so many bad plays into good ones.

His Amazing Industry

This would also seem to support the idea that Shakespeare was exceedingly industrious, for, where a lazy man would have contented himself with making suggestions for others to work out, Shakespeare laboured himself, and often at the risk of losing something of his own reputation through association with far lesser minds. Beaumont and Fletcher worked together and acknowledged the joint authorship of their plays, but Shakespeare often worked at the play of a comparatively worthless author, making it good enough for acting purposes, but by no means worthy of his own great powers.

It has often been said that Shakespeare was indifferent to his fame, since he took no pains to preserve his manuscripts and made no attempt to have them published. Yet he said that his verse would be immortal. One possible explanation of this seeming inconsistency might be sought in the fact that Shakespeare, with all his insight into human affairs, could not have foreseen the changes that would come over England after his death. It is difficult to exaggerate the wealth of poetical achievement in the Elizabethan age, and Shakespeare, living in the midst of that great outpouring of beauty and intellectual activity, probably hoped to survive as one of the great, while he may have thought that others greater than he would follow in the trail of what we now call the Renaissance.

Lives in His Works

Tantalizing as it is to know so little about Shakespeare as a human being moving among his fellow creatures and performing the ordinary acts of life which occupy the greater part even of a great man's life, we can console ourselves with the reflection that, in the most important sense, he lives for us to-day. All that is characteristically British emerges from his creations, and the more we laugh or cry with him and share his abounding sympathy with the human heart, the less enigmatical does he become. At the present day, Shakespeare's reputation stands as high as it ever did.

[There is a most extensive literature on Shakespeare, and numerous and varied editions of his works. Lives have been written by F. J. Furnivall (1908), Sir Sidney Lee (1915), C. I. Elton (1904), and others.]

The FOUNDER of a FIGHTING RELIGION

How Mohammed, the Arabian, Rose from Obscure Penury to Fame, Overthrowing Idolatry and Rearing a Mighty Religion in Its Place

A LITTLE over thirteen hundred years ago a band of assassins, appointed by the headmen of Mecca, in Arabia, went in the dead of night to the house of Mohammed, with orders to kill him. The would-be murderers entered from the front of the building, only to find that Mohammed had escaped by a back window. He had been warned by a spy, and was already out of reach.

Had these official assassins kept their secret, or acted a little more expeditiously, a dagger-thrust might have altered the whole course of

history, and brought the religion of Islam to an early close. At this period Mohammed was regarded by his fellow townspeople as a madman or fanatic. He was certainly the leader of a sect, but it had only a few hundreds of adherents, and was merely a secret society that imposed certain rules of conduct upon its members. Its principal tenet was a disavowal of idolatry. Not yet had Mohammed taken the life of a single unbeliever, or built a mosque; the religious, political, and military influence of Islam was then practically negligible.

It is certainly most extraordinary that one who, as a lad, was a penniless camel-driver should live to establish a new religion, that still has hundreds of millions of adherents. Even at fifty-three years of age Mohammed was practically a homeless exile, living in a city dominated by Jews, who hated and despised him. He was so poor that he was glad when a kindly householder invited him to share his meal. Yet within the next ten years he was able to raise himself to the exalted position of ruler of a flourishing empire.

Early Left an Orphan

There is some uncertainty about the exact date of Mohammed's birth, but it is generally reckoned to be A.D. 570. His birthplace was Mecca, and as a very young boy he was left an orphan, being brought up by his grand-

father and, later, by his uncle. As a boy, he herded his uncle's sheep and camels, and led the simple and uneventful life of a son of the desert.

Mecca was then, as now, an important centre of caravan routes, and among its citizens were many merchants whose caravans were regularly engaged in trade with Syria, Persia, Abyssinia, and Egypt. When quite young, Mohammed became a camel-driver, and visited countries far distant from his native city. No doubt he picked up information during those journeys, much

MOHAMMED ARRIVES AT MEDINA



Mounted on his favourite camel, the Prophet enters Medina. Where Al-Karwa, the camel, halted, there Mohammed took up his abode.

as a sailor picks up information; but his lowly position in life is indicated by the fact that he could neither read nor write, and knew nothing about history or literature, except what storytellers had related in his hearing while his caravan rested in some oasis, or when he forgathered with other Arabian camel-drivers in some caravanserai at his journey's end.

Mohammed was about twenty-five when he married Khadijah, a wealthy widow, whose employee he had been for a time. She possessed camels, and was carrying on the business of a trader, organizing caravans as, probably, her husband had done

before his death. Mohammed's wife was the older, but the marriage placed him in easy circumstances until, many years later, his religious zeal brought about a further change in his circumstances and made him poor again.

In Business in Mecca

In partnership with another Arab, the future Prophet set up in business in Mecca, where he appears to have led a simple and comfortable life of domesticity. There are many proofs that Mohammed was greatly attached to his children, of whom there were several, besides some step-children, and he appears to have been fond of home life and generous in the character of host.

Beyond the facts stated, little is known of the life of Mohammed until he was about forty

years of age, when he began to emerge as a religious teacher. For many years he must have come into almost daily contact with Christians and Jews, and when he began to study religious history, so far as such history could be studied from hearsay, he seems to have meditated deeply upon the fact that the Arabs were idol-worshippers, and that his countrymen had only reached the tribal stage of evolution, and still seemed far from becoming a nation.

His Mighty Mission Revealed

When he was forty Mohammed resorted to a cave some miles from Mecca, and spent a month in religious contemplation. He may have done so before, but, on this particular occasion, he returned from his ascetic retirement and declared that he had received revelations from God, and that the Almighty had entrusted him with a mission to suppress idolatry.

He first communicated these momentous tidings in secret to his wife and a new and faithful friend, Abu Bekr, both of whom at once became converts. Abu Bekr began quietly to persuade others to ally themselves to Mohammed, at first by individual whisperings. Indeed, Islam continued for some years to be a secret society, which met in holes and corners after dark, adding to its membership by personal persuasion, without preaching or publicity.

At first the converts were nearly all open to the same reproach as those who had followed Jesus, of whom it had been asked, "Why catchest thou thy Master with publicans and sinners?" Those who had any social position to lose were loath to defy public opinion and renounce the established idolatrous religion, but slaves and others, who felt they might gain by equality with their betters in the new sect, were more easily persuaded.

Gradual Growth of Islam

Mohammed did not present to his secret adherents a complete religious system ready-made. Islam developed gradually as time went on, and further revelations were announced by the Prophet. Just as gradually the new religion was committed to writing, and supplemented or amended in the scriptures of Islam, known as the Koran, as occasion arose.

Briefly, the religion of Islam renounced idolatry, and its adherents made confession of faith in the words: "There is no God but Allah; and Mohammed is His Prophet." It imposed duties upon the faithful—for example, abstinence from strong drink, prayer, almsgiving, fasting, and pilgrimage. For years the new religion was shaping itself. The Koran was very fragmentary, the sayings and commands of the Prophet being sometimes lost after being

written on separate pieces of parchment, and some well-authenticated texts were known to some and hidden from others until years had passed. The Koran was not finally collected and stabilized until after Mohammed's death.

To show how slow was the early growth of Islam, it is only necessary to say that ten years after he had declared himself God's Prophet, Mohammed was so powerless that in his native city he was occasionally insulted and persecuted, and would have removed elsewhere had he found any other centre that would have received him.

Some of Mohammed's early disciples were quite as zealous in proselytizing as he was himself, and one of his most energetic adherents gathered round him a number of converts to Islam in the city of Yathrib. Some of the Moslems of Mecca now began to migrate to that place, and the authorities of the former city, convinced at last that the movement was getting out of hand, and fearing the growth of a hostile community of exiles on one of their trade routes, decided to put Mohammed to death, and duly appointed certain persons to undertake the assassination.

Flight from Mecca to Medina

It was then that Mohammed escaped by the back window, and, having hidden himself for a time, finally made his flight two or three hundred miles across the desert to Yathrib. It is from the Flight (A.D. 622) that the Mohammedan world dates time.

Mohammed was now a ruler as well as a prophet, although a ruler on a very small scale. The first mosque was built at Yathrib, afterwards called Medina. The Prophet had been despised and rejected in Mecca—he never forgot the insults and loss of property he suffered there—but he very nearly starved to death in his adopted city. His little following suffered equal hardships, a few dates being all that some Moslems had for their daily food; others were practically serfs to the well-to-do Jews of the city, engaging in the most humiliating occupations in order to live.

Yet Mohammed was held in greater reverence by his followers than ever. They would even strive among themselves for the honour of drinking the water in which the prophet had washed himself. No doubt these days of hardship so tested the endurance and fidelity of the early Moslems that, when their faith assumed the character of a fighting religion, they feared nothing.

Why Islam is a Fighting Religion

The Moslems originally took up fighting in order to obtain supplies to live on. The first successful raid was on a caravan, and this encouraged more ambitious enterprises. The

Prophet was still in very low water, although by this time he was fifty-three years old. Even when his followers went off to raid a caravan they were trespassers, liable to incur the vengeance of the tribe through whose territory the raided caravan was passing at that time, as well as the enmity of the kinsmen of the people they attacked.

It is curious that the Jews or the Arabs did not unite in overwhelming force against Mohammed when they saw his policy of conquest revealed. As it was, their divisions gave the Prophet an opportunity of which he was not slow to avail himself. He had then only 300 fighting men, but they were disciplined warriors who did not fear death; indeed, some of them welcomed it as a gateway to the promised delights of paradise.

At the battle of Badr, Mohammed defeated the army of Mecca; he then attacked and banished the Jewish community of Medina, thereby enriching himself and all his followers.

Early Scruples Overcome

The followers of Islam had now overcome their early scruples—first, that of killing their own kindred, in the battle with the people of Mecca, and, afterwards, their early tenderness towards Jews, to whose religion they had formerly shown respect, and even imitated in certain directions.

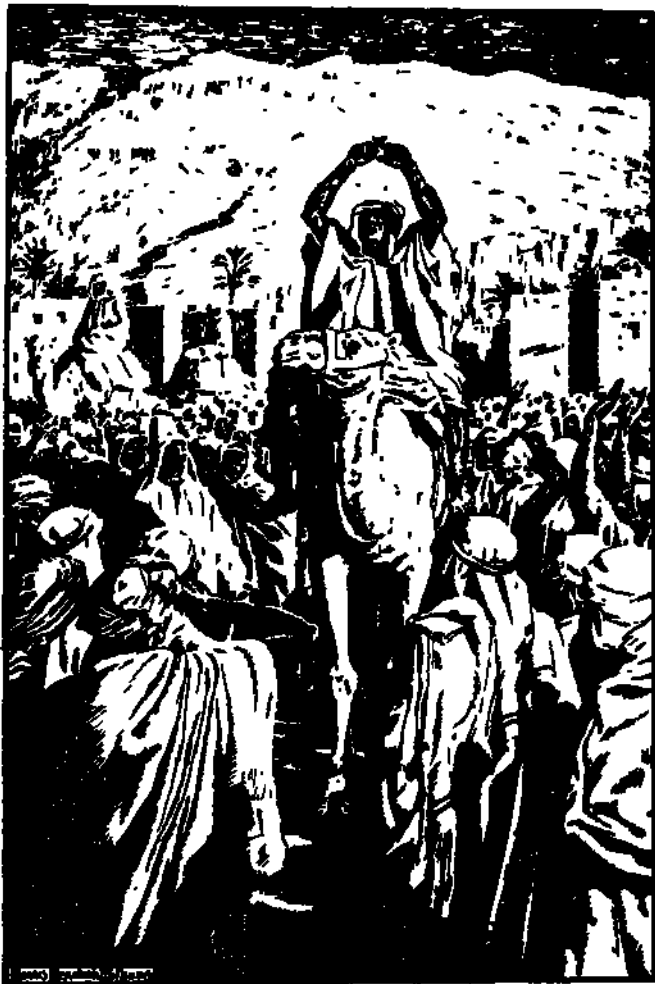
Another battle was fought against the army of Mecca, Mohammed having about 1,000 warriors. This time he was not victorious, and was himself wounded. Fortunately for him the city of Medina was not attacked, so the temporary defeat was not of serious consequence. Soon Mohammed had overcome another wealthy community of Jews and possessed himself of all their fertile lands and property.

The Prophet had previously devised a system for a fair sharing of all plunder among his followers, retaining one-fifth as his own share. These successes made his followers well-off, and all the men were quite ready to engage in further profitable conquests.

Mohammed was now in the ascendant, and his ambitions widened. He next began to pray not only for victory over unbelievers, but also for booty. Another rich Jewish settlement, far distant from Medina, was coveted, and, after a siege, Khaibar fell into Moslem possession.

Mohammed's policy then entered upon another phase. He did not possess such military resources and organization as the Romans commanded in their world conquests, and, therefore, could not establish garrisons in conquered territory far from his base. He might, indeed, have killed the inhabitants, if he failed to convert them, and taken away all their portable property to Medina. But much

PREACHING HIS FAREWELL SERMON



Having suppressed idolatry, Mohammed led a band of pilgrims to Mecca. The pilgrimage over, and feeling his end near, he exhorted his followers in a memorable discourse.

of the wealth of Khaibar lay in its date palms, which could not be removed; so a new policy was adopted. The Jews were left in possession, subject to the Moslems, on their agreeing to pay an annual tribute of half the wealth extracted from their lands. It was a bold stroke, and so alarmed did other tribes become when they heard of the growing

power of Mohammed that some of them, in order to avoid molestation, sent the Prophet tribute without being asked or compelled to do so by force of arms.

The greatest triumph of Mohammed's life was his capture of Mecca. At his approach all opposition melted away, and the Prophet and his victorious army took possession of the city, from which, not many years before, Mohammed had been obliged to fly for his life in the night. The local temple became the religious centre of the Moslem faith, after all the idols had been destroyed, and the Prophet set aside Mecca as the holy city of his religion. This distinction Mecca has retained to this day, amid all the changes and revolution of thirteen centuries.

One of the master-strokes of Mohammed's political policy was his insistence on the brotherhood of the whole Moslem movement. This meant that as the Arab, Christian, and Jewish tribes of Arabia were brought under the rule of Islam, the whole population was welded into a nation. It also abolished the old tribal blood feuds, and introduced a humanizing influence into Arab family life. This unity, however, did not long survive him.

Simple Mode of Life

At the height of his power Mohammed lived in a wretched house, ate the plainest food, and slept on a bed of straw. His only luxury concerned the number of his wives, whom he treated better than most of his subjects did theirs; indeed, one of his biographers relates that, on occasion, the Prophet was obliged to retire alone to the attic of his house for a respite from the wrangling among the ladies of his harem. He was a good-natured man among his

relations and friends. In the last years of his life he delighted to romp with his grandsons, carrying them on his shoulders. No son of his own grew to maturity.

Mohammed did not make any conquests outside Arabia, although he went so far as to send communications to the rulers of Persia, Constantinople, Egypt, and Abyssinia, calling upon them to embrace the faith of Islam and acknowledge him as God's prophet. He, probably, little understood the power of such kingdoms as these when compared to Arabia.

Dies of Fever at Medina

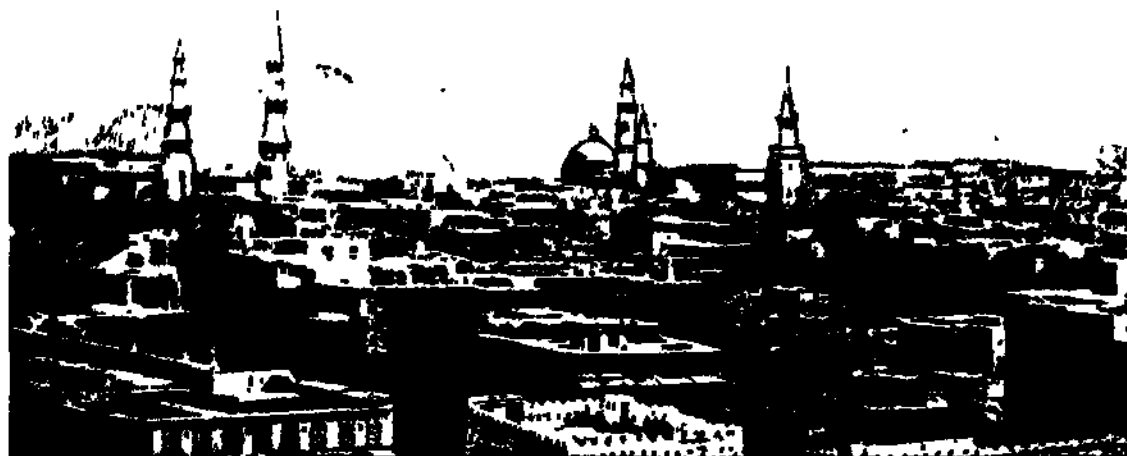
Shortly before his death, the Prophet determined to make an attack on the power of the Byzantine emperor Heraclius, but, before his army could set out, Mohammed was stricken with a fever, and, after about a week's illness, died on the 7th June, 632. The Prophet was buried in the house at Medina where he had lived and died. A mosque was afterwards built over his tomb, which still rivals the Kaaba mosque at Mecca as a sacred place of pilgrimage among the Moslems.

The problem of succession aroused great strife and controversy, causing divisions which survive as sects until this day.

The greatest Moslem conquests occurred after Mohammed's death. The second Caliph, Omar, the Prophet's father-in-law, captured Damascus and Jerusalem, and conquered Persia, Mesopotamia, and Egypt. The "holy war" was afterwards extended far into Asia, Africa, and Europe, and the stories of these and other conquests of Islam are bound up in the histories of the Caliphs, the Moors, and the Ottoman Empire.

[See Lives by D. S. Margoliouth (1905), etc.]

THE ARABIAN CITY WHERE THE PROPHET OF ISLAM WAS BURIED



Panorama of the city of Medina, showing the magnificent mosque of the Prophet, which shelters Mohammed's tomb. The old name of Medina was Yathrib. The city is the second holy city of the Mohammedans, and, since it contains Mohammed's tomb, is sometimes called the Prophet's city.



The MAN who TRANSFORMED INDUSTRY

James Watt, Who by His Ingenuity of Invention Provided the Impetus that has Led to the Industrial Achievements of To-day

ONE of the most popular pictures ever painted represents a delicate-looking boy of fifteen sitting at a table, watching the steam coming out of a kettle-spout.

Young James Watt would gaze in silence for hours together at the boiling kettle, holding a cup over the jet of steam, and then a spoon. He watched intently the tiny drops of condensed steam that formed within the inverted cup. Then he would take the lid off the kettle, study the interior, and put it on again.

"I never saw such an idle boy," remarked his aunt reproachfully. "'Can't you take up a book, and employ yourself usefully?'"

"Aye, Jamie is a queer lad," his friend would say of him, and even when he was a man this description was not without truth.

"I tremble," said Watt, at the age of thirty-four years, "when I hear the name of a man I have any transactions to settle with!"

To be asked to state the price of his services or make a bargain, put him into a cold sweat. To order a lazy workman to bestir himself or to point out a fault involved an agony of hesitation beforehand, and equally painful uneasiness afterwards.

Yet, when alone at his work-bench with steel tools in his hands, James Watt was a veritable Vulcan of tireless energy and inventiveness. Diffident before the face of man, his assurance was without limit in the presence of machinery.

"I am sorry that there is occasion to ask a price," he once wrote. "I am resolved, if I can resist it, to invent no more. . . . I was at that time spurred on by the alluring hope of placing myself above want, without being

obliged to have much dealing with mankind, to whom I have always been a dupe."

Truly, James Watt, the man who made the modern steam-engine a reality, the inventor of "the most useful engine that has ever been brought forward by the mind of man," was "queer lad."

A RENEGATOR OF THE WORLD



This noble statue of James Watt, in Westminster Abbey, is the work of the great inventor's friend, Sir Francis Chantrey, who made five statues of Watt.

None of his creditors," he wrote in reference to the affairs of his first patron and partner, Dr. Roebuck, "values the engine at a farthing."

It certainly looked like it, for his wonderful condensing engine, which in more active hands was shortly to revolutionize industry, had for years been lying rusty and useless, perishing from "long exposure to the injuries of the weather."

What an amazing contrast there is between James Watt and George Stephenson, who, in the earlier part of his life, was Watt's contemporary. Stephenson, untaught and with no book learning whatsoever, was hard-headed in business, a born leader of rough workmen, whom he could on occasion subdue with a glance; he compelled men with money, by argument and persistence, to subordinate their wills to his, and do whatever he wanted.

On the other hand, we have James Watt, shy, deeply read and studious,

learning German and Italian in order to study the works of continental scientists, a matchless craftsman at fashioning mathematical instruments, yet with a character so guileless, a personality so sweet and gentle, that in business he was, when alone, almost as simple as a child. It was not until after he had entered into partnership with Matthew Boulton, of Birmingham, that Watt was stiffened to defend his rights and defy competitors.

An inventor's life is not usually a happy one, and poor Watt often had a heavy load of trouble. Since his day the patent laws have been immensely strengthened, and nowadays the dread of the law, and the greater dread of heavy damages, are generally sufficient to deter dishonest imitators from openly infringing the patent rights of any of their competitors. In Watt's time it was far easier and less risky to steal the ideas and counterfeit the inventions of others than it is to-day.

Defending their Rights in the Courts

Watt and Boulton had more than once to defend their rights in the courts, at enormous expense. A single specimen of a solicitor's bill of costs amounted to over £5,000. Harassments of this kind pressed heavily upon Watt. His brain was always busy with mechanical problems that demanded quiet and concentration for their study and solution, and the distractions and anxieties caused by legal proceedings tried him terribly.

"I curse my inventions," he wrote on one melancholy occasion, "and almost wish, if we could gather our money together, that somebody else should succeed in getting our trade from us."

"There is nothing more foolish than inventing," he complained on another occasion. "I fear that the engine business cannot be a permanent one. We have got so many pretenders now, that I fear they will make us little people. If so let them. . . . I do not think we are safe a day to an end in this enterprising age. One's thoughts seem to be stolen before one speaks them."

Once Watt declared, no doubt cynically, that it really began to appear as though very soon he would be prosecuted for using his own invention.

But it was useless for James Watt to say that he was resolved to try, if he could, to resist his desire to invent. With him to live was to invent. He was still intent upon his latest invention, the diminishing machine, when he was eighty-two years old.

Glasgow to London on Horseback

Such was the wonderful climax of the life of the remarkable inventor, who had been born at Greenock, Scotland, on the 19th January, 1736, and who, as a studious and sickly lad of nineteen, had travelled to London from Glasgow on horseback, to learn the trade of a mathematical-instrument maker.

Poor Jamie found London a very lonely place. He applied here and he applied there for employment, but for a while without success. "They all make some objection or other," he wrote in one of his letters to his parents in Greenock. His first job in London was cutting

out letters and figures in metal. Soon, however, he obtained better employment at making mathematical instruments, working five days a week until 9 o'clock at night, receiving no wages, and having to pay for his own board. This inevitable expenditure he kept within the limit of eight shillings a week.

To make matters worse, he was afraid to go into the streets because of the press-gang, which was scouring London for seamen for the navy. Once taken, he could not have found means of escape, because he was not an indentured apprentice. Moreover, Watt was a stranger, and knew very well that both he and his master would get into trouble if it were discovered that he, not being a freeman, was working within the liberties of the City.

His Return to Scotland

Watt stayed in London about a year, and then returned to Glasgow. He would be a poor Scotsman, indeed, who left England poorer than he had entered it; and Jamie, despite his being "a queer lad," went north with a skilled trade at his finger-tips, without his having been put to the expense of serving a regular seven-year apprenticeship.

He also took north with him twenty guineas' worth of fine tools, which his father had bought for him, together with the materials for a great many more, for he had decided that he could make the tools a great deal cheaper than he could buy them, now that the English had taught him how they were made.

But James Watt lived to discharge this debt to England nobly, if debt it was. It was in England, which later he was to make his adopted country, that he established his great industry of engine-building, to the enormous enrichment of the country's industries. In England he spent forty-five of his busiest and happiest and most honoured years, and in English soil his body was at last laid to rest.

It is a curious fact that even in his native country Watt had great difficulty in obtaining a footing. In Glasgow, as in London, he found that as he was neither a burgher nor married to the daughter of one, he was forbidden to follow his trade within the limits of the burgh of Glasgow.

Help from a University

In earlier times, the universities and the monasteries had often given sanctuary to men of genius, and it is a curious instance of an ancient survival into comparatively recent times that the University of Glasgow gave the youthful scientist and inventor the opportunity that had been denied him by the greatest industrial town in his native country. Watt's good qualities had already met with a certain amount of recognition by men of learning,



BOYISH MUSINGS THAT LED TO A GREAT INVENTION



"Watt's First Experiment with the Steam Kettle," after the painting by G. W. Buss. The boy Watt gazes in silence at the kettle on the breakfast-table, taking no count of time while musing over the marvels of steam, until his mother rouses him from his reverie by showing him her watch.

and he was allowed to set up his workshop in a small room within the precincts of the college.

Here again, Watt lived to discharge his debt to the university. Fifty-one years later, "entertaining a due sense of the many favours conferred upon me by the University of Glasgow," he made it a gift of £300 upon trust, in order to found an annual prize of £10, to be awarded to the student writing the best essay on some subject relating to mechanics.

At Work on a Defective Engine

It was a few years after he had settled in Glasgow, that one of the professors at the university employed him to repair and put in order a working model of Newcomen's steam-engine, which was defective in some way.

This incident was the turning-point in Watt's life. Previously he had been wholly employed in making quadrants and other

mathematical instruments, while his inventive powers had been confined to such odd jobs as repairing small organs and making a perspective machine. Now that he had been obliged to give his attention to the construction and principles of the best steam-engine then in existence, Watt, one might say, immediately fell in love with engines, and was from then onwards their slave for life.

Fascinated by Steam Power

The boyish interest in steam, which had caused him to sit before his mother's fire and hold a cup over the spout of the boiling kettle, again awakened within his active brain, and as he pondered over the model of Newcomen's engine the unexplored possibilities of steam power fascinated him as nothing else had ever done.

The college paid him about £5 for putting the engine right again, and the actual machine as it left his hands is still preserved as a

wonderful link with a time when there was not in all the world a steam-engine on the sea, a locomotive on rails, or a steam-engine driving mill machinery. All the engines in use when Watt first began to study them were employed in pumping, and almost exclusively were in connexion with collieries.

The cheapness of coal at the pithead—it was sometimes as low as 4s. a ton at that time—and the necessity of pumping water continuously from many collieries, made steam power almost indispensable to this industry.

Some of the pre-Watt steam pumping engines worked well enough, while others were erratic and unreliable to an almost unbelievable extent. These were engines which came to rest after every dozen strokes or so. Some

WATT'S PUMPING ENGINE OF 1777



In 1777 Watt went to Cornwall to set up pumping engines, about one of which he wrote: "The velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise give universal satisfaction to all beholders."

worked slowly for five minutes, then rested of their own accord for the next five minutes. Others worked continuously, but never got the water any lower, like the one with which, by mending, George Stephenson first came into prominence. But whether these pioneer engines worked or were abandoned in despair, they all had this in common—they were most terribly wasteful of fuel, owing to the fundamental faults of their construction.

The great fault of the pre-Watt steam-engines lay in the fact that the steam was condensed after each stroke in the cylinder itself. This meant that the latter was alternately hot and cold, thus leading to a slow, cumbrous motion on the part of the engine, and the waste of quite half of the steam raised.

This fault Watt overcame by condensing the steam in a separate vessel, or condenser, an idea which opened up on a very grand scale

immense possibilities of improvement in engines and their application, so that industry at once entered upon a new era of unparalleled expansion and prosperity.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, when he was walking on Glasgow Green, that this brilliant new idea came into Watt's mind. He was thinking over the experiments he was making with Newcomen's model engine, when suddenly it occurred to him that steam was an elastic vapour, and that if he were to produce a vacuum in a separate vessel connected with the steam cylinder, the steam would rush into it, and thus could easily be condensed.

The idea of condensing steam by bringing it into contact with a cold surface, as is contrived in the common still, was well understood before

Watt's time; but the ingenious idea of effecting this condensation in a condenser connected with the steam cylinder, and giving the piston a hot and dry cylinder to work in, was entirely new. It was upon this idea, which came to him during the Sunday walk, that all the subsequent improvements made by Watt in his engines were based. It was the foundation of all his future success.

Indeed, as Lord Jeffrey wrote, though it was said that Watt was the great improver of the steam-engine, "in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its inventor."

Watt, of course, patented his idea, and proceeded to devote most of his time to the improvement of the "fire engine," as it was called, but

years of discouragement and delay intervened before he was enabled to build his new engines on a large scale. One of his greatest difficulties was the exasperating imperfections of the machine-tools of that time—for example, he found it impossible for a long while to get a big cylinder that was bored straight.

Conscious of His Shortcomings

The great inventor, at this anxious stage of his life, was painfully conscious of his limitations. He felt that when he had to leave his own work-bench and supervise ignorant and untrained workmen, he did not possess the temperament of the man who "can get things done."

"Consider my uncertain health," he wrote, "my irresolute and inactive disposition, my inability to bargain and struggle for my own with mankind; all which disqualify me for any great undertaking."

THE ROOM IN WHICH THE INVENTOR SPENT MANY HAPPY HOURS



Watt's garret workshop at Heathfield Hall, near Birmingham. On the 100th anniversary of his death visitors were shown the workshop, left as it was a century before. In later life Watt invented, among other machines, a very ingenious apparatus for copying sculpture, and produced many excellent examples of this work.

He needed a partner, a man of affairs, and, providentially, such a man soon appeared—namely, Matthew Boulton, a successful and most enterprising Birmingham metal manufacturer. With him, Watt formed a working partnership, which continued for over twenty-five years, until Watt retired from active business life.

Murdoch Joins the Firm

A few years after forming this successful partnership, Boulton and Watt were joined by another famous Scotsman, William Murdoch, the clever inventor of gas-lighting, who for many years continued to be Watt's most able and faithful lieutenant, and rose to be a partner in the firm. With such a trinity of inventive and executive genius, it was little wonder that the manufacture of Watt's engines soon became a prosperous industry of world-wide importance.

The great engineer, John Rennie, also received a helping hand from James Watt. When Rennie was twenty-two years of age, one of the first things he did, after completing his college career at Edinburgh, was to travel over the roads, on horseback, in order to see the Soho works of Boulton and Watt at Birmingham, and obtain an insight into what the best engineers in England were doing in

a practical way. This was in 1784, when the fame of Watt's condensing engine was spreading all through the country.

Watt received his young fellow-countryman very kindly, and showed him the wonders of the Soho works. At this period, Watt was engaged in making machinery for the Albion Corn Mills in London, machinery which would be driven by one of the firm's own steam-engines. The workmen who were employed in making the machinery greatly tried the patience of Watt; they had poor tools to work with, the work was new to them, and consequently they required constant personal attention and oversight.

The Ingenious John Rennie

Watt soon realized that Rennie was a man who seemed eminently suitable for supervising the manufacture and erection of machinery, so he offered Rennie a position in connexion with the installation of the new machinery at the Albion Mills. Rennie worked for Boulton and Watt at Birmingham for some while, and he became so efficient that he was able to suggest improvements in Watt's engine to the inventor himself. The result was that his employers came to the conclusion that Rennie might eventually graduate from the position of an employee to that of a

competitor, if they were not careful. So, before finally confirming his appointment in connexion with the corn mill, they sought to bind him by imposing conditions which Rennie felt would handicap his future career in a way that would be fatal. However, while refusing to sign away his liberty of action, he gave his word that he would not infringe Watt's patents, and the character of the three engineers is revealed by the fact that this agreement was regarded by all of them as quite sufficient and satisfactory, and it was honourably respected and adhered to ever afterwards.

A Triumph of Engineering

Rennie was engaged as Watt's lieutenant in the erection of the Albion Mills for nearly four years, and when the mills were completed they were considered one of the greatest engineering triumphs in the world. Watt's steam-engines supplied the motive power for a great variety of machinery, applied to processes that had never been driven by steam power previously. We are familiar to-day with all kinds of large mills, filled with wonderful machinery driven by steam power, but in Watt's time an iron wheel on a machine was almost unheard of, before the Albion Mills were erected. Wheels were then nearly always made of wood.

These mills added greatly to the reputation of Watt and Boulton, although, unfortunately, after they had been working successfully for only three years, they were burnt down in 1791. Poor Rennie, who was in London at the time, was a helpless spectator of the conflagration which destroyed so much machinery which at that period was quite unique.

It is worthy of note that before James Watt had really started on his career as a successful engineer by entering into the partnership with Matthew Boulton, and while he was earning a precarious living as a surveyor, Watt was employed for a time in making a survey of the route for the Caledonian Canal across Scotland. He reported that a canal could be made, and outlined a scheme for its construction. This was in 1773.

Consulted by Thomas Telford

Watt's scheme was left in abeyance for nearly thirty years, until the famous engineer, Thomas Telford, was employed to make another survey in 1801. Telford consulted Watt on the subject, and in his report he acknowledged his indebtedness to his predecessor. Telford was afterwards employed to make the canal.

It was perhaps just as well that the sensitive James Watt was spared the responsibility of undertaking this great work. The difficulties

proved to be stupendous, and the cost was far more than Telford had estimated, while the misfortunes attending its construction saddened the last years of Telford, who had previously been so successful in other directions.

As it was, James Watt was favoured with a glorious and peaceful old age. He lived to see the whole world revolutionized and benefited by his invention of the condensing steam-engine. Fulton, who built the first successful commercial steam vessel in America, employed a Watt engine, which he had ordered after a visit to the Boulton and Watt works at Birmingham in 1804. Fulton afterwards established a regular steamship service on the Hudson River, and ordered more than one Watt engine. James Watt, jun., was the first man to cross the English Channel in a steamboat (1817), the vessel in question also having two Watt engines, each of 14 horse-power.

Invention of the Screw Propeller

As showing the extraordinary inventive genius of Watt, it may be of interest while referring to steam navigation, to mention that he described and made a drawing of what he termed a "spiral oar" (which is exactly like the now familiar screw propeller) in 1770, although it was not until 1838 that Sir Francis Pettit Smith's screw propeller was first adopted by the British navy.

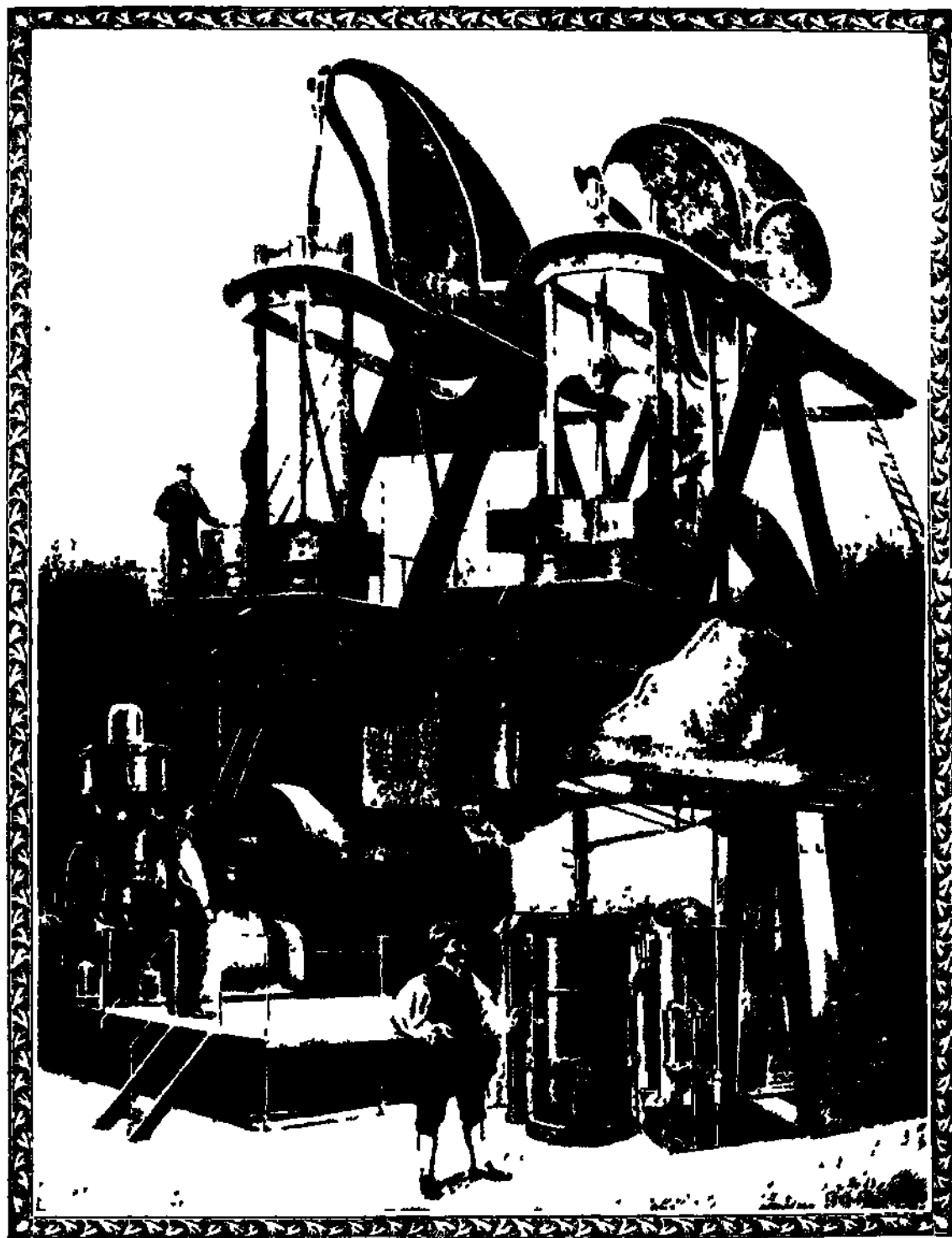
Although constantly engaged in inventing and adapting improvements for his steam-engine, Watt's brain was also busy with many other projects, some of which he carried through to brilliant success. He was the inventor of a steam hammer, which he patented in 1784, having in that year made one which, with a hammer weighing $7\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., raised it 2 feet, and struck 300 blows a minute.

Problem of Smoke Prevention

Having observed the "abominable smoke which attends fire-engines," and regretting that the chimney of a large boiler at his works "poisoned" the plants in Mr. Boulton's garden, Watt turned his attention to the problem of smoke prevention, which is not such a modern reform as one might suppose. He and his partners very soon made their furnace consume all its own smoke, and so extraordinary did this appear that people would scarcely believe that the engine and boiler in question were working, when they saw little or no smoke coming out of the chimney-stack. This reform, which is still so necessary in some of our industrial centres, Watt accomplished in his own works over 135 years ago.

There was practically no end to the beneficent inventions and appliances which the works of Boulton, Watt and Co. gave to the world during Watt's life-time.

A WATT STEAM-ENGINE AND ITS SUCCESSORS



Contrasts in engine types, showing some interesting phases in the evolution of the steam-engine. On the right is a double-acting rotative mill engine, as designed by Watt and constructed by Boulton and Watt; on the left is a modern turbine, while in the background is an engine of about fifty years ago.

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Watt once heard a lady expressing admiration at the fact that civilization had so far advanced that people in large cities had water brought into their dwelling-houses through iron pipes. Watt, in his friendly way, replied that it was a mere nothing; that before very long people would have fire and light brought into their houses in the same manner.

First House Lit by Gas

William Murdoch, then the travelling representative of Watt and Boulton, was the man who invented gas lighting. He made extensive experiments while engaged by their firm in erecting Watt engines at mines in Cornwall, and was the first man in the world to light his own house with gas, while residing at Redruth.

When he returned to Birmingham, Murdoch made gas on a large scale in the works, and at

THE INVENTOR'S PLEASANT RETREAT



Heathfield Hall, Watt's comfortable residence near Birmingham, where he spent many happy years and where he died on the 19th August, 1819, in his eighty-fourth year

the celebration of the peace of Amiens, in 1802, the whole of the front of the Watt and Boulton foundry was illuminated by coal-gas. The firm then went into the business of manufacturing gas-making machinery as a side line, and they lighted the first factory at Manchester with gas in 1805.

Murdoch made a beautiful working model of a steam carriage in 1784, according to the designs and specifications of Watt, and it is interesting to conjecture what might have happened if these ingenious co-workers had not had so many other things on hand, for it has to be remembered that Trevithick's first locomotive did not run on the Merthyr-Tydvil railway until 1804, and George Stephenson's first locomotive at Killingworth until 1814.

Murdoch evidently wanted to carry the model farther, for in 1786 Watt wrote: "I am extremely sorry that W. M. still busies

himself with the steam carriage. . . . I believe I shall make some experiments on them soon, but have small hopes of their ever becoming useful."

The fact is, that Watt's vision of the steam-locomotive was restricted to its possible use on the ordinary roads of the country; and certainly his judgment of their impracticability on such a surface was sound.

Even when he was a comparatively young man, Watt often had felt worried on account of his health, and even in regard to his memory. It was all the more remarkable, therefore, that he lived to be eighty-three years of age, surviving nineteen years after his retirement from business, and that his bodily vigour and his mental powers were quite exceptional to the last.

To the very end of his life James Watt busied himself with invention, his favourite retreat and workshop being an attic at the top of his house. The last invention which he made was the diminishing machine for reproducing sculpture, and when, in 1819, the centenary of his death was commemorated, visitors to Birmingham had the wonderful privilege of entering Watt's garret at Heathfield Hall, and seeing the tools as the great engineer had laid them down for the last time one hundred years previously.

Tributes to His Genius

James Watt has many monuments to his great genius, including five statues by his friend Chantrey, one of them in Westminster Abbey. On that monument there is an inscription, by Lord Brougham, which has been described as being "beyond all comparison the finest lapidary inscription in the English language."

Yet, beautiful and dignified as this inscription is, the man it commemorates was in every way worthy of it. For his genius "enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man," and entitled James Watt "to an eminent place among the most illustrious followers of science, and the real benefactors of the world." James Watt died at Heathfield, Staffordshire, on the 19th August, 1819. He is buried at Handsworth, near Birmingham. He was married twice, and was survived by one son, James Watt, jun., also a gifted engineer, who died in 1848. Matthew Boulton died on the 18th August, 1809; while William Murdoch, their gifted assistant, survived until the 15th November, 1839.

[See "Lives of Boulton and Watt," by S. Smiles (1865); "The Life of Watt," by J. P. Muirhead (1858); "Life and Lineage of James Watt," by G. Williamson (1850); An Eulogium of Watt," by Lord Jeffrey (1839).]

An Early VOYAGER ROUND the WORLD

Captain Cook, Who not only Discovered Vast Tracts of Land for the British Empire, but also a Means to Preserve the Health of Seamen

ONE night, during the stirring days of 1759, when the British forces under General Wolfe were besieging the French in Quebec, a flat-bottomed boat made its way slowly across the St. Lawrence River in the direction of the shore on which lay the French army. This little boat, with its handful of brave souls, had a difficult and dangerous mission to perform—difficult, because of the swift currents and the intense darkness; dangerous, because its work had to be carried out under the muzzles of the enemy's guns.

The British fleet, under Sir Charles Saunders, in concert with the army, had planned an assault on a strongly fortified French position. Before the attack could be launched it had been found necessary to obtain accurate soundings of the St. Lawrence, between the Ile d'Orleans, held by the British, and the French shore. This perilous mission had been entrusted to a young seaman, who, during his four years' service in the navy, had earned a name for himself by his skilful seamanship and daring conduct. He was James Cook.

For several hours he steered his frail craft up the river, venturing close up to the shore and making numerous soundings. Then, his work completed, he turned back. Before he had traversed many yards, he discovered that he was being pursued. The French had picked out his boat on the river, and had immediately dispatched

a number of canoes, manned by Indians, to cut off his retreat. Cook took in the situation at a glance. His only chance of escape was

to make for the island, and this he did with all possible speed. A stern chase ensued. Something more than his life and those of his companions depended on his eluding capture. Gradually his pursuers gained on him, and when he was still a few yards from the shore, the Indian canoes closed on his boat.

Fortunately, at that critical moment, British sentries opened fire on the foremost Indians, and Cook took advantage of this welcome diversion to run his boat ashore. He had not a second to spare, for, as he and his men jumped from the bow of the boat, their pursuers boarded her at the stern. After a short fight, the assailants were driven off, and Cook escaped with his precious information. That same day he handed to the admiral a plan of the channel, which was afterwards proved to be correct in every detail.

This was not the only occasion during the campaign that Cook earned praise for the marvellous accuracy of his survey work. Shortly after the incident just related, he was



Status, in front of the Admiralty buildings, London, of the great explorer, who surveyed a greater length of coast than any other navigator.

His chart was such a model of precision and completeness that the Admiralty ordered it to be published. This achievement was all the more remarkable since Cook is believed to have had

SOME NATIVES SEEN BY COOK



A male native of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands. The chiefs wore helmets and cloaks of red and yellow feathers



A woman of the district around Nootka Sound, a lord on the west coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia. She is also wearing an elaborate helmet.

An Unjust Accusation

no training, and very little experience, in draughtsmanship. Inadvertently, it was his skill in map-drawing that started him on the road to world fame, for it was this propensity that first attracted the attention of the Royal Society, and induced them to offer him the command of a scientific expedition.

The innate genius of James Cook was not revealed until he was approaching manhood. He passed from the nursery to school, and from school to a shop counter, without arousing unusual interest in himself. The schoolmaster of the village of Marton in Yorkshire, where Cook was born on the 27th October, 1728, looked upon him as a boy possessing only average intelligence.

His Ambitions Damped

There were no approving pats on the head, with predictions of an illustrious future for James Cook. But if he had one characteristic which, more than any other, singled him out from his fellows, it was his ambition. When, therefore, at the age of thirteen, he found himself in the employ of a draper in a picturesque fishing village some ten miles north of Whitby, he resolved to seize the earliest opportunity to escape from the narrow, uninspiring sphere to which he seemed doomed. Haberdashery offered little scope for the adventure for which his soul yearned.

His father, who was a farm bailiff, was one day resting from his labours in his humble mud-cottage, when he received a request to visit the shop where James was working. The boy, it appeared, was under a cloud of suspicion. A bright new shilling, which his master had placed in the shop till, had been missed, and a search had revealed it in the young apprentice's possession. Everything pointed to his guilt. Fortunately, James was able to establish his innocence, but the unjust accusation rankled, and, there and then, he expressed his intention of going to sea.

Apprenticed to a Coal-shipper

As if in approval of the step he had taken, fortune now began to smile on him. He was apprenticed to Mr. John Walker, partner in a coal-shipping firm at Whitby, who at once took a fatherly interest in him, sympathizing with his early struggles and difficulties, encouraging him constantly, and displaying the utmost confidence in him. Cook never forgot how much he owed to his benefactor at this critical period of his life, and years later, when the name of Captain Cook had been added to the scroll of fame, Mr. John Walker was still his chief counsellor and friend.

Much of the navigating skill he afterwards displayed was acquired during these years of coastal trading. The practical experience he

gained was invaluable, and at the age of twenty-six, on the outbreak of hostilities with France, he entered the navy, full of confidence and ambition, and imbued with a sense of efficiency. His talents now had more scope for development, and in four years he had attracted so much attention that he was made master of the *Pembroke* (not the *Mercury*, as many standard works record). On this ship he saw most of his service in the St. Lawrence River, afterwards being appointed to the *Northumberland*, and assisting in the recapture of Newfoundland from the French.

Fitting Himself for His Career

It was about this time that Cook began to feel sure of his destiny. He had advanced rapidly in his profession, and was confident that the time was not far distant when he would be called upon to undertake work of material importance. To fit himself for this responsibility, he gave up all his spare moments to improving his education. There was no one to teach him, so he taught himself—giving special attention to the study of astronomy and mathematics—and he at last became proficient in all the subjects that were likely to prove of use to him. This was typical of the thoroughness and pertinacity he displayed throughout his life.

In 1763, he was appointed marine surveyor, and while carrying out his duties in Newfoundland he met with a serious accident, which nearly put an end for all time to his aspiring dreams. He was carrying a large powder-flask when, without any warning, it ignited and exploded, shattering his hand. Luckily he was able to obtain medical attention after a few hours, and he recovered; the injured hand, however, was permanently damaged.

Commander of an Expedition

The great opportunity for which Cook had been waiting came in 1768. The scientific world was, at this time, making preparations for observing the passage of the planet Venus across the sun, a rare phenomenon that was due to take place on the 3rd June of the following year. The Royal Society decided to send an expedition to a Pacific island called by the natives, Otaheite, and to-day known as Tahiti. This island was judged to be ideally situated for the purpose of making observations, and, largely as a result of his brilliant survey work in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, Cook was appointed to command the expedition.

Promoted lieutenant in May, 1768, Cook set sail from Plymouth on the 26th of the following August in the *Endeavour*, a barque of 370 tons, which he himself had selected. His crew numbered 85, and he carried provisions for 18 months. In spite of the danger then

HEAD-DRESSES EXTRAORDINARY



Tatafee Polaho, the king of the Friendly Islands, whom Cook describes as "a very plump, sedate, sensible man"



A man of the Sandwich Islands, wearing a curious head-dress or mask, ornamented with tassels, and leaving the nose, eyes, and cheeks free.

supposed to attend such an exploit, Cook rounded Cape Horn with ease. Not long afterwards, he came upon several inhabited islands, which he was greatly tempted to explore. Personal desires, however, could not then be satisfied, and without wasting any time he pressed on to his goal.

On the 11th April, the island of Otaheite, for which he had been eagerly on the look out for several days, was reached. The next day the natives quickly paddled out in their canoes to meet the *Endeavour*, bringing with them branches of trees, which, in answer to their signs, Cook ordered to be placed in the rigging of his vessel as a symbol of peace. The natives continued to show their friendliness in various ways, sometimes offering large quantities of fruit and vegetables, in exchange for which Cook gave them silk handkerchiefs and other trivial presents.

Pockets Picked at a Banquet

On landing, Cook and his officers were cordially received by the chiefs, and a further exchange of presents took place. In the evening, the visitors were entertained at a banquet, which they thoroughly enjoyed until they became aware that a number of articles had been stolen from their pockets. After some delay, these were restored through the good offices of the chief.

It was not long before Cook came to the

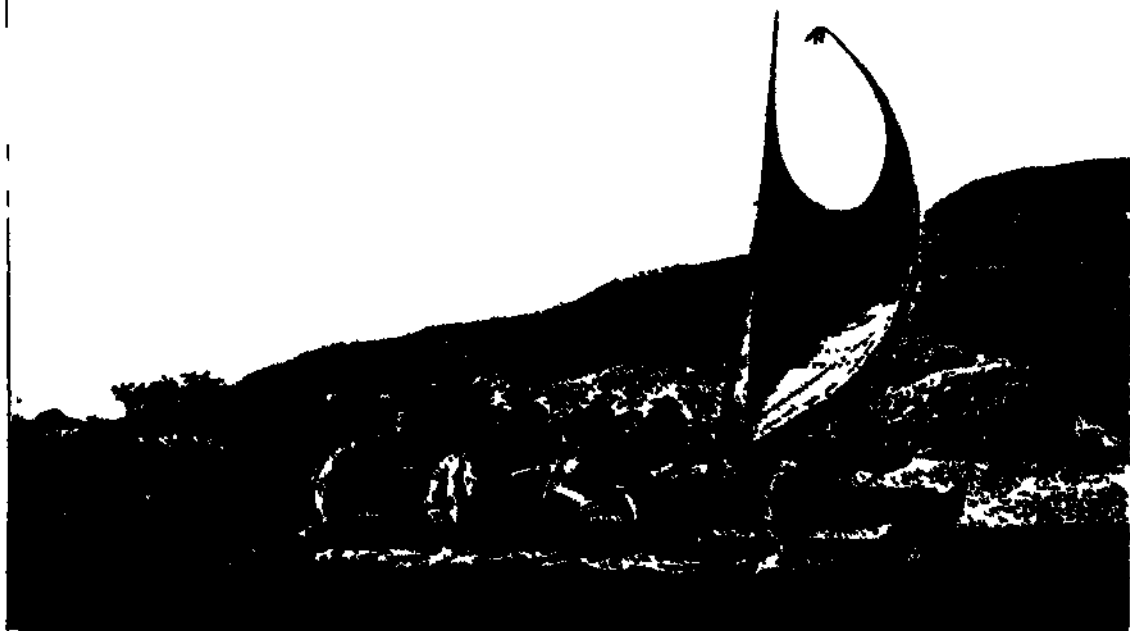
conclusion that the wily natives were adept thieves, and, in spite of his precautions, the loss of such important articles as muskets, opera-glasses, hatchets, and scientific instruments occurred almost daily. The chiefs were usually very apologetic, and extravagant in their offers of compensation, and only with difficulty could Cook persuade them that the sole retribution he desired was the restoration of the missing articles. Truly, the natives of Otaheite were, in Cook's own words, "prodigious expert" in the art of thieving.

Success of the Mission

As the 3rd of June drew near, some anxiety was felt as to the weather, but the all-important day broke clear and fine. As a precaution against failure, Cook organized several parties, and distributed them over various parts of the island. The transit of Venus was observed under most favourable conditions, and Cook was able to carry out his mission to the last detail.

For three months he remained on the island, studying the customs of the inhabitants, and when, on the 13th July, he continued his voyage, he took with him a native named Tupia, who had expressed a wish to accompany him. Tupia's chief work was that of interpreter, but he proved very useful in many other ways. Apart from the several large islands in the neighbourhood which Cook discovered and

AFLOAT AMONG THE ISLANDS OF MASKED AND HELMETED MEN



A canoe of the Sandwich Islands, paddled by masked men. Cook named these islands—now known by the native name, Hawaii—after the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Earl of Sandwich. The circumnavigator was not the first white man to visit the islands, but it was his famous journals that originally made their geography known.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed index

barked, Tupia supplied accurate information of others, enabling him to sketch a useful map of that unknown part of the world. This map is preserved in the British Museum.

Less than three months after his departure from Otaheite, the North Island of New Zealand was sighted. A tribe of savage Maoris, who were fishing from the shore, regarded the *Endeavour* with amazement and awe as she approached them. At first they thought it must be some strange bird, with its huge wings outspread, and when "an unfledged young one"—as they afterwards described it—put out from its side, and made for the part of the shore on which they were standing, their surprise knew no bounds. The "young one" was a small boat, manned by Cook and a party of his men.

Cook was intent on establishing friendly relations with the Maoris, but his pale face and strange dress proclaimed him a deity, and the natives beat a hurried retreat. That day, Cook made the first landing ever effected by a white man on that far-distant shore, the west coast having been discovered by Tasman in the middle of the previous century.

Hostile Natives

The Maoris were not at all disposed to be friendly, and, anxious to avoid trouble, Cook sailed northward, keeping close to the coast of New Zealand. For a considerable distance the *Endeavour* was pursued by the hostile natives in canoes, but the occasional discharge of a musket served to keep them at bay. The navigators never lost an opportunity to trade with the inhabitants, but the latter proved to be hard bargainers, and not over-scrupulous.

One day, a canoe came alongside the boat, and Cook, noticing that one of the natives was wearing a garment resembling a bear-skin, offered him, in exchange for it, a length of red cloth. The New Zealander divested himself of the skin, but would not part with it until Cook had thrown the cloth over the side of the boat for him to hold. Unsuspectingly, the Englishman did as he was bid. Immediately the cloth was snatched from his hands, and the robbers made off as fast as they could, taking with them both the skin and the cloth.

Continuing his voyage, Cook came to a channel, since known as Cook Strait. This, he found, separated the two main islands of New

Zealand, which proved conclusively that the land discovered by Tasman did not form part of a huge southern continent as had been supposed. Cook sailed through the strait, and steered a course towards Australia, or New Holland, as it was then called.

A terrible storm of 48 hours' duration threatened to overwhelm his ship, but, before long, he

A BRUSH WITH THE PACIFIC ISLANDERS



While Cook was attempting to establish friendly relations with some Pacific islanders, the natives attacked the white men with their paddles, and compelled them to open fire.

Zealand, which proved conclusively that the land discovered by Tasman did not form part of a huge southern continent as had been supposed. Cook sailed through the strait, and steered a course towards Australia, or New Holland, as it was then called.

Although almost unrealized by him, Cook had made one of the most important discoveries

of all time. He had added a great island continent to the British Empire, and his fame as a maritime explorer was assured. As the first European to survey the rich verdant coasts on the eastern side of Australia, to James Cook belongs the honour of being the "real discoverer" of that continent. It was he who first saw that it was a land capable of colonization by white men. Others who had touched the north and west coasts had reported on the arid, unfruitful, and inhospitable character of the land they had seen.

Cook had accomplished all and more than

A SCENE OF HIS CHILDHOOD



The little draper's shop at Staithes, a village about ten miles from Whitby, where Cook worked before he became an apprentice with a coal-shipping firm.

he had hoped for, and he now made tracks for home. The return journey was not accomplished without incident. All the navigator's skill was called into play in overcoming the difficulties of the coast of New Holland. Shortly after touching at New Guinea, the ship was struck by lightning. Then, for the first time during the long voyage, the crew were attacked by malaria, and Cook lost one or two valuable men.

At last, on the 13th July, 1771, he reached home. Cook's first voyage, so rich in achieve-

ment, had lasted nearly three years, and it brought him honours and high praise from all quarters. The Admiralty marked their appreciation of his services by promoting him to commander, and commended him in the following terms: "Their lordships extremely well approve of the whole of your proceedings, and have great satisfaction in the account you have given them of the good behaviour of your officers and men, and of the cheerfulness and alertness with which they went through the fatigues and dangers of the voyage."

Cook had the ideal temperament for an explorer. He cared little for rewards, and less still for hardships or danger. All his voyages, entailing as they did much anxiety, responsibility, and physical suffering, were prompted mainly by his intense love of adventure and his curiosity concerning the strange peoples who lived in distant lands. This curiosity had been stimulated by the events of his first voyage, and, exactly twelve months after reaching home, he set sail again for the South Seas.

Search for a Continent

The object of his second voyage was to discover whether there was any truth in the story that an immense southern continent existed not far south of Australia. The expedition consisted of two vessels, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*, with a total complement of 193 souls. The *Resolution*, on which Cook hoisted his flag, was built at Whitby, and a model of it may be seen in Whitby's museum. It was rated at 462 tons, against the *Adventure's* 336 tons.

Early in 1773, Cook crossed the Antarctic Circle, but soon afterwards found his passage to the south barred by a huge ice-field. The search for the mysterious continent was carried on diligently for many months, and it was not until he had covered 3,500 leagues, without once seeing land, that Cook finally decided that the southern mainland existed only in the imagination. The winter was spent cruising among the Society Islands, where Cook made several new discoveries. His experience of the natives was much the same as on his previous voyage. For the most part they were friendly and anxious to trade, offering large quantities of native produce in exchange for useful manufactured articles. Like their neighbours on King George Island (Tahiti), they were much addicted to stealing.

Islanders' Love of Bagpipes

On one occasion, one of the scientists had his boots and stockings taken from him, and he was compelled to walk about the stony shore on his bare feet, until he could attract attention to his predicament. The natives of another island were treated to a performance on the

bagpipes, which interested them so much that, years later, travellers in that part of the world were questioned about the strange musical instrument introduced to them by those pioneer navigators.

On another of the islands discovered by Cook, the natives threw themselves on their faces when he landed. It was quite a common occurrence for him to be presented with pigs as a token of friendship, and among the curious native customs observed by the explorer was that of saluting one another by rubbing noses.

Gloom was cast over the expedition at one period when the popular commander was lying dangerously ill with colic, from which, however, he providentially recovered. Later, he added to his triumphs by discovering the large island of New Caledonia, in September, 1774.

When the *Resolution* anchored at Spithead on the 30th July, 1775, Cook had covered, in the course of his great voyage, a distance equal to nearly three times the equatorial circumference of the earth. He had re-mapped the South Seas, and had added considerably to the world's knowledge of that part of the globe. In honour of the illustrious services he had rendered to science, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Important Hygienic Discovery

The greatest of all Captain Cook's achievements, surpassing in importance even his remarkable contributions to geographical knowledge, was his discovery of the means of preserving the health of seamen during long voyages. The dreadful disease of scurvy was almost entirely eliminated as a result of the simple precautions he adopted, and, in the course of his second expedition, he had to treat only five cases. His method was to keep the ships well aired by means of fires, and to include in the ration allowance a plentiful supply of fresh vegetables, soup, and malt.

That Cook was sensible of the importance of this great discovery is revealed by the words with which he concluded his narrative of his second expedition:

"Our having discovered the possibility of preserving health amongst a numerous ship's company for such a length of time, in such varieties of climate, and amidst such continued hardships and fatigues, will make this voyage remarkable in the opinion of every benevolent person, when the disputes about a southern continent shall have ceased to engage the attention and to divide the judgment of philosophers."

After reading a paper on the treatment and prevention of scurvy, Cook was presented by the Royal Society with the Copley gold medal.

Captain Cook had devoted the best years of his life to the glorious service of his country,

and no one could have been surprised if, on returning from his second voyage, he had sought retirement. For nearly twelve months he occupied the comfortable post of a captain in Greenwich Hospital, but he soon tired of inactivity. The "wandering spirit" of his youth returned, and, at the age of 48, he was still conscious of a longing for adventure. Still with him was that irrepressible eagerness for travel in the far-flung outposts of the British Empire.

For a long time the Government had been anxious to discover a north-west passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and, early in 1776,

A BEAUTY OF OCEANIA



A girl of Tahiti dancing. For symmetry of form the Tahitians are unsurpassed, and the women are regarded as the most beautiful of the Pacific Islanders.

their aspirations in this direction took definite shape. Unanimous as they were in thinking that Captain Cook was the man most fitted to lead the proposed expedition, the lords of the Admiralty hesitated to call on him for this further sacrifice. Finally, they asked the famous explorer to suggest someone to whom they could entrust the responsibility of leadership. Cook proposed several likely young men, but, one by one, his suggestions were vetoed, until, at last, he exclaimed, "Very well, I'll go myself."

Delighted that they had secured the man they wanted, the Admiralty detailed their

instructions, and on the 12th July, 1776, Cook left Plymouth in the *Resolution*, bound once more for the Pacific. On this voyage, he was accompanied by Captain Clerke, who was in command of the *Discovery*, which sailed about three weeks afterwards. In order to clear up one or two uncertain points that had arisen in connexion with his previous discoveries, Cook revisited some of the South Sea islands. Then, turning north, he came upon the Hawaiian Islands, which he named the Sandwich Isles in honour of the Earl of Sandwich, who then held the office of First Lord of the Admiralty.

A FAIR POLYNESIAN



The skin of the Tahitians ranges from light olive to dark brown, and their language is very musical. This girl is bearing a present to a friend.

The American coast was his next objective, and, on arrival there, he sailed northward to a point a little beyond the Bering Strait. Here, to his chagrin, he encountered a tremendous wall of ice, which prevented further progress and put an end to his dream of finding the elusive north-west passage.

Greatly disheartened at his failure, he decided to winter at the Sandwich Isles. Here, tragedy awaited him. The wisdom and hu-



manity Cook had invariably displayed in his dealings with the natives had won their regard and confidence, but, when these pale-faced visitors showed signs of settling down in their midst, they grew suspicious and evinced a strong desire that Cook and his men should take their departure. Relations gradually grew more and more strained, and, after several minor disturbances, matters were brought to a head when the natives stole one of the boats belonging to the ship.

How He Met His Death

Intent on making a peaceful settlement with the king, Cook landed with a small escort of marines. He was conducted into the royal presence, but, while engaged in peaceful negotiations with the king, news was received that a native chief had been killed by a shot fired from the ship. The natives, who had gathered round, immediately raised angry cries, and one of them menaced the English captain with a long iron spike. The situation became desperate, and, after Cook had shot one man, he ordered his escort to fall back slowly towards the sea. None dared to approach the captain while he faced them. When, however, he turned for an instant to give an order, he was savagely struck down. At once, other natives pounced on him, and completed the murderous attack.

Thus tragically, on the 14th February, 1779, did this great British maritime explorer meet his end. After some hesitation, the natives handed over his mutilated remains to Captain Clerke, and these were committed to the deep, with appropriate honours, a week after he had met his death.

What He Did for His Country

Cook was a daring explorer, with exceptional intelligence and imagination. To these qualities, as much as to his courage, his personal popularity, and noble conception of duty, was his remarkable success due. In the course of his great and useful life, so distressingly cut short, he had surveyed a greater length of coast than any other man, had re-mapped the Pacific, and had given to his country the rich lands now occupied by the Commonwealth of Australia and the Dominion of New Zealand. Over six feet tall, with a broad forehead, small piercing eyes with bushy brows, and a mass of dark brown hair, Cook was commanding alike in appearance and personality.

His wife, who before her marriage on the 21st December, 1762, was Miss Elizabeth Batts, lived to the great age of 93, surviving her illustrious husband by 56 years.

[See *Lives*, by A. Kiteon (1807) and A. Kippis (1788); and "*Cook's Voyages, with a Life*," by M. B. Syngue (1897).]

ARMSTRONG'S WORK *in* PEACE *and* WAR

Firing a 12-inch naval gun. The modern battleship is little more than a floating platform for carrying destructive and death-dealing guns, such as this monster from the Elswick works. In the flash from the explosion, what is seen is not smoke, as might be supposed, but flame. Armstrong frequently risked his life in experimenting with his early guns, for he stopped at nothing in his determination to make a successful gun of large calibre.

IN the early years of the nineteenth century, when industrial England, as we know it to-day, was in the making, a group of enterprising and distinguished men, deeply concerned in the destinies of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, used to meet together every Saturday for luncheon and talk at the house of Mr. Armorer Donkin, a wealthy lawyer in the city, who was much esteemed both for his civic and convivial qualities.

"Donkin's ordinary," as the weekly luncheon was called, formed the rallying-point for all the talent and enterprise in Newcastle, a city then rapidly moving to the forefront as a centre of commercial activity. Coal merchants, scientists, engineers, as well as authors and artists, sat round the table and discussed the burning topics of the day over the excellent crusted port provided by Mr. Donkin.

The Old Style and the New

"Progress" was a word frequently used by all parties, and the recent rapid development of railways provided a theme for eager and sometimes heated argument. At their works, not far from Mr. Donkin's house, George Stephenson and his son were building locomotives at the rate of forty a year. New railway companies were springing up on all sides, and the probable effect of the innovation upon social conditions was then incalculable. To some it seemed that the good old times

had gone for ever; to others, as if a new and better world were being created.

Among the "die-hards," whose voices were frequently heard denouncing the railways and scoffing at the talk about telegraphic communication, was William Armstrong, a Cumberland man, who had migrated from Carlisle some years before and had prospered in a corn business at Cowgate, near Newcastle. He had once, addressing a meeting at Carlisle, used an array of ingenious arguments to show that transport by canal was cheaper and more effective than by the new railway.

Donkin Holds the Scales

Donkin was a man of catholic views. He let the dissentients talk, putting in a soothing word now and again. He had a strong liking for Armstrong, although he did not share the latter's old-fashioned ideas.

It was at "Donkin's ordinary," very probably, that Armstrong took his host on one side and discussed with him the idea of putting his son into the legal profession.

Donkin was a bachelor, and took great interest in his friend's children. During visits to the Armstrong household he had noticed that William (who was born on the 26th November, 1810) was particularly fond of the mechanical toys then coming into vogue, and that he would take them to pieces very carefully and reconstruct them. Most little boys take their

toys to pieces, but William did so with good reason. He was really interested to discover exactly how they were made.

Knowing that Armstrong had set his heart on his son becoming a lawyer, Donkin said nothing, but he made a note of the fact that the boy had a talent which his father either did not notice or deliberately ignored.

What more natural than that William, in the course of time, should become an articled pupil in the firm of Donkin and Stable? The young man raised no objection. He would rather have served an apprenticeship in the shops of an engineering firm, but to insist upon this in face of his father's prejudice would have been to raise a storm in the domestic circle.

But he was determined to find some means of learning the profession he secretly wished to adopt. This he did, although not until he had completed his apprenticeship to the law

Every time he visited the works he learned a little more, and at the end of seven years he had, slowly and laboriously, acquired the practical knowledge that he might have gained during a term of actual apprenticeship. Sometimes the half-hour was extended to an hour or more, when, perhaps, the young solicitor was busy on some intricate piece of lathe work, or discussing an improvement in an instrument. A certain tolerance in this matter was allowed by Mr. Donkin, who knew well where his young partner's real interests lay.

Develops His Engineering Bent

In the evenings Armstrong studied electricity, and worked at some contrivances of his own. He also contributed articles on scientific subjects to magazines, but his strong leaning was towards the practical side of engineering, and he was always looking for an opportunity to set up in business himself. To this end he lived very abstemiously, and saved money.

One day, while visiting a local colliery, he had a conversation with an engine man. It turned out that the latter had recently made a curious observation. Happening to place his hand against a jet of steam from an engine with which his other hand was in contact, he experienced a sharp electric shock.

Armstrong was immensely interested in this discovery. He meditated over the problem that it aroused, and expressed his thoughts in an article on the electricity of effluent steam. As this attracted little attention, he invented a "hydro-electric" machine, which proved to be a powerful generator of electricity. Michael Faraday, the eminent chemist and electrician, was interested in the device, but its inventor could not succeed in putting it to practical use.

Armstrong's next turned his attention to the utilization of water power on a larger scale. So absorbed did he become in this pursuit that an elderly relative used to remark, with a sly twinkle in his eye, that William had "water on the brain."

His next important invention was a rotary hydraulic machine. This ingenious apparatus was tested, the water used being that flowing through the town pipes, and it gave a result

WHERE ARMSTRONG FIRST BUILT SHIPS



The Walker shipyard of Messrs. Mitchell and Swan in 1868. It was in this year and in this yard that the Elswick firm began to build ships. Before then they confined themselves to engineering and the manufacture of ordnance.

and become a partner in the firm at the age of twenty-five.

He applied himself rigorously to his legal duties, but on every possible occasion he stole away to spend half an hour or so at the works of his friend, Henry Watson, who manufactured turret clocks, theodolites, and telescopes. Here, amidst the whirring of wheels and the turning of lathes, he was in his true element, and he could forget the irksomeness of law.

an hydraulic crane, in which the rotary system was abandoned. This crane was also tested, and it was found to be thoroughly efficient.

It was not until five years later, however, that he was able to attract attention to his inventions. About 1845 a new enterprise was started in the town, known as the Whittle Dene Water Co. The solicitors to the company were Messrs. Donkin, Stable, and Armstrong, and the youngest member of the firm lost no time in pointing out to his clients that he was an expert hydraulic engineer as well as a legal adviser. He was appointed secretary to the company, and had much to do with its business, which included the building of five large reservoirs capable of holding 215,000,000 gallons of water.

With increased water pressure in the town pipes, it was clear that something could now be done about the use of the hydraulic crane. Armstrong addressed a letter to the town clerk, in which he explained the working of his water crane, pointed out its advantages, and offered to adapt his invention to the corporation's cranes on the quay and to erect new cranes on certain conditions. The proposal was accepted, and Armstrong was commissioned to build five new cranes to be erected on Newcastle quay.

Builds His Hydraulic Cranes

At first Armstrong worked in conjunction with the water company, but a quarrel arose among the directors, some of whom objected that too much water would be used. Meanwhile the cranes were built, under Armstrong's supervision, at the works of Henry Watson.

At first it seemed as though there would be as big a "boom" in hydraulic machinery there had been in steam locomotives. Armstrong firmly believed that there would be, but he determined to break away from the water company and start an enterprise of his own. Capital was needed, and in this respect Armstrong was supported by his good friend,

Donkin, and several other men in the town, who were firm believers in the Armstrong patent.

Towards the end of 1846 a site was obtained, consisting of two meadows facing the railway at the village of Elswick, some distance from Newcastle. Late in the following year the workshops were completed, at a cost, inclusive of machinery, of £36,000. As the capital subscribed amounted to only £19,500,

GENERAL VIEW OF THE FAMOUS ELSWICK WORKS



This site was secured towards the close of 1846, and within a year the workshops were completed. Including machinery, the original workshops cost £36,000. At first the working staff consisted of about twenty men.

the new company started with a deficit of £16,500, and no working capital.

Mr. Donkin, however, was always active with advice and money, and his faith in his old friend's son was unbounded. At this critical moment in the firm's history he subscribed another £3,500 of capital, persuaded a other partner, Mr. Cruddas, to do the same, and worked indefatigably to influence loans to the extent of £17,000. The partners made themselves personally responsible for these outside loans, with the result that they were able to command credit better than a joint-stock company, and thus were successful in obtaining a further £43,000.

Abandons the Legal Profession

Apprentices were taken on in September, 1847, and during the next few months the working staff consisted of about twenty men, whose total wages amounted to about £20 a week. Success depended upon orders coming

in promptly and regularly, and Armstrong was so convinced that they would that he finally abandoned the law and concentrated all his energies on the enterprise that was so near to his heart. He worked day and night, sleeping only a few hours on a bed made up for him at the works.

A Serious Blow

The first order placed at the Elswick works was for four 12-ton hydraulic cranes for the Edinburgh and Northern Railway, at a cost of £3,800. They were required for lifting carriages, weighing ten tons each, from the railway to the ferry-boat that crossed the Firth of Forth between Granton and Burntisland.

The cranes were to be ready for delivery on the 1st March, 1848, and Armstrong set to work full of enthusiasm. Punctually to date Armstrong informed the railway company that the work was finished, and enclosed a bill for half the cost, according to contract. To his surprise and consternation he received no reply. He wrote again, and after a long delay received the depressing intelligence that the railway directors had changed their minds, and did not require the cranes after all.

This was a serious blow. The railway company claimed that there had been a misunderstanding. Armstrong, however, kept them to their contract. The cranes were delivered and the railway company had to pay, although, by adopting the means of settling the account in debentures, they kept Armstrong waiting many

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT IN GUN-MAKING



Should the heated jacket, or outside tube, be allowed to seize on to the barrel too soon, enormous loss would result. The putting on of the outside tube is one of the most delicate operations in gun-making.

years for his money. Fortunately further orders came in, and the first balance sheet of the company, presented after fourteen months' work, disclosed a profit of £968. One of the chief patrons of the Armstrong crane was Isambard Brunel, the famous engineer of the Great Western Railway.

The Elswick works had an up-hill fight during the next fifteen years; owing to the complicated character of some of the contracts undertaken, expenditure was often ahead of receipts. It was only the self-sacrifice of the partners, who employed their dividends in the business, that enabled progress to be made.

A Heavy Loss

There were some unfortunate enterprises, involving heavy losses. One of these, the construction of a new type of locomotive fitted with a condenser for utilizing exhaust steam, which was never used, involved the firm in an expenditure of £2,000, and two years' profits had to be written off to meet the deficiency.

In 1854, at the beginning of the Crimean War, the Elswick works were commissioned to manufacture submarine mines intended for blowing up Russian ships which had been sunk in Sebastopol harbour. The exact nature of these "infernal machines," as they were then called, will probably never be known, for they were not used, but they were undoubtedly the precursors or forerunners of the modern explosive mine.

Their manufacture, however, says much for Armstrong's ingenuity

HOW A TORPEDO IS SENT ON ITS DEATH-DEALING ERRAND



Side-loading torpedo tube. The tube is loaded by opening the breech and sliding in the torpedo. The powder charge is put into a chamber attached to the breech, and the electrical circuits are connected. The gunner turns the tube on the turn-table, calculates his own speed and that of the target, and pulls the trigger.

and versatility as an inventor, for he could have had little experience in engines of war, although his work in the clock factory as a young man doubtless helped him in designing the fuses.

The battle of Inkerman, on the 5th November, 1854, revealed the great value of mobile guns, and Armstrong set himself to consider whether it would not be possible to make more powerful guns, which would, nevertheless, still be easy to handle.

Guns Ordered by War Office

Early in December he was sufficiently ready with his plans to be able to interest the War Office, and to obtain an order for six guns. The first of these was ready by July of the following year. It consisted of a core of steel enveloped in coiled iron cylinders, and weighing 5 cwt. It fired an elongated leaden projectile weighing 3 lb., and was loaded at the breech.

One of the most difficult operations was that of "rifling" the gun. This was carried out by Mr. Bradley, an original apprentice at the Elswick works. The work was done at night, and Armstrong was in such a state of feverish excitement about the result that he could not remain in his bed, and had to go to the works and stand and watch the long and tedious process.

When the gun was submitted for tests, the ordnance committee objected that neither shrapnel nor common shell could be fired from

it. Armstrong then re-bored the gun, and invented a new projectile with a concussion fuse. Thus altered, the gun passed all the tests, and the inventor was asked to make a larger one.

Armstrong met with many adventures, and often risked his life during experiments with large guns. Very little was known in those days about the amount of pressure that metals could be subjected to, and Armstrong, with only slender knowledge to safeguard himself and his assistants from being blown to pieces, stopped at nothing in his determination to make a successful gun of large calibre.

At last he fired his gun across the dene of Jesmond, against a distant hillside. The ordnance committee reported that the result was entirely satisfactory. In fact, Armstrong's 18-pounder gun competed with a service 32-pounder, and scored at all points. It was realized that a new era in ordnance manufacture had now opened.

The Man of the Hour

From that moment Armstrong became the man of the hour. The Elswick works were reorganized, and the Elswick Ordnance Company was formed, with a capital of £50,000, which was guaranteed by the Government, and afterwards increased to £85,000.

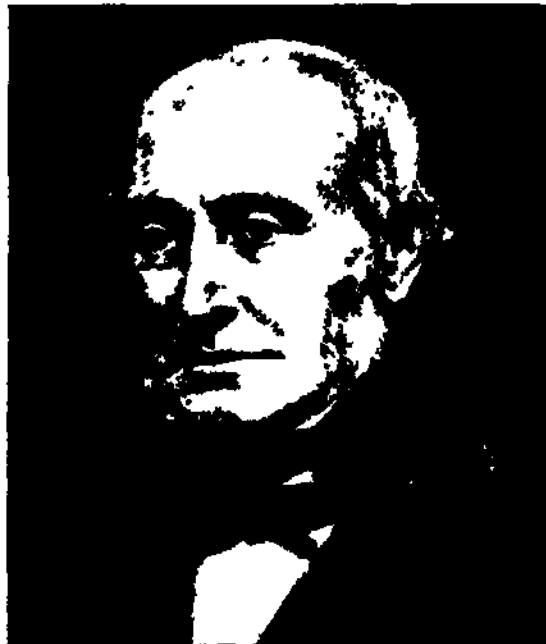
Armstrong had no direct financial interest in the new concern. He surrendered his patents to the Government, and then entered their service as engineer of rifled ordnance.

His wonderful achievement in thus placing his country foremost in the world in the art of gun-making was recognized by a knighthood, which was conferred on him in 1859.

Some time afterwards the permanent officials at the War Office began to find fault with Armstrong's improved guns. A reaction against the breech-loading principle set in, and there was a reversion to muzzle-loading.

The Elswick works received no orders, and, at the same time, owing to their guaranteed capital, they were not allowed even to make guns for merchantmen as a protection against pirates on the high seas. This was an intoler-

INVENTOR AND BUSINESS MAGNATE



Baron Armstrong of Craigdale, whose activities in engineering, ordnance making, and shipbuilding have made his name known all over the world.

able position, so Sir William Armstrong resigned his official post in 1863, and, combining the ordnance and the engine works, he again assumed the personal control. Seventeen years afterwards the obsolete type of gun and mounting was finally scrapped and the more scientific type officially adopted.

As a captain of industry Armstrong ranks high. The capital of the company at the close of 1924, seventy-seven years after its foundation, amounted to approximately 17½ millions sterling, and the 5½ acres upon which the original workshops were built had increased to about 360 acres. In 1848 the wages bill for the year was £8,661 and 180 men were employed. Seventy-seven years later some £2,000,000 was paid for the year's work of

about 28,000 men, and there were used during the year about 110,000 tons of coal, 100 million cubic feet of gas, and 26 million units of electrical power.

In 1867 the interests of Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co. were directed toward the development of the warship. The first vessel produced under Armstrong's inspiration, in 1868, was a diminutive coast-defence boat of 160 tons displacement for the British Admiralty.

Building of First Cruiser

In 1882 an alliance was formed with Dr. Charles Mitchell, a well-known Tyneside ship-builder, and this combination, under the title of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co., Ltd., commenced the building of warships at the Walker shipyard, where the earlier Armstrong ships had been built under arrangement. In 1883 the firm laid down the Chilean cruiser *Esmeralda*, the first of a long line of fast cruisers.

The next step taken in the same year was the establishment of the Elswick shipyard, where Armstrong commenced the construction of war vessels of formidable size and ever-increasing speed. The first vessel laid down at the Elswick shipyard was the *Panther* (1884) for the Austro-Hungarian Government. In 1885 the *Victoria*, the first battleship built at Elswick, was commenced for the British navy.

In 1897 Sir Joseph Whitworth's works, near Manchester, were incorporated, the title of the combined concerns becoming Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd.

Side by side with the development of the warship the construction of passenger, cargo, and special-purpose craft was carried on at the company's shipyards, and the long list of vessels launched, aggregating to-day some three million tons, includes many names famous in maritime history.

Subsequent Developments

In 1912 the Elswick yard was superseded by the Armstrong shipyard at High Walker, close to the old Walker yard. At the conclusion of the World War the Armstrong yard was adapted for the rapid and efficient building of passenger and mercantile vessels.

Armstrong founded modern artillery. His method of constructing a cannon by building up rings of metal shrunk upon an inner steel core, and his improvement of the breech-loading principle, brought about a complete revolution in ordnance manufacture. Armstrong was also the inspiring force behind the development of the modern war vessel.

In his declining years Armstrong returned to his first love, and made considerable researches in electricity. He was raised to the peerage in 1887 as Baron Armstrong of Craigdale, and died on the 27th December, 1900.

The INTERPRETER of the WESSEX COUNTRY

Thomas Hardy, in Whose Novels and Poems Men and Women Appear as Puny Transient Beings Fretting Feebly Against Inexorable Fate

ELDERLY people in Dorchester tell a curious story about Thomas Hardy, which offers a likely clue to the student of literary origins. It is that when the novelist was a boy, he and a school chum climbed a tree overlooking the prison yard, and witnessed the execution of a publican's wife, who had killed her husband in a moment of frenzied revolt against his cruel treatment of her.

Such an incident, if it actually occurred, might well have left a permanent mark upon the sensitive mind of one destined to write "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." It may be that Hardy found his inspiration for the last scene in this, his most tragic story, by probing into his memory to where the image of that dreadful sight lingered.

Probably the woman did murder her husband, and was duly hanged. It is said that Hardy and his chum knew her well, and that she was a very beautiful woman of kindly nature. Even if her tragic story only reached the novelist in later life, it is one that he would be likely to brood upon.

He has told us how he first saw the original of Tess, a beautiful, intelligent-looking country girl, riding in a milk-cart along a country lane, and of how the sight set his mind pondering upon an ironical combination of circumstances that might lead her to a fate similar to that of the publican's wife.

Such observations and records jotted down from time to time have provided the starting-point for most of Thomas Hardy's novels. One reason for his comparatively late success as an author is, perhaps, to be found in his conscientious fidelity to the actual history of his characters.

His earliest stories reveal not only a mature mind, but a memory packed with incidents drawn from the life around him. Possibly no writer of fiction, except, perhaps, Charles Reade, has taken such pains to record the truth, not only about the persons upon whom

his imaginary characters are based, but about the places in which they lived, and their general surroundings.

The young man of thirty had a notebook crammed with impressions—an old mansion standing in a secluded wood, or a crossing of roads; details of a disaster to a flock of sheep, or the burning of a hayrick; notes upon a scene at a local fair, or a newspaper paragraph giving an account of how a man sold his wife for £5, or some other unusual, but credible and authentic, circumstance.

It was in a thatched and ivy-covered cottage on the edge of the great moor that stretches away from Dorchester—the Egdon Heath that haunted Eustacia Vye in "The Return of the Native"—that Thomas Hardy was born on the 2nd June, 1840. Probably the daily sight of that vast and lonely space, "majestic without severity, impressive

without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity," had much to do with the early development and trend of the boy's mind, for nothing is more conducive to deep reflection than the habitual contemplation of open spaces.

Hardy's parents were moderately well-to-do people, descended from a yeoman and fighting stock. In the winter evenings by the cosy fire, with the silent heath shut out and yet ever present, the boy listened to his mother's tales of the coming and going of troops in

THE NOVELIST AT HOME



Enjoying a game with his dog. Although there is so much sombreness in his novels, Thomas Hardy is the reverse of gloomy in his private life.

Dorchester during the time of Napoleon's threatened invasion, and anecdotes of the Hardys and Swetmans for many generations past, the latter having been implicated in the Monmouth rebellion. It was a family boast that the Hardy to whom Nelson spoke his last words was a Dorset Hardy.

When the story-telling was over, music followed, directed by Thomas Hardy's father, who was an accomplished player on many instruments, and could lead a choir.

A former Thomas Hardy founded Dorchester grammar school in 1569, and a keen realization

THE NOVELIST'S SECOND HELPMATE



Thomas Hardy's second wife, whom he married in 1914. For many years Miss Florence Emily Dugdale had acted as his secretary. His first marriage took place in 1874.

of the importance of education had been handed down to the novelist's father, who sent his son to various local schools, engaged a private tutor for him, and enabled him to study for a while at King's College, London.

A little later in life Hardy had a curious occupation with which to vary his study of Latin and Greek. During walks through Dorchester, he would often be stopped by young girls, who begged him to write love-letters for them to their soldier sweethearts in India and elsewhere. How they discovered

the young student's gifts as a master of endearing phrases, or how they rewarded him for his vicarious letter-writing, is not recorded.

Hardy had his reward later on. From the stumbling, confused thoughts and messages confided to him by these simple, unlettered Dorset girls he read their hearts, and no writer has depicted the way of a maid with a man with more insight.

His parents wished him to take holy orders, but he persuaded them to apprentice him to an ecclesiastical architect in Dorchester. At that time, in the late 'fifties of the nineteenth century, there was a great craze for restoring ancient churches, and in consequence Hardy's employer, Mr. John Hicks, had a good practice. The architect's apprentice and professional writer of love-letters turned essayist and poet in about his nineteenth year, but he had no thought then of plunging into a literary career. His duties as an architect were not uncongenial. They took him up and down the beautiful Dorset country, and in and out of its ancient churches. He became familiar with local characters—vergers and churchwardens and labourers—and listened to their gossip.

A Student in London

In 1862, however, Hardy tired of his life as a provincial architect and came to London, where he studied under Sir Arthur Blomfield, R.A. The next year he won a medal from the Royal Institution of British Architects for an essay on "Coloured Brick and Terra-Cotta Architecture."

With the exception of one or two vivid scenes in "The Well-beloved," there is not much evidence in Hardy's novels that London made a deep impression upon his mind. He passed there the awkward years of his development, uncertain whether to become an author or to stick to architecture. He spent much time

wandering alone about the London streets, or sitting in the pit at Drury Lane Theatre, watching Phelps or Charles Kean in Shakespearean drama.

In 1867 Hardy seems to have decided against a literary profession, for the time being at any rate, as in that year he accepted a post in an architect's office at Weymouth. Some time during the next two years, however, the literary impulse seized upon him again, and he wrote his first novel "The Poor Man and the Lady." He sent the manuscript to Messrs.

WHERE THE AUTHOR OF "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES" WAS BORN




The novelist was born in this pretty cottage at Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester. His home was situated on the edge of the great moor—the Egdon Heath of his novels—which stretches away from Dorchester, and probably the daily contemplation of that vast and lonely expanse influenced the trend and development of his mind.

Chapman and Hall, and was informed that it had been accepted for publication.

This piece of good fortune was followed by an experience extremely trying to a young author. George Meredith, the novelist, who was then acting as literary adviser to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, sent for Hardy, and, after questioning him about his ultimate aims and aspirations, strongly advised him to withdraw the novel and write another story less opinionative in style, and with more plot. The young author, after some inward struggle with his feelings, decided to follow this advice, and so his first novel was never published.

An "All Plot" Story

Hardy took the lesson very seriously to heart, realizing that if he was to appeal to a wide public he must "tell a story." He set himself to do so, and in "Desperate Remedies" (1871) produced one of the most ingenious plots in the English language. It has been said of this first published novel of his, that it is "all plot," and its author has confessed that "its interest, perhaps, depends too much upon exciting incident." Nevertheless, the

story contains many admirable scenes, and some striking characterization foreshadowing the power to come. It attracted a minimum of attention, however.

A Novel that Brought Fame

Next year Hardy wrote "Under the Greenwood Tree," a beautiful prose pastoral, which Coventry Patmore, the great critic, declared ought to have been written in verse. The novel was to bring its author fame, although in a roundabout way, for it was no more successful at first than its predecessor, or "A Pair of Blue Eyes," published in 1873.

Hardy, in fact, had almost decided that he was a failure as a writer, when he was "discovered" in a most dramatic fashion by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, a well-known London journalist. Happening to glance over some odd volumes in a box marked "6d. each" placed outside a second-hand bookseller's shop, Mr. Greenwood's attention was attracted by a novel whose title contained his own name. He picked the book up, and was soon absorbed in its contents. His next step, after purchasing the volume, was to hurry home and write to

the author of "Under the Greenwood Tree," commissioning him to write a serial story for the *The Cornhill Magazine*.

Hardy responded with "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1874), which appeared anonymously and in monthly instalments. Many people believed that this story was written by George Eliot, because of its skilful delineation of women characters and beautiful descriptions of countryside life. Its publication in book form marked the beginning of the author's successful literary career.

Ambition to be a Poet

Hardy's real ambition was to be recognized as a poet. He has even suggested that some of his novels were written under pressure, and "to keep the pot boiling." Practical necessity dictated an appeal to the public taste, which in those days was certainly not for verse of the kind that he wrote.

On the other hand, there was a "boom" beginning in fiction. Magazine editors required high-class serial stories for their more cultivated readers, and Hardy supplied them, one after the other, for the next twenty-six years of his life.

About 1870 Hardy left the architect's office, and settled down in Wessex, which was to provide so wide a variety of scenic background for his novels. His method of planning a story was extremely thorough, months being spent in preparation and the following up of clues from the notebook. Every district was re-explored before a description of it began to be written. Imaginary names were given to towns and villages described, but in most cases the made-up names bore sufficient resemblance to the real ones to make recognition easy. Thus, "Wintoncester" is Winchester, "Shaston" is Shaftesbury; "Trantridge" is Pentridge.

A "One-eyed, Blinking Place"

"Dost know of such a place, lad, as Kingsbere-sub-Greenhill?" inquired one of the characters in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." "Ees," replied the lad, "I've been there to Greenhill Fair." "Well, under the church of that city——" "Tien't a city, the place I mean; leastwise 'twadn' when I was there——'twas a little one-eyed, blinking sort of place."

The Dorset village referred to is Bere Regis, called Kingsbere in the novels, and described as the ancestral home of the D'Urbervilles. It was in the little church there that Alec D'Urberville lay silently upon a tombstone, pretending to be an effigy, while Tess wandered around the gloomy interior.

Stonehenge is described as "the Ring on the Budmouth Road, which was to Casterbridge what the ruined Coliseum is to modern

Rome." It provides the scene for more than one fateful meeting, under cover of night, in the Wessex novels.

It is this regard for topographical detail which gives to Wessex novels, as a whole, a unity which is unique in English literature. Throughout the stories there breathes the very spirit of a people, and of the places in which their lives are lived.

Hardy the Pig-breeder

Hardy had won wide fame as a writer long before Dorset people realized the fact. There is a story told of a visitor to Dorchester, who inquired of an old dame where Mr. Hardy, the author, lived. The woman replied that she knew no such Hardy, but that there was a Hardy who kept pigs in the neighbourhood. Following directions, the traveller found that novelist and pig-breeder were one and the same.

Another anxious pilgrim interviewed a local town councillor, who supposed his visitor was referring to Hardy the architect. "I never heard that he made much money out of his building business," he went on to say. "Whenever I take a drive, I meet him walking along the roads, and as often as not he's just staring in front of him, as if he was sleep-walking. I don't wonder he gets no business."

But Hardy knew his own people. His natives speak a dialect that is unmistakable to the Wessex born. It is said that of the many compliments that have been showered upon him, the one which most pleased the author was that of a little girl to whom "Far from the Madding Crowd" had been read, who said that one of the characters "spoke exactly like Mr. Singleton the carrier."

Grandeur of His Characters

It has been said, with truth, that Hardy's natives are Shakespearean in manner. They spring from the soil, and speak a language that is enriched by centuries of Bible reading. There is a grandeur about them and their thoughts that makes the town-dweller seem insignificant by comparison.

One of the earliest contributions from Hardy's pen was an article on "How I Built Myself a House." When he came to build his house, he chose a site situated upon land belonging to the duchy of Cornwall, which is an estate owned by the eldest son of the reigning sovereign.

Hardy's application for the land had, therefore, to be addressed to King Edward VII, who was then Prince of Wales. The latter, noticing the name, inquired if it was that of the author. On being told that it was, he said, "Let him have all the land he wants;

THE COMFORTABLE WESSEX HOME OF THE GREAT NOVELIST



Max Gate, Hardy's house at Dorchester. Born in Wessex and living all his life there, Hardy, by his regard for topographical detail, has imparted to the Wessex novels a unity that is unique in our literature. Throughout these stories there breathes the very spirit of this charming region in the south-west of England.

he has set his heart upon it, and we must do all we can to make our authors content."

By the year 1890, Hardy had written eleven novels, the chief of them being "The Return of the Native" (1878), "The Trumpet Major" (1880), "Two on a Tower" (1882), "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (1886), and "The Woodlanders" (1887). He had also published a volume of short stories entitled "Wessex Tales" (1888), and had contributed to various magazines those exquisite studies in feminine capriciousness which were some time afterwards published under the title of "A Group of Noble Dames" in 1891.

A Moral Problem Story

In that year, Hardy published a novel which brought a new significance to his name. The theme of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," that of a woman's one lapse from moral rectitude and its retribution, was thought an inappropriate one for general reading in those days, although to-day, of course, much more difficult moral problems have become matter for the novelist's pen. But even those who decried "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," on account of its daring subject, were obliged to admit the moral force of the story and its great beauty.

This epoch-making book, which made Hardy's position as the greatest novelist of the later Victorian era unassailable, was followed by one still more in advance of its time. "Jude the Obscure" (1895) is the novel which the author has described as the only one that will survive him, but it was the least popular at the time of its publication. Its failure, and the storm of abuse which its frankness aroused, decided Hardy to write no more novels.

His Most Perfect Novel

Time, which will detract but little from the value of any of Hardy's novels, has already shown "Jude the Obscure" to be the most perfect of them. It is a rare example of a modern theme treated in the classic style. Compared with his earlier novels, there is less dependence upon an elaborate series of circumstances which may or may not have arisen from the deficiencies of the characters themselves, but which prove their downfall. "Character is Fate," according to the Greek saying, and it is Jude's character that determines his unhappy, thwarted existence.

At fifty years of age, Hardy returned to his first love, and began to build up a reputation

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

IN HIS RIPE OLD AGE



In 1910 the veteran novelist and poet received the Order of Merit, and two years later the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature.

for himself as a poet. "Wessex Poems" (1898), consisting of verses written at intervals during the preceding thirty years, was adversely criticized at first. It was said that the poems were unmusical, and that most of them might just as well have been written in prose. But Hardy had his own conception of rhythm and metre, and it was not long before he became recognized as a great poet.

A Noble Epic Drama

There followed "The Dynasts" (1904-08), a noble epic drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in which the power of Hardy as a thinker and creative artist rises to sublime heights. It has earned for its author the title of "the English Sophocles." In 1909, the appearance of "Time's Laughing Stocks, and other verses," further enhanced Hardy's reputation as a poet.

Hardy has often been called a pessimist, and he has made no strenuous effort to deny the charge. His view of existence is, as George Meredith described it, "a twilight one." He cannot, however, be described as a cynic. If his belief in the ultimate triumph of the human race is not expressed in his writings, it is because the conscientious working out of the subject-matter did not warrant optimistic assumption.

An author is to some extent bound by his material, and Hardy saw in the Wessex towns and villages scenes and circumstances that inspired in him a deep pity for imperfect creatures struggling, with apparent helplessness, towards ideals beyond their reach. Faithful as a recorder, the novelist expressed the phenomena of human existence, as it unfolded before his eyes, in the only terms possible to a sane, far-seeing, and deeply philosophic mind.

Yet the Wessex novels, as their author has several times warned his critics and admirers, contain no coherent philosophy. They express an attitude towards life under certain circumstances, which was never forced or the result of a determination to prove a case.

Surprise of Dorchester Visitors

People who visited Hardy at Dorchester were often surprised to find that the man who had written so much of a sombre, ironical character was, in private life, a cheerful, ruddy-faced, active old gentleman, keenly interested in local affairs and by no means spending his life in the shadows.

Hardy received the Order of Merit in 1910, and the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature in 1912.

The novelist's first wife, whom he married in 1874, died in 1912, and two years later he married Miss Florence E. Dugdale, who had acted as his secretary for many years.

A STATESMAN *who* SHRANK from POLITICS

How Arthur James Balfour Entered Parliament Against His Will, Became Prime Minister, and Performed Many Great Services for the Good of His Country

THE Irish member wound up his speech with a fiery peroration. "Here we are, face to face," he shouted, pointing at the long, lean figure of the Chief Secretary for Ireland who was languidly reclining in his seat on the Treasury bench.

There was a tense pause when the speaker resumed his seat. Old stagers in the House chuckled to themselves in anticipation of a scene. Surely a direct challenge could not be ignored. The Chief Secretary stirred slightly in his seat, and all eyes were turned to watch him spring to his feet.

To the astonishment of everybody, the member for East Manchester merely arranged himself in a more comfortable position by stretching his legs. Then, resting his neck on the back of the bench, he gazed at the ceiling and smiled.

An Uproar

Immediately there was an uproar. Cries of "Balfour!" "Balfour!" and "Face the House!" rang out on all sides. The Irish members shouted and banged on the benches. Even Gladstone shot a look of surprise at the Chief Secretary for Ireland. But Arthur Balfour went on smiling. Formal procedure did not compel him to speak, and it so happened that he was not feeling up to the mark. To-morrow night, he thought, would do just as well as to-night.

So the excitement simmered down, and the disappointed House resigned itself to the ordinary, dull routine of business. Balfour remained for another hour, and then went home to bed.

The following night, feeling refreshed and in high fettle, Balfour answered the challenge in a speech full of Irish terms of invective—quietly studied during the day—which kept the

House rocking with laughter. Some of the older members were annoyed by Balfour's adroit evasion of the graver issues, but it was generally agreed that he had given a Roland for an Oliver upon every point made by the Irish member.

Afterwards Gladstone spoke to a rapidly emptying house. He referred coldly to Balfour as "the Chief Secretary," instead of "my hon. friend," and sternly rebuked him for his apparent flippancy.

Balfour, however, was accustomed to such criticism. A reply had been expected of him, and he had given it in his own time and in the only way possible. The Irish member's speech had been full of rhetorical rotomontade, and Balfour replied to it in the same spirit.

Puzzle for the House

What puzzled the more critical members of the House was the fact that this pale, languid young man, who looked more fitted for a life of invalidish ease than for a strenuous parliamentary career, should have risen within a few years to become a responsible official, handling one of the gravest problems of the Empire. Balfour's real work was to keep order in Ireland, and to the astonishment of his friends and foes alike he was most

successful in this difficult task.

When Balfour first entered the House he was regarded as a wealthy dilettante, who had adopted a political career as a hobby, and who certainly would never be feared in debate. His picturesque, leisured poses provided material for the caricaturists, and his many cynical bons mots were quoted by parliamentary reporters. But nobody took him seriously, except his uncle, Lord Salisbury, who had reason to know that beneath his nephew's lackadaisical manner

AN HONOURED MEMBER OF THE HOUSE

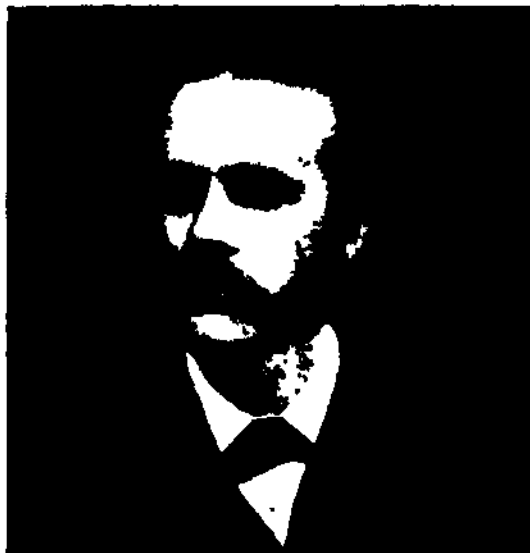


Portrait of the famous statesman by W. E. Lockhart. When first he entered the House, Balfour was regarded as a man who had adopted politics as a hobby.

there lurked an iron will and an infinite capacity for taking pains.

During boyhood and early manhood Balfour was virtually an invalid. He was born on the 25th July, 1848, the eldest son of James Maitland Balfour, of Whittingehame, Haddingtonshire, and Lady Blanche Mary Gascoyne Cecil. Heads were shaken doubtfully over him as a child, and he was never allowed to pass a winter in England. At Eton he was nicknamed "Clara," on account of his sickly, effeminate appearance, and the masters spared him alike the rigours of the playing-field and excessive application to study. It was considered to be

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY



With the return to power of Lord Salisbury's ministry in 1895, Arthur James Balfour was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House.

a great blessing that his parents were wealthy enough to allow him to follow a career of intelligent idleness.

He proceeded in due course to the university, choosing Cambridge instead of Oxford, a significant decision in view of his future accomplishments, for it showed that his leaning was already towards science and modern philosophy rather than towards the classics. At Cambridge his life was just as easy-going as it had been at Eton, and no undue exertion or anxiety was ever allowed him. He studied with an air of languor, and wrote a little. It was the tradition for young members of the Cecil family to study and to write a little. Balfour's chief delights were music and philosophy, and the latter he studied with great earnestness.

Balfour lost his father when he was eight years old, and he thus early came into possession

of the Whittingehame estate. He was the third Balfour to own this beautiful property. The mansion had been built by his grandfather, James Balfour, a second son of the Balbirnie Balfours, who boasted descent from the oldest of the fourteenth-century families in the ancient kingdom of Fife.

Whittingehame had originally belonged to the Douglasses, but only a few towers of their castle remained intact when James Balfour bought the estate after having made a fortune as a contractor in India. In a corner of the extensive grounds there stands a monster yew tree, under which, it is said, the former Lord of Whittingehame met James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, and the other conspirators concerned in the murder of Darnley, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots.

Amid Weird and Picturesque Surroundings

Amidst these weird and picturesque surroundings, with the Lammermuir Hills around him and the great Bass Rock visible on clear days from the summit of the towers of the ancient Douglas pile, the young Balfour spent a good deal of his time between his university days and the yet uncertain future.

At twenty-five he had still no thought of a career, nor was he at all impatient with a life of idleness, which enabled him to pursue his philosophical speculations uninterrupted by cares and responsibilities. He was independent and a member of two ancient families. He was cultivated, and certainly an ornament to the polished society in which he moved.

It was his mother's brother, Lord Salisbury, who first awakened Balfour's sense of the responsibility due to his position. In those days talented young men of the aristocratic class entered politics as a matter of course, provided no other profession appealed strongly to them. Even if they were unlikely to distinguish themselves, a parliamentary career was regarded as essential, both as a duty and a privilege. At the family discussions, therefore, it was more and more urged that the young student of philosophy should enter Parliament, although he shrank from the prospect and tried hard to persuade his influential uncle that he was unfitted for such a career.

Elected Member for Hertford

It was in this frame of mind that he at length went to Westminster in 1874, having been elected as Conservative member for the pocket-borough of Hertford. Nearly two years passed before he was able to overcome his temperamental indolence sufficiently to deliver a maiden speech. It has been said that his impulse was "to scorn politics as tedious and occasionally sordid." The atmosphere of the House was alien to his sensitive,

THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE BALFOUR FAMILY



The stern-looking mansion of Whittingehame, Haddingtonshire, built by Balfour's grandfather, a descendant of one of the oldest families in Scotland. It was in this building that the future statesman was born, on the 25th July, 1848. When eight years old he lost his father, and thus, at a very early age, he came into possession of the beautiful ancestral estate.

retiring nature, and his intellect was as yet untrained in the difficult art of debate.

Lord Salisbury, however, was convinced that his nephew had abilities, which only needed experience and encouragement of the right kind to develop, and he made Balfour his secretary in 1878. As Foreign Minister Lord Salisbury had to attend the Berlin Congress of that year, and his nephew accompanied him.

One of the most difficult problems under discussion was the aftermath of the Russo-Turkish war and its international complications. The wider aspect of politics involved in this new work probably did much to open Balfour's eyes to the importance of his career. He realized for the first time the grave responsibilities of the English governing classes, of which he was a member by birth.

An Essay Published

He still found time, however, in which to pursue his philosophical speculations and indulge in original work. Returning to England in 1879, he published an essay entitled "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt." The book met with a flattering reception, and for a time Balfour again hesitated between a political and a literary career.

The general election that took place in the following year relieved him of his duties as secretary to his uncle. He joined a small political group known as "the Fourth Party,"

led by Lord Randolph Churchill, a band of Conservative free-lancers, who at that period occupied a curious position in the House. Its members made cynical attacks on the Government, and at the same time held aloof from the official Opposition. Perhaps it was this circumstance that attracted Balfour, for he still preferred to regard politics and a political career from a detached standpoint.

Cool-headed and Ironical

It is not recorded that Balfour exerted himself very strenuously on behalf of "the Fourth Party," and it is said that he was sometimes shocked by the bitterness of Lord Randolph Churchill's attacks on the administration. The latter was often carried away by passion into making indecorous statements, but Balfour, who seemed to be passionless, always remained cool-headed and ironical. He was occasionally indiscreet, but he never overstepped the bounds of parliamentary etiquette. His connexion with "the Fourth Party" gradually ceased. He had gravitated towards it rather than entered it with enthusiasm.

About this time the following description of Balfour as a politician appeared in a daily newspaper:

The member for Hertford is one of the most interesting young men in the House. He is not a good speaker, but he is endowed with the rich gift of conveying the impression that presently he will be a successful parliamentary debater, and that in the meantime

it is well he should practise. He is not without desire to say hard things of the adversary opposite, and sometimes yields to the temptation. But it is ever done with such sweet and gentle grace, is smoothed over by such earnest protestations of innocence, that the adversary rather likes it than otherwise.

A career was fashioned for him—he made no effort to make one for himself. In June, 1885, Lord Salisbury became Prime Minister for the first time, and Balfour was appointed President of the Local Government Board. The

THE NEW PREMIER ADDRESSING THE COMMONS



Though not a good speaker, Balfour emerged victorious from many debates with famous men in the House. He possessed a great gift of being able to put his finger at once upon the weak spot in his opponent's argument.

administration lasted only until January of the following year. After the general election Lord Salisbury was again in power, and this time he brought his nephew into the cabinet as Secretary for Scotland.

Balfour was now on the verge of the great opportunity which was to transform him from a dilettante into a man of action. In 1887 a sudden illness compelled Sir Michael Hicks-Beach (later Viscount St. Aldwyn) to relinquish

his post as Secretary for Ireland. Without a moment's hesitation Lord Salisbury appointed Balfour in his place.

The announcement was duly made, and it caused consternation and even laughter in the House. That this slender young man, who seemed to be merely playing at politics, should be called upon to quell disorder in Ireland struck the older members as being almost an outrage, while the younger element chuckled at the thought of his inevitable and ludicrous failure.

But they did not know Balfour. It may be that Lord Salisbury knew his nephew's capabilities better than Balfour himself, and that the latter did not realize the grit that was in him until it became his duty to deal with a situation that had shattered the nerves of many an older man.

From the moment of his appointment Balfour overcame his indifference, although he still retained his indolent manner in the House. He worked hard and against time. The frail, excessively polite young man set himself to carry out a policy more stringent and daring than that of the most arrogant and ruthless of his predecessors.

Passing of the Crimes Bill

The direct and early result of Balfour's Irish policy was the passing of the Crimes Bill and its enforcement. Agrarian crime was practically brought to an end by a rigorous campaign conducted by police and personally organized by Balfour, who travelled all over the country at the risk of his life. The congested districts evil was mitigated, light railways were

constructed, and the agricultural resources of the island were completely reorganized upon a proper and a much more satisfactory basis.

The parliamentary reputation of Balfour, based upon his years of indolence and indifference, had preceded him in Ireland, with the result that the permanent officials in that country looked forward to an easy time. They soon found that they had to deal with a man who could think and act with astonishing

OPENING THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS COUNCIL IN LONDON



Earl Balfour was one of the most indefatigable workers in the cause of peace during the years that followed the World War. A great deal of his time has been devoted to the League of Nations, for, as he once said, "I have always been a League of Nations man, long before the League of Nations came into existence."

rapidity, and who possessed an iron will. No sooner had they begun to state their arguments than Balfour interrupted them with better ones, either for or against the case in question.

A parish priest from the south once obtained audience of Balfour, and described the evils of the parish in which he lived. Not unnaturally he exaggerated a little, in order to ensure interest in his case. He enumerated the number of families without houses, the men unemployed, and many other instances of social and moral distress.

A Surprise for the Priest

Balfour listened attentively, and promised that something should be done. Shortly afterwards an official visited the parish in question, called upon the priest, and, producing shorthand notes of the latter's conversation, requested to be shown the cases of distress detailed. The priest, of course, could not do so, since most of them had been invented for the sake of effect. This is but one example of the thoroughness that characterized all that Balfour undertook as Irish Secretary.

Balfour's policy aroused a storm of criticism in the House, but he now further astonished everybody by his sudden development of debating power. He emerged triumphant from duels with Parnell, John Morley, and even the redoubtable Gladstone.

Yet he was not a good speaker. He mixed

up his facts and figures, and fumbled over important points. Often he had to be corrected in his quotations from Hansard or from a member's speech. But he possessed a gift that enabled him to overcome these handicaps. He could put his finger at once upon the weak spot in an opponent's argument, and he was a thorough master of the swift counter-stroke, the ripost of debate.

Favoured by Good Fortune

Luck favoured Balfour during his five years' administration of Irish affairs. The tragic break-up of the Parnell party happened at a moment when the Government was in serious difficulties. When the Irish question was eventually put to the country, Gladstone was returned with only a small majority. Balfour had done his work, and he could point with justifiable pride to an Ireland far more prosperous than before, and to the virtual extinction of land crime.

Balfour was now generally regarded as one of the two most powerful statesmen of the Conservative party—next to Lord Salisbury. He had already acted as leader of the House, and he was ripe for higher honours. During the Gladstone and Rosebery administrations he led the Opposition, and, in conjunction with Joseph Chamberlain, he had successfully piloted his party back to power. Lord Salisbury was again returned to office in 1895, and Balfour

became First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House.

In this new rôle Balfour was not at first successful. For a time he seemed to lapse into his former indolent manner. He sorely tried the patience of his supporters by his irregular habits and off-hand treatment of important measures. The leader of the House should never be absent, but Balfour often strolled in late, and relied upon a subordinate official for information as to what had taken place during his absence.

A Failure Ascribed to Him

The failure of an education measure during this session was ascribed to Balfour's slackness. Evidently he found the drudgery of the ordinary parliamentary routine insupportable, and required a very powerful stimulus to encourage his best efforts. But there was a suspicion in some circles that Balfour's attitude was really the result of aristocratic sloofness. "The truth is," Sir William Harcourt once said, "Arthur looks upon us as vulgar fellows." Another colleague observed that Balfour seemed to find "official life not worth living unless he could put his feet on the table."

The severe illness of Lord Salisbury provided Balfour with the necessary stimulus to action. He was obliged to take over his uncle's duties at the Foreign Office at a critical moment. His genius for international negotiation again showed to advantage in the smoothing over of certain grave difficulties that had arisen with Russia over the question of railway construction in North China.

Trying to Recover Prestige

At the election of 1900 Balfour was again returned for East Manchester, with a majority of 2,453, the Conservative Government being still in power. This time Balfour worked hard to recover his prestige. Hampered as he was by the South African War, he, nevertheless, successfully directed the House upon several important issues. The long-delayed Education Act (1902) was passed during this session, the old school boards being abolished and the authority for education vested in the county councils; and the Metropolitan Water Board was created.

Balfour was then in the running for the premiership, in the event of the aged Lord Salisbury's resignation, but he had a powerful rival in Joseph Chamberlain, whose strenuous work in connexion with the South African War had made him the hero of the hour. Balfour had not the physique to enable him to carry on exhausting platform campaigns, even if it were part of his political faith to do so, and he never attempted to outshine the vigorous Birmingham mayor in energetic propaganda and brilliant oratory.

Chamberlain, however, had not the confidence of the Conservative party, and in 1902 Balfour succeeded his uncle as Prime Minister. During the three and a half years following the coronation of King Edward VII he had a part to play which taxed his abilities, both hereditary and acquired, to the utmost. The great tariff reform question had been raised, and Chamberlain used every means to persuade the Government to adopt his system of protective tariffs.

In the prolonged struggle that followed, the very defects of Balfour's character stood him in good stead, as well as his great gifts as a debater. Where he could not prove Chamberlain to be wrong he skilfully evaded the issue. Actually, he had not made up his mind about tariff reform, but he never allowed Chamberlain to know that.

"I Never Read the Daily Papers"

He developed an extraordinary adroitness in holding his own. "I never read the daily papers," he once retorted, when challenged upon some figures that were published on the tariff question. On another occasion a member referred to a speech which had been made in the House the previous night, and which Balfour either had not heard or had forgotten. "If," said the latter, "the hon. gentleman had taken the ordinary course of giving me notice of the question I would have made myself acquainted with what appears to have taken place last night."

When he spoke he often seemed so forgetful that the Chief Whip had to whisper to him that it was the army and not the navy estimates that were under discussion, or that such and such an event occurred on Tuesday, and not Thursday, of the previous week. Sometimes, as was inevitable, these lapses aroused the House to exasperation. Important figures were quoted incorrectly, or in such a way as to damage the issue they were intended to support. On these uncomfortable occasions Balfour would smile and remark, with disarming ingenuousness, "I am a child in these matters."

Balfour at Last Understood

A statesman of lesser calibre would not have survived the many awkward situations that Balfour had to face as the result of his temperamental indolence. By then, however, the House understood its Balfour, and the Conservative party had many reasons to be grateful for a leader who never failed in the great emergencies, if he stumbled over smaller matters. When he was aroused, and if the issue seemed to him of fundamental importance, he exerted himself to the full, and proved incomparable as a debater. One quick thrust of his subtle mind at the right moment more than made up for his evasiveness at other times.

Balfour's great task was to avoid a split in the Conservative party over the tariff reform question. To this end he never opposed Chamberlain in his fiscal policy, although, when it came to a question of adopting that policy in full, he adroitly changed the subject. Once he took the unprecedented course of walking out of the House in order to avoid a division. A crisis, however, was bound to come, and in 1905 Chamberlain, tired of waiting, pressed matters to a conclusion, and Balfour resigned from office.

Thus, in his fifty-seventh year, Balfour's period of ascendancy ended. It had lasted ten years, and included the Diamond Jubilee of 1897, the Boer War, and the accession of King Edward VII. Many important acts had been placed on the statute-book, the chief being the Education Act (1902), the Licensing Act (1902), and George Wyndham's Irish Land Purchase Act (1903). But it was as a critical opponent rather than as a constructive statesman that his best work had been done, and it was in the former capacity that he continued to work unwearyingly, and with little outward recognition, for many more years.

Defeated at East Manchester

At the election which followed the split over tariff reform the Liberals were returned with a large majority. Balfour was defeated at East Manchester, and the Conservative element in the House was in a state of disunion which endangered its influence. Balfour and Chamberlain thereupon came to an agreement, and the former was elected leader of the party, a seat being found for him in the City of London.

Relieved from the cares of office, he might have rested now, but he chose to redouble his efforts and to use his unrivalled skill in debate, his vast experience, and his ripe judgment in fighting for the principles in which he believed. He fought Lloyd George's famous budget of

1909, the Home Rule Bill, Welsh Disestablishment, and Plural Voting, and he took a prominent part in the great constitutional struggle of 1910, which ended, however, in the drastic revision of the Lords' power of veto. At last his health broke down, and in 1911 he

AS THE CHANCELLOR OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY



In this photograph we see Earl Balfour, who was elected Chancellor of Cambridge University in 1919, proceeding to the Senate for the ceremony of conferring doctorates. The train-bearer is R. A. L. Balfour, a nephew of the Earl.

very regretfully resigned, the leadership of the Opposition passing to Bonar Law.

Upon this occasion Asquith described Balfour as, "by universal consent, the most distinguished member of the greatest deliberative assembly of the world." He continued to support his

THE STATESMAN PLAYING TENNIS



Earl Balfour is a keen devotee of tennis and golf, for he realises that if the mind is to be kept active exercise of the body must not be neglected.

party for another three years, but the early part of 1914 found him anxious to retire altogether from politics.

There was still work to be done, and of a kind calling forth Balfour's greatest qualities as a statesman. When the World War broke out, he immediately volunteered his services in any capacity, and without regard to party. In Asquith's Coalition Government he served at the Admiralty, and when Lloyd George became Prime Minister Balfour, with the full assent of all parties, returned to the Foreign Office, where he had already established a most distinguished record.

Working Behind the Scenes

A peace-lover at heart, Balfour excelled himself as a war-time minister. His name was not much before the public; he spoke little in the House, and hardly at all in public; but in his official capacity he worked with the same vigour and determination that had enabled him to quell disorder in Ireland. Not until after the peace did it become generally known that Balfour had been the man behind many important scenes, and that, as head of the British mission to the United States in 1917, he, probably, finally influenced the Americans to throw their forces into the battlefield.

Until 1916, when his services had been rewarded with the Order of Merit, he had steadfastly refused all honours. In 1922 His Majesty conferred upon him the Order of the Garter, which entails a knighthood. Not long afterwards he was raised to the peerage as Earl Balfour of Whittingehame.

Admissions of Defeat

Balfour has several times gracefully admitted defeat. When the question of the establishment of a separate Parliament in Ireland was raised in April, 1914, which would mean the undoing of his strenuous labours as a young man Balfour merely remarked in ironical tones that "it would mark the failure of my life's work," and proceeded to devote himself to the task that lay nearest to hand.

The aftermath of the war provided still more arduous labour for the statesman who had proved himself to be indispensable to his country, independently of party opinion. Although more than seventy years of age, he attended the great conferences at Versailles, Geneva, and Washington, contributing tact and judgment to the immense tasks of healing the breaches between the nations and of consolidating the world agreements that followed the greatest upheaval of all time.

[See "Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker," by W. M. Short (1912); "British Political Leaders," by Justin M'Carthy (1908); and "A. J. Balfour, the Man and His Work," by E. Alderson (1908).]

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

THE SWORD AND THE SOUL OF ITALY



Garibaldi on a cliff ledge on the island of Caprera, gazing out over the sea towards his beloved Italy for whose unity he fought so gallantly. In spirit a child, in character a man of classic mould. Giuseppe Garibaldi, the fisherman's son, became by his fiery patriotism and brilliant feats of arms the idol of Italy, and his death on the 2nd June 1882 plunged the whole of the country into mourning. He was buried in his garden at Caprera, and to this day, on the anniversary of his death, the tomb of the noble patriot is visited by hosts of admirers.

The HEROIC LIBERATOR of ITALY

How Giuseppe Garibaldi, Early Inured to Hardship and Danger, Fought Gallantly Against Fearful Odds for the Unity of His Beloved Native Land

WHEN Giuseppe Garibaldi was twenty-seven years of age he experienced, so he wrote, "the pleasure of seeing my name for the first time in a newspaper." Whether his fond parents read the passage with similar elation is doubtful, for it appeared in a decree sentencing their son to death.

Garibaldi himself was delighted. Now fairly launched upon his public career as a rebel and liberator, he was compelled to escape in disguise as an outlaw from his native Italy. It was no accident or mischance, no youthful indiscretion, which caused the young sailor to come into conflict with the forces of government or misgovernment. He had joined himself to revolt with his eyes open—searched for it with diligence; indeed, he declares that Columbus experienced no deeper joy in his discovery of the New World than did he, Giuseppe, when his search rewarded him with the hand-clasp of a brother Italian who was already in the plot for the liberation of his Motherland.

Probably Garibaldi never afterwards, in any of his many triumphs, experienced a deeper exaltation than he felt when he had joined the "Young Italy" party, and been condemned, outlawed, and made to flee. To one of his ardent patriotism, being a homeless exile—in company with such a compatriot as Mazzini, the author of the movement to free Italy—was infinitely more congenial than living, even in a palace, under a foreign yoke.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was born at Nice, on the 4th July, 1807. Nice was then in Italian territory, but afterwards became French. As soon as Garibaldi was old enough to realize the dismembered state of his native country, he bemoaned the growing predominance of the French in the region of his birthplace, and beheld in the local politics a concrete example of what, in a more bitter sense, was true of

Italy as a nation. No country, surely, was ever more definitely defined as a geographical unit, and yet in Garibaldi's time Italy was divided into ten kingdoms, whose peoples were, generally, the unwilling subjects of Austrian and Bourbon despotism.

Garibaldi's father was a seafaring man and the son of a sailor, and young Giuseppe, as soon as he was old enough, embarked upon the career which had become traditional in his family. This was not until his parents, for

whom he ever afterwards felt the greatest affection and gratitude, had given him the best education in their power. There can be no doubt that Garibaldi was better educated than most seafaring men, but he lived to regret that he had not learnt English while a lad.

His young manhood was spent as a sailor in European waters, at first as a cabin-boy on board a small vessel owned by his father. That he had combined study with his seafaring is proved by the fact that, before he began to take an active part in politics, he had risen to the rank of captain in command of a vessel in the merchant service.

After Garibaldi had joined himself to the "Young Italy" party, he met Mazzini, and was admitted into the inner councils of that leader and his fellow-conspirators. He joined the navy, and it was as a result of the discovery of a plot to invade Savoy, in which Mazzini and he were implicated, that Garibaldi had to exchange his naval uniform for a peasant's rags, and make his escape, by walking at night and hiding in the daytime, from Genoa to Nice.

At the latter town his aunt mistook him for a beggar, and his own mother barely knew him. As a deserter from the navy, and a self-confessed conspirator, there could be no resting-place now for the sole of his foot on his native soil. He had to tear himself from the arms of his weeping parents and escape to France,

GARIBALDI AND THE SOLDIER-KING



Meeting of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel at Teano on the 29th October, 1860, shortly after which the latter was proclaimed king of united Italy.

where, for a time, he further obliterated his identity under an assumed name.

The young exile made one or two voyages in French ships, and in 1836 went to Rio de Janeiro, and with another Italian sailor, as poor as himself, engaged in trading voyages on a very small scale along the South American coast. For trade Garibaldi had no aptitude whatever, and he seized with avidity the opportunity, which soon presented itself, to take up arms with the revolutionaries of Rio Grande, who were in revolt against the Emperor of Brazil, and who had proclaimed the province of Rio Grande do Sul a republic.

This was an adventure after Garibaldi's own heart, unable, as he still found himself, to do

WHERE THE PATRIOT SHELTERED



The hut, near Ravenna, in which Garibaldi took shelter in 1849 during his amazing retreat from the armies of France, Austria, Spain, and Naples.

anything for his beloved Italy. Soon he was engaged in an enterprise of so astounding a character that it put the exploits of Don Quixote completely in the shade.

With twelve other bandits on board a small sailing-vessel, very badly provisioned, Garibaldi hoisted the revolutionary flag, and began to sail seas unknown to him as a pirate. Capturing a better vessel, the bandits sank their own, and transferred themselves to the other. Their inoffensive prisoners begging hard for their lives, Garibaldi and his crew, among whom were several exiled Italians, gallantly gave the prisoners their only boat, in which to row ashore.

This left Garibaldi and his crew in such extremity that when a little later they were in danger of starvation, having no food other

than the shipload of coffee they had captured, Garibaldi and a trusty lieutenant had to get ashore as best they could, through shoals of sharks and foaming breakers, on an upturned table.

Years afterwards he told the story of this romantic landing on the shores of Uruguay. From the ship he had seen a solitary house, four or five miles inland, and it was for this house that Garibaldi was making in a desperate quest for fresh meat. Leaving his lieutenant on the beach to guard the indispensable article of furniture, the bold buccaneer, scarce master of a word of the native Spanish, set off on foot across the pampas, marvelling at the beauties of this new country, but on the verge of starvation.

Welcomed Royally by a Poetess

Garibaldi reached the solitary house to find there a lovely woman, who feasted him royally, talked to him of Dante, recited, in a beautiful voice, long stanzas of songs of her own composition, and pressed upon him a volume of poems by Manuel José Quintana, the sweet singer of old Madrid. Afterwards, the husband of this arcadian poetess slaughtered, skinned, and dressed an entire bullock on the shore, and with profuse adieus and expressions of good-will, saw the meat loaded on the table, now buoyed up by empty casks, ready for Garibaldi to embark on the return voyage to his famished shipmates.

The buccaneers' adventure was soon to assume an aspect that had none of these laughable elements with which to disguise the perils of their position. Fate allowed them only one day of feasting on the fresh meat, and then two gunboats pounced upon Garibaldi's hapless little schooner.

Men on both sides were killed at the first onslaught, and Garibaldi received a bullet in the neck and fell, apparently dead. So desperate was the resistance offered by the Italians that the gunboats eventually allowed their little vessel to draw off.

The Buccaneers' Desperate Plight

The plight of the battered buccaneers was an unenviable one. Garibaldi was the only man on board who knew anything of navigation, and though he had been discovered to be alive, his limbs were found to be paralysed. For days he was delirious, and his companions expected every hour to be his last.

However, a port was ultimately reached, a surgeon extracted the bullet, and, thanks to his powerful constitution, Garibaldi was soon himself again. Finding, on his recovery, that he was practically a prisoner on parole, Garibaldi decided to escape on horseback. He was pursued and captured, lashed with whips, and,

GARIBALDI ROUTS THE NEAPOLITAN ARMY AT MILAZZO



After peace had been patched up between Austria and Sardinia, Garibaldi was hailed by the people of Sicily as their deliverer from the Bourbon tyranny. On the 20th July, 1860, a desperate battle took place at Milazzo, in which Garibaldi and his "red shirts" gained a hard-won victory against a force of 4,000.

finally, suspended by his roped hands to a rafter of his new prison, in a vain effort to make him divulge the names of those who had aided his escape.

The agony of this terrible punishment never faded from Garibaldi's memory. He was placed in irons and closely imprisoned for two months, and at the end of that time unexpectedly set at liberty.

Nothing, however, could deter Garibaldi from fighting, if he could find a republic waging war, and at that period, as since, there were often warring republics in South America. Garibaldi once explained that it was his devotion to the principle of the republican form of government which led him to join in those quarrels. He generally found himself fighting as a leader on the side of those who were too poor to pay him anything.

Paid with Wild Cattle

Once, after being six years in South America, and after risking his life afloat and ashore on countless occasions, his general squared up his arrears of pay by granting him eight or nine hundred wild cattle, which he had to capture as best he could. He collected his herd, and began to drive them to market, but many died. The remainder he slaughtered, thinking that anyway he might save and sell their hides. Finally Garibaldi arrived at his destination with

scarce enough spoil to buy decent clothes, and practically as poor as when he first landed in the country. So poor, indeed, that in order to live he had for a time to accept a humble post as a school-teacher in Montevideo.

Garibaldi was then a magnificent specimen of manhood, with fair hair and beard, absolutely without fear, and never given to despair, even when confronted by terrifying odds and almost certain death. By virtue of his experience, courage, and resourcefulness, he had long since won his spurs as a leader of men. Shipwreck, wounds, hardship, homelessness, and hunger, all of these had completely failed to subdue his ardent devotion to what he considered to be the cause of liberty.

"Thou Oughtest to be Mine"

One day, while in command of three small armed vessels, Garibaldi stood on the deck of his ship, then anchored in the lagoon of Santa Caterina, and directed his telescope on to the shore. He saw a young woman who impressed his fancy, and straightway Garibaldi, having had himself rowed ashore, searched for her out. This was Anita, and when the two came face to face it was a case of love at first sight. "Thou oughtest to be mine," said Garibaldi, and Anita, although already betrothed by her father to an old man she did not love, left all, and followed this handsome stranger.

If the story of Anita Maria Riveira—to give her full name—could be recovered in all its amazing wealth of vicissitude and adventure, this fearless creole would be found worthy to be ranked among the greatest amazons in history. She at once went to sea with Garibaldi, and within a few days was fighting by his side on a ship's deck covered with dead and wounded, "prepared for anything but surrender," as Garibaldi himself has placed on record.

A little later, when his ships were surprised and attacked by superior forces, and Garibaldi

THE DAUNTLESS ITALIAN PATRIOT



Garibaldi was never dismayed. Once, when his men complained that their cartridges would not fit their new rifles, he replied, "Use your fists!"

himself was ashore, Anita brought a cannon to bear on the enemy, and fired the first shot herself, rousing the crew to prodigies of valour by her words and example until her husband arrived and took command. She was then eighteen years of age. There were over twenty ships firing at once upon Garibaldi's little fleet of three vessels, the decks of which had been turned into a shambles, and every republican officer except Garibaldi had been killed. To the end, Anita fought by her husband's side, when they set their ships on fire, and escaped, landing once more as homeless fugitives.

Writing of this time, Garibaldi says of Anita, in his memoirs: "She looked upon battles as a pleasure, and the hardships of camp life as a pastime."

When his first son, Menotti, was born in 1840, Garibaldi set out alone on horseback across the flooded plains, travelling for days together with the water up to his saddle, in order to obtain some clothing for his wife and child. When he returned, he found his comrades scattered before an advancing army of the enemy, and his wife gone with them, carrying with her the baby son, not yet two weeks old, on horseback.

Hardships of the Retreat

It is impossible to trace Garibaldi through all his incredible wanderings during that retreat, carrying his infant in a handkerchief slung round his neck, trying to preserve its flickering life on the march by placing the child inside his shirt, against his skin, and doing his best to warm it with his breath.

They were constantly being reduced to what appeared to be the last extremity. Some time afterwards, when their vessel was being all but blown out of the water by gunfire, Garibaldi and his sailors, rather than give in, cut up their anchor chain, and fired the pieces from their feeble cannon at the enemy.

During the first period of his career in South America, Garibaldi was engaged in fighting against Brazil, but his greatest exploits were connected with the second period, when he was one of the leaders of the Montevideans in their war against Rosas, dictator of Buenos Aires. In this struggle, Garibaldi raised and commanded the "Italian Legion," which proved invincible. Garibaldi never saw the conflict decided to his satisfaction, the great stumbling-block being dissensions within Uruguay itself, but his personal fame as a leader was established and acknowledged even by his enemies. He rose by merit alone to be commander-in-chief of the army of the republic of Uruguay.

There cannot be any doubt that Garibaldi, during his campaigning in Uruguay, mastered the science of warfare with a thoroughness that was to make him one of the most successful military leaders in the liberation of Italy.

Returns to His Native Land

Believing that the time was ripe for his intervention in Italy, Garibaldi and a remnant of his Legion—less than seventy in all—embarked at Montevideo, where his personal popularity was unbounded, on the 15th April, 1848. He had thus spent about twelve years of his life in South America in almost unceasing warfare and danger. He landed at Nice, practically penniless, but overjoyed to be again united to his wife and family, who

had gone to Europe a short time before, and to embrace again his aged mother. The fame of his deeds in the new world had preceded him.

At this time, reawakened Italy was beginning its historic struggle against the Austrians, and Garibaldi naturally wished to join in. While the people acclaimed him, the Government of Sardinia at first regarded him with suspicion, remembering that he had always fought against kings and established governments. He succeeded, finally, in taking the field for Italy in Lombardy, where a few thousand volunteers rallied round him, but the capitulation of Milan, with which he had nothing to do, and the subsequent armistice, shattered Garibaldi's hopes of driving the foreigner completely out of Italy. He wanted to fight on, and kept together a nucleus of his Legion, suffering greater anguish from inactivity than ever he felt in battle or retreat, and almost despairing of his country when he witnessed the indecision and temporizing of less resolute men.

The Republic of Rome

But events were moving elsewhere. Pope Pius IX fled from Rome, and almost immediately (in February, 1849) the short-lived republic of Rome was proclaimed by Mazzini, Garibaldi, and their republican followers. Five months later, a French army captured Rome, after a siege, in which Garibaldi and his men displayed the most heroic courage and resourcefulness against overwhelming numbers.

When the city fell, Garibaldi and about 4,000 of his followers, who refused to surrender, retreated northwards through Italy, pursued by French, Austrian, and even Spanish and Neapolitan troops. In the course of this retreat, Garibaldi encountered many of his own countrymen, who risked their lives with the most unselfish devotion to aid his escape.

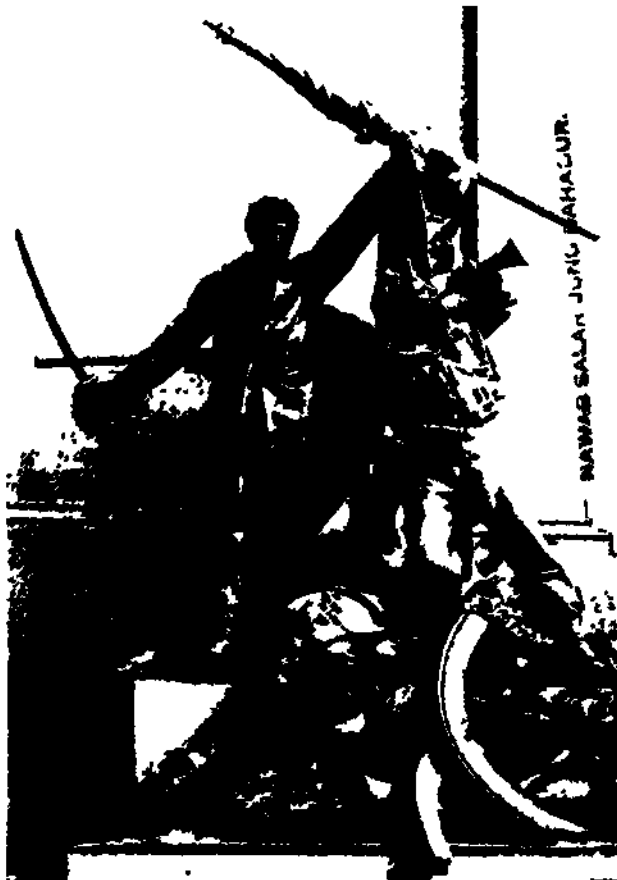
To Garibaldi the most terrible blow during this retreat was the death of his beloved Anita. She had stood by her husband's side during the fiercest fighting around Rome, and when the retreat began, although in delicate health, she cut off her hair, put on men's clothing, and rode with the soldiers.

At San Marino, Garibaldi dismissed his troops, and with his wife and 200 men, pressed on towards Venice. They were hunted everywhere like wild beasts, and compelled to hide in the day and travel at night. Reaching Cesenatico, they embarked on the Adriatic in fishing-boats, but encountered an Austrian squadron, which sank or captured most of the boats. Garibaldi,

carrying his dying wife in his arms, reached the shore, and hid himself in a field of Indian corn, amidst a host of enemies. Only one soldier was now with him.

It is a strange thing that, however reduced Garibaldi happened to be—and no man suffered more vicissitudes—he was sure to meet, in his extremity, some worshipper, some old comrade, or some young Italian patriot, who was prepared to die for him if need be. So it was now, when his courageous wife lay dying in his arms.

ONE OF THE HERO'S NOTABLE EXPLOITS



The battle of Calatafimi, on the 15th May, 1860, in which Garibaldi routed the Neapolitan troops. Detail of the Garibaldi monument shown on page 384. (Photo: Donald McLeish.)

An old Garibaldian officer, whose home was in the neighbourhood, had hurried to the shore on hearing the guns, and found Garibaldi. Anita was at once taken away in a cart to a doctor, but as Garibaldi and the others were lifting her out, to get her into bed, her brave spirit took to flight.

Garibaldi's cup was now full, but he dared not remain a moment, even to bury his wife, fearing to compromise the friends who had

tried to succour him. These friends buried the dead heroine, and years afterwards Garibaldi removed her remains to Nice.

Again he had to flee, hotly pursued, being concealed and passed on by one patriot to another until he reached Nice, where he was allowed a few hours to see his motherless children, and then commanded by the local authorities to choose his place of exile. He selected Tunis, but, on being taken there, he was refused permission to stay by the French; in Gibraltar, also, the British governor declined to have him. Next he went to Tangier, where he did find friends, and from thence he crossed to the United States, where he took up the occupation of a candle-maker.

A DOER OF DOUGHTY DEEDS



A great satisfaction of Garibaldi's old age was that, although he had lived his life in poverty, he had not, like many a wealthy man, lived it in mediocrity.

Garibaldi remained in America two years, then, being given the command of a vessel, he engaged in several extended voyages, during one of which he visited London and Tyneside. At the latter place he was presented with a beautiful sword, of which he was very proud.

He returned to Italy in 1854, after four years' absence, and quietly resumed his seafaring life, remaining in the background until another opportunity came for striking a blow for the liberation of Italy. Amazing confusions, divisions, plottings, and tyrannies existed in that country between 1850 and

1859, in which latter year France aided Sardinia in defeating the Austrians at Magenta and Solferino, and the nucleus of a united Italy began to gather in the north around Victor Emmanuel II of Sardinia. Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, in turn, threw off the foreign yoke, and united with Sardinia.

Garibaldi was in the confidence of Victor Emmanuel and his able minister Cavour, and also Mazzini, before the war with Austria was started, and was well aware of its significance. He was as wholeheartedly anxious to fight for a united Italy under an Italian king, as he had been to fight for an Italian republic. He served in the army of Sardinia as a major-general—5,000 volunteers being under him—with his usual courage and success, but naturally his personal part in the struggle was overshadowed by the larger operations carried out by the French, who brought 160,000 men.

A Patched-up Peace with Austria

After the peace with Austria was settled—it was really a patched-up expedient, for Victor Emmanuel was not satisfied, although he pretended to be—Garibaldi returned to the south, where Naples and Sicily were seething with chagrin, through being left out in the cold at a time when events in the north seemed to have led them to expect a united Italy almost immediately.

"Our enemies are strong in proportion to our fear and indifference," wrote Garibaldi to a friend in 1860, and these words are truly characteristic of the man. He was a soldier who was never dismayed by odds, and absolutely indifferent to his personal safety.

A plot was now secretly matured by the bolder spirits in Italy for the invasion of Sicily under Garibaldi. On the eve of embarking with 1,000 chosen followers, Garibaldi advised Victor Emmanuel by letter of what he proposed to do, and assured the king of his undying loyalty. There were at least 27,000 troops on the island to oppose him, and hostile warships to be outwitted.

Triumphal Landing in Sicily

He landed at Marsala on the 12th May, 1860, and the people of Sicily at once acclaimed him as their deliverer from Bourbon tyranny. "Saint and hero!" "Messenger of God!" "Beautiful as the seraphim!" were some of the titles given him by the populace. Even nuns ran and kissed him. There was hard fighting, almost immediately after this welcome. Garibaldi mentions in one of his letters that the Neapolitan soldiers, having used up all their ammunition, attacked the Garibaldians with stones. But within three months, Palermo and Messina were taken, and the whole of Sicily was in Garibaldi's hands.



GARIBALDI LOSES HIS BRAVE COMPANION OF MANY FIGHTS



Garibaldi at the deathbed of his wife, Anita. This heroic woman, whom he had met in romantic circumstances in South America, was the inseparable companion of his campaigns. "She looked upon battles as a pleasure, and the hardships of camp life as a pastime," Garibaldi says of her in his memoirs.

He next turned towards Naples, but received a letter from the king telling him not to attack the mainland. Garibaldi's conquests had by this time made him the most popular man in Italy, and doubtless the king's counsellors felt that Victor Emmanuel should have the opportunity to conquer some territory for himself, rather than receive a united Italy piecemeal from the hands of this "red shirt."

However, Garibaldi turned a blind eye towards the signal for retreat, and began to re-embark 210 of his best men in great secrecy, to attack the fort of Altafiumara. At this moment some of his men called out that their cartridges would not fit their new rifles. "Use your fists!" replied Garibaldi.

In August, 1860, Garibaldi followed to the mainland with his remaining troops. They landed at Melito, where, on disembarking, they

were bombarded by Bourbon war vessels. One of the first nights on shore was almost fatal to Garibaldi. He was in the centre of the town square of Reggio when an alarm caused hundreds of his youthful "red shirts" to fire at random across the square, which was in darkness. Garibaldi threw himself from his horse just in time, one bullet going through his hat. What he said to these troops in the morning is not recorded. The one thing that he loathed more than any other was panic provoked by fear.

The Power of His Prestige

He met no serious resistance. At one place 8,000 troops laid down their arms at his approach. Even when he entered Naples, on the 7th September, acclaimed as a deliverer by its 500,000 inhabitants, and although he had only his staff of less than a dozen officers with him, the Bourbon troops occupying the

city presented arms to the conqueror. He defeated the enemy, although his volunteers were greatly outnumbered at Volturmo and Caserta Vecchia, and, his work finished for the time being, he surrendered his dictatorship of the Two Sicilies to Victor Emmanuel, proclaiming his Majesty King of Italy. He then returned to his home, as poor as ever, his only public reward the adoration of the whole Italian race.

It was a bitter pill that Garibaldi had to swallow when Nice, his birthplace, was trans-

IN MEMORY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD



The national monument to Garibaldi on the Janiculum Hill, Rome. It is surmounted by a fine equestrian statue of the hero, and on the sides are battle incidents and allegorical groups (Photo: Donald McLaren.)

ferred to France, while another thorn in his flesh was the presence of French troops in Rome itself. He would have liked to march upon Rome, after Naples, sounding his battle-cry, "Rome or death," but such a project was not permitted him. He did actually embark upon two desperate raids, which the Italian Government itself had to suppress—in 1862, when he was shot down by Italian troops and taken prisoner, with a bullet in his hip and another in his foot; and again, in 1867, when he was arrested on his way to Rome.

Some statesmen in high places feared and disliked Garibaldi, and even the most prominent revolutionaries in his own country sometimes opposed him. In his autobiography, he writes, in 1862, that his treatment from some of those in high places would "have created disgust in the mind of a scavenger." On the other hand, among the "common people," to quote a term used by himself, he was universally regarded as the Hero of Italy, or, as the people of Naples once addressed him: "Father of the People."

There is infinite irony in the fact that when the Franco-Prussian war gave Italy the opportunity to seize Rome, Garibaldi had that very month (October, 1870) gone into France to help in the war against the Prussians.

His last years were clouded by feeble health and private difficulties, and he also suffered through the uncompromising nature of his political opinions. He was a poor man, although he hated to be thought so, protesting that he had been a commander-in-chief in South America and dictator of the Two Sicilies, when his wealth had consisted only of the shirt he wore on his back and another he carried under his saddle. He said that the greatest satisfaction of his old age was the fact that while he had lived his life in poverty he had not lived it in mediocrity, like many a wealthier man.

However, after many refusals and with great reluctance, he was finally persuaded, when almost seventy years of age, to accept from the Italian Government a gift of a million francs voted by Parliament, and an annual

pension of 50,000 francs. Garibaldi, once the despised cabin-boy of Nice, and later the darling of his country, died on his island home of Caprera on the 2nd June, 1882, aged seventy-five. He was buried at Caprera, although he left instructions that his body should be burned. His first wife, Anita—he was twice married after her death—and his mother are buried at Nice.

[See "Autobiography," translated by A. Werner (1889); *Life* by J. T. Bent (1882); and "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic," by G. M. Trevelyan (1908).]

The GREATEST PEASANT ARTIST of ALL TIME

Jean François Millet, the French Painter of Humble Birth, Who Unfolds for Us with Unerring Art the Life of Field and Wood

ON a June morning in 1849 there passed through one of the gates of Paris leading to Fontainebleau a cart, containing two men and their wives and children. Although the men were artists, they, and those who accompanied them, bore all the traces of extreme poverty. To the people of that period their

condition would have caused no surprise, since most of the great French painters of the time, and especially the great landscape painters, lived and died in penury. Sick of Paris, and weary of the incessant struggle to make ends meet, these men were turning their backs upon the city, and seeking a refuge in the country. "I have heard of a place in the Forest of Fontainebleau," said one, whose name was Jacque, to the other, a man with a thick head of hair and unkempt beard, who had the rugged look of a French peasant. "It is a little nest where some others are working, and it ends in 'zon.'"

So, gathering together their few possessions, they had started out on their great adventure.

Having spent the night at Fontainebleau, they set off on foot the next morning, inquiring for a place in the forest ending in "zon." At last they found it, a mere cutting, without inn, post-office, or even a shop, a totally unknown place called Barbizon, but a place destined to fame in the days to come as a centre from which there issued a totally fresh impulse in French art.

With that camaraderie which distinguished their class, they were hailed with enthusiasm by the small colony of artists. "New painters! the pipe, the pipe!" was the cry with which they were greeted. Whenever a new painter arrived, it was the custom, they were informed, for him to be handed a pipe. A jury then

decided from the ascending rings of smoke whether the new-comer was to be reckoned among the "classicalists" or the "colourists." Jacque was at once pronounced a "colourist," but a difference of opinion arose as to the other. "Ah well," he replied, "if you are in difficulty, place me in a school by myself!" "It is a good retort," said one of the colony, "and the fellow looks powerful enough to found a school which will bury us all."

He was right. The statement was prophetic, for the man thus spoken of was Jean François Millet, the painter of the soil and of the peasantry of France, whose name is now known to all the

world as that of a consummate artist.

Millet was born a peasant, and, notwithstanding his art, remained a peasant till the day of his death. His father and grandfather were peasants, and his brothers were farm labourers. He was a Norman, born in the hamlet of Gruchy, about ten miles from Cherbourg, on the 4th October, 1814, and was the second of eight children. He was called Jean after his father, but a hint of the deeply religious nature of his upbringing is revealed in

THE PAINTER OF 'THE ANGELUS'



Jean François Millet, one of the most celebrated of the Barbizon school of French artists, painted by himself. His wonderful picture, "The Angelus," is known throughout the world.

the second name, François, which was given him in honour of St. François of Assisi.

Millet's father was a man of sterling character; his mother belonged to a somewhat higher social rank. The most original character, however, in that peasant home in which Millet was born was his grandmother, a woman of strong personality and intense religious faith, who never ceased to exert a profound influence on the boy as long as she lived. One of Millet's earliest recollections was of his grandmother awakening him when he was quite a little

work in the fields, helping his father and mother to dig and hoe and tend the soil. His education was precarious, but he added to it by his own industry and by an intense love of reading. It was Nature herself, however, who was his nurse and teacher. His home, a picture of which he exhibited in the Salon of 1866, shows a large building of rough stone with a thatched roof, standing on the edge of a cliff. Not far off was the sea; round about were the rolling plains of Normandy, the tilled fields, and the sheltering woods.

As he walked and as he worked, something of the very spirit of the soil seemed to enter into him. What Longfellow says of Agassiz could be said of Millet, that Nature, "the dear old nurse," took the child upon her knee and whispered her secrets into his ear. It was not merely that he learned to love Nature, to feel her spell, and to thrill to the joy of her manifold beauty; he felt something deeper, something which those bred in cities could not feel, which only those who live in daily contact with her could understand.

Undertone of Melancholy

He was at one with Nature in her more relentless moods; he bowed before her immutability with an unquestioning mind, even to her seeming indifference to human pain and sorrow. So there grew up in him, even as a child, that deep undertone of melancholy which appears in all his works, that dumb acceptance of suffering and travail, which represents the peasant's attitude towards life.

Gradually this love of Nature, joined with his acquiescence in her pitilessness, became the foundation of his profound understanding of, and sympathy with, those dumb and toiling millions, who gained their scanty livelihood in the fields by the sweat of their brows and ache of their bodies.

"You are sitting under the trees," he wrote in 1861, "feeling all the ease, all the tranquillity that can possibly be enjoyed; you see some poor figure laden with a faggot come turning out of some little path. The unexpected and almost striking way in which this figure appears to you carries your mind instantly to the sadness of human life. . . . In tilled lands you see these figures digging and delving. From time to time you see one straighten his loins and wipe his forehead with the back of his hand. Is this the gay, frolicsome work in which some people would have us believe? Yet here, for me, is the real humanity, the real poetry."

Before Millet the peasant had only been

A TREASURE OF THE LOUVRE



"The Butter Maker," in the Louvre, Paris, is a characteristic example of Millet's sympathetic treatment of an everyday episode in a peasant woman's life.

child, and saying: "Up, my little François! If you only knew what a long time the birds have been singing the glory of God!"

There were no traditions in Millet's home which could account for the art impulse early aroused in him. When little more than a child, he instinctively took up pencil and charcoal and began to draw, but no one noticed him or encouraged him, no one dreamt that he was destined to any other life than that of a peasant.

As soon as he was old enough, he began to

IN THE QUIET AND LEAFY RECESSES OF THE FOREST



A glade in the Forest of Fontainebleau, in which nestles the tiny village of Barbizon, that "place ending in 'son'" which Millet and his friend set out to find, as a refuge from Paris. The forest is one of the most beautiful wooded tracts in France, and has long been a favourite haunt of artists.

treated in art in the spirit of jocularity or caricature. When artists did make him their subject, which was very seldom, they painted him as the ignorant rustic dancing awkwardly on the village green, or the roisterous boor drinking deep in the village tavern, as something but partly human, little raised above the beasts of the field. Of the labourer's intimate life, of the thoughts which tenanted his mind, of the light and shadow which played around his life, of the joys and sorrows of his days, they knew nothing, and did not care to know. It was enough that he should be to them the butt of their ridicule and the subject of their light-hearted jests.

A Peasant Interpreter of Truth

Then Nature, tired at last, it would seem, of these frivolities, chose one of her sons, and called him to be the interpreter of truth to the world. Out of that unknown and derided peasant class he emerged; casting aside his hoe and spade, he took up the brush and palette, and by the sheer force of his genius and sympathy lifted this hidden and altogether unknown world into the realm of noble and inspiring art.

This growth going on through the early youth and early manhood of Millet was still unrecognized by him, yet the desire to express himself in line and colour could not be stifled. On white walls, or on whatever material came to hand, he drew fields, and workmen, and

trees, and drew them with such accuracy that the minds of those by whom he was surrounded began to take an interest in his work.

At length a family council was held, at which it was decided that Millet and his father should proceed to Cherbourg, and that some of his work should be shown to an artist there of the name of Mouchel, to see if "he had really enough talent for painting to enable him to gain his bread by it." When Mouchel saw the two drawings submitted to him he rubbed his eyes, and, turning to the father, exclaimed: "You will be damned for keeping him back so long, for there is the stuff of a great artist in your boy." So it was determined that Millet should remain at Cherbourg and start his studies there. Millet was then twenty years of age, and his art education had begun.

Three Years of Poverty

Hardly had he settled at Cherbourg than misfortune befell him in the death of his father, which occurred in November, 1835. The three years that followed were years of great hardship and poverty. Along with the struggle to learn his art was the struggle to gain bread, enforcing him again and again to return to his work on the soil. Nor were his teachers of much avail, Langlois, who succeeded Mouchel, being but an indifferent craftsman.

There is one act, however, which stands to his credit. Confident of the genius of his pupil, he appealed to the community of Cherbourg for

a grant to enable Millet to proceed to Paris. The appeal was successful, and, together with the hardly-earned savings of his family, Millet was put in possession of a sum equalling £30. It was a small amount, but it seemed a fortune, and Paris floated before his vision as the goal of his pilgrimage.

Millet set out for Paris in January, 1837, full of youth's ambitions, but a sad disillusionment awaited him in the city of his dreams. Everything appeared to him "black, muddy, and smoking." He felt at once choked and imprisoned. He was twenty-two years of age, and this was his first experience of what a city was like. All his life he had lived within sight of the sea. Broad-shouldered and robust, he had breathed clean air, and had grown up in the purity and peace of the country.

He was a peasant, with a peasant's body, a peasant's speech and manners, and everything in the city outraged him. "The light of the street lamps half-quenched by the fog, the vast number of horses and carriages, jostling and crossing one another, the narrow streets, the smell and the atmosphere of the city affected my head and my heart as if they would suffocate me. I was overtaken by a burst of sobs, which I could not stop." Such was Millet's introduction to the city of his desire, and from this city he had yet many things to suffer.

Enters Delaroche's Studio

After some hesitation he decided to enter the studio of Delaroche, one of the most famous painters in Paris. At first Delaroche took considerable pains with his new pupil, but soon he gave him up as hopeless. Millet was not amenable to the discipline of the schools; he lived in a different world, even in art, and had nothing in common with what seemed to him the petty trivialities of the kind of painting then in vogue. Delaroche, on his side, failed to understand him, and thought him clumsy and obstinate. Nor did the young artist succeed any better with his class-mates, who called him the "wild man of the woods."

At last Millet could stand it no longer, and he left the studio much as when he had entered it. His painting was still clumsy and his drawing heavy. The vision was there, burning in his heart, but he could not give it expression.

Years of hardship and suffering followed. At six-and-twenty he married a Cherbourg girl, Pauline Ono, who died of consumption three years later. Through this period he tried to bow the knee to Baal, and to paint pictures that would suit the popular taste, but he could barely make enough to keep himself alive. Nor did he succeed in his attempts to become popular. "Your women bathing come from the cow-house," he was told, and not without truth.

In 1845 he married Catherine Lemaire, a noble woman, who shared his trials with him with unbroken fidelity, and proved to him a helper in every time of need.

At length, disgusted with the work he had been doing to satisfy popular taste, he threw the whole thing from him. "Better turn bricklayer," he said to himself, "than paint against conviction." As the result of this determination he painted, in 1848, the "Winnower," representing a peasant at work.

Millet had come into his own. This picture represents an epoch in French art, and it proved the turning-point in the artist's life. At last he realized what he had been sent into the world to do. The sale of this picture only brought him 500 francs, but its success gave him courage, and opened up the path he felt himself destined to pursue.

Leaves Paris for Barbizon

The next event of importance in Millet's life was his determination to leave Paris, and, with his friend Jacque, to go in search of the place that ended in "zon." As he walked through the forest, with one of his children on his shoulder old memories and emotions swung into his heart. Again he was the peasant free from the city's toils, with the soil beneath his feet and the fresh air around him. "*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, que c'est beau!*" he cried exultantly.

Having reached Barbizon, he and his family first boarded with a peasant, and then took a little house at a hundred and sixty francs a year. In winter he sat in a workroom without a fire, with straw round his feet, and an old horse-cloth flung round his shoulders, and here he painted some of his greatest works.

In 1850 appeared the "Sower," a wonderful study of a man scattering the seed on an open field. There is something of epic grandeur in the action of the arms and the pose of the body, something which seems to connect the figure symbolically with the scattering of the seeds of truth throughout the world. The picture could not help making a stir, though its greatness was far from being fully recognized.

Millet had now entered his period of great activity. His "Woman Beating Hemp," "Woodgatherers in the Forest," "Man Spreading Manure," and "The Four Seasons" followed in quick succession. Notwithstanding his intense industry, however, the gaunt figure of poverty still haunted his door. At one time, he has written, he and his wife had not eaten for twenty-four hours. His struggles were wearing him out, but "in art one has to stake one's skin." Rousseau, the great landscape painter of the Barbizon school, himself bought one of Millet's paintings—the "Peasant Grafting a

GREAT PAINTINGS OF RURAL FRANCE



'Going to Work,' a possession of the Glasgow Art Gallery. Himself a peasant, Jean François Millet, one of the most illustrious representatives of the Barbizon School, is a faithful recorder of French peasant life.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

A PAUSE FOR PRAYER IN THE DAY'S HARD TOIL



Here with noble simplicity and breadth of treatment the artist shows us three hardy women of the soil gathering up the precious grains that are left after the harvest has been reaped and carried



As the sound of the angelus-bell is borne across the fields two peasants with heads reverently bowed pause in their work to pray These pictures "The Gleaners" and "The Angelus" are in the Louvre, Paris

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

REPOSE AND ACTION FROM A MASTER'S HAND



In this quiet picture *The Shepherdess* in the Louvre Paris the woman absorbed in her knitting turns her back upon the flock which grazes peacefully under the watchful eye of St. Peter.



The Woodsawyers shows three peasants engaged in strenuous toil. Two saw a fallen giant of the forest while the third attacks another tree with an axe. This picture is in the South Kensington Museum.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

LIGHT AND SHADE IN THE MORN OF THE YEAR



The Winnower This painting was first exhibited in 1848 and attracted great attention



A characteristically broad and simple treatment of subject that is engagingly homely



Spring In this landscape the artist has caught with admirable effect the patch of storm-light so often seen on an April day The three pictures on this page are in the Louvre, Paris

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

Tree"—in order to save him from utter penury, concoling from Millet that he was the purchaser.

The years 1856-58 cover the most fertile periods in Millet's life, notwithstanding the heavy anxieties which made life a burden to him. In 1857 appeared "The Gleaners," the three toilers in their pained positions, with bent bodies, eagerly searching for some ears of corn left in the empty harvest field—a picture of powerful and pathetic realism, which many regard as his greatest work.

As is usual when something new appears, the critics universally condemned it, and the charge was then brought against Millet, which has often been repeated, that in representing the toiling poor he was advocating revolutionary opinions. Nothing was further from the truth, but the sorrows of the toilers thus truly depicted could not fail to open blinded eyes to reality.

In 1859 came "The Angelus," the most popular of all Millet's paintings. Immense reproductions have been made of it, and fabulous sums offered for it. The cruelty of fortune is shown in the fact that, while Millet received only 1,000 francs for it, it was recently purchased for America for £30,000. By universal consent it is now regarded as one of the great pictures of the world.

Beginning of Success

The period of Millet's fight with poverty ended here. In 1860 his greatness began to be recognized, and, though he never reached the stage of affluence, his financial fears decreased. The Salon, which had consistently refused to recognize him, at length began to relent. In 1861 he exhibited "Woman Feeding Her Child," "Sheep-shearing," and other pictures. The following year he was also successful in exhibiting "Woman Carding Flax" and his famous picture, "The Man with the Hoe," one of the most poignant pictures in existence.

At the International Exhibition of 1867 Millet exhibited a collection of his greatest works, "The Gleaners," "The Angelus," "Death and the Woodcutter," "The Woman Shearing Sheep," "The Shepherd," "The Sheep-fold," "Potato Planters," and "The Potato Harvest." The exhibition of these great pictures caused a sensation, and proved a revelation to the general public. It finally stamped Millet as one of the most original painters of his age. A first-class medal was awarded him, and in the

following year he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

In 1870 war broke out between France and Germany, and Millet removed for a time with his family to Cherbourg. When he returned to Barbizon in the following year, his health was much impaired. His work, indeed, was ended, and his frame was worn out through his incessant labours. On the 20th January, 1875, he died, and the same generation that had refused him bread when he was alive, paid him the highest honours when he was dead.

So passed away Millet, leaving the world

A SIMPLE SUBJECT TRANSFIGURED BY ART



Here, with inimitable art, Millet depicts a woman of the people in a yard filling massive copper pitchers with water. The broad handling of this homely subject is admirable.

poorer for his loss, but richer in the noble works he bequeathed to posterity. As a painter and interpreter of peasant life, he stands alone in the art history of France. He felt the "cry of the earth," and painted it as no one else could paint it.

In the cast of his mind, in his temperament, his moral earnestness and deep seriousness of purpose, it may be claimed that he is more akin to England than to France. Certainly, it was in this country that he found his first patrons, his first pupils, and his greatest admirers.

To the nobility of his heart, and to the deep

spirituality of his works, even Tolstoi testifies. In his book, "What is Art?" he declares that "The Angelus" and "The Man with the Hoe" stand among the few paintings of modern times "which impart the Christian feeling of love for God and one's neighbour."

Noble as Millet's oil paintings are, the excellence of his pastels is even more striking, for in these he works unfettered by any considerations of execution. All his finest qualities are to be found here—his tender feeling, no less than his marvellous draughtsmanship and mastery of form. In these exquisite pieces the artist has concentrated all his sympathy for toiling humanity, and has caught all the beauties that he has watched for and found in the ever-changing moods of earth and sky.

Home Life of the Peasant

But in his pastels it is not only the working side of the peasant's life that Millet records. He shows, too, the home life of the worker in all its phases—happy children, mothers knitting or sewing, and other scenes and activities associated with the cottage hearth.

Nor has he observed human beings only. His sympathy for animals is unbounded. The household dog and cat, cows, sheep, horses,

the timid deer, rooks, rabbits—all the wild and domestic denizens of the field and the forest find a place.

Some of the pastels are either replicas of the oil paintings or slightly varied versions of them. Thus in the oil painting of "The Angelus" the landscape is represented in the autumn twilight, but in the pastel of the same it is sunrise in early spring.

The Artist's Constant Aim

"My dream," wrote Millet, "is to characterize the type." This was the aim that he kept constantly before him—to emphasize what is essential and to eliminate the subsidiary.

No artist has realized his dream more fully than this painter of peasant life. He painted men and women, not as individuals, but rather as part of the great scheme of the universe, and in doing this he revealed the link that exists between human life and the world of nature.

By painting the peasants as he saw them, Millet opened up a new highway of art, which has since been trodden by others, but by none yet with the same simple power.

[See *Lives*, by J. Cartwright (Mrs. Ady) (1903) and A. Hensier (1881); and "Millet and the Barbizon School," by A. Thomson (1891)]

THE LITTLE VILLAGE WHERE MILLET LIVED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS



Street in Barbizon, the famous artists' village in the Forest of Fontainebleau. In June, 1849, Millet and his family arrived in Barbizon. That little holiday was destined to last twenty-five years, and, before the autumn came, Millet had taken the cottage which was to be his home for the rest of his life.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

How CHARLOTTE CORDAY DIED for FRANCE

The Simple Village Maid Who Tried to Relieve the Misery of Her Country by Slaying a Loathsome Tyrant of the Republic

IN the early 'seventies of the eighteenth century there lived, in the little French village of Vicoques, near Argentan, a quiet gentle little girl.

This child, who lived with her uncle, the curé of the village, was Charlotte Corday, the famous French Revolutionist, who was destined to suffer death on the scaffold while still in the flower of her womanhood.

Born near Argentan on the 27th July, 1768, Marie Anne Charlotte Corday was one of the five children of François de Corday d'Armont, a younger son of a noble but impoverished French family. Her mother came of equally distinguished stock, for she was Jacqueline Charlotte Marie de Gautier d'Authieux; but unhappily her aristocratic lineage was her only dowry, and their second daughter, Charlotte, or Marie as she was more often called in childhood, passed her early days with her uncle, who had offered to relieve the child's parents of her maintenance.

At the age of eight, however, little Charlotte was recalled to her home in order to assist her mother in the many duties that fell to the lot of the thrifty wife of a poverty-stricken French noble. Already the child displayed a courage and strength of character of no mean order. Not only did she help her mother in the ordinary household duties, but, dressed in rough peasant clothes, she worked side by side with her brothers in the fields of Normandy, and her spare time was devoted to spinning, weaving, and assisting in the making of the family clothing.

When Charlotte Corday was only thirteen years of age, she sustained a great sorrow in the death of her mother. Shortly after this sad event a friend of the family, a certain Madame de Belsunce, the abbess of the Abbaye

aux Dames at Caen, offered to adopt Charlotte and her younger sister, and to educate them with her own niece. Quick and intelligent, Charlotte readily adapted herself to convent life, and soon lost all traces of her peasant childhood.

That Charlotte should, for a time at any rate, become a religious devotee was inevitable, for hers was a nature at once enthusiastic and susceptible. Although she seems to have

shown an almost fanatical devotion to the nuns, who did so much for her, she always evinced a certain independence in the management of her personal affairs that was unusual for a girl of her age at that time.

The abbess occasionally held receptions, when her friends from the outside world introduced a political and social atmosphere into the calm of the convent life, and on these occasions the beautiful Charlotte Corday was the object of much attention from the courtly grey-haired men who came to pay their respects to Madame de Belsunce.

Among these visitors to the convent there came Henri, Vicomte de Belsunce, a relation of the abbess and an ardent royalist, and legend has woven a romantic love story round the young vicomte's meetings with Charlotte Corday.

The story is that the two young people fell in love with each other, and plighted their troth. Henri, however, became the victim of a murder, planned by Marat, the editor of *Ami du peuple*, and formerly physician to the Comte d'Artois, brother of the hapless King Louis XVI. Charlotte, broken-hearted at the death of her lover, determined to avenge him by murdering Marat—a vengeance which she achieved some three years later. History,

WHILE SHE AWAITED THE EXECUTIONER



A few hours before she suffered death for the murder of Marat, Charlotte Corday, at her own request, had this portrait of herself painted by Jean Jacques Hauer.

however, does not support this story, and it may well be that it is one of the many legends with which the name of Charlotte Corday is associated.

In 1790 Charlotte, who was then in her twenty-second year, left the convent and went to stay with a cousin, Madame de Bretteville-Gouvill, at Caen, where she passed her time in studying and reading. The young girl soon found friends of her own age in the persons of Eléonore de Faudous, the daughter of the Marquis de Faudous, a neighbour, and Mlle. Levaillant, the daughter of an old friend of Charlotte's mother, who had lately come to live in Caen.

Discussing the Fate of King Charles I

One day the three young girls were reading English history together. In discussing the tragic fate of King Charles I. Mlle. Levaillant exclaimed that, if the King of France ever found himself in similar circumstances, she would be willing to sacrifice everything—even her life—to aid him.

"Oh," interposed Eléonore de Faudous, "I should, of course, do all in my power to help him, *except dying*."

These girls, who so lightly discussed the question of death for an ideal, could not foresee that within one short year two of their number, Charlotte Corday, the republican, and Eléonore de Faudous, the royalist, would die on the very scaffold on which Louis XVI met his death.

Disturbed by the continuous rioting, which marked those troublous days in Caen, Mme. Levaillant decided to move to Rouen, where her royalist sympathies were less likely to be ill-received by the populace.

Mme. de Bretteville arranged a dinner-party to bid good luck to the travellers, and gathered together at her house all the mutual friends of the two families.

Expresses Her Republican Sentiments

Charlotte's father, as well as a brother and sister, joined the gathering, and it was on the occasion of this dinner-party that Charlotte Corday publicly expressed her republican sentiments, and with unmistakable firmness. When the king's health came to be proposed in the customary manner, she alone of all the guests remained seated and refused to honour the toast.

"Surely you do not refuse to drink the health of the king, who is so good and so virtuous?" she was asked.

"I believe he is virtuous," Charlotte replied gently; "but a weak king cannot be a good king. He is powerless to prevent the misfortunes of his people."

Shortly after the Levaillants had left for Rouen, the Marquis de Faudous and his family

returned to Paris, and Charlotte, deprived of her only intimate friends, bent all her attention to following the course of political events in the newspapers.

Meantime Jean Paul Marat, the man whom Charlotte Corday considered to be the greatest enemy of France, had arrived in Paris. Born in Switzerland in 1743, Marat had lived a cosmopolitan life. He had studied medicine at Bordeaux and Paris, and practised as a doctor in London. He had visited Edinburgh, and been made a doctor of medicine. In 1777 he was appointed physician to the bodyguard of the Comte d'Artois.

Marat's Political Activities

Marat, however, was primarily an agitator and a politician, and from time to time he published inflammatory pamphlets and edited revolutionary papers. At the storming of the Bastille he encouraged and incited the mob. In September, 1789, he produced a paper called the *Publiciste Parisien*. The first number was seized by the Commune, and Marat was arrested, but he managed to evade the authorities, and soon there appeared the notorious *Ami du peuple*, whose *raison d'être* was to inflame the passions of the populace.

More than once Marat was forced to fly from France to evade arrest, but May, 1790, saw him once more in Paris and the publication of his paper resumed.

It was about this time that Simonne Evrard became an important factor in the life of this man. Young and possessed of a certain fortune, she allowed him to establish his printing presses in her house, and enabled him to continue to produce his paper, comparatively free from annoyance and interruption.

Inciting the Paris Populace

Marat continued to publish articles inciting the populace, not to that calm spirit of republican freedom of which Charlotte Corday had dreamt, but to acts of violence and treachery.

To take one example, in the *Publiciste Parisien*, dated February, 1793, he wrote:

In all countries where the rights of the people are not empty titles, existing only in a pompous declaration, the looting of a few shops, upon whose doors the speculating proprietors would be hanged, would soon put an end to these embezzlements.

It was the reading of such sentiments as these that enraged Charlotte Corday almost to the point of madness, and gradually she came to believe that it was Marat who was responsible for all the horrors of Paris, and that his death would be the most direct means of restoring France to order.

Having decided that it was her duty to murder Marat, Charlotte immediately set about making the necessary arrangements to enable her to fulfil what she believed to be her destiny.

THE MONSTER MARAT ARGUING WITH ROBESPIERRE AND DANTON



Jean Paul Marat, one of the most violent of the French Revolutionists, began life as a doctor of medicine. After some years of practice in England, he returned to Paris, where, taking an active interest in politics, he soon gained power in the republican party. Believing Marat to be responsible for all the misery in France, Charlotte Corday decided to kill him.

Her visit to Paris was facilitated by a letter from a friend, who asked her to arrange some business with the Minister of the Interior, and, after paying a visit to her cousin at Verson, and equipping herself with a letter of introduction to Lauze Duperret, a Girondist member of the Convention, Charlotte reserved her place on the stage-coach for Paris, which left Caen on the 9th July.

To her father she wrote a touching letter of farewell, in which she explained that she was going to live in England, because she did not feel that life in France would be happy for a long time to come.

She Learns that Marat is Ill

It was about midday on the 11th July that Charlotte Corday reached Paris, and she found accommodation in the Hotel de la Providence, in the Rue des Vieux-Augustins. From the porter who carried her luggage upstairs, Charlotte learnt that Marat was seriously ill. This was a blow to the young girl, for she had planned to attack him in public while he sat at the Convention.

However, she was not deterred from her plan, and determined to seek him at his own house immediately. But first she went to call

on Lauze Duperret, who seems to have been much impressed by his beautiful young visitor.

The following morning Duperret escorted Charlotte Corday to the Minister of the Interior, who, being unable to receive them then, made an appointment for eight o'clock the same evening. During the day Charlotte received another visit from Duperret, who told her that he had just learnt that he had fallen under official displeasure, adding that he feared he could no longer be of service to her. As he was bidding her farewell, Charlotte remarked impulsively, "Leave the Convention, you can no longer do any good there; go to Caen." "My post is in Paris, and I shall not desert it," Duperret responded. Thus ended Charlotte Corday's brief but significant acquaintance with Lauze Duperret, for whom it was fraught with tragedy, since it led to his arrest and, later, his death.

In the Gardens of the Palais Royal

On the 13th July, 1793, Charlotte rose so early that by 6 o'clock she found herself in the gardens of the Palais Royal, where she spent an hour arranging her plans for the deed she was about to commit.

At half-past seven she made her way to a

cutler's shop, where she purchased a strong kitchen knife with a dark wooden handle. She then returned to the hotel, and, after breakfasting, called a carriage and instructed the coachman to drive her to Marat's house.

It was with difficulty that she gained admittance, for the concierge had evidently been told not to allow any strangers to enter. Finally, she penetrated into the presence of Simonne Evrard, for Marat was still living in her house. But she got no farther, for Simonne declared that it was impossible for Marat to receive visitors at all.

Charlotte returned to her hotel, and wrote the following letter to Marat :

Citizen, - I have just arrived from Caen. Your love of our country leads me to suppose that you will be anxious to hear about the unfortunate events in that part of the Republic. I shall therefore present myself at your house about 10 o'clock. Be kind enough to receive me, and grant me a moment's interview. I will not be in the way of rendering a great service to France.

MARAT CORDAY.

As Charlotte arrived at his house for the second time, Marat was reading this letter, and after some delay he agreed to receive her.

She Pens a Second Letter

Before starting out, she had penned a second note which was to be given to him in case she was again refused an audience.

In this she had written :

I wrote to you this morning, Marat: have you received my letter, and may I hope for a moment's audience? If you have received it, I hope you will excuse me, as the matter is so important. It should free that I am very unhappy to give me a right to an audience.

As she entered the small, brick-paved, and badly-lighted room, where the sick man sat writing, Charlotte Corday presented a striking appearance. Clad in white, as if to symbolize the purity of her motives, she stood in front of Marat, her knife and an address to her countrymen hidden in the folds of the muslin fichu which she wore.

At once Charlotte entered into conversation, and made known to Marat the supposed object of her visit. She spoke of the great federal army at Evreux, which was to march on Paris.

Marat, interrupting, asked for the names of the deputies who were heading this insurrection, adding, as he wrote them down, "For the scaffold. . . Very good; in a few days I shall have them all guillotined in Paris."

Marat's Last Moments on Earth

Then Charlotte, summoning all her courage to her aid, seized her knife in both hands and, using all her strength, plunged it deep into her victim's breast. "Help, my dear, help," Marat cried, and then fell back—dead.

Marat's last despairing cry quickly brought servants and neighbours to the scene, and it

was a messenger from the *Ami du peuple* office who seized Charlotte, threw her on the floor, and beat her brutally with a chair. He might have killed her but for the arrival of the guard, who handed her over to the district police commissioners.

Charlotte was examined at great length, and, when asked why she had committed the murder, explained that she had resolved to sacrifice her life in order to rid her country of the author of its misfortunes.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when the formalities of the examination were concluded, and Charlotte was then removed to the grim prison of the Abbaye.

Writing Letters in Prison

While in prison awaiting her trial, Charlotte was allowed the free use of pen and ink, and there have been preserved many interesting letters written by her at that time. Hearing that Duperret had been arrested because he had been seen with her shortly before the murder, she wrote a passionate appeal for his release.

In another letter, addressed to the Committee of Public Safety, she asked for the services of a portrait painter, that her likeness might be preserved for her friends. To her father she wrote a pathetic note, asking his forgiveness for having disposed of her existence without his permission.

On the 16th July Charlotte appeared before the Revolutionary Tribunal to stand her trial. The prosecution was conducted by Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, and he, Montané, and Wolff, members of the Tribunal, questioned her in turn, but they found it impossible in any way to disturb the calm of her demeanour. She admitted that she had come to Paris solely to kill Marat, and insisted that she had done well in ridding France of the man whom she declared to be responsible for the civil war and for the general desolate condition of France.

Refuses to Implicate Others

Again and again her persecutors tried to trap her into admitting that she had had accomplices, but Charlotte, bold and fearless where she alone was concerned, showed a wise reserve in such of her replies as might concern other people, and all their attempts were in vain.

At the close of this preliminary trial Charlotte was told to select a counsel for her defence, and she chose Doucet de Pontécoulant, deputy to the Convention from Caen.

It was on the 17th July, 1793, at 8 o'clock in the morning, that the prisoner was again brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal for final judgment. Dressed in the same white

THE FAIR CHAMPION OF LIBERTY LED INTO CAPTIVITY



The despairing cry that arose from Marat as Charlotte plunged the knife into his breast quickly brought servants and neighbours to his side. They arrived too late, however, for the blow had been struck deeply, and Marat was already dead. Had it not been for the arrival of the guard, the girl would have been killed there and then.

gown that she had worn on the day of the murder, she made a graceful though pathetic figure as she faced her judges.

The counsel whom Charlotte had chosen to defend her did not appear, and the president appointed a certain Chauveau la Garde to act instead. In reality there was no defence, as the prisoner freely acknowledged her guilt, and only denied such statements as implicated Lauze Duperret and Barbaroux, the man who had given her the letter of introduction to Duperret.

At the end of the prosecution Fouquier-Tinville demanded the head of Charlotte, and, though her counsel tried to spare her this fate by pleading that she was insane and therefore not responsible, it was useless, and a unanimous verdict of "guilty" was returned by the jury after some ten minutes' deliberation.

A Favour Begged from Her Counsel

After sentence of death and confiscation of property had been pronounced, Charlotte turned to her counsel and begged him to be personally responsible for her prison debts

Chauveau la Garde very honourably respected Charlotte's trust, and her prison liabilities, which amounted to 36 livres, were paid by him the day following her execution.

At the conclusion of the Tribunal proceedings Charlotte returned to her cell in the Conciergerie, where she found a member of the constitutional clergy sent by the Tribunal to offer her the consolations of religion and attend her to the scaffold.

Charlotte thanked him for his kindness, but refused his ministrations. Very soon after his departure Jean Jacques Hauer arrived, the young artist whom the Revolutionary Tribunal had allowed to paint Charlotte's portrait in response to her request.

The Most Tragic Sitting in History

The sitting lasted over an hour, and Charlotte talked so calmly and quietly to the artist that he could scarcely realize how short a time she had to live.

As the sitting ended the door opened, and Sanson, the executioner, and his assistants entered

to robe Charlotte in the red gown worn by the condemned on the scaffold. The young girl did not falter at the ordeal before her, and, rising from the table at which she was sitting, she shook loose the masses of her hair, which fell in a shower nearly to the ground. Then, taking the scissors from Sanson, she cut off a long curl and gave it to the artist, Hauer, as a souvenir.

As Charlotte Corday entered the tumbrel which was to convey her to the scaffold, a fierce storm broke out, and the young girl made a picture of unforgettable beauty as she stood drawn to her full height, with a smile of ineffable calm on her lips, and the red folds of her ruin-soaked robe clinging to her slender figure.

Sanson's Kindly Thought

Arrived, after a weary drive, which lasted two hours, at the Place de la Révolution, the executioner humanely moved in front of Charlotte, so that she should not catch sight of the guillotine too suddenly, but, divining his intention and moving forward to look, Charlotte

remarked, "Surely I have the right to be curious: I never saw one before."

Calmly she mounted the scaffold and laid her head under the knife. Then, just as the instrument of death fell, the storm cleared, and Charlotte Corday passed to her rest in the glory of the setting sun.

Her Country Before All

Charlotte was determined to save France at all costs, and she perforce had to rely on her own judgment as to the best way in which her task could be accomplished. Criticism, however severe, can never mar the nobleness of her character and her ideals.

"This fair young Charlotte," writes Carlyle, "emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a star; cruel-lovely, with a half-angelic, half-demoniac splendour; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment to be extinguished; to be held in memory, so bright and complete was she, through long centuries!"

[See "Charlotte Corday," by Mrs. R. K. Van Alstine (1890); and "Four Frenchwomen," by Austin Dobson (1890).]

CHARLOTTE CORDAY ON HER WAY TO IMMORTALITY



The terrible drive in the death-cart to the guillotine had broken the spirit of many a brave man, but Charlotte Corday remained calm and unafraid throughout the long ordeal. Clad in the scarlet robe of the condemned, her noble head held high, she faced the fierce howling of the mob with all the majesty of a queen.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

The CREATOR of the SYMPHONY

How Joseph Haydn, by His Genius and Amazing Industry, Opened Up New Musical Vistas and Paved the Way for Mozart and Beethoven

JOSEPH HAYDN grew up, lived, and died a musician. Apart from his life as a composer, he had, properly speaking, no other existence. His childhood had ended before he reached his seventh birthday, and from then onwards, until his death, Haydn lived for music, and for music alone. He knew neither home nor home-life, his circle of friendships was confined to his fellow musicians and his patrons; his sole regret in extreme old age was that he should die before bringing his art to greater perfection.

Haydn was born in the little village of Rohrau, which stands on the marshy banks of the river Leitha, a tributary of the Danube. Mathias Haydn plied the trade of village wheelwright, and Joseph, his second child, was born either on the 31st March or the 1st April, 1732—which date is not certain. The wheelwright's home, though a poor one, was a perfect model of cleanliness, hard work, and method, all of which qualities the little boy acquired in his earliest years, and which were to serve him in good stead throughout a long and very full life.

Mathias Haydn possessed a fine tenor voice, he could play the harp by ear, and it was his custom to sing simple songs and duets with his wife during the long winter evenings, when his work was finished. Joseph soon began to join in their singing, astonishing all who heard him by the clear beauty of his voice, and the correctness of his notes.

One day his cousin Johann Frankh, of Hainburg, a near-by town, heard the little boy singing. He at once decided that here was the raw

material to make a musician, and set to work persuading the village wheelwright and his wife to commit their son to his care. His mother would have preferred Joseph to enter the priesthood, but her husband was most strongly determined to close with Frankh's offer, and so, in spite of his mother's protests and tears, this six-year-old musician was taken to Hainburg, and there put to school.

This school was presided over by Frankh, who proved to be an excellent teacher, albeit very strict, and perhaps unduly practical. Learning came easily to Haydn, and under his cousin's regime he soon made vast strides. He not only learned to sing at sight, but mastered the technique of most musical instruments then generally in use. Nevertheless, he sadly missed his mother's care and the society of his brothers. "I used to get more flogging than food," he said, referring to his rigorous schooling, "and by the time I was six I stood up like a man and sang masses in the church choir, and could play a little on the clavier and the violin."

Once, in Hainburg, a drummer was needed at short notice for a procession, and his master thrust Haydn into the vacant place. He was so small, however, that the drum had to be

carried in front of him on the back of a slightly larger boy, while he walked behind plying his drumsticks. In this fantastic manner did one of Europe's greatest musical geniuses make his first bow to the public.

After two years of this intensive and severe training at Hainburg, Haydn migrated to Vienna. Reutter, the organist and choir-

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN



The prim, neatly-dressed little Austrian composer, who was loved by his musicians because he did so much to improve their lot.

master of St. Stephen's cathedral, had heard Haydn's "weak sweet voice" (as he called it himself), and at once offered him a place as a chorister. This, to the Haydn family, seemed an almost incredible piece of good fortune, and Joseph packed up his few belongings and hurried off full of joyful expectations.

Early Efforts as Composer

In 1740 Haydn first sang in St. Stephen's cathedral, charming everyone who heard his voice. For some years he progressed famously, both as a chorister, and also with his general musical studies. He began composing on his own account, covering every scrap of music paper on which he could lay his hands. He seems to have written more by instinct than by anything else, and, in these early days, he judged his compositions in this manner, "It must be all right if the paper was nice and full."

In 1745 Haydn's younger brother, Michael, joined him as a chorister in Vienna, much to the joy of both boys. Soon, however, Michael sang far better than poor Joseph, whose voice was just beginning to break. The empress, who had previously delighted in his voice, now said that he crowed like a cock. The choir-master, therefore, sought a pretext for getting rid of this chorister, who was now no use to him. Soon enough an occasion arose, for Haydn mischievously cut a large lock of hair from the head of one of the unsuspecting choristers. He was at once dismissed, and found himself dowered only with an empty purse, a keen appetite, and not a friend to whom he could turn.

Friendship with Bach

Alone in the world at sixteen years of age, Haydn determined to strike out on his own account as a musician. Some kind Viennese shopkeeper lent him 150 florins, which enabled him to rent an attic for himself. He scraped an acquaintance with Emanuel Bach, which very shortly developed into close friendship, and Bach more than anyone else became his master. Living from hand to mouth, more often hungry and supperless than not, he struggled on. By 1752 he had already produced the first of his many great masses (in F: No. 11 in Novello's edition) and a comic opera, *Der neue krumme Teufel*, of which the libretto still remains, although the score is lost.

In 1755 a certain Karl Joseph Edlen von F rnberg, a rich musical amateur, heard from a friend that Haydn was a most promising young musician. Accordingly, he invited him to stay at his country house at Weinzierl, where he held many gatherings of musicians. Here Haydn proceeded to compose a series of pieces for the small orchestra which von F rnberg

employed, adapting his music to the means at his disposal. In this quiet and almost accidental way Haydn's first quartet, and his first symphony, came into existence, for eighteen of his Weinzierl compositions are now known as his earliest string quartets.

In 1756 Haydn returned to Vienna, where his fortunes began to mend. Pupils arrived and demanded to be taught by this very young music master. His services were in request as leader of the orchestra on most nights of the week. For three years he continued thus, busy, and on the whole happy, though he was too much occupied with a host of small duties to give much time to his compositions. In 1759, however, he was relieved of this round of drudgery, and became director of music to Count Ferdinand Morzin, who maintained a small orchestra at his mansion near Pilsen.

His Unfortunate Marriage

Although his salary amounted to only 200 florins (say £20 at nominal value), with board and lodging, his slender means did not prevent Haydn's thoughts from dwelling upon marriage. He fell in love with the daughter of a wig-maker, named Keller, whose son had been a fellow-chorister with him at St. Stephen's. This young lady happened to have other views as to her future, and she entered a convent. Keller the wig-maker, however, managed to cajole Haydn into marrying his other and elder daughter. The wedding took place in Vienna on the 26th November, 1760—the blackest and worst day in Haydn's life. His wife, directly after her wedding day, turned out to be a shrew, a completely idle, jealous, quarrelsome woman, who proved a millstone round her husband's neck. For most of their lives this ill-assorted pair lived separated, and Mme. Haydn died at Baden, near Vienna, forty years after marriage.

Engaged by Prince Esterhazy

Soon after this marriage Count Morzin's finances became excessively shaky, and he was forced to dismiss his band, his music director departing with them. So once more Haydn found himself thrown penniless upon the world, this time with a veritable fury of a wife dependent upon him. But he was not long idle, for Prince Esterhazy, whose family seems to have been fated to be connected with most of the great musicians of history, engaged him as his second chapel-master. Haydn at once removed from Vienna to Eisenstadt, in Hungary. His wanderings and uncertainties were for ever at an end, for he remained in the service of the Esterhazy family for the rest of his life.

At Eisenstadt Haydn found that he was to work under the direction of the prince's chief

THE MASTER PLAYING ONE OF HIS OWN COMPOSITIONS



Of all the great masters of music, Haydn was by far the most prolific. Operas, oratorios, symphonies, songs, as well as chamber music, flowed in rapid profusion from his pen. He was a very methodical writer, and this orderliness is seen unmistakably in his scores, which have the typical eighteenth-century exactness.

"cappelmeister," Werner by name. This man, although a first-rate theorist, did not properly appreciate Haydn. He failed to notice his new colleague's natural genius, and perceived only his lack of theoretical knowledge. In fact, he always spoke of Haydn as "a mere fop" and a "scribbler of songs."

Wins His New Patron's Regard

In 1762 Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy died, to be succeeded by his brother, Nicholas, who continued to employ both Werner and Haydn. The new prince was devoted to music, and soon made a close friend of Haydn. Thus assured of his master's regard, Haydn could the better afford to put up with the annoyance which Werner caused him. In spite of quarrels and differences, however, Werner and Haydn jogged along in their distasteful double harness moderately well, until the former's death in 1766. Haydn

succeeded to his post with an increased salary, and at last entered upon a long period of undisturbed fruitfulness in composition.

About this time Prince Nicholas moved his residence from Eisenstadt to a magnificent palace he had built, and which he had named Esterhaz. Near the castle stood a fine new theatre, and Haydn, with his musicians, was in future expected to provide operas here, as well as music at the Court.

Pouring Forth a Stream of Music

He rose to the occasion nobly, and started composing on a far larger scale than he had hitherto attempted. Symphonies, trios, quartets, suites, besides church music, poured out from his study in an almost uninterrupted stream. Moreover, he was then beginning to gain a reputation all over Europe as a composer. "Our National Favourite," the Viennese official gazette called him in 1766, and his works were

heard, and received enthusiastically, in Leipzig, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, and London.

At Esterházy, busy though he was, Haydn found happiness. Music was all he cared for, and there he had music in abundance. He was his own master. Prince Nicholas interfered with nothing, and refused no reasonable request for additions to the number of his musicians. Haydn had only one complaint against Esterházy: it was too much cut off from the world. He cherished a secret ambition to visit Italy an ambition which, as the years flew by filled with work, seemed to grow farther and farther off in its fulfilment. "I was cut off from the world," he wrote, "there was no one to confuse or torment me, and I was forced to become original."

Loved by His Musicians

With his musicians Haydn was on the best of terms. They one and all strove to please him, and a word of encouragement from him, or a sentence of praise, pleased them beyond all measure. He, on his part, strove greatly to improve their lot, to augment their salaries and their status. So the musicians grew to love this prim, rather formal, neatly-dressed little "capellmeister" like a father.

As the busy years went by, Haydn's fame grew and grew. Prince Nicholas, proud, indeed, of his "capellmeister," would often take Haydn, his orchestra, and his choir, to perform at different cities on some special occasion. In 1769, and again in 1777, the whole musical establishment of Esterházy made the journey to Vienna, where their performance outshone completely anything which the Austrian capital could then offer.

Increasing Demand for His Services

Invitations now began to pour in upon Haydn from all quarters of Europe. Paris begged that he would come and conduct his own works at a series of concerts there. The chapter of the cathedral of Cadiz wrote asking for a composition for appropriate instrumental music for Good Friday. He replied by writing "The Seven Words of Our Saviour on the Cross," better known in Great Britain as "Passione Instrumentale." It is often published with Haydn's quartets, but has nothing to do with them.

In September, 1790, Prince Nicholas died, deeply mourned by Haydn, who was most affectionately attached to him. By his late master's will, Haydn received an annual pension

DISCOURSING SWEET MUSIC AT THE COMPOSER'S BIDDING



"A Concert at Haydn's," after the painting by A. Roser. Sitting at his ease, with score in hand, the beloved composer directs the little company of musicians, who, at his bidding, make the saloon ring to the echo with the dainty, sparkling creations of his fertile and brilliant brain.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

THE STORM THAT HAYDN WOVE INTO HIS MUSIC



While crossing the Channel, on the occasion of his first visit to England, Haydn witnessed a terrific storm. Watching the lightning rending the blackness of the sky, he was so impressed by the beauty of the scene that he introduced the incident into two of his works, the *Creation* and the *Seasons*.

of 1,000 florins. Prince Anton, his successor at Esterházy, dismissed the whole body of musicians which he found there. Haydn, therefore, moved back once more to Vienna, but not before Prince Anton had augmented his pension by a further 400 florins per annum.

Hardly had he arrived in Vienna before his friend and fellow musician, Saloman, drove up to his lodgings post-haste, and attempted to persuade Haydn to go to England for a visit. After a good deal of trouble he succeeded, and Haydn began to prepare for the journey.

Refuses a King's Request

At this juncture, however, Ferdinand IV, King of Naples, who was then in Vienna, tried to get the master-musician to go to his court at Naples. On hearing that he intended to start for England very shortly, Ferdinand at first completely lost his temper, but soon, seeing Haydn's purpose was immovable, he recovered and extracted a promise that on his return he would visit Naples. These facts, in an age when most musicians were regarded as vagabonds of a superior type, show how enormous must have been Haydn's reputation among his contemporaries.

Haydn and Saloman landed at Dover on New Year's Day, 1791, and at once drove to London, where the former was established by his friend at 18 Great Pulteney Street. Such fame had come to England before him that Haydn soon found himself pestered by an overwhelming mass of attentions. Ambassadors, noblemen, invitations—all sorts of people and objects to which he was not accustomed—poured in upon him day and night. He managed to keep his visitors at arm's length, and was soon hard at work composing six new symphonies to be performed first at six London concerts. The concerts proved a tremendous success, and Haydn drew a substantial sum as his own share of the proceeds.

Meets Beethoven at Bonn

Haydn remained in England until June, 1792, conducting at concerts, composing, and, in his spare moments, submissively allowing himself to be lionized with perfect good humour. On leaving England he journeyed to Bonn, where he met Beethoven, who for some while came to take lessons from him. Beethoven always retained the greatest respect and admiration for his one-time master, and, during

JOSEPH HAYDN

KEEPING HIS MEMORY GREEN



Statue of Haydn at Vienna, where the musician spent the last fourteen years of his marvellously successful life. He died in 1809, and among those who attended his funeral were many officers of Napoleon's army, then in Vienna.

his last illness, a friend sent him a view of Haydn's birthplace. "To think," he said, "that so great a man should have been born in a common peasant's cottage."

In 1794 Haydn was again in London. After an exhausting, but highly successful, season of concerts, he took a long holiday in the country. He stayed in England until August, 1795, when he returned to the Continent, again well satisfied with the results of his tour. He now received a letter from his wife saying that she had had the offer of a small house and garden in the suburbs of Vienna. She asked for the money to buy it for herself, as it seemed just the place for her when she became a widow. Haydn, not unnaturally, did not send the money. He bought the house himself, added a story to it, and lived there from January, 1797, till his death.

Completes His Masterpiece

After his final removal to Vienna, Haydn settled down to the greatest of all his compositions—the *Creation*. Its idea had been propounded to him before he departed from England, but he did not complete the work until the spring of 1798, when it was privately performed. The impression it produced was phenomenal, and on Haydn's name-day a public performance was given. The composer was very deeply affected: "One moment I was as cold as ice, the next I seemed on fire. More than once I was afraid I should have a stroke." It was the culminating point of his long and highly successful musical career, the high-water mark of the tide of his inspiration.

Soon after producing the *Creation*, Haydn began to grow increasingly feeble. He battled bravely with many infirmities for year after year. In 1808 he made his last public appearance, to hear his beloved *Creation* performed once more. As he was carried out, when the concert was over, Beethoven, who was in the audience, came up and kissed the old man's feeble hand. Haydn died, worn out by hard work and his long and arduous life, on the last day of May, 1809.

His Amazing Output

As a composer Haydn is by far the most prolific of the great masters. In fact, the sum total of his industry is quite staggering. Operas, oratorios, chamber music, songs, symphonies, each came as easily as the other from his pen. All is neatness, sparkle, order, and proportion in his scores. He used to sit down quite solemnly, having arranged ink-pot, pens, and paper just to his satisfaction on the table before him. This orderly arrangement creeps into his scores. Never was a great genius so anxious and so pleased to circumscribe his art with formalities and niceties.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed index



From BOOKBINDER to FAMOUS SCIENTIST

Michael Faraday, to Whose Commanding Genius We Owe the Wonderful Machines for Producing the Electricity that Give Us Light and Power

ALL the dynamos and turbines used throughout the world to-day, to generate electricity for lighting and power, are based upon the principle discovered by Faraday, that an electric current can be produced by magnetism, if the magnet is revolving.

A good deal was known about experimental electricity derived from cells before Faraday's time, but it was he who discovered, in 1831, that by revolving a magnet close to a conductor a current of electricity was created, which flowed outwards as the magnet approached the conductor, and backwards as the magnet receded.

Michael Faraday is acknowledged to be one of the foremost British chemists and scientists, yet it would be difficult to point to anyone who has achieved fame whose boyhood gave less promise of future eminence in science. He was born on the 22nd September, 1791, at Newington Butts, Surrey, then a country village, but now a densely populated district of South London. His father, James Faraday, was a blacksmith, and a native of Yorkshire, and his mother was also born in that county. Both were humble people who possessed little education.

Michael's parents, who had been living in Surrey for some years before his birth, afterwards removed to London. Most of the future scientist's boyhood was spent in the neighbourhood of Manchester Square, to the north of Oxford Street. The humble circumstances of the Faraday family can be gauged from the fact that they lived for years in rooms above a coach-house, in a lane, which boasted the picturesque name of Jacob's Well Mews.

The boy received very little schooling, and at the age of twelve he started life as an errand-boy. His employer was Mr. George Riebau, a bookseller and stationer, of No. 2

Blandford Street, Manchester Square. Michael's duties were of a varied character, as might be expected in a small establishment. He had to clean the windows, sweep the floor, and dust the books, in addition to delivering the newspapers every morning.

In those days, newspapers cost more than they do now, and they were lent out by Mr. Riebau much in the same way as circulating libraries lend books to-day. The customer had to do his reading in a shorter space of time, and have the paper ready for the errand-boy, when he called for it, to take to some other subscriber.

Young Faraday's employer was a kindly man, who took a personal interest in the boy, and the latter did not fail to remember this with gratitude in the years that followed after.

When Michael was thirteen years of age, he was apprenticed to Mr. Riebau for seven years, to learn the trade of bookbinder and bookseller. There can be little doubt that this environment was eminently suitable for a boy of Michael's temperament, and calculated to encourage his inquiring turn of mind.

He was unable to purchase books, but he had every opportunity to

handle and read them. Hungry for knowledge, and having had practically no opportunity to delve into the wonderland of books during his schooldays, the bookseller's shop opened up a new world, which he immediately proceeded to explore with unbounded but ever-increasing delight.

On one occasion during his apprenticeship, he was seen to be reading from a book that he was employed on in his capacity of binder. Possibly it was this book which shaped his career, for Faraday, years after, declared that it was an article on electricity in an encyclopædia which had been placed in his hands for binding,

THE BLACKSMITH'S SCIENTIST SON



Michael Faraday started life as a bookseller's errand-boy, and eventually rose to be one of Britain's most distinguished experimental philosophers.

that first gave him a glimpse into the fairy-land of science, and turned his thoughts permanently in that direction.

He began to spend a few hard-earned pence upon the purchase of simple electrical apparatus, and, as his interest in science increased, he read assiduously all the books on chemistry that came into his hands. It is gratifying to know that several books which Faraday bound when he was a studious workman, are still preserved at the Royal Institution, with which he was afterwards so long and so very honourably associated.

The Bookshop University

It may be thought, in view of the eminence he attained in the scientific world, that the years Michael Faraday spent in binding books and pamphlets were wasted. Had his employment, however, been of some other kind, it is doubtful if Faraday would ever have become a scientist. The bookseller's shop was his university, and it furnished the lad with the facilities for a liberal education. Moreover, it was then that he learned the lessons of orderliness and thoroughness that proved such a valuable asset to him in after life.

Faraday often complained that he had a poor memory. In order to make up for this, he formed the habit, as an apprentice, of recording in his notebooks the outlines of the various subjects he was studying. It was this habit which led to his entering the career upon which he had set his heart.

In order to fully understand Faraday, one has to remember that he was a likeable lad, and a most lovable and religious man, with a personality that endeared him to all with whom he came into contact. A story is told of an artist who lodged in the house of Riebau, and who was one of Faraday's earliest friends. This artist was very fond of the young apprentice, who blacked his boots for him, and he taught him the principles of perspective, lent him books, and gave him lessons in drawing.

His Brother's Generosity

Later on, Michael's brother, Robert, who was a working blacksmith, supplied the young apprentice with the few shillings necessary to enable him to attend a course of evening lectures on chemistry.

Then there was a customer named Dance, a member of the Royal Institution, who had been impressed by the intelligence and studious habits of Michael Faraday, whom he often saw on his frequent visits to Riebau's bookshop. This customer made it possible for Faraday to attend four lectures by the great Sir Humphry Davy, at the Royal Institute, in 1812. Michael was still an apprentice,

but the impression that the lectures made on his mind was profound, and he became more than ever resolved to devote himself to the study of science.

He took notes of all the lectures, and afterwards, with that painstaking thoroughness that was so characteristic of him, he carefully wrote them out at greater length, illustrated them with his own drawings, bound them himself in a nice quarto volume, and sent this specimen of his handiwork to Sir Humphry Davy.

Between the date of the lectures and the dispatch of this volume, Michael Faraday had completed his apprenticeship, and had entered the employment of another bookbinder as a journeyman. The change from the familiar associations of his old master's place of business to the new workshop was very unwelcome to Faraday. He soon became most unhappy. As he said later, "I was very fond of experiment, and very averse to trade."

Desire to Escape from Trade

There is something pathetic, as well as ingenuous, in the light of later knowledge, in Faraday's description of his own feelings at this critical period of his life:

My desire to escape from trade, which I thought vicious and selfish, and to enter into the services of science, which I imagined made its pursuers amiable and liberal, induced me at last to take the bold and simple step of writing to Sir Humphry Davy, expressing my wishes.

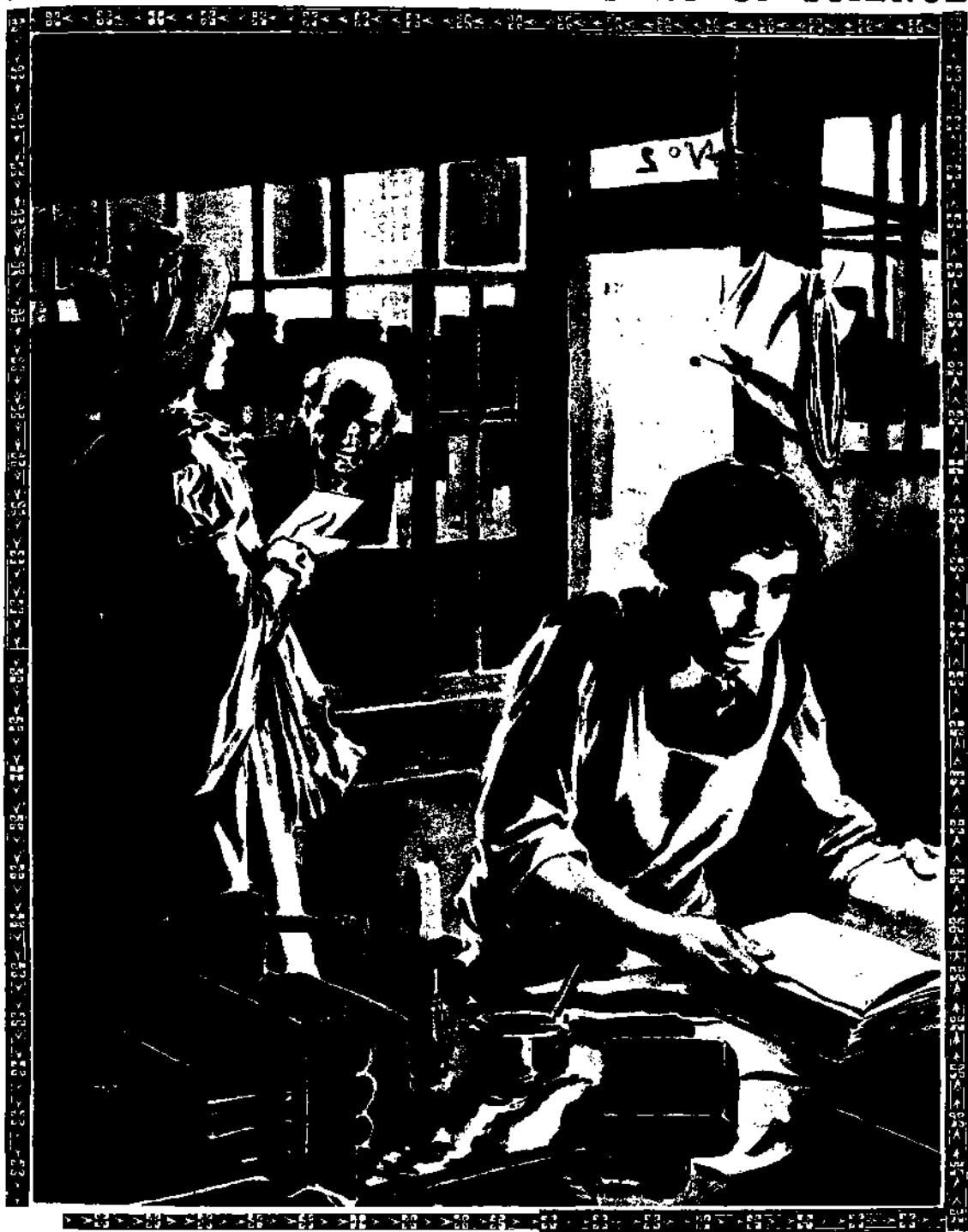
Sir Humphry Davy must have felt flattered by the hero-worship revealed by the action of an unknown youth in taking the trouble to make notes of his lectures, and then bind them into a book. He sent Faraday a kindly note of acknowledgment, complimenting him on the proofs of zeal, memory, and attention furnished by the exhaustive notes he had made of the lectures. Sir Humphry explained that he was going out of town almost immediately, but would see Faraday on his return, if the latter wished.

The great scientist kept his promise. He saw his youthful correspondent, and after a friendly talk advised Faraday to remain at his trade, adding, however, that he would send him from the Royal Institution any books needing to be bound.

A Visit in the Night

A short time after this interview, Faraday, while staying with his mother at Weymouth Street, was about to retire for the night, when he heard a loud knock at the street door. Looking out, he saw a coach standing in the roadway, and a few minutes later he was informed that Sir Humphry Davy's footman had called to say that his master wished to see Michael Faraday the following morning.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE



Faraday's apprenticeship to a bookseller opened up a new world, for he had ample opportunity for handling and reading the books in his master's shop. In after years Faraday declared that it was an article in an encyclopedia that had been placed in his hands for binding, that first turned his thoughts to science. Of this bookseller's shop Professor Tyndall told a story, which serves to show how quickly legends grow. After Faraday had come to fame, Tyndall and he visited the shop. The same trade was still carried on there, and the proprietress astonished the scientists by informing them of the tradition that one of her predecessors had been the master of "Sir Charles Faraday."

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

The bookbinder's heart beat excitedly when he again walked towards the Royal Institution, to see the man whom he regarded as one of the greatest in the world, and his hopes found encouragement in the fact that Sir Humphry Davy had not forgotten him.

As a matter of fact, a small opening for his services had occurred at the Royal Institution. Certain humble, but necessary assistance was required in the laboratory of the Institution, Sir Humphry Davy had found cause to complain of the manner in which the duties were performed by the person occupying the position, and, finally, had dismissed him. It was

Any offer would have been attractive to him, so long as it brought him into the romantic realm of science, and here he was being given a post under the same roof as Sir Humphry Davy himself. Little did Michael Faraday care whether his duties lay in the cellar or the attic; even to be a door-keeper in a scientific institution would, in his view, be preferable to having a bookbinder's business of his own.

A story is told that Sir Humphry Davy had casually mentioned Faraday's application for scientific employment, however humble, to one of the managers of the Royal Institution, whom he asked what he should do in the matter. "Do!" was the quick reply, "put him to wash bottles; if he is good for anything he will do it gladly; if he declines such menial tasks he is good for nothing."

Busy at His New Work

Michael Faraday was at that time just over twenty-one years of age. His appointment was confirmed, and he was soon hard at work, dusting, cleaning, seeing that ink-pots were filled and worn-out pen-nibs replaced, and attending and assisting the professors at the numerous lectures. In this connexion, he was required to carry to the lecture-room any apparatus or instruments required by the lecturers, and after the lectures put them back in their proper places. He also had to keep them clean and in perfectly good order.

It need hardly be said that there was nothing perfunctory about the way Faraday attended to his work at these lectures; he regarded them not as imposing duties upon himself, but rather as a priceless opportunity to learn. No one listened to the lecturers more intently, and greatly did he rejoice when he took a more important part in the lectures.

"Observing the Works of Nature"

After being in his new situation a few months, he described himself, in a letter to one of his uncles, as "constantly engaged in observing the works of Nature, and tracing the manner in which she directs the arrangement and order of the world."

Faraday had not been very long at the Royal Institution before an extraordinary piece of good fortune came his way. He had made himself very useful to Sir Humphry Davy, and the latter, who was somewhat careless and disorderly in business matters, appreciated his assistant's orderliness and painstaking habits, particularly in the matter of keeping records and attending to correspondence and office routine.

Sir Humphry left England for a scientific tour through the continent of Europe, in



As a lecturer Faraday was remarkable for humility, grace, and earnestness, and his lectures to adults as well as to children were always very popular and well attended.

at this juncture that he recalled to mind Michael Faraday's previous application, and accordingly sent for the bookbinder.

When Faraday arrived, Davy asked if he was still of the same mind, and anxious to change his occupation, adding that he could offer him a small post with many duties. The post carried with it an imposing title, namely, that of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, but the salary was only twenty-five shillings a week, with the use of two attic rooms in the Institution building.

The offer was eagerly accepted by Faraday.



LABORATORY OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION IN WHICH FARADAY WORKED



Faraday's connexion with the Royal Institution was a long and happy one. From assistant in the laboratory he became its director, and in 1833 he was made Fulleren professor for life. Despite offers of more lucrative appointments, he could never bring himself to part company with the Royal Institution.

October, 1813, and he took Faraday with him as his amanuensis. As things turned out, Faraday's duties included those of a valet, and while he might not have minded this so much had Davy and he been alone, he was frequently vexed by having to take orders from Lady Davy as well.

However, even with these drawbacks, he found the tour a liberal education. He visited many famous seats of learning on the Continent, met a great number of prominent scientists, heard their conversation and discussions, and obtained an insight into his master's methods of investigation and experiment. The tour extended over a period of some eighteen months, during which time he was almost daily in Sir Humphry Davy's pleasant and instructive company.

Mixing with Learned Men

What he saw of the labours of other scientific men powerfully influenced Faraday, and quickened his ambitions. Mixing as he had done with learned men, on terms almost approximating to social equality, had the effect of increasing his self-respect. He began to hold and express views of his own, and, above all else, he acquired self-confidence

enough to explore the many interesting and profound mysteries of science for himself.

On his return to the Royal Institution, Faraday's wages were increased to thirty shillings weekly. He devoted all his spare time to study, one of the few relaxations he allowed himself being to attend the weekly meeting of the City Philosophical Society.

Keen on Self-improvement

This society consisted of a number of young men—clerks and warehousemen, teachers, and the like—who were scientifically inclined and keen on self-improvement. Faraday made a number of friends among its members, and a few of these companions used to meet to read together in the attic rooms of the Royal Institution, and, as Faraday says, "criticize, correct, and improve each other's pronunciation, and construction of language."

No doubt Faraday had a purpose behind this assiduous study. He realized how incomplete his early education had been, and was ever aiming at self-improvement in an intellectual sense. From such small beginnings, Faraday graduated to the position of a lecturer, his first lectures being given at the City Philosophical Society in 1816.

Meanwhile, he was actively assisting Sir Humphry Davy in his numerous experiments and scientific investigations, especially in connexion with the latter's invention of the miner's safety-lamp. These services Davy afterwards publicly acknowledged.

It must have demanded a great deal of tact for a young scientist so closely identified in a confidential capacity with a very famous one to raise himself into prominence. But although Davy and Faraday did not always see eye to eye, the former must be given credit for the fact that he encouraged Faraday to attempt discoveries on his own account, and that he placed remunerative work in his assistant's way.

All his life, like his parents before him, Faraday was connected with a small religious sect known as Sandemanians. While attending the Sunday services of this body, as he did most regularly from early boyhood to old age, Michael Faraday became acquainted with the family of a London silversmith, named Barnard.

Marriage with Sarah Barnard

On the 12th June, 1821, Faraday and Sarah Barnard were married, and they set up house-keeping in the rooms at the Royal Institution, that had been occupied by Faraday since his appointment. His salary was at that time £100 a year, but he was able to supplement this considerably by work as an analyst. The marriage proved a most happy one, and his wife a true helpmate.

In the year of his marriage, he read his first paper before the Royal Society. Already was a frequent contributor to the *Transactions* of the Royal Institution, so that his scientific reputation was much greater than his humble official position and salary would indicate. Indeed, his rising fame occasioned some jealousy on the part of Sir Humphry Davy, especially in connexion with Faraday's election as a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was frequently employed on remunerative work as an analyst and as an expert witness in the law courts, and in one year these duties brought him more than £1,000.

Great Sacrifice for Science

In 1830 he resolutely forsook these opportunities of earning money, finding that they prevented him from devoting himself wholeheartedly to original scientific research.

Two years later he was awarded the honorary degree of D.C.L. by the University of Oxford. Some time before his position at the Royal Institution had been advanced to that of Director of the Laboratory, and he had also become a lecturer on chemistry at the Royal Academy at Woolwich, where he gave about twenty lectures annually for more than twenty years.

More lucrative appointments were offered him at various times, but Faraday could never bring himself to part company with his beloved Royal Institution. In 1835 he was granted a Civil List pension of £300 a year, so that without undue anxiety he was able to devote himself exclusively to science.

About 1831 Faraday had begun those exhaustive researches in electricity and magnetism upon which his fame chiefly rests. His object was to obtain active electrical currents from magnetism, a problem which had baffled many scientists.

Never Daunted by Failure

Faraday made many experiments without result. It is said that he carried in his pocket a model of an electro-magnetic circuit. Often in the notebooks, which he kept so carefully, there is found the entry: "Experiments on the production of electricity from magnetism." He tried ring magnets and bar magnets, but although he obtained slight movements in needles, for a long time he could not make any further progress. The strength of the battery made not the slightest difference.

When one experiment failed, he tried another, and in one of these later attempts he found that when the magnet was *moved* close to the coil, even when the movement was made by the hand, distinct evidence of electric current was produced. This discovery put him on the right track, and he made an apparatus which spun the magnet close to the coils, and to his great satisfaction succeeded in producing electricity from magnetism.

Birth of a Wonderful Discovery

This idea is the germ at the heart of all the wonderful dynamos and generators afterwards made for producing electricity. The results of his experiments were read before the Royal Society on the 24th November, 1831, and naturally created the greatest interest throughout the scientific world. The date may be considered the birthday of all the wonders of magneto-electric induction, which have transformed the world since Faraday's interesting discovery.

In order to realize what possibilities the discovery of this principle opened up, it is only necessary to mention that when, in 1813, Sir Humphry Davy first produced a small electric light, by passing a powerful current through two sticks of carbon, the points of which almost touched, he had to employ a battery consisting of no fewer than 2,000 cells.

When the secret of magneto-electric induction was given to the world by Faraday, many inventors set to work to make electrical machines, and Faraday lived long enough to



A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE CHILD OF FARADAY'S BRAIN



A turbo-generator in the Hell Gate station of the United Electric Light and Power Company of New York, the largest power house in the world. All the turbines and dynamos used to-day for generating electricity for light and power are based on the principle discovered by Faraday.

see electric lighting machinery installed in a number of British lighthouses.

For many years Faraday held the position of scientific adviser to Trinity House, and made numerous reports on the magneto-electric machines with which F. Holmes and other inventors desired to illuminate lighthouses. An installation by Holmes was placed in the South Foreland lighthouse in 1838, and between this date and 1865 Faraday was repeatedly consulted about similar lights.

Development of His Idea

The magneto-electric machine first used by Holmes in the South Foreland lighthouse was driven by a steam-engine of less than two horse-power. Nowadays, there are at Queenston, near Niagara, hydro-electric generators of 50,000 horse-power each. The operation of both these types of machines is based on Faraday's induction discovery.

Faraday was concerned only with pure science. When he made a new discovery he published it at once, and did not concern

himself with the adaptation of his ideas to commercial purposes. It is not, therefore, possible to describe at length and in detail his discoveries in the same way as the inventions of Edison have been described, because Faraday's discoveries can only be explained in scientific terms, which would convey little meaning to the general reader.

Order Out of Confusion

In certain ways, however, Faraday brought order out of confusion. For example, in his day, learned men were labelling electricity with different names, according to their various sources. There were those who said that electricity obtained from cells, which had been called galvanism, was different to the electricity in lightning and that which was produced by magneto-electric machines. Faraday, by a long series of experiments, proved that electricity was electricity, however or wherever it was produced.

Seeing that nearly every wireless enthusiast is an authority on the subject of "volts,"

it is interesting to recall the fact that Faraday, by a series of experiments, shattered the common belief of his time that the electricity in the voltaic pile, or electric cell, invented by the Italian Volta, was the result of the contact of the zinc with the copper in the cells.

Volta had held the belief that the electricity derived from the cells was the result of contact; but Faraday proved that without chemical action within the cells no current could be given off. He made many interesting

THE BELOVED NATURAL PHILOSOPHER



Faraday was interested only in pure science. When he made a discovery he published it, and did not concern himself with its adaptation to commerce.

researches and discoveries in connexion with the magnetic properties of matter and in connexion with diamagnetism.

In the midst of his scientific work Faraday had occasional breakdowns in health. Yet the amount of work he got through was remarkable. For about thirty years he was, perhaps, the most distinguished scientific lecturer in England. He lectured before the most learned men in London, and he was equally successful in his many Christmas lectures to children.

On one occasion, while lecturing on the powers of the magnet, he caused his audience to roar with laughter by throwing a coal-scuttle full of coals, a poker, and a pair of tongs at the magnet, which held them fast.

Although often described as a "popular lecturer"—which he certainly was—Faraday once expressed the opinion that lectures which were popular would never teach anyone very much about science, although a good lecture might prove to the attentive member of the audience how much he had still to learn.

Faraday received many honours for his scientific work, which he continued until failing health and old age compelled him to curtail his activities. In 1857 he declined the presidency of the Royal Society, as he had previously declined a knighthood. The following year, Queen Victoria gave the aged scientist the use of a house on Hampton Court Green, which he occupied until his death.

Retires from Active Work

When he was on the verge of seventy, he gradually withdrew from his many duties. In 1860 he lectured for the last time to children, and he resigned his professorship at the Royal Institution the following year, although it was not until the 20th June, 1862, that he spoke for the last time in the Institution which he had first entered as a laboratory attendant, nearly fifty years previously.

Even then, he could not leave the institution he loved so much, and he continued to attend its weekly meetings for three more years. He died peacefully, sitting in his arm-chair, at Hampton Court Green, on the 25th August, 1867, and was buried at Highgate Cemetery, London. He had no children.

One of the most attractive and at the same time most striking characteristics of this kindly man of genius was his delicacy of character, demeanour, and mind. In his lectures what impressed his audiences as much as the lucid arrangement of the materials was the extreme grace of their presentation.

Description by a Friend

In describing the great scientist, an intimate friend of Faraday's has touched on this endearing trait. "Nature," he said, "not education, made Faraday strong and refined. A favourite experiment of his own was representative of himself. He loved to show that water, in crystallizing, excluded all foreign ingredients, however intimately they might be mixed with it. Out of acids, alkalis, or saline solutions, the crystal came sweet and pure. By some such natural process in the formation of this man, beauty and nobleness coalesced, to the exclusion of everything vulgar and low."

[See "Life and Letters of Faraday," by Dr. Bence Jones (1870); "Faraday as a Discoverer," by John Tyndall (1870); "Michael Faraday," by S. P. Thompson (1898); "Michael Faraday," by Wilfrid L. Randall (1924); and "Life and Discoveries of Michael Faraday," by J. A. Crowther (1918).]

A RECKLESS GENIUS *Who KNEW His GREATNESS*

The Many Arduous Struggles that Edmund Kean Experienced Before the Public Recognized in Him One of the Most Famous of English Actors

IF I succeed," declared Edmund Kean before his first appearance in the part of Shylock at Drury Lane Theatre, London, "I shall go mad."

Until this fateful occasion everything had been against Kean, and he knew that this chance was his last. At home a wife and child anxiously awaited the result, while a kindly landlady supplied them with food that could not be paid for until Kean had proved that he could act.

The theatre was half empty that raw January night. In the front row of the stalls sat Dr. Drury, the gentleman who had discovered Kean acting in a barn and brought him to London. Peering through the curtain, Kean saw his patron, and decided that he would act his best for him, if for nobody else. But the blank spaces in the vast auditorium chilled his very heart.

The actor had not spoken a word since he had left home to walk to the theatre. In the morning, at the one rehearsal he was allowed, he had given his reading of the part. "This will never do, Mr. Kean," the stage-manager had declared. "I may be wrong," retorted the actor, "but if so, the public will set me right."

Kean knew that he was a great actor, and he was determined to play the part according to his own ideas. He had for so long suffered from the indifference of audiences, and now he was to make his final, supreme bid for fame. With a brief "Thank you" to the call-boy he passed from his dressing-room on to the stage.

Within ten minutes of his appearance Dr. Drury turned to a companion and whispered, "He is safe!" There was a strange stirring among the small audience. Soon this became wild enthusiasm. A critic who witnessed the

performance afterwards declared that "he couldn't make out how the devil such a small gathering could make such a noise." He had overlooked the fact that people had rushed out into the street and to the neighbouring taverns and brought back friends and strangers to see the wonderful new actor.

Kean did not go mad. He rushed home to his garret. "Mary," he said, "you shall ride in your coach, and Charley, you shall go to Eton." And then his face saddened as he thought of another son, Howard, who had but recently died.

It was not perhaps altogether surprising that the sudden change in his fortunes proved too much for Kean's sensitive, highly-strung nature. To a certain extent, the success that came to him as an actor proved his undoing as a man. Unbounded wealth, following upon years of semi-starvation, led him into extravagances that injured the reputation it had taken so long to build up. Towards the end of his short life, indeed, Kean's mind actually became unhinged.

Although he was only twenty-seven when he achieved a triumph second only to that of David Garrick, his life from infancy had been crowded with incident. He was born on the

17th March, 1787, at Gray's Inn, London, in the chambers occupied by his maternal great-grandfather, Henry Carey, author of the famous ditty, "Sally in our Alley."

His mother, who was an actress of mediocre ability, treated him with callous indifference. It is said that the infant Kean was discovered on a doorstep by a young couple walking in the street. By them he was cared for until his fourth year, when his mother reclaimed him with the idea of exploiting him as a child actor.

HIS INTERPRETATION OF BRUTUS



Edmund Kean's interpretation of his different characters was so forcible that his audiences were compelled to forget how much he was handicapped by his unprepossessing appearance. He was very short in stature.

This plan she carried out, and Kean made his first appearance a few months later as Cupid in the ballet of *Cymon* at Drury Lane.

One of the actresses in this piece, Miss Tidswell, took a motherly interest in the child, whose plight was almost worse than that of an orphan, and three years later, in spite of his mother's strenuous objections, he was sent to a school in Orange Street, Leicester Square, and afterwards to another in Soho.

He showed brilliant promise as a scholar, but the roving, gipsy-like strain in his character often led him to play truant, and he would be found giving recitations for coppers outside taverns. For a time he was kept in a comfortable home at Southwark by an aunt. But he imagined that he was being ill-treated and ran away to Portsmouth, where he joined the crew of an outward-bound vessel as cabin-boy.

Disgusted with Sea Life

He soon found that the privations of sea life were less endurable than the restraints of home life. Escape was impossible, however, since he had bound himself to the captain for a long voyage. When the vessel reached Madeira, he contracted a bad cold, and his ingenious mind evolved a means of turning his indisposition to advantage.

One morning, when the ship's doctor came to see him, Kean complained of lameness. He hobbled across the deck with such manifest difficulty and with so plausible a suggestion of excruciating agony, that the doctor, not realizing that he had a youthful histrionic genius to deal with, advised that he should be sent back to England. Kean also feigned deafness with complete success, and so saved himself from replying to awkward questions.

He kept up the deception for many weeks on board another vessel, and even a terrible storm did not frighten him out of his pose. As soon as he had disembarked at Southampton, and was out of sight, his lameness disappeared with remarkable suddenness, and he set off at a good stiff pace in the direction of London.

Instructed in Ventriloquism

He next sought out his uncle, Moses Kean, who was a well-known mimic and ventriloquist, and from him learned the "tricks of the trade" that enabled him to pick up a living on the road. Probably no actor ever studied so many branches of his art, both in the lower and higher forms, as did Kean. He could tumble, dance and sing, and perform equestrian feats, as well as recite Shakespeare, at a very early age.

The kindly Miss Tidswell did her best with the wild boy, but all efforts to keep him at school failed. His mother still took no interest in him, except when he had money to spare, earned by his itinerant performances. At last

another home was found for him with Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, friends of Miss Tidswell, who agreed to board him in return for recitations in the drawing-room for the entertainment of their rich friends.

One day a theatre party was arranged, and Kean stood in the hall with the others ready to enter the coach. "What! is he coming with us," whispered one of the rich guests. Kean overheard the remark and silently slipped away. He never forgot that slight. It made him who, in his own words, could "feel a sneer across Salisbury Plain," doubly sensitive.

Reciting to King George III

Kean ran away from his rich friends, and nothing is known about his doings during the next three years. There is a story that he was sent to Eton by a well-to-do relative, and Kean encouraged this supposition in later life. At fourteen, however, he was acting again, this time on the regular stage at York. A few months later his company visited Windsor, and George III, hearing of a wonderful boy actor in the neighbourhood, sent for Kean to recite to him.

Nothing came of this royal patronage, and Kean was soon on the road again, his next exploit being to break both his legs while riding bare-back at a local circus. He bore traces of this accident all his life.

Six years later, after a long series of provincial engagements, during which he played many of the parts that were afterwards to bring him fame, he had the good fortune to support Mrs. Siddons at Belfast. The great tragedienne at first called him "a horrid little man," but she afterwards admitted that he "played very, very well," although there was "too little of him to make a great actor." Kean was very short in stature, and not naturally graceful, but he conquered both these disadvantages by the sheer power of his acting.

His Marriage with Mary Chambers

On his return from Ireland he met and married Mary Chambers, a young woman nine years older than himself, who had given up a post as governess in order to go on the stage. The manager of the theatre at Stroud, where this event took place, was so incensed by Kean's announcement of the marriage, which, he maintained, spoiled the "draw" attached to the actor's name, that he at once dismissed the young couple.

Kean had to borrow the parson's fee for the ceremony from a bridesmaid, and he started married life with scarcely a penny in his pocket and without an engagement. After a prolonged period of poverty and hardship, he was invited to join a company at Swansea.

There was no money available for coach

fares, and so Kean and his wife set out to tramp the long distance, giving performances at village fairs for what coppers they could collect. They carried their costumes in bundles on their backs, and announced their coming performances of Shakespeare to the rustics, who little realized that the greatest actor of his day was giving them of his best in pennyworths.

The Swansea season was not a success. Kean had to play second fiddle to an incompetent actor named Smith. The latter gave a performance of *Hamlet* which struck Kean, who was playing the part of Polonius, as being so ludicrous that he burst out laughing and turned a back somersault in full view of the audience, who roared their appreciation of the joke. As a result of this incident, Smith was dismissed, and Kean played the leading parts, but he was not appreciated.

At a theatre in Guernsey the audience hissed him. Kean advanced to the footlights and shouted at them, "Unmannered dogs, stand ye when I command!" The result was an uproar, which spread throughout the town, and which the governor had the greatest difficulty in quelling.

Taking to Dissolute Ways

Kean's cup of bitterness was filled to the brim. Even his wife lost faith in his powers. He became restless and took to dissolute ways. At Waterford the captain of the garrison was struck by the actor's fencing skill on the stage, and invited him to practise with his men at the barracks. It was an unfortunate compliment. Kean, who was a thorough bohemian at heart, spent his days carousing with the garrison, who voted him a good fellow and gave him money, most of which was spent in the tavern.

In moments of excitement Kean raved about Drury Lane and taking London by storm, but he was fast losing his chance of ever appearing there. He acted badly, and even his old admirers thought him a ruined man. The death of his elder and favourite son, Howard, shocked him into a realization of the state he was getting into, but he lacked the strength of will to alter his way of living.

One night, at Dorchester, he refused to play, although his name had been billed throughout the town. Even his wife's pleadings proved of no avail. The audience were waiting, and Kean sat in the tavern brooding over the death of his child and his own wrongs.

At the last moment something urged him to change his mind. He dashed to the theatre, and played with all his old power. It was as well he did, for in one of the boxes sat Arnold, the stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre, who, at Dr. Drury's recommendation, had come to Dorchester in search of talent.

After the performance an introduction took place, and Kean was engaged to play at Drury Lane for three years at a salary rising from £8 to £12 a week.

EDMUND KEAN AS SIR GILES OVERREACH



So perfect was the illusion of diabolical villainy created by Kean as this character in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* that one of the actors was actually overcome with astonishment.

Overwhelmed with joy, Kean hurried up to London, but his troubles were not yet over. He had forgotten another engagement he had entered into with a provincial theatre manager, who promptly wrote to the Drury Lane management informing them of Kean's previous contract. The situation was extremely awkward, and the directors of Drury Lane received Kean coldly, and refused to advance his salary until the matter was settled.

By this time Kean had brought his family

to London, and their plight was desperate. The proceedings dragged on for months, until at last it was arranged that Kean should play at the London theatre and compensate the provincial manager to the extent of £2 a week.

There followed the night of triumph which came so near to turning Kean's head. He had not only retrieved himself, but the fortunes of the theatre also, the profits of the following season amounting to £20,000.

Reward of a Great Triumph

Kean was asked to sign his original contract. He did so without saying a word, although he could have demanded practically what salary he liked. The directors then tore up the contract, and made out a new one for £20 a week. Besides this, Kean received many bonuses and presents from enthusiastic aristocrats, including Lord Byron.

His performance as Shylock was followed by equal successes as Hamlet, Othello, and Richard III. Perhaps his greatest part was that of Sir Giles Overreach, in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. It is said that so perfect was

DRURY LANE THEATRE AS KEAN SAW IT



It was here, on the night of the 26th January, 1814, that Edmund Kean, as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, scored his great and memorable triumph, when the public recognized at last his wonderful histrionic powers.

the illusion of diabolical villainy created by Kean in this character, that one of the small-part actors collapsed on the stage and was carried off muttering, "My God, is it possible?"

The Keans now lived in grand style in the West End of London. Little Charles was given guineas to play with on the drawing-room floor, and there were handsome presents for all old friends who called. Kean was as reckless in generosity as he was in personal extravagance. It is said that he spent £500,000 in ten years.

He also indulged his eccentric temperament

to the full, often riding up the steps of the theatre on a big black horse, which he called Shylock, or riding through the night at break-neck speed, jumping toll-gates, and frightening the village folk. Afterwards he would sleep in a stable with Shylock. A rich friend presented him with a tame lion, which he allowed to enter the drawing-room and perform tricks. He would frequently leave his beautiful home for days on end, and live in taverns with associates far beneath him in intellect, but congenial to his bohemian moods.

"Seeing Kean act," wrote Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." In the annals of English actors Kean ranks next to Garrick, whose widow invited him to sit in Davy's chair as the only actor worthy to do so.

Kean was a great actor, but his character was not stable, and much suffering in his early years had left a permanent mark. Later on his wild habits reasserted themselves, but, even when much altered in appearance and shaken in physique, he could act on occasion with all his old force.

During a visit to America, where exaggerated reports of his misdoings had preceded him, his reception was so hostile that he barely escaped with his life. But he so impressed a tribe of Red Indians that they made him a chief, and presented him with a magnificent costume which he wore with great pride.

Last Performance

Towards the end of his life Kean was often in dire straits for money. Owing to his physical infirmities his appearances became more rare, although he never really lost his hold on the public. His last performance as Othello to the lago of his son, Charles, took place at Covent Garden on the 25th March, 1833.

Kean seemed so feeble that it was feared he would not be able to play, but he revived and showed some vestige of his highest powers. Towards the end of the play he was seen to fall into his son's arms, and his whispered words, "O God, I am dying; speak to them, Charles," reached the audience.

He died on the 15th May, 1833, attended to the last by his life-long friend, Miss Tidswell.

[See "A Century of Great Actors," by C. F. Armstrong (1912); and *Lives* by J. F. Molloy (1888) and H. W. Procter (1885).]

The ORIGINATOR of the PENNY POST

Sir Rowland Hill, Whose Post Office Reforms Conferred Such Inestimable Benefits on the Vast Multitude of His Fellow-Countrymen

LYING full length on a couch, a little boy was gazing wistfully at the ever-moving patterns made by the sunbeams on the wall-paper. Now and again the happy shouts of his brothers at play floated into the room through the open window, and a pathetic smile would form about the pale child's lips.

If only he were strong enough to go down and join them in the garden, what fun they would have together. He was tired of lying on his back, tired of playing with the toys his fond mother had suspended by strings above his couch. Why could he not be strong like other boys?

Little feet scampered by outside, the laughing voices died away in the distance, and the invalid turned his eyes again to the dancing sunbeams on the wall. The doctor had said he must be patient, and he was trying to obey instructions. What a glorious time he would have when he was grown-up.

What would he be? What work would he do? Ambitious thoughts, which come to every boy, flashed one after the other through his brain. Whatever it was, he was certain of one thing. He wanted to do something to better the world he was living in, something to bring the sunbeams of happiness into other people's dark lives. Many a story his father had told him of the sufferings of the down-trodden poor and the unjust laws under which they laboured. A loathing of tyranny early found a place in his young heart, and he determined to be a friend of the oppressed.

If young Rowland Hill could have seen into the future, he would have been completely satisfied with the tremendously important work that awaited him. With unswerving devotion to his ideals he was to carry out his task, so that the influence of his postal reforms spread throughout the civilized world.

Rowland Hill, the originator of penny post-

age, was born at Kidderminster on the 3rd December, 1793, in a house which had sheltered several generations of his ancestors. Weakly from birth, the child was threatened with spinal trouble, so that many of his youthful days were perforce spent lying on his back. As is often the case when the body is inactive, Rowland's brain was always busily employed in

seeking to solve mental arithmetic problems or in finding interest in the hundred and one things that the four walls of an ordinary room enclose.

When about seven years old, he entered the school kept by his father, who, although not a brilliant schoolmaster, was most certainly a conscientious parent. He loved the boy, and in private daily intercourse managed to communicate much more knowledge to him than when he sat in the classroom with his other pupils.

The financial resources of the family at that time were anything but flourishing, and Mrs. Hill, who had to bear the brunt of the anxiety, began to impart her troubles to the sympathetic ears of her son, Rowland. "I early saw," he remarked later in life, "the terrible inconvenience of being poor."

This early insight into domestic difficulties did him no harm, however, for

he soon became imbued with the same perseverance and caution that his mother had, a characteristic which was always evident afterwards during his years of civil administration.

As the time passed, he became stronger and better in health, and, when not at school, he eased his mother of some of her work by helping in the house. "By this means," he said, "I acquired a feeling of responsibility and habits of business, dispatch, punctuality, and independence, which have proved invaluable to me through life."

When twelve years old he ceased to be a

ONE OF THE EARLY POSTMEN



In the days before postage-stamps were used, the general postman went round the London streets every afternoon ringing his bell to inform the people that he was collecting letters.

pupil and began to assist his two brothers—aged fourteen and fifteen—in the management of the school. By teaching others mathematics he increased his own knowledge of the subject; indeed, so proficient did he become in teaching mental arithmetic that it is said that his pupils rivalled the famous "Calculating Boy."

Hill's ignorance and knowledge were curiously mixed. When he realized how great some of his deficiencies were, he determined to coach himself more assiduously. Night after night he sat at his books, poring over treatises and explanations until his head swam. So rigorous did his studies become that it was not very long before his health began to suffer, and he was compelled to rest.

Managing His Father's Affairs

Growing stronger again, he resumed his duties, and in his seventeenth year he took upon himself the burden of his father's financial affairs. So successfully did he manage that he had soon established the family exchequer on a much surer foundation.

During the school holidays Rowland Hill and his brothers used to strap their knapsacks on their backs and take to the freedom of the open road. Excursions would be made to places of historic interest, and, when they returned, Rowland's sketch book was always full of memorials of their adventures. He drew very well and loved the pastime so much that he would often become so engrossed that he lost all sense of time and surroundings.

One day he was sitting on the cliffs at Dover, making a sketch of the castle, when a soldier emerged from the fortress and curtly ordered him to cease work. The young artist, anxious to finish the drawing, and not liking to be dictated to in such peremptory fashion, took no notice whatsoever. The soldier retired, and a few minutes afterwards Hill was startled to find his line of vision obstructed by a file of red-coats, fully armed.

He needed no second order to withdraw, for understanding came to him in a flash. With rumours prevalent in England of the completeness of Napoleon's espionage system, it had needed no stretch of imagination for the soldier to see in the artist a dangerous spy. Thus, with great reluctance, Rowland Hill had to leave his sketch unfinished.

The years passed by, and Hill's father gradually relinquished control of the school to his three elder sons. Rowland, who was the driving force in all their financial ventures, suddenly decided that the time had come to build a new and better school-house.

His Own Architect and Supervisor

He chose a site, drew his own plans, and superintended the erection of the building. When it was finished, and the pupils had removed from Hill Top to Hazelwood, as the new school was called, he determined to put into practice a new system of education, which had long been taking shape in his mind.

The boys governed themselves, corporal

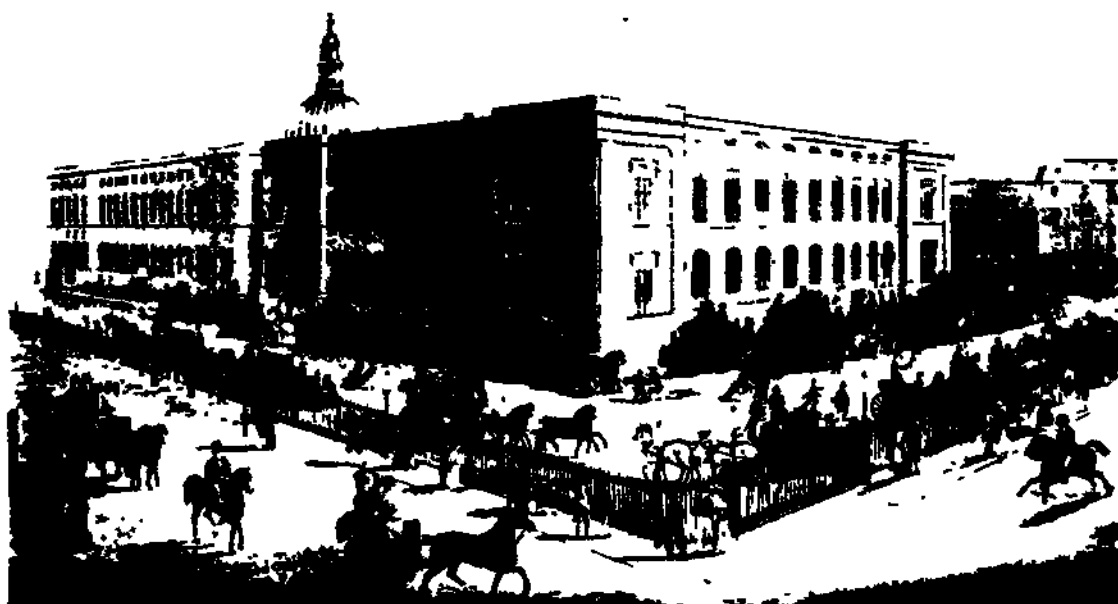
AN ACCIDENT TO A MAIL-COACH DURING THE SNOWSTORM OF 1836



The old system of conveying mails by horse-coaches possessed many disadvantages. Highway robberies were a constant source of menace, and the bad condition of some of the roads caused frequent breakdowns. Floods and snowstorms often interrupted the regular services, and at these times many letters never reached their destination at all.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

THE BUSY SCENE OUTSIDE THE OLD GENERAL POST OFFICE



Inside the enclosure round the old General Post Office the mail-coaches can be seen preparing to start on their journeys to the various towns in England. The charges for the conveyance of letters were so excessive that it was not an unusual thing for the drivers and guards of the coaches to augment their wages by smuggling bags of letters.

punishment was abolished, and bad marks obtained by inaccurate work in school-time could be counteracted by doing useful work in play hours. The pupils had their own court of justice, where they tried and sentenced in various ways the wrongdoers in their midst.

The system, which became universally known as the Hazelwood system, was so successful that in a few years the little community had become a miniature republic. Visitors from all parts of the world journeyed to England to see for themselves the result of Hill's novel experiment, which had been explained in a book written by his eldest brother. There is little doubt that the system had some influence on the mind of Dr. Arnold, who took over the headmastership of Rugby six years later.

His Marriage to Caroline Pearson

About eight years after the transference to Hazelwood Hill married Caroline Pearson, thus bringing to a happy termination a courtship that had begun when their combined ages totalled about eleven years. The school was then moved to Bruce Castle, Tottenham, and here, in this old mansion, Hill worked harder than ever, trying to perfect his system and give his pupils the best education possible.

But he soon discovered that the best he could offer was not nearly adequate. He realized the true extent of his ignorance in certain subjects, and he knew that, try as he might, he could never become a really efficient headmaster.

This thought probably preyed on his mind a great deal and made him despair, but, when he sought to find respite in doing a greater amount of work, nature suddenly stepped in and ended his scholastic career. His health, which he had taxed to breaking-point, gave way, and so in 1833 Hill handed over the directorship of the school to his brother Arthur.

Scheme to Colonize South Australia

Then began a new phase in Hill's life. Becoming interested in a scheme to colonize South Australia, propounded by Gibbon Wakefield, he was appointed two years later secretary of the South Australian commission. While holding this post, he had a certain amount of spare time on his hands, and it was during these leisure hours that he turned his most serious attention to the scandalous postal system which then existed.

In those days, before towns and villages were linked up by railways, the mails were transported by horse-coach. The charge for sending a letter was reckoned by the distance it had to be conveyed, but even then the amount was always exorbitant.

The rates had been gradually increased until on a letter from London to Edinburgh 1s. 4½d. had to be paid. Members of both Houses of Parliament and high government officials, however, enjoyed complete immunity from these charges, for, by an iniquitous system called "franking," they sent all their letters free.

HOW LETTERS WERE SORTED IN ROWLAND HILL'S TIME



On investigating the old postal system, Rowland Hill found that much money and time were needlessly wasted. In every department carelessness was rampant, and "lost in the post" was an explanation with which every business man had become familiar. It was only after many years of bitter struggle with officialdom that the reformer was able to wipe out these evils.

This favour they extended to their many friends, so that in reality the poorer classes were made to bear the burden of the postage, and the rich people, who could well afford to pay, escaped. The great injustice of this system had rankled for some time in Rowland Hill's mind. He well remembered how, in his youthful days, he had often witnessed his mother's dread when the postman's knock sounded on their door. Many times the postage on the letter had been too great to pay, and the missive had to be returned to the postman unopened.

Deceptions and frauds were practised on the post office by rich and poor alike. The system was wholly to blame, and one can hardly censure the people whose poverty forced them to evade paying the heavy charges.

A Story of the Poet Coleridge

There is a story told of how the poet Coleridge, when he was wandering in his beloved Lake District, once came upon a poor woman in the act of refusing a letter brought by the postman. His kindly heart was touched immediately, and, despite the woman's obvious reluctance to receive it, he opened his purse and gave her the money to pay for the letter.

The poet's amazement was great indeed when, the postman having departed, the letter was unfolded and found to be a blank sheet of paper. He learnt from the woman that the letter was never intended for acceptance, that it was sent

to her regularly by one of her family living at a distance as a preconcerted sign that everything was progressing well.

Hundreds of similar deceptions were practised all over the country. Smuggling letters became a most profitable business, and even the drivers and guards of the mail-coaches were not averse to making money in this way.

Hill realized acutely that the tax was gradually draining more money each year from the national exchequer. In France, where lower postage rates existed, there was an annual increase in the post-office revenue. England, he thought, should learn the obvious lesson.

With all his boundless energy he began to make a special inquiry into the methods on which the post office was run. At every step obstacles were placed in his way by officials, who resented what they evidently regarded as unwarranted interference from an outsider. He tried in vain to gain admission to the London post office, so that he could study at first hand the system on which it worked.

Making a Great Discovery

Counting the rebuff as nought, he eagerly perused all the bluebooks issued. He was not the sort of man to be balked in his object if he knew it was for the public good. From the information he obtained he made a great discovery. He felt that the cost of carrying a letter should not be based on the distance it

A MAIL-COACH SETTING OUT FROM LONDON



With the advent of the railway locomotive much of the romance of the "good old days" departed. No longer could the jostling crowds of idle apprentices and country cousins gather to witness with envious eyes the start of the mail-coach on its journey through the country. Rowland Hill was one of the first to foresee the changes the "iron horse" would bring.

had to travel. He found that, although a letter sent from London to Edinburgh was rated at 1s. 4½d., the actual cost of conveyance amounted to one thirty-sixth part of a penny.

By statistics he proved that the greatest expense lay in the receiving and the distribution of the mails. Prepayment, he felt certain, would reduce this expenditure.

His theories and his discoveries were immediately embodied in a pamphlet which he wrote, called "Post Office Reform: its Importance and Practicability." In January, 1837, he sent a copy of this privately to Lord Melbourne's Government in the hope that they would investigate matters, but though Spring Rice, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, sent for the author, no further steps were taken.

The Public Becomes Interested

Determined to overcome official apathy, Hill gave orders that his pamphlet should be printed. Sooner than he expected, the thinking public began to discuss the reformer's plans. Interest was awakened throughout the length and breadth of the country, and Hill was summoned to appear before a special commission. Then it was that he spoke of his invention of the postage-stamp—"a bit of paper just large enough to bear the stamp, and covered at the back with a glutinous wash."

In every town, large and small, meetings were called for the people to sign petitions in favour of Hill's reform. While the agitation was still proceeding, William IV died, so the petitions were directed to the young Queen Victoria. The select committee, appointed by her first Parliament to examine the scheme, presented a favourable report, but owing to increased opposition from the post office no headway was made for some months.

Penny Postage in the Budget

At last the Government could no longer shut its ears to the voice of the people, and on the receipt of more gigantic petitions penny postage was included in the budget and was carried in the House of Commons on the 12th July, 1839. In the House of Lords the bill received strong support from the Duke of Wellington, and it was carried without a division.

Rowland Hill had fought a good fight, and, though the struggle had been bitter, the first fortress had been won. He did not forget to acknowledge the part that his noble wife had played in gaining the victory. For long hours she had sat at his desk taking down the notes, letters, and speeches that he dictated to her. With her good spirits, and her great trust in the cause her husband championed, she had often lifted him from the depths of despair.

Leaving London for a few weeks' recuperative rest from the exhaustion of his three years' struggle, Hill was almost immediately asked to appear before the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The hostility of the Government towards his scheme was clearly shown by the insult when they asked him to resign his post as secretary of the South Australian commission—worth £500 a year—and to accept a position lasting two years at the same salary. He had to devote all his time to the public, in return for which he was to receive an emolument no greater than that of a head clerk.

A BENEFACTOR OF HUMANITY



When Rowland Hill retired from public life, he was happy in the knowledge that he had attained his ambition to better the world in which he had lived.

Hill answered this insult by offering to give his services and the benefit of his scheme free of all remuneration. This the Government dared not accept, and at last they grudgingly increased the proposed salary to £1,500 a year.

The reformer accepted the position, but he soon found that his powers were very limited. Attached, as he was, to the Treasury, he could not exert any direct influence on the post office, and what little authority he exercised was always questioned and scorned. The officials placed every obstacle in his way. They desired to see his penny postage scheme fail.

On the 10th January, 1840, the penny rate came into operation, and the next two years Hill tried his utmost to expedite the working of his new system. In the middle of his work the Whig ministry was defeated, and Sir Robert Peel assumed office. Much to the country's disgust, Hill was immediately dismissed, with no reward whatever for his magnificent services.

For a while the Hill household was in sore straits, but a glad day came when the ex-government official was asked to accept a directorship of the London and Brighton Railway Company. He had received a public testimonial of £13,000, and was chairman of the railway company when the Whig ministry under Lord John Russell returned to power.

Another Obstacle in His Path

Appointed secretary to the new Postmaster-General, Hill still found that he was not free to put things in order, as he wished, for the chief secretary, Colonel Maberley, thwarted him at every opportunity. This unsatisfactory state of affairs lasted for seven years, when the colonel was removed and Hill took his place.

Up till then much money and time had been wasted, but with the new administration changes for the better soon became evident.

After ten years of intense work and worry Hill's health broke down, and he regretfully tendered his resignation. By this time a wonderful transformation had been wrought in the post office. Wages had been raised, shorter hours had been instituted, and many of the foreign rates on letters had been reduced. Instead of being a losing concern, the post office began to increase the revenue. In 1831 the number of chargeable letters was 76,000,000; when Hill retired, the number had increased to about 642,000,000.

The Recipient of Many Honours

Knighted in 1860, other honours were paid him when he retired. For the glory and the praise he cared nothing. He had achieved his one great ambition—to better the world he lived in. His last few years were spent in great suffering, but he remained calm and patient.

The words he used when racked with pain give an intimate impression of his nobleness.

"I accept the evil with the good," he wrote, "and frankly regard the latter as by far the weightier of the two. Could I repeat my course, I should sacrifice as much as before, and regard myself as richly repaid by the result."

Rowland Hill, the gallant British reformer, passed away on the 27th August, 1879, and was laid to rest in the stillness of Westminster Abbey.

[See "Sir Rowland Hill: the Story of a Great Reform," by his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Smyth (1907); and "Life of Hill, and the History of Penny Postage," by Sir Rowland Hill and G. B. Hill (1880). Consult also his "Post Office Reform" (1837).]



The STORY of the AIRSHIP-MEN

How the Brave Pioneers of Aeronautics Took Their Lives in Their Hands and Ventured into the Dangerous Highways of the Air

SINCE ancient times mankind has ever longed to conquer the air. On land and sea the human race has always reigned supreme, but for hundreds of years, try how they would, men could not devise a method by which they might voyage as the birds. Legend and history still preserve for us the stories of many a quaint attempt to fly, while ever since science emerged from the dark cloak of magic which so long enveloped it, scientists have constantly devoted their ingenuity to solving the problem of aerial navigation.

The ingenuity of our forefathers elaborated so many projects for flying that we cannot even mention them here. We must pass on to consider the first efforts of men to rise into the air by means of balloons of some kind or another.

The father of the balloon was Joseph Montgolfier, a Frenchman who flourished during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Montgolfier was urged by a vague desire to find some means whereby he might rise into the air and explore the clouds. This impulse gradually became more and more explicit, until one day, while he was brooding over his fire, Montgolfier thought:

"Smoke rises in the chimney; why not encase this smoke, and have a force available to raise oneself into the air?"

This incident happened in 1782, a short time after the illustrious English chemist, Henry Cavendish, had drawn the world's attention to the fact that gases are definite substances, possessing definite weight, for hitherto gases had been regarded as unsubstantial airy nothings. Previous to this, in 1766, Cavendish had shown that hydrogen, his own discovery, was many times lighter than air.

Immediately afterwards Dr. Black, a famous Edinburgh scientist, propounded the idea that a thin globe filled with hydrogen should be able to rise and float in the air. It is highly probable that Montgolfier and his brother first turned their thoughts to aviation and its possibilities on hearing of Cavendish's discovery and Black's notion.

Various stories are told of how these brothers,

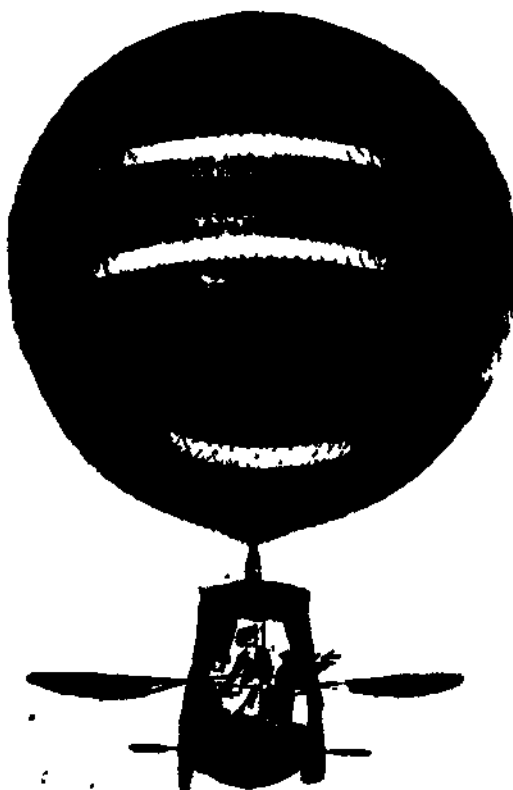
of whom Joseph was the more active, came to invent the balloon. They are said to have studied the question seriously for ten years or more before they reached any definite results. On the other hand, the most reliable account records that the balloon was invented during the famous siege of Gibraltar, when Joseph Montgolfier, an affluent manufacturer, was paying a visit to some friends at Avignon. One evening, as he sat in the chimney corner, he read an account of the siege, illustrated by woodcuts. Obviously it was impossible to bring help to the garrison either by sea or by land. But could they not be reached by air?

He had already observed how smoke (i.e. hot air) rose in a chimney, and his active mind instantly set to work to consider how this hot air might be stored in some sort of an envelope. There and then he im-

provised a little balloon of thin taffeta, placed it over some red-hot cinders, and with great joy he saw it rise to the ceiling. Immediately he wrote home to his brother at Annonay: "Prepare a supply of taffeta and cordage, and you shall see the most astonishing thing in the world."

Returned home, Joseph Montgolfier demonstrated his discovery to his brother by holding a

LUNARDI'S SECOND BALLOON



Vincent Lunardi, an Italian attached to the Neapolitan embassy in London, constructed a balloon in 1784, and then made the first ascent from English soil.



paper bag over a fire fed with wet straw and wool. The bag filled with hot air and soared aloft. Since the brothers were paper manufacturers, they soon had a paper balloon of 700 cubic feet capacity ready for an experiment on a larger scale. This paper bag rose to the height of 1,000 feet on its first trial.

The brothers were overjoyed, and they determined to apply their discovery to human aviation forthwith. They did not delay, however, to send the results of their experiment to the Academy of France for explanation. Practical men themselves, they made no effort at

MAN'S FIRST AERIAL VOYAGE



Man's first voyage into the air in a free balloon was made at Paris, on the 21st November, 1783. The balloon used was constructed by Stephen Montgolfier.

explanation, but they smiled a little at the thought of how all the learned academicians would wrangle about their paper balloon.

The first public balloon ascent took place at Annonay, about 40 miles from Lyons, on the 5th June, 1783. All the town and district turned out to witness the spectacle. The Montgolfiers produced a vast paper bag, weighing altogether 500 lb., which would inflate into a pear-shaped balloon about 35 feet in diameter. The crowd jeered. Such a mass would obviously never rise in the air. Without a word of reproach Joseph Montgolfier lit a

small fire underneath his huge, decorated paper bag—and waited. Very gradually it began to get bigger and bigger. Then the men who held it down let go, and the bag rose swiftly and gracefully into the air, reached a height of about 6,000 feet, drifted over a mile and a half, and finally sank gently to the ground. The public cheered wildly, and then went home to discuss the strange sight they had witnessed.

Interest of the French Academy

On hearing of this triumph, the French Academy demanded that the Montgolfiers should bring a balloon to Paris, and send it up there. The two brothers, however, could not leave their business at once, so the impatient Academy commissioned a M. Charles, one of their number, to make a balloon of his own. Charles thought the matter over, and then produced a silk globular balloon varnished with rubber, which he proposed to fill with hydrogen. Thus a notable improvement was made on the picturesque but rather crude type of Montgolfier's hot-air balloon.

At 5 p.m. on the 27th August, 1783, the new balloon was liberated on the Champ de Mars, in Paris. It was an impressive occasion. Troops kept the crowds back, every housetop was black with spectators. In a shower of rain the balloon swooped upwards, until it was lost to sight in the clouds. It came to earth near Gonesse, a village 15 miles from Paris. The villagers, taking it for a diabolical monster, rushed out upon it with pitchforks and hoes, and quickly demolished it.

Meanwhile the Montgolfiers had arrived at the French capital, and on the 19th September, 1783, one of their balloons was sent up at Versailles in the presence of the king, queen, and all the brilliant pre-revolutionary court. The experiment proved an entire success.

First "Passengers" to Fly

It was this balloon that carried the first "passengers" that ever made an aerial voyage—a sheep, a cock, and a duck. It landed without mishap some two miles from Versailles, and when a gamekeeper found it, the sheep was grazing peacefully near by, while the duck was quacking about in search of something to eat. The cock, however, had been trodden on by the sheep during the journey, and was lamed—the first casualty in the history of aviation.

The success of this experiment caused Stephen Montgolfier to desire to make an ascent himself. Accordingly, a fine large balloon of 100,000 cubic feet was prepared, ornamented with all manner of devices such as the signs of the celestial zodiac. On the 21st November, 1783, the balloon was inflated in the park of La Muette, Paris, and everything was ready for a voyage. Stephen Montgolfier did not, how-



ever, ascend himself, and it was first proposed that two condemned criminals, who had to be killed somehow, should be sent up.

This proposal was too much for a certain Pilâtre de Rozier, who cried out: "What's this? Criminals going to have the glory of first ascending to the sky? No! This shall never be!" So, aided by his friend the Marquis d'Arlandes, de Rozier at last persuaded King Louis, who was present, to allow himself and his friend to take the criminals' place in the balloon. At two o'clock they got into the basket and the balloon was let go.

Successful Flight

It rose rapidly into the air, encountered a steady southerly breeze, drifted some five miles in twenty minutes, and then landed safely and gently in a field. The two aeronauts, none the worse for their experience, were immensely delighted. Thus, for the first time in history, men accomplished an ascent into the air in a free (as opposed to a captive) balloon. The 21st November, 1783, must ever remain a red-letter day in the scientific progress of the human race.

Charles, however, had not been idle with his hydrogen balloons. He had prepared a vessel which, at one stroke, advanced ballooning from its infancy to its prime.

This was a silk, hydrogen-filled balloon, from which was suspended a wicker car, measuring 8 feet by 4 feet, provided with ballast, scientific instruments, and proper accommodation for two adventurous voyagers.

The first ascent was announced by Charles for the 1st December, 1783, which luckily turned out to be a most beautiful day. Starting from the Tuileries Gardens, which were crowded with the rank and fashion of Paris, Charles and his companion Robert began their ascent at about 2 p.m. They immediately rose high in the air, and drifted off to the north-west at a speed of about fifteen miles per hour. On the ground an enthusiastic cavalcade of horsemen, bent on being at hand when a descent was made, eagerly followed their progress.

But Charles in his balloon outstripped them, and finally came to earth at Neesle, nearly thirty miles from his starting-point. A crowd

of peasants helped him to secure the balloon, but by the time his pursuers had arrived, Charles had decided to drop his passenger, Robert, and then ascend again as high as possible. Accordingly, he made another journey lasting for thirty-three minutes, during which he reached a height of 9,300 feet, and took numerous readings on the scientific instruments which he carried with him. Finally, owing to distension, his balloon began to empty itself rapidly, and this intrepid scientific pioneer of aviation, having "perceived a fine ploughed field," hastened his descent and alighted "gently in the field about a league from the place whence I set out" (on the second voyage).

Pioneer of Ballooning

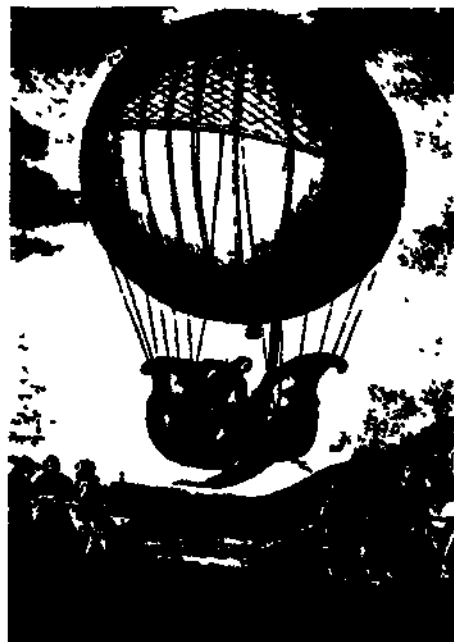
Thanks to the Montgolfiers and Charles, the balloon became an established invention. The Montgolfiers certainly invented it, but their rather cumbersome fire-balloons were not practicable for voyages of more than a few miles. As a professional scientist, Charles was far better able to cope with the problems of the passive balloon, and, indeed, he is the pioneer of ballooning as it exists to-day. For the modern balloon is only an enlarged model of Charles's original craft, with a few refinements and improvements.

It is fortunate, indeed, that this professor of physics—for such Charles was—should have possessed the courage and energy to put into practice the product of his academic knowledge.

One frequently hears the name of Montgolfier, but that of Charles is ignored, or only occasionally mentioned. Though the paper-manufacturing brothers are worthy of much praise indeed, Charles must be acknowledged as the creator of the balloon as a practical means of aviation, and, therefore, as the man who made the airship possible.

Ballooning soon became a fairly general and safe sport in France, and soon spread to England. On the 19th July, 1821, the coronation day of King George IV, Charles Green, a famous English balloonist, made an ascent over London, using coal gas in the place of hydrogen. This innovation proved safe and practicable, and ballooning became a far more possible hobby

AN EARLY HYDROGEN BALLOON



M. Charles setting out from Paris in a hydrogen balloon on the 1st December, 1783. He made a safe landing nearly thirty miles away.

for many folk, for balloons could thus be inflated anywhere where there happened to be a gas works.

Aero clubs sprang up all over Europe, races were arranged, and international prizes offered for competition. But, in spite of all this, except for its usefulness in disclosing the state of the atmosphere, the balloon remained the rich man's hobby. Captive balloons, it is true, made their appearance for purposes of military observation, but, so long as the free balloon remained at the mercy of the winds, it had no real possibilities either in warfare or commerce.

Directly balloons became at all common, it was, of course, recognized how necessary was

THE INVENTOR OF THE BALLOON



Joseph Montgolfier, the son of a wealthy paper manufacturer of France, who first conceived the wonderful and far-reaching idea of a hot-air balloon.

some form of steering device. At first certain sanguine people imagined that a balloon could be equipped with sails and tacked like a ship. As a balloon drifts with the speed of the prevailing wind, this, of course, was a sheer impossibility.

Next, the two brothers Robert produced a melon-shaped balloon, beneath which was slung a long car, equipped with large silken oars or paddles and a silken rudder. An ascent was made at Paris in September, 1784. The oars were plied with great vigour, and, to the joy of everyone, the vessel managed to describe a curve through space, deviating from the feeble wind then blowing. The Robert brothers were quite delighted with the result, and declared proudly that they had "solved the problem of aerial navigation."

After the brothers Robert came General Meusnier and many other inventors who had all the elements for constructing a successful dirigible balloon at their disposal, excepting a motor. This being so, they had to be content with drawing up plans, and waiting for someone else to invent an engine for them. General Meusnier, especially, seems to have been particularly ingenious, and many features of his admirable design are still incorporated in the construction of all non-rigid airships.

Nineteenth-century Projects

Throughout the nineteenth century a variety of airship projects were brought forward, some sane, some wildly fantastic. The real father of the airship, however, is Captain Charles Renard, a French soldier. Renard was, above all things, cautious, practical, and steady, content to walk before he ran—an invaluable quality of mind for the aeronautical pioneer.

For some years Renard and one or two colleagues had been diligently studying the possibilities of the airship for the French war department. From 1880 to 1882 he was engaged in trying to obtain permission from the war minister to build a dirigible after the plans he had drawn up as a result of his researches. At last permission was granted, and an expenditure of about £6,000 was authorized for the project.

After two further years of experiment and construction, Renard produced his airship *La France*, a fine porpoise-shaped vessel of some 66,000 cubic feet capacity. The long narrow car, which was suspended from below the envelope, contained an electric motor of surprising lightness, and a storage battery of Renard's own design.

Finally, at the beginning of August, 1884, the ship was ready for her trials. On the 9th of the month, at Chalais, she made her first voyage in the presence of the war minister and his chief of staff. She rose quickly from the ground, and, as Captain Renard switched on the motor, she gradually gathered way and moved off steadily. For twenty minutes Renard continued to manoeuvre his ship, accomplishing a distance of four and a half miles, and returning without mishap to the place whence he started.

Proving the Dirigible Balloon

Just as the Montgolfiers' first ascent with human passengers, about a century before, had marked the introduction of the balloon, so this trial at Chalais proved once and for all that the dirigible balloon was a practical and safe proposition. During the next two years Renard's airship made six other voyages, and only once failed to return to its starting-place unaided. On the last and most extended of

QUAINT ANCESTOR OF THE MODERN BRITISH AIRSHIP



The *Eagle* was a British airship designed in 1834 for the purpose of establishing communication between the capitals of Europe. A crew of 17 was to have been carried, and the motive power was intended to be supplied by a number of men in the central cabin, working the movable flaps backwards and forwards.

these flights the ship sailed from Chalais directly against the wind to Paris, turned about over the city, and returned, having made its voyage at the very remarkable average speed of $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour.

Renard's success naturally gave a new impetus to the construction of airships, and both in France and Germany various people began to construct vessels according to their own ideas. Electricity, gas out of the envelope, and benzene, driving some sort of primitive internal-combustion engine, were all introduced as a means of propulsion, and many of these attempts at producing a dirigible were crowned with certain success. That is to say, nearly all the craft could fly, but their speed was so low that, in any but the gentlest of breezes, they were helpless. It remained, however, for Alberto Santos-Dumont, and the Lebaudy brothers, two wealthy Frenchmen, to make the airship a practical and all-weather flying machine of reliability.

Santos-Dumont's First Ascent

One of the most attractive figures among the pioneers of aviation, Santos-Dumont was a rich young Brazilian, who, having inherited vast coffee plantations, found Paris more congenial than his own country. In 1897, at the age of 24, he made his first ascent in an ordinary passive balloon, and at once succumbed to the fascination of aeronautics. He forthwith had

two balloons made for him, and for a year devoted all his energetic nature either to ballooning or to motor-cycling, a pastime then in its infancy.

Thus, by way of amusement, he gained experience, both with petrol engines and balloons, and he was soon eager to combine the two into an airship. His first vessel was rather a crude and primitive affair, driven by a $3\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. motor-tricycle engine, and only capable of carrying one person. Nevertheless, on the 20th September, 1898, he ascended from the Paris zoological gardens and manoeuvred round and round overhead quite steadily. Finally, he flew over the city, and effected a rather perilous landing at Bagatelle.

His Second and Third Vessels

Elated by his success, he at once put in hand a larger vessel, which, however, behaved very badly on its first voyage, and ended by depositing itself and its owner in the branches of some high trees. Undismayed, Santos-Dumont promptly began to build a third vessel, designed on safer lines than his two previous ones. This ship, the *Santos-Dumont No. 3*, proved perfectly safe and tractable, but very slow, in fact 13 miles per hour was its maximum speed. The inventor made many pleasant trips in it around Paris, and meanwhile busied himself in preparing a larger and faster craft.

During the summer of 1900, this new ship,



No. 4, became an habitual source of delight to Paris, for on any fine day during the summer months it could be seen flying above the city. All these voyages helped Santos-Dumont to become a skilful and daring pilot.

Looking back on his tiny envelopes and low-powered motors, it may be wondered how he ever managed the successful and numerous trips that he accomplished; but full allowance should be made for the excellent practical knowledge and skill which this constant flying above the Paris roof-tops brought to him. During all his career as an aeronaut he never acquired more than a smattering of technical knowledge, and remained a complete amateur. He is, in fact, an example of what energy, sound common sense, and enthusiasm can effect—provided they are supported by a sufficient amount of capital.

Rounding the Eiffel Tower

Santos Dumont next concentrated his attention on winning the prize offered by M. Deutsch for the first dirigible to fly from Saint Cloud, round the Eiffel Tower, and back again within half an hour. By July, 1901, a new machine, No. 5, was ready, and on the 13th Santos-Dumont made his first attempt to win this prize. After a terrific struggle with a head wind, he completed the course in exactly 40 minutes, and so failed. Directly after his return his engine suddenly stopped working, and the No. 5 was wrecked in the top of a stately chestnut tree

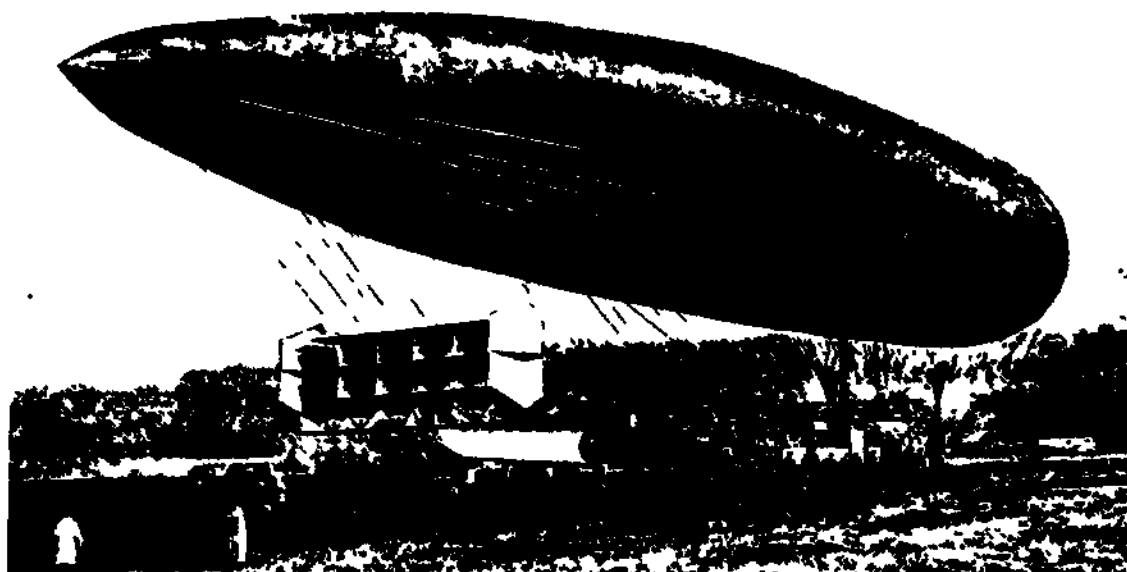
just outside the windows of a house. It was early in the morning, and the lady of the house sent up a breakfast to Santos-Dumont by means of a basket on a string. He ate the food, and then awaited philosophically the arrival of a salvage party.

Forced Descent in Paris

On the 8th August, 1901, he made another attempt, using No. 5, which had by then been repaired. This time he was extremely lucky to escape with his life, for he was forced to descend in the middle of Paris. He hoped to land on the Seine embankment, but, unfortunately, the envelope struck the coping of the Trocadero Hotel. The force of the impact exploded the gas, and the aeronaut was left hanging in his little basket above the heads of the people. Luckily the frame wires attached to the keel sustained his weight, until firemen came and rescued him with a rope.

The very evening of the day of this adventure Santos-Dumont ordered a new airship, the No. 6, a far larger and more powerful craft than any of its predecessors. By hard work it was completed in three weeks and a day, and on the 19th October, 1901, the daring Brazilian once again started out from Saint Cloud. This time success crowned his endeavours, and, though on his return journey he was handicapped by a gusty quartering wind and an erratic engine, Santos-Dumont passed the official time-keeper at Saint Cloud exactly 29½ minutes after he

CLEMENT-BAYARD DIRIGIBLE PREPARING FOR A FLIGHT

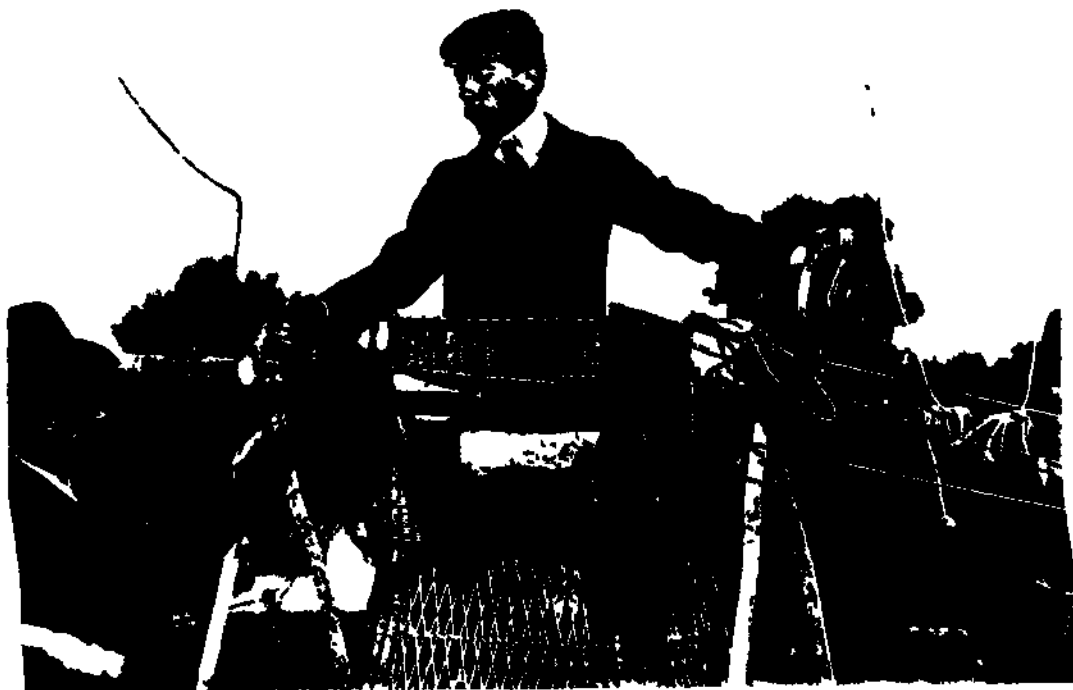


In 1909 the French firm of Clement-Bayard received an order from England for an airship of the Lebaudy type. When the machine was constructed, the bold plan of flying it across the Channel was adopted. The voyage was a complete success, and the dirigible became the nucleus of the airship branch of Britain's army.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index



AN INTREPID EXPLORER OF THE HIGHWAYS OF THE SKY



On the 19th October, 1901, Santos-Dumont flew round the Eiffel Tower in Paris at a rate of 19 miles an hour. By this adventurous feat he proved conclusively, in a way that silenced all the dismal prophets, that the airship was not to be considered a toy, but that it was of the greatest practical use.

had set out. He had accomplished the journey half a minute inside the time allowance.

For the next six years Santos-Dumont continued as active as ever in the study of aviation. He built eight more airships, bringing the total number he had constructed up to 14. Many more accidents befell him, and on one occasion he was fished out of the sea off Monte Carlo. At length he grew so skilful in managing a small dirigible he had built, that he used it to convey himself about Paris.

Spade Work of Santos-Dumont

By this time new figures were appearing in the aeronautic world, men who were intent on developing the airship on a large scale. Santos-Dumont found it impossible to keep pace with the progress made by these people. Though he did not in any particular way aid the development of the dirigible, this brave Brazilian aeronaut showed all the world what a practical and a comparatively safe vessel an airship could be. He was a worthy forerunner of its greater development, and he will also be remembered as one of the parents of the aeroplane. After those exciting days he spent flying over Paris, Santos-Dumont became passionately interested in astronomy, and eventually retired

to his home in Brazil, where he built himself an observatory.

The Lebaudy brothers, who were by profession extremely opulent sugar refiners, turned their attention to aviation in 1899, when they commissioned their own gifted engineer, Julliot, to prepare plans for a large airship capable of high speed. Given *carte-blanche* to proceed on as large a scale as he wished, Julliot produced a fine airship, christened the *Jaune*, because the colour of its envelope was a particularly bright yellow. The machinery was all built at the Lebaudy factories, and, when tested, this dirigible delighted the brothers immensely. They therefore decided to make a special study of dirigible construction, and gave orders for a second and larger airship to be built.

Centre of Airship Industry

An aerodrome with adequate sheds was erected at Moissan, near Paris, and for the time being this place became the centre of the world's aeronautical activities. Here the *Lebaudy* was launched in 1904, and, after fulfilling various tests, it became the property of the French Government who made it the nucleus of the French air service. This vessel was followed by the *Patrie* (1906) and the *Republique*



(1908), each succeeding airship being larger and more powerful than its predecessor.

The Lebaudy dirigibles were built on the semi-rigid principle, which means that the envelope was stiffened by a long keel, from which the cars were suspended. Unlike Santos-Dumont's happy-go-lucky craft, they were the outcome of intense scientific experiment, and in all particulars they were most carefully designed. From the very first the Lebaudys determined to build large substantial craft, capable of an extended cruise and of carrying many passengers on board.

The success of these Lebaudy airships soon attracted other manufacturers into the same

SANTOS-DUMONT'S MACHINE FLYING ABOVE ST. CLOUD



Between the years 1898 and 1906 Santos-Dumont constructed numerous small airships capable of flying. From the early experiments made by this intrepid aeronaut the non-rigid airship of to-day developed.

field of venture. France, in fact, became the home of the non-rigid and semi-rigid airships, just as Count von Zeppelin made the Lake of Constance the home of his magnificent rigid airships. England, however, lagged behind her sister countries, and had neither produced, nor even possessed a single dirigible. This lack was keenly felt in some quarters, and the *London Morning Post*, during 1909, organized a national airship fund for the purpose of buying a Lebaudy, and of presenting it to the Government, thus forcing the authorities to investigate the potentialities of aviation.

The money was raised, and a vessel of the

Lebaudy type was ordered from the firm of Clement-Bayard, and by April, 1910, the airship was completed and ready for service. The bold plan of flying it to England was adopted, and on the 10th September the voyage was commenced. Without a single mishap the great vessel sailed steadily across the Channel, reaching London after a voyage of 242 miles in six hours. All London cheered as the airship cruised slowly over the city before finally coming to rest at Wormwood Scrubbs, where a shed had been built to house it.

Following Britain's Lead

This voyage made a profound impression at the time, and was a triumph for the Lebaudy brothers, for the type of ship brought into existence by them was now rapidly becoming the standard lighter-than-air craft of the world. The British Government had set the example, and Belgium, Italy, and Russia all hastened to equip themselves with at least one airship apiece. Very soon all the European powers were organizing an airship branch for their armies.

It is true that now it seems as though the rigid airship will be the only lighter-than-air craft that will survive. Excepting for keeping a look-out for submarines, and for coast-patrol work, the non-rigid airship has proved of very little value in war time. Furthermore, with the development of the aeroplane, the airship has fallen out of favour as a pleasure craft, for the aeroplane is more efficient, and many times cheaper to equip and maintain.

Nevertheless, the Lebaudy brothers must always remain among the true pioneers of aeronautics, for they fostered and developed a vessel which for a decade or more remained the world's standard of excellence, and by means of which the science of aeronautics gained a considerable amount of useful data and experience.

An account of the activities of Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin will be found elsewhere.

[See "A History of Aeronautics," by E. C. Vivian and W. Lockwood Marsh (1921); "My Airships," by A. Santos-Dumont (1904); "Airships in Peace and War," by R. P. Hearne (1910); and "The Aerial Ship," by F. Lana (1910).]

A SEEKER After the NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

How Henry Hudson's Gallant Attempt to Discover a Sea Route Across the North Polar Region Ended in One of the Saddest Tragedies in History

PRACTICALLY nothing is known about the early life of Henry Hudson, "the worthy irrecoverable discoverer," as he has been described. It is probable, however, that he belonged to a family of that name who were people of considerable influence in the sixteenth century, and that Alderman Hudson, who helped to establish the Muscovy Company in London, which existed for the purpose of developing trade possibilities in the Russian seas, was his grandfather.

This Hudson died in 1555, leaving many sons. Records of these kinsmen of the navigator appear from time to time, although the name is spelled variously, in connexion with the Muscovy Company, until "in the year 1607, the said 'fellowship' sent forth a ship called the *Hopewell*, whereof Henry Hudson was master, to discover the pole."

His Early Years

Whatever the circumstances of the navigator's birth and upbringing, it is likely that he spent his early years in an atmosphere of commercial enterprise.

Hudson's youthful fancy was evidently captured by the sight of ships sailing up the Thames, or unloading their strange merchandise at the quays. Unlike many another youth less fortunately placed, he could feed his romantic longings by talking with one or other of his kinsmen whose livelihood was derived from foreign trade.

It seems almost certain that Hudson must have sailed the seas many times before he undertook the first of the four voyages that won him immortal fame. The Muscovy Company trained boys and young men destined for their service on a term of apprenticeship. Some of the boys were sent out to Russia, and taught to keep accounts and to buy and sell under the direction of the company's agents. Others were taught the difficult art of navigation.

In *The Trades Increase*, a rare document

printed in 1615, we are told that "the fleet that went ordinarily thitherward (to Russia) entertained three or four novices in a ship, and so bred them up seamen, which might make up the whole happily some fourescore men yearly. . . ." This practice must have been in force many years, for the company was founded in 1555, and what more natural than that Henry Hudson experienced one form of apprenticeship or perhaps both?

HUDSON CAST ADRIFT WITH HIS SON



Ill-fated Henry Hudson and his young son in the boat in which they, with certain other members of the crew, were cast adrift by the mutineers on the *Discovery*. The castaways were never heard of again, so the fate that they suffered must for ever remain a mystery.

Nothing short of fully accredited seamanship could have secured for Hudson the leadership of a venture so much more hazardous than the company's ordinary expeditions, being, in fact, an expedition in search of a north-westerly or

north-easterly passage across the polar regions to the far-distant land of China.

The discovery of some route was of great importance in view of the trade rivalry of the Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese, and a plan of Sebastian Cabot's was eagerly discussed by the adventurous merchants in the city.

Sir Hugh Willoughby's Expedition

One of the earliest expeditions carried out at Sebastian Cabot's suggestion was led by Sir Hugh Willoughby, captain-general of the fleet, and consisted of three well-manned vessels. After a terrible battering in the ice, two of the ships arrived at a remote spot on the coast of Lapland. Willoughby had but scant knowledge of the surroundings, and he had not foreseen the rigour of the arctic climate. The result was that the unfortunate crews were frozen to death. Willoughby's body was afterwards found seated at a table in the cabin on which was the ship's journal. The third vessel arrived safely in the White Sea, where the crew were rescued by Russian sailors and conveyed to the emperor.

In 1555 Queen Mary granted a charter to the Company of Merchant Adventurers, which Cabot had organized, and it is on this document that the name of Henry Hudson, the probable grandparent of the navigator, first appears. In the same year the Emperor of Russia granted a charter to the company, enabling it to trade throughout his dominions.

Need of North-West Passage

Hudson must have been fully aware, not only of the difficulties of his expedition, but of the commercial possibilities. The Muscovy Company, however, enriched by its trading arrangements with Russia, was not so urgently in need of fresh fields as it had been in the days when Cabot made his suggestion. Nevertheless, the search for a north-westerly passage was still regarded as desirable. Hudson was equipped with a small vessel and a crew of twelve men, including himself and his son, who was described as "John Hudson; a boy."

The *Hopewell* weighed anchor at Gravesend on the 1st May, 1607. The coast of Scotland was left behind on the twenty-sixth day, and on the 11th June whales were observed. Wind and fog rendered progress unexpectedly slow. "Our sayle and shroudes did freeze," so intense was the cold. By the 13th June land was sighted. Hudson describes it as very, very high, and covered with snow. "At the top it looked reddish, and underneath a blackish clay, with much ice lying about it." He named the rising ground Mount of God's Mercie.

Although Hudson did not know it, the success of his expedition was already doomed. The *Hopewell* soon reached the great ice barrier that

stretches between the islands now known as Greenland and Spitsbergen, and through which it was impossible for a vessel to pass. In the vain search for a north-eastern passage, Hudson steered alongside the ice for three days, reaching a latitude of 80°, which was the farthest then recorded by an English navigator. Sighting land again, he came to the conclusion that he was now too far north for the realization of his purpose, and turned back. The island which the explorer named Hudson's Touches, and which is now known as Jan Mayen, was discovered on the homeward journey.

Valuable Results of Voyage

The whole voyage occupied three months and fifteen days, and its results, although disappointing in comparison with the original ambitious design, were of enormous value to the Muscovy Company. Hudson was able to recommend his directors to turn their attention to the whale trade, and, as a result of his investigations, success attended the experiment.

It is not surprising that the Muscovy Company soon sent Hudson on a second journey. Again skirting the impenetrable ice barrier, he arrived at Nova Zembla on the 27th June, 1608, and, after making important investigations in these parts of the Arctic regions, attempted the heroic feat of rounding Cape Tabin (Tartaria), hoping by this means to enter the Pacific Ocean, and so achieve his main object of linking up Europe with China by way of the north.

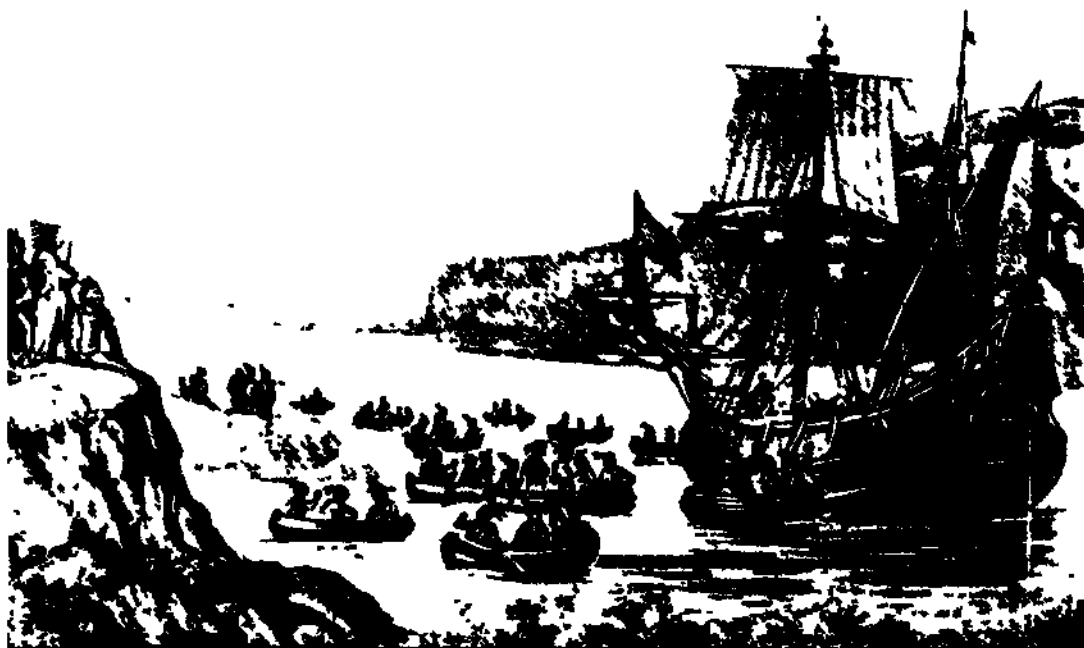
Ice, gales, and shifting currents thwarted this hazardous attempt, and Hudson decided that it was his duty to "save victuall, wages, and tackle by a speedie return and not by foolish rashnesse, the time being wasted, to lay more charge upon the action than necessitie should compell."

Third Expedition Suggested

On his return Hudson met with a cold reception, for this time he had discovered nothing that would add to the profits of the Muscovy Company. They refused to finance a third expedition. The navigator's fame, however, had spread, and he was approached by the Dutch East India Company to undertake a third voyage of discovery.

Two vessels, the *Good Hope* and the *Half Moon*, left Amsterdam on the 25th March, 1609, Hudson being in the latter. Almost from the beginning, there was threatened mutiny among the men. Hudson at first directed his course towards his old haunts, but his crew complained so loudly of the hardships endured amidst the ice and snow that he was obliged to remain near the Newfoundland coast. At this point the *Good Hope* decided to turn about and set sail for Holland.

THE HALF MOON ON THE RIVER WHICH BEARS HUDSON'S NAME



On his third voyage of discovery in 1609, Hudson was provided with two vessels, the *Half Moon*, which he commanded in person, and the *Good Hope*, which returned to Holland on reaching Newfoundland. Having cruised about the east coast of North America, the navigator sailed up the Hudson River, where his ship was visited by the native Indians

Hudson's unruly crew practically dictated his route, but he contrived to make some important discoveries. Avoiding the Arctic regions, he crossed the Atlantic, reached Nova Scotia, and cruised up and down the east coast of North America, looking for trading possibilities, and making efforts to enter upon friendly relationship with the natives. He was, however, greatly impeded by the follies of his quarrelsome, grasping crew. He reached Sandy Hook early in September, and afterwards successfully disproved the theory that had been advanced by Hakluyt of the existence of a passage bisecting the continent.

Sails Up a Great River

Soon afterwards Hudson sailed for a considerable distance up the great river which has since borne his name. He saw no signs of white men, and concluded that he was the first Christian to explore the river. In this assumption he was only partly justified, for the river was already marked upon maps, although it had not hitherto been navigated to such an extent. But the voyage was not a successful one from the point of view of the Dutch East India Company, who offered him only the poorest terms for another voyage.

Hudson, who was accompanied by his young son John, started out on the last and most

dramatic of his voyages on the 17th April, 1610. He appears to have sailed under the auspices of the Muscovy Company again, but there is evidence that the expedition was privately financed by three gentlemen of means—Sir Thomas Smythe, Sir Dudley Digges, and John Wolstenholme. The *Discovery*, in which he sailed, was a vessel of 55 tons, and was fitted out for a long voyage, the object of which was, once more, to find a passage through the polar regions to the other side of the world.

The Seeds of Tragedy Sown

The seeds of tragedy were sown almost at the beginning. Among the crew there was a young man named Henry Greene, whom Hudson had befriended during his short stay on shore. We are told that Greene was "borne in Kent of worshipfull parents," and that at a very early age dissolute and wasteful habits had reduced him to want.

The circumstances of the first meeting between Hudson and Greene are unknown, but it is certain that Hudson treated the worthless young man like a father, taking him into his house and providing him with food.

Hudson started out on the voyage in a disgruntled frame of mind. The directors of the enterprise had appointed a mariner named Colburne, in whom they had great confidence,

to assist Hudson. Not unnaturally, the latter was incensed at this slight upon his seamanship. At the last moment he sent Colburne ashore with a letter to the directors stating his reasons for dismissing him, and he took care to slip the *Discovery's* anchor before any discussion of the matter could take place. The incident undoubtedly disturbed Hudson, and it is extremely probable that the crew received the full benefit of his ill-humour.

Heavy Ice Encountered

The *Discovery* left London on the 17th April, 1610. Trouble began shortly after Greenland was reached. The ship ran into ice, and Hudson was unable to extricate her. There were murmurings among the men, who saw that their master was in difficulties. Eventually Hudson revealed the chart showing the ship's position, pointing out that they had reached a hundred leagues farther north than any previous English ship. He made an appeal to them to proceed. "Whereupon some were of one mind and some of another, some wishing themselves at home and some not caring where, so they were out of the ice; but there were some who then spake words, which were remembered a great while after."

Hudson, at least, did not forget them, for shortly afterwards he dismissed Robert Juet, the mate, and promoted the boatswain, Robert Bylot, to his place. Meanwhile, the unlucky little ship was buffeted about in the ice-fields, and the foulest weather was encountered. After three months spent "in a labyrinth without end," winter quarters were found in the south of James's Bay. A few days later the ice closed in round the *Discovery*.

Rewards for Obtaining Food

The supply of good food was not sufficient for a long winter, and Hudson offered rewards for the killing of bird, beast, or fish. But the disaffection increased, the men, apparently, not being able to forgive Hudson for having failed to escape from the ice. In November, John Williams, the gunner, died. "God pardon the master's uncharitable dealing with this man," wrote Abacuk Prickett in his log, which seems to indicate that Hudson's temper had not been improved by the hardships of the voyage.

About this time, certain actions of Henry Greene had caused trouble, and Hudson was continually obliged to shield him. According to Abacuk Prickett, the young man "stood upright and very inward with the master, and was a serviceable man every way for manhood; but for religion, he would say, he was cleane paper whereon he might write what he would." His evil character soon led to serious disturbances among the crew.

When John Williams died there was dissen-

sion as to who should possess the grey cloth gown which the unfortunate gunner had worn. Greene used his influence with Hudson to obtain this, although, being without wages, he could not pay for it as the others would have done. Soon afterwards Hudson quarrelled with the carpenter, who had refused to go ashore and build a hut. The master gained his point, and the hut was built, but the carpenter's anger rankled. Greene was foolish enough to take his part.

This so angered Hudson that he turned upon his favourite, and took the gunner's cloak from him. The ungrateful young man thereupon began to plan mischief. From that moment he joined with the men against Hudson, and, in fact, he was the leading spirit in the unforgivable crime that followed.

Three Months of Bitter Weather

The sufferings of the marooned party must have been intense, and the situation was aggravated by the undercurrent of trickery and conspiracy directed against the master. Through those three months of bitter weather and short rations, Greene was slowly poisoning the minds of the crew, and inciting them to action, when the opportunity should occur. But that could not be until the ice broke.

"To speak of all our trouble in this time of winter," writes Abacuk Prickett, "would bee too tedious. But I must not forget to show how mercifully God dealt with us in this time: for the space of three months wee had such store of fowle of one kinde (which were partridges as white as milke) that wee killed above an hundred dozen, besides others of sundry sorts; for all was fish that came to the net."

The irony of it was that, when the spring came, these easily killed birds flew away instead of, as might be expected, settling to breed. The men were compelled to eke out their rations by eating moss gathered on the shore, and frogs, while they drank a decoction prepared by the ship's doctor from a substance resembling turpentine that oozed out of a tree.

Opportunities for Villainy

With the breaking-up of the ice came better opportunities for fishing—and villainy. One day Greene and a man named Wilson plotted to go out in the ship's boat, ostensibly to fish, in reality to escape with the net and shift for themselves. If they had succeeded Hudson might have lived to see England once more, and the world would probably have been rid of two scoundrels. On the eve of their departure, however, Hudson noticed a fire burning in the distant woods. Convinced that this implied human habitation, and possible food, he took the boat himself, and set out to explore the mainland. He was gone some days, during which time Greene and Wilson lost no time in corrupting the rest of the crew.

THREE CENTURIES AFTER HISTORY HAD BEEN MADE



Three hundred years after her historic trip across the Atlantic Ocean and up the Hudson River, Hudson's famous ship, the *Half Moon*, was reconstructed to take part in the Hudson-Fulton celebrations in 1909. The two men in the prow of the boat are wearing costume similar to that worn by members of Hudson's crew.

Hudson returned from his fruitless errand and began to set the ship in order for the homeward journey. It is said that he wept when handing out to the men the remaining ration of bread, consisting of one pound apiece. There was enough to last fourteen days, but Wilson ate his share in one day, and Greene likewise soon disposed of a week's supply. A further fishing expedition was undertaken but it yielded less than a hundred small fish.

Begins to Lose His Nerve

The *Discovery* was got under way on the 18th June, but the wind proved contrary, and she ran into ice. At this point Hudson seems to have begun to lose his nerve, "not caring to go one way or other," and offering no explanation to the exasperated and half-starved members of his crew.

A crisis was reached on the 21st June. Lying in his cabin, nursing a lame leg, Abacuk Prickett was approached by Greene and Wilson, who informed him that they, and the majority of the crew had decided to turn "the master and all the sicke men" into the small boat, and leave them to fend for themselves. To do Prickett justice, he expressed himself as horrified by the proposition, and for a long while held

out against the argument and threats of the two conspirators. But he was offered no choice other than sharing the horrible fate that awaited Hudson, or acquiescing to Greene's proposals.

Short of revealing the plot, Prickett did everything that he could to avert its operation. He sought out Robert Juet, who "because hee was an ancient man, I hoped to have found some reason in him," but the latter proved more determined even than Greene. The others were equally beyond appeal to reason. Prickett, himself hungry and desperate, tried to soothe his conscience, and put a gloss of decency upon the affair, by binding his associates in an oath: "You shall swear truth to God, your prince and cuntry: you shall doe nothing but to the glory of God and the good of the action in hand, and harme to no man."

An Attempt to Restrain the Crew

By framing this strangely worded oath, so hypocritical on the face of it, Prickett may have half hoped to sway the minds of the crew, but in any case it would not have been difficult to persuade men driven near to madness through hunger and the fear of death to swear anything, or to save their consciences on

the score of "the good of the majority." It must be remembered too, when considering all the motives that led to the blackest of crimes committed at sea, that Greene had told his associates that Hudson was no longer capable of piloting the ship to safety, and that there was food hidden in the master's cabin.

"It was darke, and they in a readiness to put this deed of darkness in execution" Prickett managed to persuade them to postpone action until the morning, and the time until a late hour was filled in by whispered discussion as to whom should accompany the master.

Hudson Seized and Bound

Only two members of the crew were now doubtful—John King and the carpenter, the latter being especially under watch since it was known "the master loved him." In the morning Greene went to this man and talked to him while the rest of the gang seized and bound Hudson as he came out of his cabin. Meanwhile, Juet approached John King in the hold. The latter, who had apparently heard of the plot, produced a sword, but Juet called for help and King was overpowered.

On deck a dreadful scene was being enacted. Hudson, with his arms tightly bound behind, looked around him for a friendly eye, apart from those of the sick men who had no choice. Confronted by the carpenter, he spoke to him, but the man made no answer and seemed to be won over to the conspirators, although at the last moment he relented and went into the boat with Hudson. John King appears to

have capitulated, for his name does not appear in the list of those put into the boat.

Prickett narrowly escaped inclusion among those doomed to certain death, for at the last moment he fell on his knees and besought them "to remember themselves, and to doe as they would be done unto." He was locked in his cabin, but, through the window space, he managed to tell Hudson that it was Greene who first hatched the plot, and not Juet, as the former suspected.

After some fearful last moments of hot debate, owing to the parting of friends and Greene's savage animosity, the list of those to be abandoned was finally agreed upon. Hudson and his son and seven other men, more or less ailing, were forced to enter the boat, which was speedily cut adrift. The *Discovery* with Robert Bylot as its master, then put on sail until the boat was out of sight.

The Fruits of Iniquity

Nothing was ever heard of Henry Hudson and his companions, but their fate was sealed, for they had no food and no means of finding it or of steering a course through the ice-blocked seas. The *Discovery* arrived in England in September, with only a remnant of its crew alive. The majority had died of starvation, and others, including Greene, had been killed in encounters with Eskimos. The story of the desertion soon leaked out, and the guilty survivors were thrown into prison.

See "Henry Hudson the Navigator," edited by the Hakluyt Society (1890).

THE GREAT RIVER DISCOVERED BY HUDSON WHERE IT PASSES NEW YORK



Far different is the Hudson River of to-day to that up which the intrepid navigator journeyed in 1609. Then no great cities lined its banks, and the only evidence of human habitation was provided by the native Indians. Not until fifteen years afterwards did the first white settlers arrive at the site on which now stands New York, the second largest city in the world.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

THE PIONEER *of* RAILWAY COMFORT



In America, that country of great distances, Pullman cars are now necessities of travel, and in Great Britain they are by no means uncommon. It is less than seventy-five years ago that a restless night of travel between Buffalo and Westfield set young Pullman thinking of a remedy for the discomforts of long-distance railway travelling.

ONE night, during the early 'fifties of the nineteenth century, a young American, who was in a fair way to making a success of his business as a building contractor on a large scale, travelled from Buffalo to Westfield in a sleeping-car. It was his first experience of the kind, and naturally he looked round him and examined the arrangements.

He soon discovered that these were of a most unsatisfactory description. Passengers reclined on hard mattresses in roughly built bunks fitted into the sides of the carriage. The scanty bedding provided was of the coarsest kind. Discriminating persons preferred to dispense with sheets and blankets, covering themselves instead with overcoats and shawls.

At one end of the car a smoky stove sent out a fluctuating glow of warmth. A fitful yellow light emanated from the few candle lamps suspended from the ceiling and swaying to and fro with the jerky motion of the train.

Discomfort Sets Him Thinking

Unable to sleep or to read, the young man had perforce to think. He tried to fix his thoughts upon pleasant subjects, but ever and anon a sudden jerk of the train, or the discovery of a particularly hard place in the mattress upon which he lay, tossing from side to side, brought his mind back to the problem of how the unnecessary hardship which he and

his fellow travellers were enduring without complaint could possibly be avoided.

The journey was long, and the young man had brains. Before dawn broke he had worked out plans for remedying the evil that had been so forcibly brought to his notice. He had, in fact, thought out the first Pullman car, and he was so sure of the details of its construction that he did not even make notes.

As a result of that young man's night of restless discomfort, it is now possible to travel, without change, from Washington to San Francisco—a journey of 3,625 miles, occupying five days—under conditions of ease and comfort that make the mere fact of travelling scarcely noticeable.

Progress in the development of the sleeping-car had been remarkably slow compared with the rapid growth of the railway itself.

The First Railway Sleeping-Car

The first sleeping-car was introduced by the Cumberland Valley Railroad of Pennsylvania in 1836, and it remained in much the same primitive condition for more than twenty years. The cars were little more than travelling bunks, and humanity, conservative in the mass, would, perhaps, have continued to make shift with them for many more years had not the indignation of George Mortimer Pullman been aroused by his unpleasant experience.

Pullman was born at Brockton, a village in

the Chautauqua county, New York state, on the 3rd March, 1831. After an ordinary schooling that ended in his fourteenth year, he entered the employment of a local store-keeper, receiving a salary of 40 dollars annually. Three years later he grew tired of the restrictions of Brockton, and migrated to Albion, where his elder brother had already set up in business as a cabinet-maker.

Pullman quickly acquired skill and experience in all branches of woodwork. At first there was plenty of scope for both the brothers, but at the end of seven years the business done proved inadequate to their joint needs. George Pullman, therefore, began to look about him for a wider field of activity.

At that time the New York authorities had begun to carry out a scheme for widening the Erie Canal, which passed through Albion. One of the chief difficulties of this undertaking was the removal of the many warehouses and factories that stood along the original banks of the canal. They had to be taken down and rebuilt on the new banks. Pullman, inexperienced as he was in this kind of work, put in a tender which was accepted. He engaged a staff of labourers, and carried out the difficult undertaking in a most satisfactory manner.

Fortune Awaits in Chicago

This fortunate opportunity enabled Pullman to sever his partnership with his brother, and journey westwards in search of similar openings in his newly found profession. Fortune again favoured him, for he arrived in Chicago at a time when extensive plans were being made for raising the level of the city streets.

The city had been hastily built upon sand dunes and low-lying ground, with the result that proper drainage was impossible, and the cellars and ground floors of the houses were constantly being flooded. Pullman obtained contracts for the rebuilding of many houses

that had sunk into the soft ground. Among other buildings that he raised to the level of the new streets was the famous Tremont House.

In Chicago, too, Pullman got into touch with the modern spirit of enterprise and commercial expansion. He met young men who, like himself, were full of ideas—young men destined to play important parts in the rapid development of America's manifold industries. After he had completed his contracts, and accumulated some capital, Pullman began to consider in which of many directions it would be most profitable to turn his energy and money.

It was about this time that he made the night journey that was to decide this question for him. Going to Bloomington, a township about 125 miles from Chicago, he approached the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company with an offer to improve their existing sleeping-cars. The company invited him to inspect all their cars, and gave him a contract to carry out his suggestions.

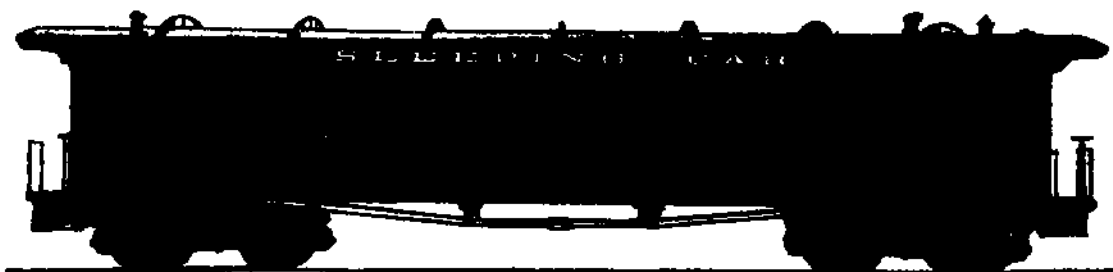
His First Sleeping-Car

Pullman selected two of the cars, and, with the assistance of a small staff of railway employees, set to work on the alterations. He had made no plans on paper, and he worked out the details and measurements as they occurred to him on the spot.

His first step was to remove the unwieldy bunks, and replace them with compact upper berths that could be moved out of sight during the daytime. These berths were suspended from the ceiling of the car by ropes and pulleys, and held in position by iron rods running from floor to roof. They constituted the nucleus of the improved car, and were entirely the invention of Pullman.

Oil lamps took the place of the candles, and an improved type of heating stove was introduced. One of Pullman's earliest ideas was that the car should be more durable as well

THE FIRST RAILWAY SLEEPING-CAR MADE BY PULLMAN



The Pioneer took a year to build, and cost upwards of 20,000 dollars. It was a foot wider and two and a half feet higher than any railway carriage hitherto built. It rested on an improved trolley, the chief features of which were a specially resilient type of spring and a "shock absorber."

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

as more comfortable than before. He, therefore, substituted stout hickory wood for the flimsy cherry wood previously used. Plush upholstery gave a finished appearance to the new interior, which, although still capable of improvement and far from luxurious, constituted an enormous advance on that of the original cars.

A trial trip aroused little public interest. No crowd assembled at the station to see the train draw out with the first two Pullman cars attached to it. A few passengers had booked seats, and the conductor had great difficulty in persuading them to remove their boots.

The inventor passed the night in one of the berths. It is doubtful whether he slept much better than on the occasion when he had first thought of his idea, for his mind was busy thinking out plans for additional comforts and improvements.

So sure was he that the public would ultimately come to appreciate the benefits that he had offered them, that he invested all his capital in the building of another car. This time he carried out the entire construction, exterior as well as interior.

Points of the Pioneer

The *Pioneer*, the first real model Pullman car, took a year to build, and cost upwards of 20,000 dollars. It was a foot wider and two and a half feet higher than any railway carriage hitherto built. It rested on an improved trolley, the chief features of which were a specially resilient type of spring and a "shock absorber" in the shape of a solid block of rubber placed between the springs and the floor of the carriage.

The *Pioneer* was so large that it would not pass under the bridges or between the narrow platforms of the existing railway stations. The directors of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, however, had such faith in Pullman's invention that they gave instructions for the necessary alterations to be made throughout their system.

By this time considerable public interest had been aroused in the Pullman cars, and, when President Lincoln died, there was a widespread demand that the *Pioneer* should be attached to the train which conveyed his body from Chicago to Springfield. Extra gangs of men were put on to the work of adjusting the track, and all was ready in time. A few years later, when General Grant engaged the *Pioneer*, in which to travel from Detroit to Galena, in Illinois, a special new track was built for the journey.

Other cars followed the *Pioneer*, and in each one some new device rewarded the persistence and painstaking efforts of the in-

ventor. There were now carpets and curtains. The bedding was such as to remove all scruples from the minds of diffident passengers.

But the process of wooling the public into patronizing the cars was a slow and costly one. Other railways refused to adopt the new cars, on the ground that the public would not pay the increased price. This was a serious blow to Pullman, who could see no return for his outlay unless the demand for the new cars

SHOWING HOW IT IS DONE



The early Pullman cars aroused widespread interest, and the inventor was frequently called upon to explain the details of their construction.

increased. He, therefore, suggested to the companies that they should run cars of the new pattern together with the old ones, and let the public judge for themselves whether the benefits were worth the increased fare.

The experiment brought success. Very soon the only passengers to be seen in the old cars were those whose complaints were loud because they had been too late to secure a berth in one of the new type. Shortly afterwards, the old "cattle truck" disappeared for ever. Competition compelled other railways to adopt Pullman cars, and each new one outdid the former, both in decorative features and in luxury of accommodation.

A contemporary writer describes the advantages of "the absence of mattresses or dingy curtains by day, the beauty of the window curtains looped in heavy folds, the French plate mirrors suspended from the walls, as well as the several beautiful chandeliers with exquisitely ground shades hanging from a ceiling painted with chaste and elaborate design upon a delicately tinted azure ground, while the black walnut woodwork and rich Brussels carpeting make the picture complete."

The First "Hotel Car"

In 1867 the first "hotel car" was put into service on the Great Western Railroad of Canada. Substantial meals were prepared in a kitchen at the end of the car, and the diners ate at tables placed in sections. At night the berths were taken down, and the interior was transformed into a sleeping apartment.

This combination car was afterwards abandoned, but at the time it was hailed as a triumph of Pullman's ingenuity. His later invention of the vestibule enabled passengers to pass through from the sleeping to the dining or lounge car, and so simplified the problem of comfort for every contingency of travel.

It is difficult to over-estimate the enormous stimulus to railway travelling in America that was provided by the introduction of the Pullman car. People who had hitherto dreaded long journeys now embarked upon them for pleasure. The six days' journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific had become, as a contemporary traveller expressed it, "nothing more than a six days' sojourn in a luxurious hotel, past the windows of which there constantly flowed a great panorama of the American continent, thousands of miles in length, and as wide as the eye could reach."

Works Established at Detroit

When it is considered how vast an area is covered by the railways in America, and that once people had heard of the new cars they absolutely refused to travel in any others, it can be seen that Pullman was soon amply rewarded for his enterprise. A company was formed, and large manufacturing works were opened up at Detroit. But this increase in output did not lead to a standardization of the cars. Pullman was always improving his designs, and, perhaps, no modern innovation has kept pace with the times so unfailingly as the Pullman car.

At one time its decorative features reflected the florid style in vogue, resembling the interior of a French drawing-room in the rococo period. Gradually this unnecessary extravagance of design gave way to a simplicity more suitable to the taste of later generations, while greater attention was paid to the scientific

working out of details in regard to heat, light, and space.

In England, the old Midland Railway Company were the first to adopt Pullman cars. Eighteen were ordered early in 1873, and the arrangement of the contract reveals the shrewdness of Pullman's mind. No charge was made for supplying the cars, which remained the property of the Pullman company, who derived their profits from the extra fares charged. The only stipulation was that the railway company guaranteed the Pullman company the exclusive right to provide the cars.

London to Brighton by Pullman

By 1879 Pullman sleeping and drawing-room cars were in use on three English and three Scottish lines, and in November of that year the Great Northern Railway inaugurated Pullman dining-cars. In 1888 the "Pullman, Limited, Express" started a regular service between London and Brighton on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. These trains were composed of four Pullman cars—a parlour car, a drawing-room car, a restaurant car, and a smoking car. In 1889 the same railway began to run the first Pullman vestibule train, three Pullman cars being attached to a train made up of three first-class cars.

Until 1906 the Pullman Company, Limited, of England was run as a part of the American company. Since that date, owing to the development of the system in the United States, it has been carried on as a separate concern, though still bearing the name of Pullman.

On the Continent the Pullman company found themselves forestalled by another car, invented by Colonel W. D. Mann. It resembled the Pullman car in some respects, one difference being that it was divided into compartments, or "boudoirs," connected by a private door used only by the car attendant. Many similar companies quickly sprang into existence with rival sleeping-cars, but none of them approached the Pullman in "roominess" and up-to-date equipment.

Yearly Issue of Pullman Tickets

In a normal year more than 16,000,000 tickets are issued to various stations all over America, and a further 8,000,000 are sold by the conductor to last-moment travellers, and there are about 7,500 Pullman cars operating over a total of 223,500 miles of track.

In 1908 the first "all steel" Pullman car was constructed, the amount of woodwork in it being so small that one man could easily carry it in a wheelbarrow. Pullman had long realized that the introduction of steel would greatly simplify the process of manufacture, and, in successive cars, he had aimed at the inclusion of more and more of this metal.

HOW EASY TRAVEL MAKES LIGHT WORK OF LONG DISTANCES



A luxuriously appointed Pullman drawing-room car on the "International, Limited," Canada. The Pullman car has played an important part in the opening up of Canada, for it is on such vast railway systems that the benefits of comfortable railway travel are specially appreciated.

Riveters took the place of wood planers in the workshops, and the steam-hammer followed the band-saw. The Pullman car is built up on a steel girder, 81 feet in length, and weighing more than nine tons. Upon this the foundation is riveted, bit by bit, forming a base weighing some 27,000 lb. The super-structure, consisting of steel posts and plates, and forming the body of the car, is then added. The sides of the frame are of a strength sufficient to bear the whole weight of the car.

At each end of the car stout steel posts are erected, providing protection against the most violent collision. The whole structure is then handed over to the painters and upholsterers, who rapidly transform it from a skeleton of girder and plates into its final form.

What Pullman Achieved

The achievement of Pullman was that he not only created a means of travelling in luxury, thus adding to the possibilities of enjoyment and education for thousands of people, but that he devised a service which

made the operation of that means as smooth as possible. He never spared pains or money to improve his cars or make the benefit of them more accessible to the public.

It has been said, with truth, that the controlling of the Pullman company is analogous to the management of a hotel with 260,000 beds and an annual registration of 24,000,000 people. Every year 108,500,000 pieces of linen are washed and ironed, and the slightest stain or tear means that the article in question has to be scrapped. Linen to the value of some £4,000 is often condemned in one year.

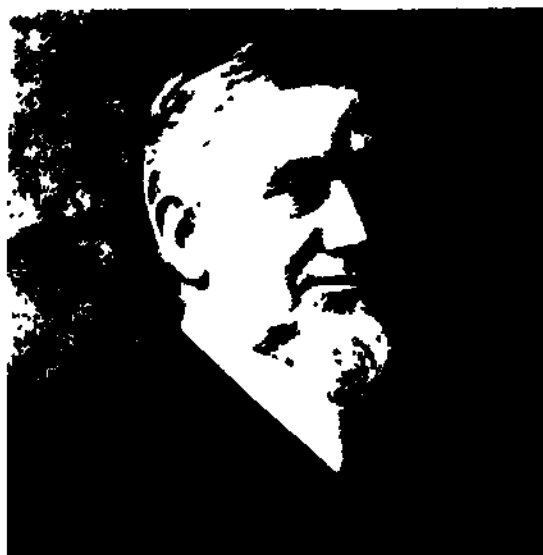
Founder of a Township

These figures give a good idea of the mighty organization which Pullman built up as a result of his resentment of the hardship suffered by himself and others during a single night's journey. He will also go down in history as the founder of the township near Chicago which bears his name. In this respect he was able to make full use of the knowledge and experience he had gained in his earlier days.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN

In 1879 it became necessary for the Pullman company to build new manufacturing premises, in addition to their works at Detroit, St. Louis, Elmira, and Wilmington. When this became known, together with the fact that the works would cost £200,000 and that 2,000 men would be employed in them, there was naturally

GEORGE MORTIMER PULLMAN



The inventor of the Pullman car had a genius for reclaiming land, for his model town was built on what had once been a water-soaked prairie.

great excitement among the real estate agents of Chicago, who did all they could to obtain such "big business."

For many months, however, Pullman made no definite statement. Every day newspaper reporters called, but failed to obtain the necessary information. All sorts of conjectures were made as to the probable site. Rumours went round, and people with large interests at stake endeavoured in vain to confirm them.

Pullman, beset by inquirers, at length resorted to evasive tactics. With much ostentatiousness, he inspected sites which he had no intention of purchasing. In the end, he began to buy the land he wanted through a nominee, and it was the cuteness of a newspaper reporter, who discovered this purchase and guessed that the nominee in question could not want the land for himself, that led to the divulging of the secret.

An Unpromising Building Site

The site, in fact, was one that had hardly been in the running at all—a barren, water-soaked prairie that seemed hopeless for building purposes. The real estate agents had reckoned without Pullman's genius for draining and reclaiming land.

Reclaiming a Marsh

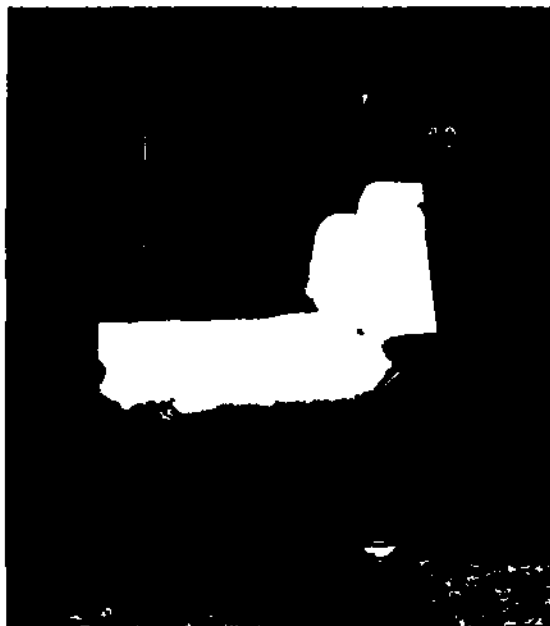
Within a short while the whole area had been drained and levelled, under Pullman's personal supervision, and a manufacturing town, including, in addition to the works, model dwellings for the employees, shops, school and market houses, a library and a theatre, had been erected on what had once been a desolate marsh. The population of Pullman in January, 1881, numbered only four persons. A year later there were 2,084 inhabitants, and in 1884 the number had grown to 8,203. In 1889 it was incorporated with Chicago.

How the Pullman Employees Live

A recent writer has described the conditions in which 12,000 Pullman employees live to-day in this suburb of Chicago, founded for them by their employer:

"A town that is bordered with bright beds of flowers and green velvety stretches of lawn; a town, in a word, where all that is ugly, and discordant, and demoralizing, is eliminated, and all that inspires to thrift, cleanliness, and self-respect is generously provided."

A PULLMAN CAR SLEEPING-BERTH



The sleeping-berth in a modern Pullman car is a very compact and comfortable resting-place—a vastly different affair from the unwieldy bunk of former days.

Pullman remained in close association with the great organization he had created until his death in 1897. He has been succeeded by men of great ability, who paid the highest compliment to his memory by maintaining the Pullman service in accordance with the ideas of its originator.

The HEROIC LAIRD of ABBOTSFORD

How Sir Walter Scott Poured Forth His Stirring Poems and Romances and in the Evening of His Life Faced Misfortune with a Brave Heart

WHEN Sir Walter Scott was apprenticed to the law, his father once spoke of his indifference to business and study, saying that he feared his son would never make an advocate, and that he had been born to become no better than a wandering fiddler.

Able and experienced as the elder Walter Scott was, he recognized only his son's lack of enthusiasm for legal studies, and his passion for company and gaiety, and saw no glimmering of his genius as a writer.

His Education

As a matter of fact, while Scott was engaged in acquiring an education at schools in Edinburgh and Kelso, and afterwards at Edinburgh University, and in obtaining a footing in the legal profession, and even when, later on, he was practising at the Bar, no one gave a thought to the possibility of his attaining fame as a writer. Walter Scott was, indeed, thirty-one years old before he wrote anything which created the slightest notice in literary circles, but with "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" he achieved undying fame at a bound.

Walter Scott was born in College Wynd, Edinburgh, on the 15th August 1771. His father, also named Walter, was a writer to the signet, and his mother was the daughter of a professor of medicine at the

University of Edinburgh. Both of Scott's parents were descendants and connexions of families of the landed gentry of Scotland.

There appears to be a popular tradition that Walter Scott was in his early youth a feeble, shy, studious boy, crippled from infancy, who found his greatest joy in reading early tales and plays and dusty old history books in neglected libraries and attics. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Not a Cripple

Walter Scott was lame in one leg, but he was far from being a cripple. His infirmity was merely a limp, which did not prevent him from walking thirty miles a day without discomfort.

Like many another child destined to grow into vigorous manhood, he showed signs of ailing during the first few years of his life, and, since six of his brothers and sisters had died in infancy, his parents were naturally anxious for his health. When he was three years old, it was thought advisable to send him to Sandy Knowe, the country house of his grandfather, where an outdoor life soon wrought a change for the better.

His chief companions during this impressionable time were an old shepherd, known as the "cow-bailie," who told him Border stories, and his aunt, Miss Janet Scott, from whom he



The magnificent Scott monument in Princes Street, Edinburgh, showing the seated figure of the writer.
(Photo: Donald McLeish.)

learned the history of Scotland's heroes. He listened with passionate eagerness to anything told him in connexion with romantic adventure. Near by, there was the old tower of Smailholm, and it was under the shadow of this ancient pile that the fanciful child sat and marvelled while the shepherd "with some strange tale bewitched my mind," as he afterwards recalled in "Marmion."

One day, during a violent thunderstorm, Scott was missed from the house, and the whole household went in search of him. They found him lying on the rocks, clapping his hands and greeting each terrific flash of lightning with the words, "Bonnie! Bonne! Dae it again! Dae it again!"

As a young man, he was strong and robust above the ordinary, and was never happier than when engaged in the vigorous exertion demanded by healthy country sports.

Holiday in Northumberland

"All the day," he wrote to a friend, while, at the age of twenty, he was on a holiday with an uncle in the wilds of Northumberland, "we shoot, fish, walk, and ride; dine and sup upon fish struggling from the stream and the most delicious hearth-fed mutton, barn-door fowls, pies, milk, cheese, etc.; and so much simplicity resides among these hills that a pen, which could write at least, was not to be found about the house, though belonging to a considerable farmer, till I shot the crow with whose quill I write this epistle."

From an early age Scott had a passion for discovering all that he could about the more romantic and picturesque features of Scottish life in the olden times.

Childish Interest in History

When only six years old he visited Prestonpans, and explored the battlefield of 1745 in company with an old soldier named Dalgetty, whom he was to describe, years later, in "A Legend of Montrose." Scott heard from this veteran the story of General Gardiner's death, and he saw the grave of Balmawhapple, "where the grass grew rank and green, distinguishing it from the rest of the field." Later on, riding on his Shetland pony, he explored the battlefield of Flodden, and expressed the opinion that "never was an affair more completely bungled."

His researches into these subjects were far from being confined to the study of books. He would undertake a walk of fifty miles into the hills in order to obtain the words of an old ballad from some ancient herdsman of the Border, and he was usually in no hurry to return from these expeditions if he found agreeable company, though it were only the humble hospitality of a shepherd's hut.

The reproof, already mentioned, which his father good-humouredly administered to him, was occasioned by one of these lengthy absences from home in search of old castles, old songs, and old stories. Scott and his companions had been away from home for days, and, when ready to return, found themselves thirty miles from Edinburgh, without a single sixpence left among them. Every now and again they asked a drink of water of some cottager, and some of the good wives, observing the lads' distressed appearance, gave them milk instead—"so with that, and hips and haws (said Scott) we came in little the worse."

Living "Like the Young Ravens"

When his father asked him how he had contrived to live in strange places so many days, Walter replied gaily, "Pretty much like the young ravens. I only wished I had been as good a player on the flute as poor George Primrose in 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' If I had his art, I should like nothing better than to tramp like him from cottage to cottage over the world."

On Christmas Eve, 1797, Scott was married to Miss Charlotte Carpenter, whom he had met during the previous summer while riding through the pretty village of Gilsland, in the north of England. The two future lovers passed each other on horseback, not knowing that they were to be present at a ball in the district the same evening.

Scott describes the day after this event as the happiest in his life, and a friend records that he "was sair beside himself about Miss Carpenter—we toasted her twenty times over, and sat together, he raving about her, until it was one in the morning." After the wedding, the young couple lived in Edinburgh for a short while, but later their home was made in a little thatched cottage on the bank of the river Esk at Lasswade.

When Walter Scott was sheriff of Selkirkshire, with a salary of £300 a year, and was also practising at the Bar, he compiled, as a spare-time occupation, his famous "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

His Thought For Others

It was characteristic of Scott that his natural kindness of heart induced him to plan success for others, busy as he always was making a living for himself and his family. Many examples could be given of this unselfish trait. One of the inducements which led Scott to take up vigorously the work of his "Minstrelsy" was a desire to do a good turn to his old schoolfellow, James Ballantyne, who had become the editor and printer of a weekly newspaper in the small town of Kelso. Ballantyne had printed some of Scott's early

WHERE SCOTT LIVED THE LIFE OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN



Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's Tweedside home, about three miles from Melrose. From a poor farmhouse with 100 acres of land, Abbotsford grew under Scott's fostering care into a mansion standing in a fine estate of 2,000 acres. Here the author of the "Waverley Novels" entertained many of the leading men and women of his time.

ballads, and, being pleased with the manner in which they were produced, Scott said to him :

"I have been for years collecting old Border ballads, and I think I could, with little trouble, put together such a selection from them as might make a neat little volume to sell for four or five shillings. I will talk to some of the booksellers about it when I get to Edinburgh, and if the thing goes on you shall be the printer." Hallantyne highly relished the proposal, and the result of this little experiment changed wholly the course of his worldly fortunes, as well that of his friend.

"Notwithstanding all these varied essays," writes Lockhart, from whose biography of Scott the above quotation is made, "Scott's friends do not appear to have as yet entertained the slightest notion that literature was to be the main business of his life." A friend, congratulating him at this time on his appearances at the Jedburgh assizes, encouraged Scott to persevere with the law, and he would surely "rise to the top of the tree in the Parliament House in due season."

The publication of the "Minstrelsy" laid the foundations of Scott's wonderful career as

a literary man. He does not appear to have made a great deal of money from this first attempt. He was evidently satisfied, however, judging by the tone of a letter in which he says that he received about £100 for the first edition, and at a later date sold the copyright for £500 more.

Confidence in His Powers

However, the financial success of the "Minstrelsy," modest though it was, gave him confidence in his abilities as a writer, and, when he was visited by the Wordsworths, he told them that he was sure he could, if he chose, get more money than he should ever wish to have from the booksellers.

The chief success of his early days was achieved by "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which won immediate popularity, and this finally decided Scott to follow literature seriously. He received in all £760 6s. for this work, of which he sold the copyright after the second edition had been called for.

One has to remember that Scott had achieved

immense popularity as a poet long before he had written any of the historical novels upon which his fame so largely rests to-day. Such was the honour in which he was held as the author of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and other poems, that he was offered the poet laureateship—which was declined—before he had turned his attention to the writing of romances.

By that time, although his early experiences in the legal world had been so unpromising, Scott had, nevertheless, attained to a very good position side by side with his activities as a poet. He had never really cared for the law, and it was mainly out of deference to his father that he had continued to practise.

Earnings as a Barrister

In his fifth year as a barrister he earned only £144 10s. "My profession and I," he wrote afterwards, "came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Blunderer consoled himself on having established with Mistress Ann Page. There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance." The truth was that a young lawyer who made no attempt to appear busy when he happened to possess no brief was not likely to succeed.

Scott had also developed other proclivities, which made it difficult for him to settle down to the usual routine of a lawyer's office. He belonged to the Edinburgh volunteers, and had become one of the most popular quarter-master-sergeants of that force. He felt, at any rate, that he would have to give up this agreeable occupation if he was to qualify for the higher posts in the legal profession.

His connexion with the Edinburgh volunteers led to one of the most exciting episodes in his career. An alarm that Napoleon had at last embarked upon his long-rumoured invasion of England brought out the volunteers of three counties on the Scottish shore. Scott rode a hundred miles in twenty-four hours to join his regiment, only to find that the alarm was false. But he made good use of the experience in the composition of a poem which he entitled "The Bard's Incantation."

Death of His Father

The death of his father set Scott at liberty to follow a profession in which he had already shown promise of success, and which would enable him to indulge in his beloved outdoor sports and travels throughout the country with a clear conscience. At the same time, he hesitated to rely entirely upon his pen for a living, and he, therefore, retained his small official post and applied to Lord Melville for another. A year before "Waverley" was published, Scott

was in receipt of an income of £1,300 as one of the clerks of the Court of Session, apart from the £300 he derived from his sheriffship.

There was a considerable element of romance in the circumstances which led Walter Scott to win world-wide fame as a novelist. He had begun to write a story about old times in Scotland, and, after completing the first volume (3-volume works were customary in Scott's day), he laid it aside, and forgot its existence. Nine years later he discovered this fragment while rummaging in an old cabinet in search of fishing-tackle, and forthwith "took the fancy of finishing it," to quote his own reason.

Completed in Three Weeks

In this fashion, therefore, began one of the most extraordinary occurrences in the history of literature. To begin with, he proceeded with the work with such amazing facility that he wrote the last two volumes in three weeks. Then, although several friends were in the secret, Scott resolved to publish the novel anonymously. The manuscript was laboriously copied in a disguised handwriting, and sent to the printer.

This novel was "Waverley." Its success was stupendous for that period, and it paved the way for the very successful series of "Waverley Novels" which followed it. Its publisher had offered at the outset £700 for the copyright, which offer Scott declined, saying that this sum was too much if the book proved a failure, and too little if it should be successful. He did hint that he would take £1,000, but the publisher would not agree to the higher figure, and it was arranged that the book should be published on the footing of half profits for both publisher and author. As things turned out, the publisher missed a golden opportunity.

Mystery of the Authorship

It seems strange that Scott should have desired so strongly to keep the authorship of "Waverley" and most of his other novels secret. Stranger still, that he should have denied being the author in public, although admitting it to some of his friends in private.

In a letter to a friend in London, written two days after the publication of "Waverley," Scott tells the whole story of this book, and how he wrote it, adding, "the good people of Edinburgh are busied in tracing the author, and in finding out originals for the portraits it contains. In the first case, they will probably find it difficult to convict the guilty author, although he is far from escaping suspicion."

And yet, seven years later, in writing to an esteemed friend, Mrs. Hughes, of Uffington, Sir Walter, as he had then become—he was created a baronet in 1820—still unblushingly denied the authorship of the "Waverley Novels"

THE GREAT WEAVER OF TALES IN HIS WORKROOM



Sir Walter Scott in his study, after the painting by Sir William Allan, in the National Portrait Gallery, London. Here, with one of his favourite dogs at his feet, and surrounded by relics of past ages, Sir Walter is seen in the room in which he wrote the stirring historical romances that have charmed so many thousands of readers.

in these terms: "You mistake when you give me any credit for being concerned with these far-famed novels."

Many people have assigned reasons for Scott's curious attitude; his own explanation is as follows:

I shall not own "Waverley," my chief reason is that it would prevent me of the pleasure of writing again. . . . In truth, I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a clerk of sessions, to write novels. . . . In point of emolument, everybody knows that I sacrifice much money by withholding my name; and what should I gain by it that any human being has a right to consider as an unfair advantage? In fact, only the freedom of writing trifles with less personal responsibility and, perhaps, more frequently than I otherwise might do.

Walter Scott was forty-three years old when "Waverley" was published. During the seventeen years of life that remained to him his literary output was stupendous, and, while

in health, everything he produced was written with his own hand.

A neighbour, whose windows overlooked Scott's study in Edinburgh, once spoke of the powerful impression which Scott's ceaseless industry made upon his mind, as he watched him at work from across the street:

It fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of MSS. and still it goes on unwearied—and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night—I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books.

A day seldom passed in which he did not write sufficient to fill 16 pages of print. Novel after novel flowed from his ever-busy pen. In one year alone (1822), for example, he produced "The Pirate" (3 vols.), "The Fortunes of Nigel" (3 vols.), and "Peveril of the Peak" (4 vols.), besides doing other work. He retained

his position as one of the clerks of the Court of Session until two years before his death, and, as one of the leading men in Scotland, a heavy demand was made upon his time.

Considering his manifold engagements, his appalling business anxieties, and the frequent agonizing pains he suffered through ill-health, Sir Walter Scott must be regarded as one of the greatest prodigies of literary labour the world has ever known.

Another of the great romances of Sir Walter Scott's life centres round his home at Abbotsford, which is still a notable place of pilgrimage, and a picturesque subject for paintings, on account of its associations with the great novelist. There are few stories in the annals of literary men more pathetic than the record of Sir Walter's connexion with his beautiful estate on the Tweed. It was at once the scene of his happiest years and of his most poignant distresses.

How He Bought Abbotsford

He bought the estate as a poor farm of 100 acres, with a little farmhouse. It cost him £4,000, and he undertook the responsibility of its purchase in a manner which henceforth was to become characteristic, often to his serious embarrassment. He borrowed half the money from his brother, the other half being provided by his publishers as a payment in advance for a poem as yet unwritten.

Scott added to his land from time to time. As further success came to him—when, a year or two later he had become a novelist as well as a poet—his plans for Abbotsford became more and more ambitious. The farmhouse became transformed, grew into a mansion, and then into a castle; his estate was "rounded off" here and there by additional purchases of land, until he possessed a thousand acres; he spent a fortune in planting forest trees on the bare hill-sides; and altogether Abbotsford became, though at great cost, one of the most beautiful estates imaginable.

Passion for Country Life

Scott always had a passion for the life of a country gentleman. He was cut out by nature to be a laird, proud of his own land, devoted to its improvement and embellishment, and beloved by his tenantry, his retainers, and his dogs.

At Abbotsford Scott entertained many of the leading men and women of his time, and no one could have been more generous in his hospitality, or in regard to the time he devoted personally to the entertainment of his guests.

The crowning tragedy of Scott's life came upon him at the age of fifty-five, when the great printing business of Ballantyne & Co., in which he was a partner, and which his books

had built up, became hopelessly insolvent. Sir Walter had previously experienced financial embarrassments, owing to his habit of spending money advanced to him before he had earned it, and to the fact that his business enterprises, in association with others, were not always profitable. But all previous experiences of the kind were trivial compared with this calamity with which he now found himself faced. When the final crash came, Scott was involved in liabilities amounting to something like £117,000.

Generosity the Chief Reason

Scott's generosity was one of the prime causes of the firm's downfall. His position as Ballantyne's partner had been kept secret at first, but it leaked out eventually, with the result that Scott was besieged by friends who wished to publish their literary efforts. Scott's judgment was frequently swamped by his desire to help, and Ballantyne too readily acted upon his advice. The result was that heavy losses were sustained. The *Edinburgh Annual Review*, which Scott inaugurated in order to give employment to his friend, Robert Southey, cost the firm £1,000 a year, and there were many other serious losses.

The news of Scott's predicament quickly spread throughout England, and even into many parts of the Continent, where his stories were known and admired. "Scott ruined!" exclaimed the Earl of Dudley. "The author of 'Waverley' ruined! Let every man to whom he has given months of delight give him a sixpence, and he will rise to-morrow morning richer than Rothschild!" The public responded nobly, for the sales of Scott's next novel greatly exceeded all anticipation.

Misfortune Faced Bravely

No one ever faced misfortune with a braver heart than did Sir Walter Scott. He saw his life-long ambition to found a prosperous family blighted, the son who would succeed to his title impoverished, Abbotsford mortgaged and in the grip of creditors, his wife and daughter unable to realize that their habits of life would have to be changed or that "adversity can get the better of them, even for a moment." Yet all he asked from his creditors was time; bravely he determined to discharge his obligations by intensified literary labour.

The strength of character which he displayed in this crisis was wonderful, and truly revealed the nobility of the man. In letters to friends he even endeavoured to make fun of his adversities. "Ill-luck," he wrote to one of them, "that direful chemist, never put into his crucible a more indissoluble piece of stuff than your affectionate cousin and sincere well-wisher, WALTER SCOTT."

WHERE FITZJAMES MET THE LADY OF THE LAKE



Loch Katrine, one of Scotland's beauty-spots. The lake lies almost wholly in Perthshire, with a small part in Stirlingshire, and is notable for its lovely setting, being not far distant from the Trossachs. The wooded islet is the famous Ellen's Isle, immortalized by Scott in "The Lady of the Lake." (Photo: Donald McLish.)

"The blowing off my hat in a stormy day has given me more uneasiness," he remarked to another.

The more intimate entries in his diaries however, show, as might be expected, that although he was undismayed by the magnitude of the task he had set himself and the seriousness of his losses, the "lofty serenity of mind," which Lockhart says was reflected in all his outward conduct and demeanour, was not attained without bitter struggle in secret.

Death of His Wife

To make his lot the harder to bear, his health began to fail, and on the 16th May, 1826 a few brief months after financial disaster overwhelmed him, his wife, the beloved companion of thirty years, died. What could be more inexpressibly sad than the stricken man's entry in his diary, when this added sorrow came upon him:

I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet when I contrast what this place (Abbotsford) now is, with what it has been not long

since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne: an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone.

Poor Sir Walter Scott had only six years of life remaining to him. Yet he was soon hard at work again, and his next novel, "Woodstock," written in less than three months, brought him, or rather his creditors, the sum of £8,000. Allowing himself no respite, he next proceeded with another gigantic task, namely, "The Life of Napoleon," in nine volumes, and within thirteen months from the death of Lady Scott it was published, and realized £18,000. Thus, in less than eighteen months, he had diminished the debt by no less than £26,000.

As Lockhart says, "Had health been spared him, how soon must he have freed himself from all his encumbrances." Indeed, after more money had been raised by the sale of the copyright of the "Waverley Novels," Scott succeeded within two years in placing the

extraordinary sum, considering all the circumstances, of £40,000 in the hands of his grateful creditors.

Scott's health was gradually failing, and no doubt the great exertions he made to discharge his debts hastened the end.

When he could no longer write, he dictated. "My pen stammers egregiously, and I write horribly incorrect," he told a friend, and "the

THE AUTHOR OF THE "WAVERLEY NOVELS"



Portrait, by Sir Henry Raeburn, of the kindly master of Abbotsford, whose life was a record of wonderful literary success, of hearty friendships, and of heroic struggles against adversity in his later years.

task of pumping my brain becomes inevitably harder." He completely forgot the narrative of one of his novels, and read it afterwards as something quite new to him. Then, fearful of exhausting his store of material, he set out once more upon excursions into remote parts of Scotland, revisiting familiar scenes and collecting a fresh stock of old legends.

In his own beloved Abbotsford, on a beautiful autumn day—so warm that every window was wide open, and so still that the sound of the rippling Tweed could be heard in the chamber of death—the great novelist breathed his last in the presence of all his children. Just before he died he gave this farewell admonition to Lockhart, his beloved son-in-law and biographer: "My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

His death took place on the 21st September, 1832, and his remains were laid to rest in the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, by the side of his wife. Sir Walter and Lady Scott were survived by two sons and two daughters.

His Chief Works

Sir Walter Scott's works in prose and poetry are too numerous to name here. His best-known poems are "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake," and "Marmion." His novels are, of course, still numbered among the most widely read in the English language. The most popular are "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Ivanhoe," "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," and "The Fair Maid of Perth."

Shortly after the great novelist's death, J. G. Lockhart, Sir Walter's son-in-law and biographer, and his two sons, succeeded, by selling the remaining copyrights and in other ways, in finally liquidating the balance of his debts, and making a settlement with Scott's creditors.

Although Scott turned out his 16 pages a day, he wrote with careful thought. For years he had been storing his mind with material obtained not only from books but from personal contact with those who knew the olden world, and, when he came to write, it was with a wallet already well filled.

[Various editions of Sir Walter Scott's novels and poems have been published. Lives have been written by J. G. Lockhart (1866), A. Lang (1906), R. H. Hutton (1896), and others. Consult also "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett (1902).]

The GREAT-SOULLED LORD PROTECTOR

Oliver Cromwell, Who by His Qualities of Soldier and Statesman Enhanced the Might and Prestige of England, and Bequeathed Hard-won Liberties to His Countrymen

THIS day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcasses of those arch-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshawe (the judge who condemned his Majesty), and Ireton (son-in-law to the Usurper), dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit; thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride being spectators."

So wrote in his diary John Evelyn, the Cavalier, under the date of the 30th January, 1661. Scarcely is there to be found in British history an anti-climax so spectacular as this. Only two years and three months previously Evelyn had seen the funeral and, in describing it, said:—

He was carried from Somerset House in a velvet bed of State, drawn by six horses, housed with the same; the pall held by his new Lords; Oliver lying in effigy, in royal robes, and crowned with a crown, sceptre, and globe, like a king.

The pendants and guidons were carried by the officers of the army; the Imperial banners, achievements, &c., by the heralds in their coats; a rich caparisoned horse, embroidered all over with gold; a knight of honour, armed cap-à-pie, and, after all, his guards, soldiers, and innumerable mourners. In this equipage they proceeded to Westminster.

It is not given to many men to have two funerals, and certainly no other Englishman has figured in contrasting burials such as these. To Westminster Abbey like a king, and then, two years later, on a sledge to the gallows, and the deep pit for a tomb. Even Samuel Pepys, a king's man, was unhappy to see Englishmen

thus revenge themselves on a dead man. "It do trouble me that a man of so great courage as he was should have that dishonour, though otherwise he might deserve it enough," wrote Pepys in his diary.

Where the bones of the great Protector now lie, no one knows with certainty. Some say under the roadway near Marble Arch. Other traditions point to Red Lion Square, in London, or Naseby field, or Newburgh Priory, Yorkshire.

As might be expected at a time when the country was divided into irreconcilable factions, contemporary estimates of the character of Oliver Cromwell were coloured and often distorted by partizanship. But the verdict of history is more just, and the "Immortal Rebel," as Byron called him, is now acknowledged to be one of the most remarkable of men, and one of the strongest and most courageous characters that have ever figured in the history of our country.

Cromwell's life-work was not obliterated when they threw his body into the pit under the gallows. He had given direction to England's age-long struggle for liberty, and he bequeathed to his countrymen hard-won liberties, which none has since

dared to question. "Did he not," as Carlyle says, "in spite of all, accomplish much for us? We walk smoothly over his great rough heroic life."

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon on the 25th April, 1599. He came of a family of titled landlords, his grandfather, Sir Henry Cromwell, having lived in a style enabling him to entertain royalty on his estate at Hinchinbrook.

IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS



Statue of Cromwell outside the Houses of Parliament, Westminster. It is the work of Sir Hamo Thornycroft, and was erected in 1899.

At the time when the future Protector entered the world, there was great religious unrest in England. Henry VIII, who changed England from a Catholic to a Protestant country, had been dead only fifty-two years, and the Puritans, or nonconformists, who believed that the Reformation in England was far from complete, and that the Church of England savoured too much of Roman Catholicism, were still being persecuted by Queen Elizabeth.

Cromwell had a Puritan mother, who saw that he was educated at Huntingdon grammar school by a strict Puritan, and afterwards at Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge. He was twenty-one years old when he married the daughter of Sir James Bourchier, a London merchant, the marriage taking place at the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

WHERE THE PROTECTOR DWELT



Cromwell's house at Ely. In 1636, on the death of his uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, who had made him his heir, Cromwell moved from Huntingdon to Ely.

In 1628 Oliver Cromwell was returned to Parliament for Huntingdon, and he afterwards lived the life of a country gentleman on his farm at St. Ives and later at Ely. He was again elected to Parliament, as member for Cambridge, in 1640, and, as the Civil War was then brewing, he, being a staunch Puritan, took up arms on the side of the Parliament as soon as hostilities commenced.

In order to understand Cromwell, one must remember that he belonged to an oppressed minority, which included in its ranks some of the noblest characters as well as the foremost reformers of the time, who were prepared to make any sacrifice for their faith.

It is very difficult nowadays to realize in

what an absolute sense the Bible was depended on by the Puritans for guidance in everything. In the London Museum one may see Oliver Cromwell's pocket Bible, with his signature on the fly-leaf. In peace and war he always carried a Bible. From the first day of his appearance in public life until the last Cromwell quoted the Scriptures as the justification of all his acts and purposes.

His Use of Biblical Language

At the head of his "Ironsides" he flung himself upon his enemies, Protestants and Catholics alike, with some Biblical phrase as his battle cry. Whenever he wrote or spoke, whether to soldiers or civilians or ecclesiastics; when he prepared to make a breach in a Royalist castle; or when he forced his will upon Parliament—he made use of Biblical language as though it were his mother tongue.

In Cromwell's day the translated English Bible had not long been placed in the hands of the people, and the Puritans in particular used its language as the ordinary language of everyday life, to a greater extent even than it is used to-day in churches and chapels.

Again, in order rightly to understand Cromwell, one must remember that, among all the strong and resolute men in his party, he was the only one endowed with genius. Also, there was in his strict Puritanism, especially when he had become a man of affairs and a ruler, a strong leaven of common sense. He was practical. His associates, outside the ranks of the army, were impractical.

His Praise-God Barebone's Parliament, and his other Parliaments of Saints, who attempted to govern according to the strict letter of the Scriptures, drove Cromwell to despair. It was the fanatical stubbornness and incapacity of such preachers, theorists, and zealots, that brought about the ultimate downfall of the Commonwealth, which Cromwell had won at the point of the sword.

What England Owes to Him

Despite all the tragic elements in the closing years of his life, Cromwell destroyed feudalism in England, and started the country on that new era of liberation, progress, and power, which was consolidated a little over thirty years after his death by William of Orange.

Seeing that Cromwell died at the age of fifty-nine, king of England in all but name, it is a remarkable fact that he had been known only as a local agitator, and later as a vehement and uncouth member of Parliament, prior to the time when he buckled on the sword as a captain in the Parliamentary army, at the age of forty-three.

He knew less about soldiering, when he thus began his amazing military career, than even

CROMWELL LEADING THE STORMING PARTY AT DROGHEDA



On the 10th September, 1649, Cromwell stormed Drogheda. Breaching batteries having been erected, 1,000 of his men ran forward, but they were driven back and their leader killed. Whereupon Cromwell addressed the men cheerily and, at the head of his "Ironsides," himself led the second and successful attack. All the defenders were put to the sword.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

some among his own troopers. He had never served in any previous wars. Yet this remarkable man was to prove himself one of the greatest military leaders in history. He never

you would respect them, did you know them. They are no 'Anabaptists'; they are honest, sober Christians." "Better plain men than none; but best to have patient of wants, faithful and conscientious in employment."

A GROUP OF ROYALIST SOLDIERS



According to the historian, Clarendon, the Royalist soldiers could not rally after a charge, whereas Cromwell's troops, even though beaten or routed, "presently rallied again."

lost a battle, defeating every army that could be brought against him in England, Scotland, and Ireland, carrying the strongest fortresses by assault, storming walled cities, bringing one king to the executioner's block, and finally pursuing another king and his Scottish army 300 miles from Scotland to Worcester, totally defeating his forces, and driving that royal fugitive from the kingdom.

Cromwell believed that a soldier fighting for a cause that was dear to him, was worth ten armed men. He was therefore extremely exacting about the calibre of the men in his own troop, and, when his command increased, in his whole army. He spared neither himself nor his followers in making trained, disciplined, and resolute soldiers of them. He instructed those who were securing recruits in the following way:—

"I beseech you be careful what Captains of Horse you choose; what men be mounted; a few honest men are better than numbers. If you choose godly, honest men to be Captains of Horse, honest men will follow them; and they will be careful to mount such. . . . I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call 'a gentleman' and is nothing else."

"It much concerns your good to have conscientious men."

"My troops increase. I have a lovely company;

Such was the quality of the men who were to become famous as Cromwell's "Ironsides." After the Civil War had been carried on for some time, and Cromwell's men had distinguished themselves at Gainsborough, Marston Moor, and other battles, the discipline of the "Ironsides" was extended to cover the whole of the Parliamentary army, while Cromwell was made lieutenant-general, in command of the cavalry, under Sir Thomas Fairfax.

The battle of Naseby, which followed, resulted in the crushing defeat of Charles I, Prince Rupert, and the Royalist army. 3,000 of their soldiers being killed or captured, while all their guns fell into Cromwell's hands. Charles I became a fugitive, and after this defeat was never able to command an army in the field.

At this battle Cromwell, as was his custom, fought at the head of his cavalry. It was characteristic of the man that he was never at the rear directing operations, but always in the hottest of the battle, sword in hand. More than once during the campaign he was within a hairsbreadth of death in single combat.

PARLIAMENTARIAN SOLDIERS



Cromwell realized that his troops must be inspired by some great principle, and thus he found in religion. "I have a lovely company," he wrote; "they are honest, sober Christians."

At Naseby the steel helmet he wore barely saved him from the slash of a Cavalier's sword. Cromwell was a rough fighter in the heat of battle, and, when his temper was roused, he

MEETING OF THE ROYALIST AND PARLIAMENTARIAN FORCES AT NASEBY



The Royalist commanders urge on their pikemen at the battle of Naseby, which was fought on the 14th June, 1645. In this decisive encounter, at which Charles I was present, the Royalist army was defeated, and the king with his flying Cavaliers was pursued by Cromwell to the outskirts of Leicester.

stopped at nothing short of the complete annihilation of the enemy.

It is very curious in our day, when toleration of religious and political opinion is so general, to observe how bitter were the religious passions aroused in the civil wars of Cromwell. Before they went into battle, Cromwell and his officers consulted their Bibles, and always went into the fray with some battle cry—such as “The Lord God” or “God our Strength.”

Puts the Defenders to the Sword

It was the same in his dispatches to Parliament and in his letters written on battlefields covered with dead. At Drogheda, in Ireland, where a garrison of 3,000 had offered a stubborn resistance, Cromwell stormed through the breach in the walls at the head of his “Ironsides,” and then put all the defenders to the sword in the name of the Lord.

“I believe,” he wrote, “we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. . . . It hath pleased God to bless our endeavours.”

His hatred of Catholics is so well known, that the vigour and ruthlessness of his war in Ireland can be better understood than, for example, his religious zeal in fighting the Scots, who had formerly been his allies, and, indeed, had surrendered Charles I to him.

When the Scots and Cromwell went to war with each other, both sides declared in their manifestoes that God was on their side. Seldom were religious passions at such white heat as immediately preceding the battle of Dunbar. Cromwell's army was in a distressed condition, thousands of his soldiers being sick, and the Scottish army, which greatly outnumbered the English, had hemmed Cromwell in, with only the sea behind him.

A disaster for Cromwell seemed imminent, and the leader, in a private letter to a friend, asked him to prepare the Commonwealth for bad news. His only hope was in the unrivalled spirit and discipline of his soldiers and in the battle cry, “The Lord of Hosts,” which he had chosen for that day of crisis.

Scottish Army almost Annihilated

Again Cromwell and his “Ironsides” carried everything before them. The Scots, on their own soil, suffered an almost unparalleled defeat. Within two or three hours three thousand Scots fell in battle, and then after halting his army to sing a psalm, Cromwell and his Puritans began a pursuit all the way to Edinburgh, during which the Scottish army was nearly wiped out.

Ten thousand prisoners were taken, with all the baggage and artillery of the Scots. In achieving this and occupying Edinburgh,

CROMWELL IN COMMAND OF THE CAVALRY AT NASEBY



Cromwell at the battle of Naseby. In this battle Cromwell commanded the right wing, and had the ordering of the cavalry throughout the whole army. The Parliamentarian right having defeated the division opposed to it, Cromwell fell on the King's foot in the centre, completed their defeat, and gave chase to Charles and his Cavaliers.

Cromwell had only twenty-two men killed. Seldom has the fortune of war so consistently followed a commander during practically nine years of fighting as it did Oliver Cromwell.

It was after Dunbar that Charles II gathered another Royalist army in the Highlands. Cromwell, by a masterly stroke, brought himself into the rear of Charles, shepherded him and his army into England, and marched no less than 300 miles after this last remnant of his enemies. Worcester was taken with Cromwell's usual impetuosity, and again there was a great slaughter of the defenders, 3,000 being slain and 10,000 taken prisoner. Cromwell's loss was only 200.

End of the Civil War

This fight decided the issue of the Civil War, and the Puritan minority with which Cromwell had entered upon the struggle were now all-powerful and complete masters of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Cromwell described the battle of Worcester as "the crowning mercy of God."

Cromwell now entered upon another phase of his life, and took up the work of administration with great energy. He had still many perplexing problems to solve. Charles I had been beheaded—his death warrant being signed by Cromwell along with others—nearly three years prior to the final overthrow of the Royalist cause at Worcester, but Cromwell and his associates found the greatest difficulty in deciding upon the form of authority that could be substituted for a king. The

Long Parliament, with its endless and disruptive discussions, was also a thorn in Cromwell's side.

It will be remembered that the entanglements which had ultimately cost Charles I his head were first occasioned by that ruler's reckless impatience of Parliamentary interference, and his serious effort to do without a Parliament altogether.

Cromwell found himself faced with the same difficulty, and we have the extraordinary spectacle of a soldier who had, as the servant of Parliament, conquered the British Isles with the so-called Parliamentary army, ultimately bursting into the Commons in a fury of passion, railing at the members by name, and brutally clearing the floor of the House with his soldiery.

Forms a Parliament of His Own

Without either a king or a Parliament, the country seemed about to enter upon another period of confusion, but Cromwell, despite the many enemies he was now making, kept a firm hand on the army. After various expedients to carry on the work of administration, Cromwell, who was now the acknowledged Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, constituted a Parliament selected by himself. It offered him the title of King. He declined this, but accepted the title of Highness, together with the right to appoint his successor.

But the great Protector was now hopelessly beset with difficulties, intrigues, confusions, and conspiracies, which had gained in force

from the day of his triumphant return from the victory at Worcester, and were to continue to the day of his death. Some, who had been his friends throughout bitter years of fighting in the Civil War, denounced him as a tyrant. Cromwell himself felt old age steadily creeping on him.

No man knew better than he did the impossible position of an autocrat in England, and the idea of governing the country without a Parliament was a thing he hated. But it was his fate never to find a Parliament that was loyal to him, or one that desired to co-operate with him in ruling the country on tolerant, business-like, constitutional lines.

In his last speech to Parliament Cromwell declared that he wished he had remained a farmer, rather than find himself Protector of the Commonwealth, with a Parliament which, having placed him in that position, devoted their time to assailing the new constitution instead of promoting the settlement of the country.

"If this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage, I think it is high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I do dissolve this Parliament," he said to the last of his Parliaments.

In many directions the country had made great progress during the Cromwellian régime. Britain's relations with the nations on the Continent had been vastly improved. Admiral Robert Blake had made the British Navy mistress of the seas. The administration of the law, and especially the quality of the judges, was raised to a higher plane. Liberty of conscience in religion was conceded to an extent hitherto unknown. The commerce of the great cities entered upon a new era of prosperity.

There is a touching picture of Oliver Cromwell's aged mother sitting in the Palace of Whitehall or Hampton Court and fearing, every time she heard a gun fired, that her illustrious son was shot. This expresses without exaggeration the position of insecurity in which Oliver Cromwell spent the last few years of his life.

Unlike many rulers of his age, Cromwell

was entirely free from the debasements of luxury and loose living. He was devoted to his family. To a remarkable degree he was devoid of self-interest. Speaking in Parliament for the last time, he declared vehemently, in regard to his position as Protector: "There is not a man living can say I sought it; no, not a man nor woman treading upon English ground."

After his final breach with Parliament Cromwell scarce knew who his friends were,

THE LORD PROTECTOR REFUSES THE CROWN



In February, 1657, a proposal for restoring monarchy was introduced into Parliament, and on the 31st March Cromwell was asked to accept the crown, a petition which he ultimately refused.

so numerous were his enemies. He constantly wore a coat of mail, and was almost hourly in expectation that someone would make an attempt upon his life.

He realized in his heart that the Commonwealth had been established by his army, and that politicians would destroy it. In this belief he died at Whitehall, after a brief illness, on the 3rd September, 1658.

His premonition was correct. General Monk, whom Cromwell had made his commander-in-chief in Scotland, was, with the army at his command, of more weight than all the politicians put together; and, when he declared for the king, the doom of the Commonwealth was sealed.

Less than two years after the death of Cromwell Monk welcomed Charles II on his landing at Dover, and that dissolute monarch proceeded to London and regained without a struggle the throne of his father, which Cromwell and his troops had overthrown at the cost of so much bloodshed.

Portrait by a Cavalier

Sir Philip Warwick, a Cavalier, has left us a fine pen-portrait of Cromwell in his early days:

"The first time that ever I took notice of him," he says, "was in the beginning of the Parliament held in November, 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman (for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes). I came one morning into the House well clad, and perceived a Gentleman speaking (whom I knew not) very ordinarily apparelled; or it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor: his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little hand, which was not much larger than his collar: his hat was without a hat-band: his stature was of a good size, his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swollen and reddish, his nose sharp and unflexible, and his eloquence full of fervour."

Another observer tells us that Cromwell's height was about five feet ten inches, the shape

of his head that of a man of brain, and his temper very fiery, but usually under control. "A larger soul, I think," he adds, "hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was." "He was a strong man," adds a third witness; "in the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all others."

His Directions to Lely

While sitting to Lely, he desired the artist to "use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything, otherwise I never will pay a farthing for it."

As for Cromwell's character, to Royalists like Clarendon he was a "brave, bad man," although Clarendon admits that he possessed "some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated." Contemporary republicans agreed in regarding him as a self-seeking adventurer, who sacrificed the cause of the nation to the "idol of ambition." Research, however, has made it sufficiently clear that ambition entered very little, if at all, into his career, which was for the most part the result of circumstances that were beyond his own control.

[See "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," edited by Thomas Carlyle (1847); "Cromwell's Army," by C. H. Firth (1912); "Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans," by C. H. Firth (1900); *Lives*, by J. Morley (1900), and F. Harrison (1888).]

DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR ON THE DAY OF HIS TRIUMPH



After a brief illness Cromwell died on the day of his triumph, the 3rd September, 1658, the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester, at Whitehall, at the age of fifty-nine. His end was hastened not only by the fatigues of war and government, but also by the death of his favourite daughter, Elizabeth Claypole.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN TO SEE THE PACIFIC



To recoup himself for his losses on a former voyage Drake set sail from Plymouth in 1572 for the West Indies. After taking and plundering Nombre de Dios he landed and marched across the Isthmus of Panama. His guides pointed out a tree from which they assured him he could gain a view of the sea he had already crossed and that towards which he was going. The great sea-rover accordingly climbed the tree and arrived on the little platform at the top beheld—the first Englishman to set eyes on it—the gleaming waters of the Pacific.

A SEA-ROVER of ELIZABETHAN DAYS

The Adventurous Sir Francis Drake, Who Spent Most of His Life in Warring Against Spain and Laid the Foundation of Britain's Sea Power

THE historic day on which a white man first set eyes on the gleaming waters of the Pacific was nearing its sixtieth anniversary before an Englishman was similarly privileged. This honour, appropriately enough, was reserved for one of England's noblest sons, a jolly, blue-eyed, red-bearded Elizabethan sea-rover—Francis Drake. Vasco de Balboa himself could not have wished for a more worthy successor.

From the summit of a tall tree on a Panama mountain range Drake gazed across the mystic South Sea, lost in wonder at the beauty of the scene that stretched before him. His lips moved in prayer—a prayer that he might be given “life and leave to sail once in an English ship on that sea.”

Five years later his ambition was on the eve of realization. With a motley crew of adventurers, he stood at the gates of the mighty Pacific, eager to explore its waters. His three ships, in preparation for their hazardous voyage through the Strait of Magellan, were being refitted. For Drake, the work went on all too slowly. The delay, unavoidable as it was, became to him an increasing source of vexation, tempered only by the glorious promise of the morrow. His hopes, like his ambition, ran high. Ever since he had climbed that tree on the Isthmus of Panama, he had lived for the time when, in a good English ship, he would be heading for the South Seas. And that moment had now arrived.

But, with his hopes at their zenith, his dreams of conquest received a rude and unexpected check. The crews, he learnt, were discontented, quarrelsome, and almost mutinous. Poisonous

treachery was rife, and in an instant the future of the expedition was placed in jeopardy.

Drake knew why they were dissatisfied. He knew that most of them had sailed from England a few months before with the impression that they were bound for Alexandria, and that it was in a spirit of sufferance rather than of good-will that they had accompanied him so far. Now, when their leader's mission was only too clear, they all—gentlemen's sons, hardy seamen, young adventurers—with one accord drew back. Not even the magnetic influence of their commander could persuade them to face the tempestuous seas and the appalling horrors traditionally associated with the Strait of Magellan.

Drake waited as long as he dared for the storm to blow over. Then, as the tension increased, he executed one of those bold strokes that revealed his genius as a disciplinarian and the strength of his masterful character. The crews were peremptorily ordered to assemble ashore, and, when they had gathered round him, Drake scanned their sullen upturned faces, and in a few short sentences explained his intentions. Those who wanted to return to England could do so, he said; a ship would be placed at their disposal. “But let them take heed,” he added, “that they go homeward. For, if I find them in my way, I will surely sink them.”

His audience knew him too well to doubt his sincerity, and in face of his stern resolution they wavered. Drake immediately drove home the advantage he had gained, and curtly announced that every officer in the squadron was cashiered. With amazement, portrayed in

IN MEMORY OF DRAKE



The Drake statue on Plymouth Hoe. This fine representation of the gallant admiral is a replica of Boehm's statue in another part of Devonshire, Tavistock.

every feature, they asked the reason for this drastic action.

"Is there any reason why I should not?" he countered.

No one had an answer ready. Meekly they listened, while a torrent of angry words poured from his lips. His voice boomed like one of the cannon aboard his trim little ship, the *Pelican*—afterwards renamed the *Golden Hind*. It was passionate soul-stirring eloquence of the type they understood, and, when he had finished, those among them who had been the leading spirits in the mutiny knelt at his feet, begging forgiveness. As soon as he realized that he had won their confidence, Drake reinstated the officers to their former rank, and, after picturing to them in glowing terms the riches and honours that awaited them on the other side of the strait, he dismissed them, with words of hope and encouragement, to their various duties.

The Lure of His Name

It is a tribute to the man himself, rather than to the age in which he lived, to say that Drake rarely lacked followers. His name alone attracted hundreds of young men to the navy—men who proved their worth in the titanic struggles for maritime supremacy during the Elizabethan period. Most celebrated of all the famous "sea-dogs" of that period, Drake retained his popularity with the people even when he was out of favour at court. To them he was a hero for whose fame "the ocean sea was not sufficient room."

Nelson's attitude towards the foremost enemy of his day was summed up in his famous maxim, "hate a Frenchman like the devil." This fairly reflects Drake's disposition towards Spain, for his whole life was consecrated to bitter and relentless warfare against that country. His habitual chivalry often aroused the admiration of the Spaniards, but as a nation they feared him as they feared no other. In their eyes "El Draque" was a very devil incarnate, whose daring achievements were not limited even by human capacity.

Pining for a Ship

Drake started life well by being born in Devonshire, where the sea tradition was strong. Shortly after his birth, which took place in or about the year 1539, his father was appointed to the post of reader of prayers to the Royal Navy, and a disused warship, lying in the Medway, became the abode of the family. Here, in this old hulk, Francis Drake spent his early days, pining for the time when he would have a ship of his own, a real seaworthy ship that would roam the seas—not one doomed to end its days rotting in the Medway.

The development of his character was

entrusted to the best possible hands—those of his brothers, of whom he had no fewer than eleven. Most of these sturdy sons of the prayer reader afterwards entered the navy, and one of them, John, but for an untimely end while on service with his famous brother, might easily have shared the latter's renown.

Hatred of Catholic Spain

Drake's enmity towards Catholic Spain was conceived while he was still a youngster. It was his fortune, good or bad, to be born at a time when England, and not England alone, was in the throes of a religious ferment. His father was the staunchest of Protestants, and in this atmosphere of hatred of Catholicism, surrounded by instruments of war, young Francis Drake grew to manhood. From the cradle he was destined for a sea-life, and when at length he was apprenticed to a Channel coasting vessel, he acquitted himself, not as a novice, but as a man who accepted the hardships and privations of his calling with easy tolerance. In the coasting trade, the finest of all training schools, he gained the experience and acquired the skill that were the foundation of his future greatness.

One day, quite unexpectedly, Drake found himself the owner of the ship on which he had served as an apprentice. His master died suddenly, and left him the vessel as a reward for his faithful service. Drake, thereupon, started business on his own account, but his career as a trader was a brief one, as Spain shortly afterwards closed her ports to English vessels. Destiny was shaping his course.

He Yearns for Revenge

Drake now felt that he had a personal grievance against Spain, and his hatred of that country, already intensified by the stories related to him by refugees fleeing with his aid from the terrors of the Inquisition, gained strength from day to day. The yearning for revenge smouldered within his breast. Only a spark was needed to set it aglow, and the countrymen of King Philip were soon to supply it.

His livelihood gone, Drake sold his ship, and, at the age of 27, entered the service of his cousin, the famous Sir John Hawkins, who, even at that early date, was rapidly earning a name for himself through his successful expeditions to the West Indies. Hawkins was a sea-dog after Drake's heart, and when, in 1567, these two journeyed to Guinea on a slaving expedition, something out of the ordinary course was almost certain to happen.

Happen it did, although not with the best results. While off Vera Cruz, a violent storm overtook them, and they were forced to seek the security of the port. Before they had been

DRAKE AND THE MEMORABLE GAME OF BOWLS ON PLYMOUTH HOE



When news arrived of the approach of the Armada, the lord high admiral and his officers were playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe. Howard was for putting to sea at once, Drake for proceeding with the game. "There's plenty of time to win this game," he cried, "and to thrash the Spaniards too."

there many days, part of the Spanish Plate fleet arrived, and Hawkins informed the astonished Spanish commander that he might bring his ships into port, on condition that the English were allowed to refit their vessels and depart unmolested. As the port was his by right, the Spanish captain might be forgiven for regarding Hawkins' request as a piece of impudence, but, too surprised to do anything else, he agreed to a truce, and for three days the rival fleets lay side by side. Then, without warning, the Spaniards made a treacherous attack on the English ships.

Narrow Escape from Drowning

Hawkins and his men, heavily outnumbered as they were, fought bravely and with grim determination, but the unequal struggle soon went against them. Drake's ship was sunk, and the gallant commander escaped being drowned only by crawling along a hawser and pulling himself aboard one of the two vessels that succeeded in getting away from Vera Cruz. As soon as he saw that defeat was inevitable, Drake hurried home as quickly as his battered ship would take him, burning with

indignation at the treachery of the Spaniards, and vowing a swift and ample revenge.

Not for twenty years was revenge fully taken, and by that time the indiscretion committed by her countrymen in the port of Vera Cruz had cost Spain thousands of lives, millions of money, and worry and anxiety enough to send half her citizens prematurely to their graves.

Devotes His Life to War

Regardless of, if not indifferent to, the relations officially existing between the two countries, Drake was determined to wage a relentless personal war on Spain and her possessions. On the 4th July, 1569, he married a Devonshire girl, Mary Newman, but not often did she enjoy his company. Now and then, after years of perilous adventure on the Spanish Main, he would pay a fleeting visit home, but always his conversation was of war and of future voyages—never of rest.

Secretly supported by Queen Elizabeth, Drake made two journeys to the West Indies, in order to reconnoitre the position and choose a favourable spot at which to deliver his first blow. These preliminary voyages delayed his

long-sought revenge, but at last his preparations were completed, and on the 24th May, 1572, two small ships, the *Pasha* and the *Swan*, slipped quietly out of Plymouth and sailed westward.

Drake's mission was to raid the Spanish treasure-house at Nombre de Dios, on the Isthmus of Panama. The task of picking the pocket of King Philip himself could have been scarcely more difficult, but in the very audacity of the venture lay its chief appeal. To help carry out his daring plan, Drake took with him

English captain, James Rouse, a fearless searover of Drake's stamp, who unhesitatingly threw in his lot with the Devonian.

Access to Nombre de Dios by road was barred by a fierce tribe of natives, known as Maroons, and the place could, therefore, be reached only from the sea. Four pinnaces, manned by sixty picked men, with Drake in charge, made their way under cover of night towards the strongly guarded town. Unfortunately, they were sighted by a ship lying in the harbour, and without waiting for dawn, as

he had intended, Drake decided to make his assault at once. Leaving twelve men to guard the boats, he divided his crew into two parties and made for the centre of the town.

Hoarse shouts in a foreign tongue awakened the inhabitants from their slumbers. The sky was lit by the fire of rockets and the blaze of torches. As the people poured into the streets, the frenzied shouts, mingling with the firing of muskets, the roar of trumpets, and the beating of drums, drew nearer.

A thousand devils, it seemed, had been suddenly let loose on them, and with one accord they fled panic-stricken.

At one point Spanish infantrymen tried to hold up the invaders, but so surprised were they by Drake's sudden attack that they offered little resistance, and, almost before the Englishmen realized it, they found themselves at the treasure-house. Here, waiting to be taken, were riches that surpassed their wildest dreams.

Suddenly, when success was within his grasp, Drake reeled and fell to the ground. Loss

of blood, from a leg-wound received earlier in the day, had sapped his strength. Anxious only for the safety of their beloved captain, the crew hurried down to the boats with a burden more precious than all the Spaniards' gold. Thus the first assault failed. A man who constantly set out to achieve the impossible, as Drake did, was bound to have failures, but they were failures that rivalled the glory of his most dazzling successes.

THE SPANISH ARMADA UNDER FULL SAIL



With canvas glowing with painted and embroidered designs, the Spanish Armada leaves for England. But it was soon to be shattered by the English fleet, of which the redoubtable Drake was the guiding spirit

two small ships, whose joint complement was only seventy-three souls. It was a remarkable example of his supreme self-confidence, carried as it often was, to sheer recklessness.

In the seclusion of a small bay, almost in sight of his goal, Drake made his final plans and constructed the pinnaces that were to take him and his plucky little band of adventurers on the last few miles of their journey. While here, he was joined unexpectedly by an



If the Spaniards on Panama thought they had heard the last of Drake, they were speedily disillusioned. Hardly a day passed without some fresh exploit of his being reported. Drake had no intention of returning home just then. His heart was still set on capturing the gold stored in Nombre de Dios, and he planned to make his next attempt when the great Plate fleet arrived to transport the treasure to Spain. This meant waiting for the dry season.

So, setting up a base on a secluded part of the coast, Drake spent the intervening months profitably, in plundering settlements and capturing treasure-ships. When he ran short of provisions, he swooped down on some unsuspecting food-ship and helped himself.

With the change of the seasons, Drake's luck deserted him. First his brother, John, was killed in an encounter with a Spanish vessel. Then fever attacked the party with such devastating effect, that in a short time little more than half the original company remained. In these depressing circumstances, Drake heard of the approach of the Plate fleet. He had had the foresight to gain the friendship of the Maroons, and, reinforcing his numbers from their ranks, he landed on the isthmus and set out to intercept the mule-trains by which the gold would be transported to the coast.

Once more success was snatched from his grasp. This time, failure was due to a foolish sailor, who disclosed the fact that an ambush had been prepared at the very moment the mule-train approached their hiding-place. Chagrined at his ill-luck, Drake sought some compensation by attacking and pillaging the town of Venta Cruz. Afterwards he returned to sea, and dealt such havoc to Spanish shipping that soon the very mention of his name was sufficient to send the settlement into paroxysms of terror.

A third, and in many respects the most daring of all his attempts on the treasure-stores, met with the success that had so long

escaped him. Taking with them a large quantity of gold and silver, the Englishmen rushed down to the shore, where they expected to find pinnaces awaiting them. They were nowhere to be seen. Once again Drake's ingenious brain solved their difficulties. A rough raft was constructed, and on this they roamed the seas, until they came across the missing boats, which had been delayed by a serious storm.

ENGLISH SEA-DOGS FIGHTING A SPANISH SHIP



During the reign of Elizabeth England was constantly in conflict with Spain, and after the Spaniards' treachery at Vera Cruz Drake's life was consecrated to relentless and unremitting warfare with that country.

Then Drake turned homeward. The Spanish prisoners whom he had captured at various times, and who had expected nothing better than a slow death, received from their generous foe the *Pasha*, to compensate them for their long internment. The *Swan* had long since been scuttled, and the return voyage was made in a new ship.



When, on the 9th August, 1573, Drake sailed into Plymouth Sound, richly laden with booty, he received a rapturous welcome. News of his exploits had gone before him, but, while the west country was ringing with his praises, there were loud and insistent demands among the friends of Spain at Elizabeth's court that Drake should be punished for his acts of piracy. The unrepentant offender, therefore, discreetly

IN THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF NOMBRE DE DIOS



When the doors of the Spaniards' treasure-house were burst open, Drake's officers and men stood speechless at the spectacle of the vast wealth that lay before their astonished eyes.

withdrew, and lay in hiding until the storm that he had brought about his head blew over.

It was not long before he was planning a voyage to the Pacific, and, for a man who had brought such "disgrace" to his country, he received surprising support. On the 13th December, 1577, he left Plymouth with five vessels, and made for the Strait of Magellan. Two of his ships turned back before he entered the strait, and of the remainder, only the one navigated by Drake himself, the *Golden*

Hind, reached the Pacific. The others were lost, fighting the terrible currents and gales encountered in the strait.

Alone in the Golden Sea, Drake explored the mysterious waters he had seen from the Isthmus of Panama. He sailed up the coast, ransacking the Spanish settlements in Chile and Peru, and capturing treasure-ships on their way to Panama. Not until his ship was overflowing with booty, and he had taken possession of the Californian coast in Elizabeth's name, did he make for home. To crown his glory, he decided to follow the sixty-year-old example of Magellan, and circumnavigate the globe.

It was a bold and ambitious scheme, for his instruments were far from perfect. But, placing his trust in providence, he sailed courageously across the Pacific and Indian Oceans, passed through the Indian Archipelago and round the Cape of Good Hope, and thence made for English waters, arriving in September, 1580, nearly three years after he had set out. For the first time in history an Englishman had sailed round the globe, and Drake's achievement caused him to be regarded with affection and admiration throughout the country.

Not Hanged but Knighted

Drake did not land immediately. Like a boy who had had a thoroughly good time, and was wondering what was in store for him, he waited to see whether it would be politic for him to disappear once more. As he expected, Spain had made furious demands that he should be hanged as a pirate. Elizabeth's answer was not to hang him, but to knight him, the ceremony being performed on the 4th April, 1581, after a banquet on Drake's ship while it lay at Deptford.

The next few years saw Sir Francis in Parliament, where he tried to prepare the country for war with Spain. In July, 1585, however, the old yearning

for adventure called him once again into active service, and he was given command of a fleet. With Froisher as his vice-admiral, he sailed south with a large squadron of war-ships, attacked the Spanish fleet, sacked Santiago, and captured the formidable strongholds of San Domingo and Cartagena.

Then he went out to Virginia, relieved Raleigh's colony, and plundered more settlements before returning home. In his report he made light of his achievements, and expressed

ENGLISH FIRE-SHIPS SENT AGAINST THE SHIPS OF SPAIN



With the Armada anchored off Calais ready to join forces with the Duke of Parma's army on shore, the English decided on a daring move. Seven or eight of their less important ships were pitched, tarred, and filled with combustibles, and then sent adrift in the midst of the Spanish fleet. In consternation, the Spaniards cut their cables and put out to sea.

his regret at having missed the Plate fleet by twelve hours. This regret must, however, have been tempered by the knowledge that he had, in his own words, "opened a very great gap very little to the liking of the King of Spain."

In 1587 all doubts as to Spain's intentions were dispelled by the news that a great fleet was being prepared for the invasion of England. Drake was commissioned to investigate, and to see what he could do to alter the Spaniards' plans. Thereupon, he led an audacious raid into the port of Cadiz, attacked the huge fleet that was being assembled there, and destroyed about 100 vessels, representing no less than 12,000 tons of shipping. As a final challenge to Philip's authority, he then anchored in full view of the town for several days.

"Singeing the King of Spain's Beard"

This little exploit—"singeing the King of Spain's beard," as it has been called—delayed the threatened invasion of England for twelve months. With the treachery of Vera Cruz still vividly in his mind, Drake was eager to lead more punitive assaults on his enemies, but he received no encouragement whatever from the Government.

Again and again during the next year he

advocated that an attempt should be made to destroy the Spanish fleet in its own waters. More and more insistent grew his demands for munitions with which to combat the peril of the Armada. To all his appeals the Government turned a deaf ear. Drake, thereupon, quietly prepared for "the day," conscious that the salvation of Europe rested on him and those other gallant seamen—Hawkins, Howard, and Frobisher. He did not have to wait long.

A Game of Bowls on Plymouth Hoe

In 1588, after many false alarms and anxious months of waiting, the great Armada made its appearance in the Channel. It is said that, when the tidings were brought to Drake, he was playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe. No one knew better than he how to inspire confidence in a crisis, and, with fine bravado, he coolly suggested to his officers that they should continue their game. "There's plenty of time to win this game and to thrash the Spaniards too," he remarked.

The next day the English fleet, under Lord Howard of Effingham, put to sea, and followed in the wake of the Spanish galleons. The great Armada comprised about 130 vessels, and, in the curious half-moon formation in

which it sailed up the Channel, it covered from tip to tip an extent of seven miles. The English ships were smaller than the ponderous, high-decked men-of-war flying the Spanish flag. Their equipment, also, was greatly inferior to that of the enemy, but in two respects, at least, they held an advantage—seamanship, and the speed of their vessels.

Howard and Drake, hanging at the rear of the foe, incessantly worried them, without at first risking a conclusive engagement, and by the time the invincible Armada had reached Calais, where it expected to have news of the army from the Netherlands that was to join it, several of its finest feathers had been ignominiously plucked.

Fire-ships against the Spanish Fleet

The scale of battle turned in England's favour, when, one night, fire-ships were sent drifting towards the Spanish vessels anchored off Calais. In consternation, the Spaniards cut their cables and put out to sea. The supreme hour of Drake's adventurous career had arrived. At dawn on the following day he attacked the galleons at close quarters, dealing terrible execution among their ranks, and sending ship after ship to the bottom.

When all hope of invading England had vanished, the enemy sought to escape total destruction by sailing round Scotland, but the fates were unkind to them. The work so brilliantly begun by Drake was completed by the elements, for, while off the coasts of Scotland, a terrible gale sprung up, and dashed the scattered remnants of the proud Armada upon the rocks. Vera Cruz was avenged.

His Remaining Years

Spasmodic engagements with his enemies, intrigues at home that found him alternately in disgrace and favour, daring schemes for the further discomfiture of Spain rejected, and, finally, that last ill-omened voyage to the West Indies in the company of the aged Sir John Hawkins—that is the brief story of Drake's remaining years. Early in 1596 he was seized with fever, and on the 28th January of that year, while off Porto Bello, he breathed his last. A few days later, after impressive honours had been paid to his memory, his body was committed to the sea, near the scene of his early triumphs.

[See *Lives* by John Barrow (1843) and Julian Corbett (1901); and "Elizabethan Sea-Dogs," by W. Wood (1915).]

BURIAL AT SEA OF THE GREAT ELIZABETHAN SEAMAN



Drake breathed his last on board his ship, the *Defiance*, off Porto Bello. A few days after his death the body of the man he had laid the foundation of Britain's sea-power was committed to those waters upon which he had won his earliest triumphs, enclosed in a leaden coffin, and with duly impressive honours.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

A TALENTED PAINTER of ANIMAL-LIFE

How Rosa Bonheur, One of the Few Famous Women Artists, Gained Immediate Recognition by the Realistic and Powerful Treatment of Her Subjects

IT is a curious fact, however it may be explained, that women, who have succeeded in so many other walks of life, have very seldom shone in art. This is all the more peculiar, since art, and especially painting, seems to offer the very domain in which women might be expected to excel.

The natural disabilities from which they suffer, such as lack of physical strength and endurance, which handicap them in other directions, do not here exist. On the contrary, the expression of feeling, the sense of colour and of harmony, delicacy of touch, and the love of beauty seem to belong more to the realm of women than of men. Yet, when we examine this particular province of genius, it is the almost complete absence of the names of women that surprises us.

The nineteenth century produced two women artists who might well claim to be exceptions to this rule, and both were of French nationality. The first was Mme. Vigée Le Brun, famous as a portrait-painter, and whose works, although they fail to reach the highest standard, are yet extremely pleasing. The second, however, is a much more arresting personality, more complex, and more difficult to place. This is Rosa Bonheur, the subject of this article, and famous throughout the world for the realistic and powerful treatment of her animal paintings.

One of the most striking things about her work is the absence of feminine characteristics. She succeeded in a branch of art which might be assumed to be unattractive to women, and to belong essentially to men.

Like so many others who have attained greatness, she was born in a home where affluence was unknown. The Bonheurs appear to have been famous for generations as cooks, but at last Nature, evidently tiring of producing culinary experts, suddenly changed her

mould and produced a painter. This was Raymond Bonheur, the father of Rosa.

In 1820, when after much struggle he had obtained the post of drawing-master in Bordeaux, there came to him for lessons a young orphan girl of good family. A consequence of this association was that before very long master and pupil became husband and wife, a proceeding which aroused the animosity of their parents and guardians. Owing to these circumstances they began life together with high hopes, but with small means and limited prospects. In the year following their marriage,

on the 22nd March, 1822, was born Marie Rosalie, afterwards known to fame as Rosa Bonheur.

Rosa's father was of an ardent temperament, possessed undoubted talent, and did not lack either industry or earnestness, but he lived in difficult times, when the calling of an artist, even of a very capable one, meant a life of hazard and a constant struggle against poverty. Three other children followed, all destined to occupy honourable places in the art world. Their advent, however, did not make life any easier for the Bonheur family.

Mme. Bonheur, a woman of heroic nature, being a good musician,

gave lessons on the piano to eke out their slender resources. But fees were always small, and the work was hard, and even with the help thus afforded the family was frequently in distress.

In 1828, wearied by the severity of the struggle to make ends meet, the father determined to set out alone for Paris and there to try his fortune—in that city which has appeared to be the El Dorado to so many other artists suffering from ill-fortune, lack of encouragement, and slender purses.

Though bereft of the head of the house, the Bonheurs still struggled on, and it is evident that Rosa, like the others, felt the absence of her father most keenly. Very easily, it would

ROSA BONHEUR AS SEEN BY DUBUFE



At an early age Rosa Bonheur was obsessed with the desire to become an artist. She hated book-learning, but was always happy when receiving drawing instruction.

appear, her talent began to find expression. Slow at everything else, with a temperament somewhat volcanic and undisciplined, she showed a great delight whenever she was allowed the use of pencil and paper. Writing of her childhood, she expresses very clearly her passion for drawing animals.

I refused formally to learn to read, but before I was four years old I had already a passion for drawing, and I covered the white walls as high as I could reach with my shapeless sketches. What amused me also was to cut out subjects the same. To begin with I made long ribbons, then with my scissors I used to cut out first a sheep, then a dog, then a calf, then a sheep, then a tree, invariably in the same order. I spent many days over this pastime.

As she grew older, this hatred of book-learning and intense interest in drawing seemed to increase. In a letter written to her father, then struggling to gain a foothold in Paris, her mother says:

I cannot understand why this child who has intelligence should have so much difficulty in learning. I believe that it is obstinacy, but she is very good. She has drawn a landscape which I send you. . . . I cannot tell what Rosa will be, but of this I am sure, she will be an ordinary woman.

Death of Her Mother

Unfortunately for them all this devoted mother did not live to see the fulfilment of her prophecy, or to share in the joy of better days. She died in 1833, four years after the family had migrated to Paris.

For a time this sad event broke up the Bonheur home. Rosa was sent to one of her aunts, and the other children were taken over by friends and relations. An unhappy period for Rosa followed. Her aunt, finding the headstrong girl too much for her, placed her in a *pension* which offered good educational facilities.

But love of education, as conceived in a *pension*, was not one of Rosa's strong points. She could not or would not learn what she did not find interesting, she chafed under restrictions of any kind, and the restrictions she had now to endure were especially distasteful to her. As a consequence, her teachers failed to make anything of her, and in a short while she was back with her father again.

Apprenticed to a Dressmaker

Finding further schooling hopeless, and being convinced of the necessity of Rosa earning her own living, the father then apprenticed her to a dressmaker. But needlework was even more hateful to her than schooling, and soon this next episode ended no less disastrously. At length her father, realizing her overwhelming interest in drawing, determined to take her into his own studio and make a painter of her.

He had been led to this determination when one evening, returning from work, he found on the easel a picture of a bunch of cherries, which

Rosa had painted from nature. He was so struck with it that he called Rosa, told her his plans for her, and asked whether or no she would be willing to devote herself with seriousness and perseverance to an artistic training. Rosa joyously consented, and her career may be said to have started from that moment.

She was now fifteen years of age. Up to this time her life had been a series of revolts. She had perpetually been forced to do the things she disliked, and had often filled the hearts of those who loved her with despair. But now, engaged in the pursuit of what she herself loved, her whole nature seemed to change. She threw herself with passionate devotion into her work. Instead of being entreated to persist she was now more often entreated to stop.

Copying in the Louvre

Her father, too, who had now secured a more remunerative post, was a very capable teacher. He set her to draw continuously, either giving her a study from still life in the studio, or sending her to the Louvre to copy some famous picture. The other students working there soon began to notice Rosa. They called her "The Little Hussar," partly on account of her dress, but also because there was always something masculine about her bearing.

Soon, however, she began to be known by others than students. One day, after having finished a copy of "Les Bergers d'Arcadie," the picture was resting on the easel, when an old man approached, stood before it, and examined it for a long time. At length, turning to the young artist, he said, "Do you know, my dear, that this copy is admirable, irreproachable? Continue your studies, then, and I predict that you will become a great artist." That night Rosa walked on air, for the old man turned out to be a well-known critic.

Move to the Country

In 1841, when Rosa was nineteen, her father married again, and, fortunately for her studies, they moved to the country. By this time her love of animals and her intense delight in painting them had begun to express themselves. Her first effort was a picture of a goat, and, once thus started in the path her genius was to take, she poured into her work that assiduity and absorption which were so characteristic of this talented Frenchwoman.

One remarkable incident will serve to reveal that determination of hers to allow nothing to daunt her courage or deflect her purpose. For several months she attended daily at a slaughter-house to study the anatomy of animals. There, in an atmosphere repugnant to her finer feelings, amid nauseating surroundings, she pursued her studies, winning at last

ROSA BONHEUR WITH ONE OF HER ANIMAL FRIENDS



After Rosa Bonheur had decided to specialize in painting animals, she spared herself no pains in obtaining first-hand information of their habits and appearance when in their natural surroundings. Sometimes, of course, this method of procedure was impossible, but she usually managed to model her subjects from real life. She lived surrounded by curious pets.

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the respect and admiration of the rough workmen, who recognized her grit even though they did not fully appreciate her purpose. The time she spent there she afterwards regarded as of inestimable value.

Another plan which she put into execution was to go into the country and live on a farm, in order to become familiar with the different animals and their habits. For some months she did this, living with some peasants at Neuilly. Here she gained valuable experience and made some startling discoveries. Every animal, she found, had an individuality. It was impossible to group them in crowds, as if knowing one meant knowing all. Each member of each group was essentially unlike its neighbour, requiring sympathy, insight, and patient observation and study.

Worked from Clay Models

Not only did she bring such gifts to her work, but she also carried into effect a plan of first making a model in clay of the animals she was about to paint, of shaping every limb and muscle with a view to reaching perfect accuracy in execution.

All this study and patient observation were soon to have their reward. With her first picture—a study of two pet rabbits—that she sent to the Salon she enclosed a drawing of some sheep and dogs. To her overwhelming delight both were accepted.

In the following year she sent three paintings, one of which commanded considerable attention. Again, in 1843, she was represented in the Salon, all the pictures sent being accepted and ultimately sold. A success so swift is rare in the experience of artists, and it has to be accounted for partly by the high character of the work, but partly also by a change which was being effected in French art.

Revealing the Beauties of Nature

The exhibition of some of Constable's paintings in Paris had produced a sensation. It was a revelation to French artists of the beauty and attractiveness of nature. The foundation of the Barbizon school was the direct result. Then followed the appearance of a number of landscape painters of a high order.

Rosa Bonheur's studies of animals, set in their natural surroundings, drawn with masculine vigour and with intense realism, made an instant appeal in the newly awakened art circles of France.

A long holiday which she spent in Auvergne gave her fresh opportunities of study, and produced a profound impression upon her work. This district is famous for its cattle, and the sight of the superb beasts filled her heart with joy. She studied them with the extreme patience which characterized her, and when

in 1848 she again exhibited in the Salon, it was realized that her art had gained breadth and certainty.

There were those of course who revolted at the realism of her work. They were still bound by the old conventions of painting animals not as they were, but as they were understood to be. The public, however, knew better, and thronged to see her works, among which were "Bœufs et Taureaux du Cantal," "Chien Courant de Vendée," "Pâturage de Bœufs à Solers," etc. On this occasion Rosa Bonheur was accorded the much prized gold medal of the first class.

Produces a Masterpiece

During the year that followed there appeared one of her masterpieces, a picture which was destined to give her an enduring fame. This was "Ploughing in the Nivernais." It was at once acclaimed as marking an epoch in French art. There is nothing adventitious about it. Its dominating note is simplicity and truth. There is no air of prettiness or weak sentimentality, such as had characterized most previous art—everything is natural, nothing is artificial. The men and the oxen are not posing for the picture, they are absorbed in their everyday work. This picture is now in the Luxembourg.

Four years later, in 1853, she exhibited in the Salon what is generally recognized as her greatest picture—"The Horse Fair." This created a sensation immediately it was shown, and reproductions of it are now scattered all over the world. For this picture she made a long series of sketches. Every horse in the group was studied separately, and drawn over and over again. Before she started the work she attended country horse fairs, making keen and critical investigations.

Dressed in Male Attire

In order to prosecute her observations without molestation, she actually adopted male clothes, and, having once adopted them, stuck to them to the day of her death, permission having been granted by the prefect of police for her to do this.

An amusing story is told of her being apprehended by a policeman in the streets of Paris on the charge of being a man masquerading as a woman. The force with which she defended herself confirmed the policeman in the accuracy of his diagnosis, until in the prefecture he was stupefied by the profound respect shown to the prisoner by his superior officer, who apologized humbly for the mistake.

A replica of "The Horse Fair" hangs in the National Gallery, London, the original being in the United States.

When exhibited in London the picture had a splendid reception, and among its greatest

GEMS BY A QUEEN OF THE PALETTE



This splendid picture, "The King of the Desert" in the Prado Madrid, is a thoroughly typical example of the virile power displayed by the famous French animal painter Rosa Bonheur. There is nothing feminine about her work.

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MOUNTAINS AND FLOCK TO BEAR HIM COMPANY



In this treasure of the Wallace Collection, London, *The Wagon and Team*, the artist appears at her best, portraying horses as they might be seen by any traveller on a French country road.



In *A Shepherd of the Pyrenees*, Rosa Bonheur has achieved with inimitable art a quiet pastoral subject in a romantic Pyrenean setting. This fine picture is in the Condé Museum, Chantilly, France.

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WHERE PATIENT OXEN TILL THE FRUITFUL SOIL



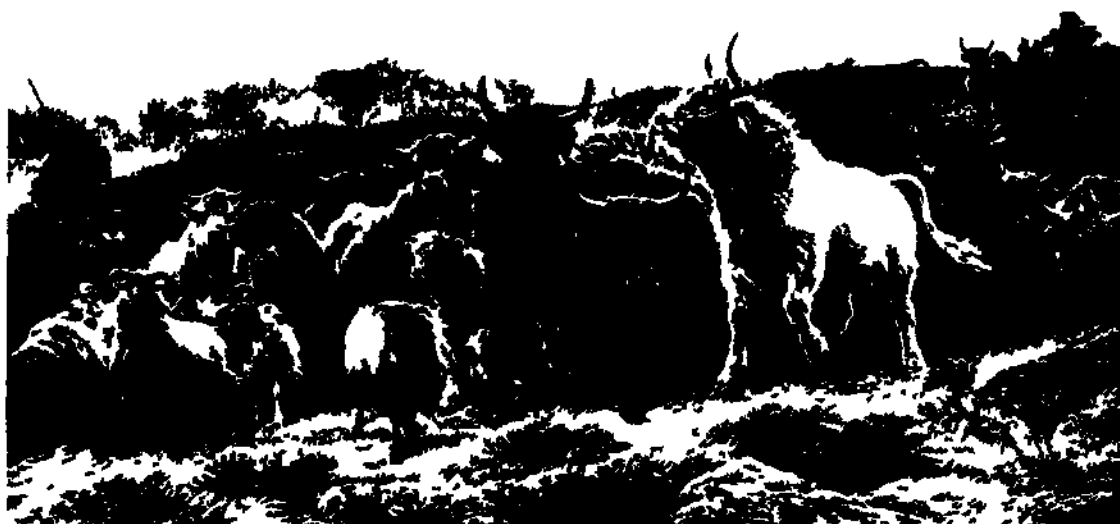
Ploughing in the Nivernais in the Luxembourg Paris showing massive oxen drawing the plough at the point of the goad over the rich fields of rural France As always the drawing of the animals is faultless



In this study of a dappled horse in the sunlight, in the museum at Chartres France, every muscle is tense and the eye is alert as though the animal were watching for its rider's approach

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SCOTTISH SCENES DEPICTED BY A FRENCH PAINTER



Rosa Bonheur's touch is just as sure in treating Scottish scenes as it is when inspired by her native land as is shown by this spirited picture of cattle and sheep in the Highlands



Changing Pastures another Scottish subject which displays masterly handling Packed tightly in the broad-built boat the little flock is laboriously conveyed to a fresh pasture across the waters of the loch

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

admirers were Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. A visit to England which Rosa Bonheur paid about this time not only proved highly gratifying to the artist through the many marks of honour she received, but it also had a marked effect upon her art. She visited the north country and took a prolonged tour through Scotland. Her interest was quickened by the rugged beauty of the hills and moors, and, the wild cattle especially appealing to her, she filled her notebook with sketches, of which she made good use on her return to France.

The English exhibition of her most famous picture laid the foundations of her great popularity in this country and in America. So many were the commissions she received that she almost ceased exhibiting in the Salon, a fact which gave great offence to her own countrymen at the time.

Fetching Enormous Prices

Her pictures were eagerly purchased, and the measure of her popularity may be gauged by the fact that in 1888 the "Denizens of the Highlands," one of the results of her Scottish visit, sold for 5,550 guineas, an amazing figure for that period.

Her next success was at the Universal Exhibition in Paris, to which she sent "Haymaking in Auvergne." This, along with "Ploughing in the Nivernais" and "The Horse Fair," represent Rosa Bonheur at her best. In these three pictures she is closest to nature, most simple, and most discreet.

Although by this time Rosa Bonheur was one of the most successful painters of Europe, her honours sat lightly upon her. To her, the gaieties of cities and the plaudits of the crowd made no appeal. Therefore, in 1860 she left Paris for Fontainebleau, a place which had become a famous centre for artists. It was on the southern extremity of the forest that Barbizon, which Rousseau and Millet had made famous, was situated, but it was on the northern extremity that Rosa Bonheur took up her abode—accompanied by her close friend and fellow artist, Nathalie Micas.

Here, in her ancient château, she found that seclusion which she desired so that she could give herself up entirely to her work. She cut herself off as far as possible from all social engagements—in fact, she did this to such an extent that she began to be known as "the recluse of By." The château became a veritable menagerie. She surrounded herself with all kinds of animals—sheep, goats, gazelles, horses,

and bulls—and she spent all her time studying their habits and painting pictures.

From this period until her death Rosa Bonheur produced a long succession of works, all of them bearing marks of her virility and knowledge, but without adding anything to the success she had already reached. One of the dangers of specializing in art is that, having reached great facility in any particular direction, the works tend to become stereotyped. Rosa Bonheur, like so many others, fell a victim to this trap. She remained, however, to the end

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST



Probably no other artist has obtained recognition so swiftly as Rosa Bonheur. The first picture she sent to the Salon was accepted and her work made an instant appeal.

of her days, an indefatigable worker, and her joy in her work found no abatement with the passing years.

In 1865 came the crowning glory of her life, when she was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by the Empress Eugénie. The story of her decoration is not without charm. The empress, being on one occasion in the neighbourhood of By, called at the château, saw the artist at work, and bought one of her paintings. Shortly after the empress proposed to

Napoleon that she should receive the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The emperor was agreeable, but the proposal was stoutly opposed by his counsellors on the stupid but characteristic plea that no woman artist had received this honour before, and that it would therefore establish a dangerous precedent.

A Visitor at the Château

When, however, the emperor in the following year went to Algiers, leaving the empress for the time as regent, she seized the opportunity and determined to put her plan into execution. When the equipage, with its horses and postillions, drew up at the château, the maid-servant in a fever of consternation flew to her mistress, who was working busily in her studio, and announced the important arrival. Rosa Bonheur had only time to throw a petticoat and a jacket of black velvet over her male attire before her visitor was ushered into the room. "I have here a little jewel," Eugénie said, "that I have brought you on behalf of the emperor. He has authorized me to profit by my last day of regency to announce to you your appointment to the Legion of Honour."

She then pinned the Cross upon the black jacket of the painter.

During the war of 1870-71, Fontainebleau was in the war zone, and the forest was overrun by troops. Rosa Bonheur was entreated to escape, but refused. Hearing of the proximity of the distinguished painter, Prince Frederick (Charles of Prussia, then in command of the troops, sent by one of his aides-de-camp a paper giving assurance of safety, and warning soldiers against molesting the château and its contents. When the artist received it she indignantly tore it into pieces.

Dies Suddenly in Harness

Rosa Bonheur lived to the ripe age of seventy-seven years, working on to the end. In the Salon of 1899 her picture, "Cow and Bull of Auvergne," was hung in the place of honour. Her work then was ended. She was suddenly seized with congestion of the lungs, and on the 26th May, 1899, almost before her illness was made known to the public, she passed away.

She was buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

[See "Reminiscences," edited by T. Stanton (1910).]

AT WORK ON A MASTERPIECE IN HER QUIET STUDIO



Once having adopted male clothes so that she might attend country horse fairs without fear of molestation, Rosa Bonheur persisted in this style of dress until the day of her death. The masculine characteristics which she possessed are very evident in all her animal pictures, which are drawn vigorously and with intense realism.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

An ENGLISH QUEEN of the DESERT

Lady Hester Stanhope, Who, Tiring of Her Native Land, Exiled Herself to Mount Lebanon, Where She Dwelt in Royal Isolation

IT is more than a hundred years ago since a beautiful English society woman scandalized her relatives and friends by suddenly abandoning her native land and setting sail for the East, without giving any idea of how long she intended to remain away from England.

This young woman was Lady Hester Stanhope, daughter of Charles, the third Earl Stanhope, who in 1774—when he was still Lord Mahon—had married Lady Hester Pitt, a sister of William Pitt, and great-granddaughter of Governor Thomas Pitt, the Indian nabob who bought the famous "Pitt" diamond.

Hester Lucy Stanhope, who was born on the 12th March, 1776, at Chevening, in Kent, had two younger sisters, Griselda and Lucy Rachel. Her mother died when Hester was only four years old, and within eight months her father gave her a step-mother in the person of his dead wife's cousin, Louisa, daughter of the Hon. Henry Grenville.

The high-spirited and imperious child lacked from the very earliest days that guidance and teaching which would have been hers had she been brought up in a more normal household. Her stepmother does not seem to have taken any particular interest in her, and her father, a versatile genius, was in no way a family man. Indeed, he was so despotic and exacting that his family found it difficult to live in the same house with him, and, as occasion offered, one by one they left home.

Lady Hester was by far the most brilliant of the three daughters, and in contrast with her magnetic personality her sisters faded into obscurity. When she made her debut in London society she met with an immediate success. Her vivacity attracted the attention of royalty, and her good looks and daring conversation soon

made her the accepted leader in a certain set of the young society men and women of the day.

Unhappy in her home life, Lady Hester abandoned her father's house and went to stay with her grandmother, Lady Chatham, in Somersetshire. But it was her uncle, William Pitt, who was at once her idol and her hero, and it was upon him that she bestowed all her warm-hearted affection.

Pitt was undoubtedly attached to his brilliant niece, and when, on the death of her grandmother, she found herself homeless, he asked her to share his house and act as his hostess.

Fortune could not have been kinder to Lady Hester, for, surrounded by clever and admiring men, she was in her element. Not only did she assist her uncle ably in his social duties, but she seems, on occasion, actually to have taken charge of his affairs in his absence.

During the course of 1803, when Britain was at war with France, and a French invasion was feared, Lady Hester accompanied Pitt to all the reviews and manoeuvres. Once, during her uncle's absence from Walmer, she took charge of a body of Cinque Port volunteers, which he had organized.

In 1804 Pitt re-entered office as First Lord of the Treasury and Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer, and he and Lady Hester Stanhope took up residence in Putney. Pitt's opinion of his niece's intellectual ability was extremely high, as is shown by his reply to a man, who, suggesting that Lady Hester would soon marry, said, "I suppose she waits until she can get a man as clever as herself." "Then," answered Pitt, "she will never marry at all." This forecast proved a correct one, for, though a brilliant political marriage seemed the natural outcome of her life with Pitt, when he died in 1806, Lady Hester was still unmarried.

IN THE DRESS OF THE ORIENT



So much attracted was Lady Hester Stanhope by the picturesqueness of Turkish dress that, having once tried it, she never wore European clothes again.

In accordance with the last dying wish of Pitt, a pension was settled upon Lady Hester, but her worldly prospects were naturally greatly altered. From being the spoilt darling of social and political circles, she found herself alone, unprotected, without a home, and in possession of an income of £1,200, which she considered completely inadequate for her needs.

In 1809 she had it in her mind to retire to

THE GIFT OF A POWERFUL PASHA



A devoted and fearless horsewoman, Lady Hester was delighted when Mehemet Ali, after receiving her with great pomp and ceremony at Cairo, presented her with a noble charger.

Wales. This was probably because she felt the need for a period of rest after the loss she had sustained by the death of Sir John Moore in the Peninsular war. Exactly what were the relations between Lady Hester and Sir John is not clear. After his death she spoke of him as the man she was to have married, and it is certain that, as he lay dying after his victory over the French at Corunna, Moore's last words were addressed to her half-brother, James—"remember me to your sister."

It was while staying in Wales that Lady Hester Stanhope first conceived the idea of travelling abroad. She decided to go to Sicily with her brother James and a certain Mr. Nassau Sutton, with whom she had become acquainted while living with her uncle, William Pitt. Sutton was in indifferent health at the time the journey was planned, and possibly it was on this account that Lady Hester included a medical man, Dr. Meryon, in her party. In February, 1810, the party set sail on that journey from which, for Lady Hester at any rate, there was destined to be no return.

Lady Hester had intended to settle for a time in Sicily, but, owing to the disturbed political condition of the country, this plan had to be abandoned, and Malta became for a while her headquarters. Popular as ever with the opposite sex, Lady Hester aroused a certain amount of feminine antagonism by her outspoken remarks. During her stay in Malta she became very friendly with Michael Crawford Bruce, who was doing the grand tour and had attached himself to the Stanhope party at Gibraltar. Once more it was confidently anticipated that Hester Stanhope would marry, and once again she disappointed her friends.

Her Meeting with Byron

In August the party left Malta and sailed for Athens. As the ship passed Piræus, Lady Hester noticed a man bathing. He was immediately recognized by those on board as Byron, and was requested to dress and join the party. Lady Hester and the poet, however, do not seem to have had very much in common, and their references to each other in such letters as have been preserved were not especially appreciative.

After a short stay in Athens Lady Hester moved on to Constantinople, and it was while living in the Turkish capital that she scandalized her friends, both at home and abroad, by an open continuance of her indiscreet friendship with Michael Crawford Bruce.

Lady Hester also succeeded in incurring the official displeasure of the British ambassador, Stratford Canning. England and France were still at war, and diplomatic etiquette made it impossible for individuals of the opposing belligerent nations to hold intercourse together.

Lady Hester, however, was a law unto herself, and, as she wished to visit France, she contrived

to signify her wishes to the French chargé d'affaires, who offered to arrange her passport difficulties. As the two could not meet openly in Constantinople, they chose for rendezvous a lonely, unfrequented spot on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

Here one of Canning's spies discovered them by chance, and so outraged was the ambassador at Lady Hester's conduct that he threatened to communicate with the Duke of Wellington. Whereupon Lady Hester, among whose failings lack of courage could certainly not be counted, herself wrote to the duke, but she received no reply.

Having failed to procure her passport to France, Lady Hester decided to visit Egypt, and, in company with Crawford Bruce, Dr. Meryon, and some other friends, set sail from Constantinople. Their ship was wrecked on a rock near Rhodes, and the party, after suffering intense privations, managed with the aid of the ship's boat to reach Rhodes, where the Turkish inhabitants received them hospitably, and provided them for the time being with clothes. Lady Hester was so attracted by the picturesqueness of the Turkish costume that she never again wore European clothes, always dressing in the full trousers, long robe, and pelisse of the Turkish women—much to the scandalized indignation of her relatives and friends.

Purchases an Egyptian Costume

The party stayed in Rhodes only long enough to receive supplies from Smyrna. On arriving at Cairo Lady Hester and Mr. Bruce each purchased a complete and elaborate male Egyptian costume. Shortly afterwards Lady Hester signified her intention of paying a state visit to the pasha, Mehemet Ali, who must have been greatly surprised to see an English lady of high degree dressed in the clothes of a man. He received her with the ceremony due to her rank, and at the close of a review of his troops in her honour presented her with a magnificent charger

Lady Hester did not remain in Egypt long. On the 12th May, 1812, she embarked on an Arab ship for Jaffa, and thence proceeded to Jerusalem. While travelling in Palestine Lady Hester attired herself in a satin vest, a red jacket trimmed with gold lace, and a pair of baggy trousers embroidered in gold. Her cloak was of white cloth, and she rode astride on a saddle of crimson velvet. So strange and picturesque

a personality necessarily attracted a great deal of attention from the inhabitants, and it is not surprising that the object of so much interest should imagine herself the central figure of some splendid pilgrimage.

After spending some time in visiting the Holy places, Lady Hester proceeded to Acre, where she became the guest of the Spanish consul. From Acre she journeyed to Nazareth, and thence, by way of Deir el Kamar, to Damascus.

By this time relations between Crawford Bruce

IN THE LAND BETWEEN THE RIVERS



Among the well-known Europeans who visited Lady Hester in her oriental home was the traveller, James Silk Buckingham, who dedicated his "Travels in Mesopotamia" to her.

and Dr. Meryon had become exceedingly strained. The doctor had not hidden his disapproval of what he felt to be an indiscreet friendship, and Bruce, on his part, had never troubled to show courtesy to the physician.

During her stay at Damascus Lady Hester realized that it would be impossible to retain both men as her travelling companions, and she therefore dismissed Dr. Meryon. Shortly afterwards, however, Bruce, who was on a visit to Aleppo, fell ill, and Lady Hester hurriedly cancelled the dismissal and dispatched the physician to attend her friend.

At Damascus Lady Hester established herself in a position of regal splendour. The inhabitants regarded her as half oracle, half deity, and she was adored by the troops, partly because she was a superb horsewoman and partly because she carried arms.

Sets Off to Palmyra

She was very anxious to undertake a pilgrimage to Palmyra, but there were many difficulties in the way, and 1812 passed without Lady Hester's ambition having been achieved. It was not until March of the following year that she finally set off from the desert town of Hamah.

Her reception at Palmyra was the most triumphant success she had yet achieved in her Eastern career. In letters to her friends she announced that she had been crowned queen of the desert. Her party arrived back in Hamah just one month after they had set out on their desert expedition, and Lady Hester proceeded by slow stages to the sea coast, reaching Latakia in May. Then plague broke out in all parts of the country, and Lady Hester, fearing she might fall a victim to it, planned to leave Syria.

It was at this time that the estrangement came about between Bruce and herself, which her friends had long foreseen to be inevitable. Both were disillusioned, and Bruce seems to have grown tired of his companion's brilliance and to have become restive under her many exactions.

The climax came in 1813, when Bruce received a letter from England urging him to return home, as his father's health was in a precarious condition.

Attacked by Severe Fever

Soon after Bruce's departure Lady Hester, already in poor health, was attacked by severe fever, and for many weeks lay at death's door. It was more than three months before she was sufficiently recovered to travel. As soon, however, as she was fit to do so, she proceeded to put into execution her plan to take leave of Syria.

Her destination was the convent of Mar Elias, at the foot of Mount Lebanon, and here, broken in health and spirit, Lady Hester retired, and for a time led a life of almost monastic simplicity. Her only neighbours were peasants from the surrounding villages, who came out of curiosity to gaze upon the English princess, as they generally called the distinguished stranger.

There is little record of her life during the next few years. To all intents and purposes she became an oriental, and her interest in the doings of the western world declined. Her faithful friend, Dr. Meryon, accompanied her in her

self-imposed exile, establishing himself in a tiny cottage at Abia, about half a mile from Mar Elias, and it is chiefly from his writings that we know something of the intimate details of her life in her oriental home.

For a time she seems to have remained in the strictest seclusion, but, as her health improved, her old restlessness returned, and in 1815 Dr. Meryon speaks of "a four months' tour through Coele-Syria, the modern district of Accar, to the cedars of Mt. Lebanon, to Tripoli, Beirut, and other parts of the Syrian coast."

Embarks on a Treasure-hunt

Almost immediately after the conclusion of this trip Lady Hester undertook a treasure-hunt, which made her name for the time being famous. It was practically an official expedition undertaken at the request of the Turkish government, who believed that there were immense treasures hidden in the ancient city of Ascalon. Lady Hester was invested with the fullest authority to conduct investigations on a large scale, and the plan received the sanction of the Sultan himself.

The intrepid Englishwoman was escorted in great pomp and ceremony to the city of Ascalon, her bodyguard consisting in all of some 200 persons. Nothing, however, came of the undertaking, for the only thing of value which was found was a single mutilated statue, which Lady Hester ordered to be destroyed, so that malicious people should not say that she was searching for statues for her countrymen instead of working for the East.

Depressed and angry at the failure of the Ascalon venture, Lady Hester returned once more to Mar Elias. The news that Lady Hester Stanhope had definitely taken up residence in the Orient naturally spread to England, and during the next two years her life at Mar Elias was brightened by the visits of famous people, who were travelling in the Orient.

Visited by James Silk Buckingham

Among her visitors was the well-known traveller and lecturer, James Silk Buckingham, who was so impressed by his hostess that he afterwards dedicated one of his books to her in the following terms:

"To the Rt. Honble. Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, one of the brightest ornaments of her sex and station, this volume of travels in Mesopotamia, performed soon after quitting her hospitable residence in Syria, is gratefully dedicated, as a memento of the high respect and unaffected esteem of her obliged and faithful friend, the Author."

In 1816 Lady Hester's financial affairs became embarrassed. It was not in her nature to economize, and the pension allowed her by the British government was totally inadequate for her mode of life. But she was always an optimist in such matters, and said that so much

THE WANDERER'S FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED PHYSICIAN



Dr. Charles Lewis Meryon, Lady Hester's physician and biographer, in Bedouin dress. Engaged originally as her medical attendant for a voyage to the East, Dr. Meryon accompanied Lady Hester on her seven years' wanderings, and saw her finally settled on Mount Lebanon. His accounts of his eccentric employer's Syrian household are highly entertaining

money would come to her from legacies that her affairs would settle themselves. She had inherited a sum of £10,000 on the death of her brother, Charles, in 1809, and when, in 1816, she heard of her father's death, she wrote to her brother, Philip, who inherited the title, to say that she wished to remove immediately any sums due to her from the estate.

In the same year Dr. Meryon returned to England, and from this time onwards Lady Hester seemed to have definitely cut herself off from all communications with home. She even announced that she would receive no more Englishmen as guests, although she engaged a certain Dr. Newbery, who remained with her until 1819, to replace Dr. Meryon.

Too Oriental for His Taste

After Dr. Newbery's return to England, Meryon paid another visit to Syria, but he found Lady Hester's establishment so completely Turkish in character, that by mutual consent his stay with his former employer was of short duration.

Meantime Lady Hester had established herself in a house at Djoun, where she remained in complete retirement for twenty years. There is an amusing story of the manner in which she acquired this home. The proprietor

was a Christian merchant, whom she had honoured with a call. So profusely did she compliment the merchant on his house and gardens that she was invited to stay to dinner and rest the night. She retorted that she proposed to stay for the rest of her life. At first the merchant took this remark as a courteous figure of speech, but when at the end of a fortnight his fair guest was still there, he became a little worried and asked what her plans were. The lady repeated that her plans were to spend the rest of her life at Djoun, and that, as his house suited her very well, she would live in it.

Tries to Dislodge the Englishwoman

The merchant explained that he desired neither to sell nor to let his home, whereupon Lady Hester retorted that neither did she desire to buy it—but merely to keep it. The harassed merchant sought by every means in his power to dislodge the Englishwoman, who proceeded to write to the authorities at Constantinople. In a short time the unfortunate man received an order to "obey the Princess of Europe in everything." At that he fled, leaving Lady Hester in possession.

As the years passed, Lady Hester's health became precarious, and she seems also to have become increasingly involved in financial

LADY HESTER STANHOPE

difficulties. She was a great recluse, and refused to receive many famous travellers, some of whom had turned aside from their proposed route specially to visit this "queen of the desert." Dr. Madden, who succeeded in obtaining an interview, affirmed that Lady Hester's reason for following a desert life was that she was thus able to exercise her love of governing by dominating the kind-hearted though weak-minded Bedouins.

In 1827 Dr. Meryon once more decided to revisit the East, this time with his wife, for he was now married. He was much distressed at the circumstances in which he found Lady Hester living. Her last remaining European companion had died, and she was now surrounded entirely by native servants. Worried by debts and weakened by repeated illnesses, she presented a sorry contrast to the vivacious beauty he had seen fourteen years before.

Her Treatment of Mrs. Meryon

Lady Hester's feelings towards her own sex had not softened with the passage of time, and during a stay of some months she only received Mrs. Meryon on one occasion, and then under protest. As soon as funds arrived from Europe, Dr. Meryon took leave of Lady Hester, as he thought, for the last time.

In 1836, however, she summoned him to her aid, and her indifferent health, her loneliness, and her embarrassed financial position made it difficult for her old friend to refuse Lady Hester's request. It was a little while before

Dr. Meryon left her after this last visit that the crisis occurred in her financial affairs.

Her unpaid debts were so considerable that some of her debtors had referred the matter to the Foreign Office, and she was tactfully informed that her pension would be "attached" to pay her debts.

Writes to Queen Victoria

Deeply hurt she wrote indignant letters to the consular authorities, the speaker of the House of Commons, and Wellington. Finally, she took the extreme step of addressing a letter to Queen Victoria herself, in which she stated that she could not allow her pension to be stopped by force, and that she, therefore, resigned it for the payment of her debts.

She now reduced the necessities of life to an absolute minimum. Further, she gave instructions for every approach to her house, except one, to be walled up.

On the 23rd June, 1839, Lady Hester Stanhope passed to her rest, without the comfort of the presence of either doctor or friend, and with only a black servant to nurse her.

Mr. Moore, the British consul at Beirut, and an American missionary attended the simple funeral, which took place at midnight on the very day of Lady Hester's death. Her remains were buried in the garden of her home at Djoun.

[See "Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope," by Catharine, Duchess of Cleveland (1911); and Life, by F. Hamel (1913).]

HOSPITALITY ON THE FOOTHILLS OF MOUNT LEBANON



Lady Hester entertaining a visitor in the reception room of her house at Djoun. She was an inveterate talker. She would hold forth for an hour or more without stopping, and would often continue into the small hours. Once she talked to an Englishman for so long without respite that he fainted from sheer exhaustion.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed index

The WONDER-SINGER of ITALY

How Luisa Tetrazzini Became a Prima Donna when She was Sixteen and went from Triumph to Triumph Until Her Fame had Travelled Round the World

"I DID not make my voice; it was there." Such is the judgment passed upon herself by Signora Luisa Tetrazzini, the wonderful Italian singer, who was a *prima donna* before she was sixteen, and who has earned more than £1,000,000 with her voice.

Luisa Tetrazzini was born in Florence in 1874. Her father was a high-class tailor, who made uniforms for army officers, and the future *prima donna* was born into a family which, although not wealthy, was in comfortable circumstances.

They occupied a suite of rooms on the first floor of a block of flats in the heart of the city, and, as a girl, Luisa assisted her thrifty, industrious mother with the house-work, one of her regular duties being to sweep and scrub all the steps and stairs connected with the flat.

Promise of Genius

Many famous men and women have given no youthful promise of future eminence, and were, indeed, even middle-aged before their genius revealed itself. The career of Tetrazzini furnishes an extraordinary contrast to such instances of belated fame. From her very earliest years she was singularly musical.

All the members of the Tetrazzini household were devoted to music and the opera, but neither of her parents had ever received any musical training.

One of Tetrazzini's earliest memories is that of an incident in her parents' sitting-room when she was from four to five years old. Her sister Eva—who was nine years older than Luisa, and became a noted singer, appearing at the Royal Opera House, Madrid, and elsewhere—was playing the piano. As she played, the tiny Luisa walked up to the piano, and said in her childish way, "Let baby sing."

The family watched the little performance

delightedly. The elder sister played the accompaniment of some simple song, and the child, whose head scarcely reached the keys, sang in a way that astonished her parents and sisters. When she had finished, Luisa's father took her on his knee and remarked, as he fondled and praised her, "Baby, I believe that you'll be a Patti some day."

Naturally, the child did not know what he meant, and, in reply to her questionings, he explained that Patti was the name of a very great lady, who had the sweetest voice in all the world.

In 1907, at Covent Garden, London, Madame Patti sat in the second row of the stalls to hear Tetrazzini, whom the newspapers had described as "the new Patti." A day or two after the performance Madame Patti invited Tetrazzini to lunch with her, and, in the course of conversation, said very graciously that she quite agreed with the description which the newspapers had so deservedly applied to her guest.

They Become Friends

The two great singers became the warmest friends. Adelina Patti often sent her "Dearest Luisa" the most affectionate letters, and in one of them declared that the wonderful

pathos and feeling in her successor's singing as Violetta, in *Traviata*, had made her cry.

Tetrazzini says herself, and all who knew her as a girl agree, that she was always singing. As she scrubbed the steps and stairs of her home, she always sang through an act of one of the great operas; and years afterwards while singing the self-same music in some glittering opera-house, before kings, queens and princes, memory has teased the singer by bringing up a vision of the old stairs and the scrubbing-brush. On more than one occasion

TETRAZZINI AS FELINA IN MIGNON



Born in Florence in 1874, Luisa Tetrazzini, the daughter of a high-class tailor, made her debut on the operatic stage when she was barely sixteen.

the whimsical recollection has caused her to smile, but she did not reveal to those around her what she was smiling at.

It seemed to Tetrizzini's parents the most natural thing in the world that a girl who appeared to live for song should receive a musical education. Luisa, therefore, was sent to the Conservatoire of Music, in Florence, as soon as she had left her first school. Her sister Eva had preceded her there, but Luisa, unlike her sister, did not have to undergo four years of hard study and incessant practice in order to master singing. She passed through the Conservatoire quickly, without effort. "I took to music," she says, "as a bird takes to air. It was my natural element."

Advised to Help Her Father

(Certainly the facility she displayed could not be expressed more tritely and truthfully. Yet her mother, while discussing a future career for her daughter, had advised her to stay at home and help her father in his business.

The fact is that Luisa was, even as a young girl, a musical prodigy, a born singer. When the music master was painstakingly coaching her elder sister in *La Gioconda*, and his pupil was slowly mastering it by hard practice, Luisa learnt it better than the elder girl simply by listening to the lessons.

When she was ten, Luisa's music master accompanied her to the Conservatoire to undergo the test. He introduced the small, slim girl to the principal as his musical prodigy. The principal remarked kindly that she was but an infant, and when he saw that her teacher had chosen for the child's test piece the *aria* sung by Margherita, from the prison scene in *Faust*, he expressed astonishment, saying that such a test would be a difficult one for a pupil who was leaving the Conservatoire after years of training, and that it was an unheard-of thing for a pupil to try it on entrance.

Divine Gift of Song

His astonishment, however, was far greater when Luisa had finished. He readily admitted that this girl was, indeed, a prodigy, with a divine gift of song. She studied music at the Conservatoire for one year only, and passed out an easy first.

Luisa was not in the least spoilt by the success she achieved while training at the Conservatoire. She rose every morning at 7.30, and regularly helped her mother to cook the breakfast and clean the house until 11 a.m.

In her autobiography, Tetrizzini has said that she learned how to be a *prima donna* at the opera-house. Every member of her family was devoted to opera, and her parents, rather than miss a performance, had frequently taken the infant Luisa with them.

Her debut as an operatic star was sensational. Tetrizzini has no recollection of ever having sung in a public hall, previous to the occasion when she appeared at the opera-house of her native Florence, not in the chorus, but as a *prima donna*.

One Sunday night, Luisa, who was then barely sixteen, with her hair hanging over her shoulders, accompanied the family to the opera-house, to witness a performance of *L'Africaine*. The opera-house was packed, but, just when the performance was due to begin, the conductor received a message informing him that the *prima donna* engaged for the part of Inez was ill. In great agitation, he had to announce to the audience that the performance would have to be postponed.

This was too much for the youthful Tetrizzini. Jumping on to her seat, despite the efforts of her mother to restrain her, she called out to the conductor, "I know the part; let me come to the stage—I will play it."

Acceptance of Luisa's Offer

This unlooked-for interruption caused greater excitement than the declaration of the abandonment of the performance. Requests were shouted from various parts of the house for the conductor to give the girl a chance. At last, scarcely knowing how to act, he consented to do so. Luisa was about to rush on to the stage, but he stopped her, saying, "Not to-night." First, he declared, there must be a rehearsal.

To the impetuous girl this was a crushing disappointment, but her friends soon calmed her by pointing out that the conductor had given his word in public, and surely she could be patient for a few days—a girl who had been promised such an unheard-of opportunity at her age.

Nearly all that night, Luisa and her music master played and sang through the whole opera. A few nights later the opera-house was again crowded for the performance of *L'Africaine*, with Luisa Tetrizzini as *prima donna*. Everything went well. The "nightingale of Florence," as she was sometimes called even then, sang like a *prima donna* with twenty years' experience, and at the end of the performance her fame was established, in her native city at least.

Success Tinged with Sorrow

The only regret that the wonderful young singer and her devoted mother felt deep in their hearts on that splendid night was that her father, who had once prophesied just such a triumph as this for his child, had not lived to witness it. He had died two years previously.

At a bound, Tetrizzini had achieved a position for herself on the operatic stage, and

LUXURIOUS COMFORT IN THE FAMOUS SINGER'S BOUDOIR



The beautiful palace of Madame Tetrassini in Rome is most sumptuously furnished. Her unique collection of objects d'art has astonished many a visitor, and the nicety with which they are displayed is rivalled only by the rarity of some of the specimens. Through the open doorway leading from her boudoir one of her best friends can be seen—the piano.

was forthwith engaged at what, to her, was the fabulous salary of £20 a month. She was immensely proud of this salary, little dreaming that the time would come when she would receive more than £500 a night in New York.

The career of this great Italian singer has, in some respects, been a curious one, inasmuch as she had achieved fame and riches long before she sang in either London or New York. It is usually with a metropolitan reputation that the *prima donna* sets out to conquer the world. In Tetrassini's case, the process was reversed. For example, anyone who cared to study the newspapers of Mexico, during the five seasons that she sang in that country, would find her frequently described as "the new Patti" years before that honoured title was given to her in London.

Honoured by Queen Margherita

After Florence, Tetrassini sang in Rome, where her salary was raised to £40 a month, and where she was honoured and encouraged by Queen Margherita. She was then, of course, the youngest *prima donna* in the world. While in Rome, she accepted an engagement

to appear at the opera-house in Buenos Aires, at £280 a month, and she went to Argentina, intending to stay there for one season only. As a matter of fact, four years had passed when she again returned to her sunny Italy.

In Buenos Aires, Tetrassini played the part of Lucia in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, founded upon Sir Walter Scott's novel—played it during fifty-four performances, the opera-house being packed on every occasion. The president of the republic (Saenz Peña) did not miss a single performance at which Tetrassini sang during the whole season, which everyone declared was the most successful ever known in Buenos Aires.

Tour Through Argentina

At the close of her first season in that city, Tetrassini, who was still in her teens, formed a touring company under her own management, although she was its youngest member, and organized and carried through a very successful tour in the smaller towns of Argentina.

During this tour she encountered many strange experiences, and often agreed to sing under curious conditions. On one occasion for

example, she was persuaded to sing in a theatre specially erected for the purpose, which was a sort of benefit performance on behalf of the local cemetery. All the members of the company, including the *prima donna* herself, and the whole audience, wore black, and

AN ITALIAN SINGER WITH A VOICE OF GOLD



Once started on her career of song, Madame Tetrazzini went from one brilliant success to another, while impresarios competed with one another to secure her services.

Tetrazzini handed over the entire night's takings—5,000 Argentine dollars—to a fund promoted to erect a suitable wall round the local graveyard.

This cemetery the hyenas had been desecrating, to the great distress of the townsfolk and the grief of the local governor, who had

skillfully enlisted the great singer's sympathy and services to enable him to have the matter remedied.

Everywhere she went the young *prima donna* won the hearts of the people. Later on, in Mexico, the young gallants of the towns used to await the coming of her carriage at the stage-door, and, taking off their cloaks, spread them on the ground for their idol to walk upon.

It has been stated that Tetrazzini went to South America at a salary of £280 a month, intending to stay there for one season. When she had been in the country a few weeks, she was engaged for a second season at £3,500 a month. Later, she was persuaded to stay for a third year at £4,500 a month, and this was followed by an engagement for a fourth year at a salary of £3,500 a month.

Experience of Warfare

The various South American republics, and also Mexico, were visited in turn, and Tetrazzini happened to be in Rio de Janeiro when a revolution broke out, and a part of the hotel in which she was staying was shattered by a shell fired into the city by a battleship.

Considering her extraordinary fame, and the very high fees which she had obtained in South America and Mexico, it is certainly surprising how little was known about Tetrazzini and her wonderful powers in London, prior to her first visit in 1907. This great singer, who, in South America, had been accustomed to receptions similar to those usually accorded to royal personages, found only one person waiting to meet her at the railway terminus when she arrived in London.

Desire to Win London

Tetrazzini had come to London for a short engagement at Covent Garden at a fee much below that she had received in South America, but ever since girlhood, and amid all the dazzling success she achieved in the New World, Tetrazzini had longed for the opportunity to take London by storm, as Jenny Lind and Adelina Patti had done.

Her first impressions of London were chilling, to say the least. The city was enveloped in fog; she was shocked when she saw the opera-house right on the edge of the London fruit and vegetable market; there was nothing in the newspapers about her arrival. To make matters worse, at her first performance of Verdi's *Traviata*, on the night of Saturday, the 2nd November, 1907, Covent Garden was far from being full. Tetrazzini,

THE LARGEST OPEN-AIR CONCERT EVER HELD



When in San Francisco on Christmas Eve, 1910, Madame Tetrazzini sang in aid of the poor on a platform erected in the public square. It was, probably, the best attended concert ever held, for it was estimated that nearly 250,000 people were present. The spot where she stood is now marked with a bust of the singer.

looking at the auditorium before the curtain was raised, saw only a few people in the stalls, two or three boxes occupied, and the pit and gallery half empty—and her heart sank.

In spite of this, Tetrazzini surpassed herself. No one who was fortunate enough to be present on that dismal foggy night will ever forget the experience. Seldom if ever had London witnessed such a sensational debut. The audience was enraptured by one of the most glorious voices ever heard in that famous building. When people opened their papers on the following Monday morning they discovered that there had arrived in their midst, as a leading newspaper put it, "one of those commanding figures which sweep across the musical horizon once, perhaps, in a generation."

Besieged by Her Many Admirers

What a change came over the scene. The *prima donna*, who had arrived unknown and unnoticed, was besieged in her hotel by interviewers, her room was filled with presents of flowers, and invitations and visitors poured in upon her every hour of the day and half through the night. All the seats for the second performance were bought up within a few hours on the Monday morning.

During the remainder of her engagement at Covent Garden, Tetrazzini sang to crowded houses, and won the hearts of all who heard her. Madame Patti, as already mentioned, came to hear Tetrazzini at her second per-

formance, and afterwards, when the two great *prima donnas* met, the younger one declared the occasion to be "the greatest day of my life." Tetrazzini, overwhelmed by the love and admiration of music-loving London, was soon constrained to say that, on closer acquaintance, she preferred Covent Garden to any other opera-house in the world.

It was during this memorable first season in London that Tetrazzini entered into a contract which resulted in her wonderful voice being recorded on gramophone records, thus conferring inestimable pleasure upon hundreds of thousands of music-lovers who have never had the pleasure of seeing her.

Second Visit to England

Ten operatic performances at Covent Garden, in 1907, were followed by her appearance at six orchestral concerts, and the following year she came to England again for the grand opera season at Covent Garden, which proved to be another phenomenal success.

Later, Tetrazzini went to New York for a season at the Manhattan Opera House. In connexion with this engagement, the *prima donna* tells the story that, when her contract was being drawn up, she was allowed to write in whatever salary she wanted, and she put down \$2,500 (about £500) nightly. No demur was made, although it was the highest salary ever paid to a *prima donna* in New York, and from the very first performance she proved that she was worth it.

It is not possible to mention all the unparalleled successes of Tetrizzini's seasons in the United States, where she was lionized as, perhaps, no other singer has ever been, and where she was described as the "Italian Wonder Singer," and given every other eulogistic title that the imagination of the American newspaper men could invent. Her first appearance in the United States had been made at San Francisco in 1904-5.

President Taft, who was one of Tetrizzini's warmest friends and admirers, once told her that he had no children, or he would have given one of them the name of Tetrizzini, but he had done the next best thing—he had christened his favourite dog by that world-famous name.

Singing Over the Telephone

Tetrizzini's experiences in the United States, and, later on, in England and on the Continent, would fill a volume. On one occasion she sang over the telephone to a little girl who was ill in bed, and unable to attend the opera. Once in San Francisco, on Christmas Eve, she sang in the public square of the city, the proceeds of the collection being given to the poor.

This was, probably, the best-attended open-air concert the world has ever seen, it being

estimated that nearly 250,000 people were present. The spot is now marked by a bust of the singer, bearing the inscription, "Here in 1910 Tetrizzini sang for the poor."

One of the *prima donna's* most successful concerts was that organized by her at Trieste during the World-War, in aid of the Italian Red Cross—one of many at which she sang for the same noble object, but remarkable because the proceeds of this one evening amounted to no less than £20,000.

Joy in Family Life

In private life, Luisa Tetrizzini is a very simple-living, happy woman, delighting in family life, in being surrounded by her friends and her pets, and in acts of charity.

Her wonderful soprano voice can in no way be judged by the same standard as Melba's or Patti's, for she stands alone in a class distinct from all other singers. Her high register is particularly brilliant and clear, and even on E in alt. she manages to obtain a tone which no other singer has been able to produce. Though her voice is light, Tetrizzini puts such rhythmic fire into her vocal gymnastics that she will always stand eminent as a dramatic singer of great power.

[See "My Life of Song," by Madame Tetrizzini (1921).]

RECORDING HER VOICE FOR THE BENEFIT OF COMING GENERATIONS



Practically all the well-known pieces sung by Madame Tetrizzini have been recorded for posterity by means of gramophone records. When paying a visit to President Taft of the United States, the singer was astonished to learn that he had heard her sing all her famous arias. "Only on the gramophone, though," he laughingly explained.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index



The FATHER of MODERN BOTANY

How Linnæus, the Son of a Swedish Clergyman, Classified Plants in a Systematic Manner, and Did Much to Establish Botany as a Science

ONE day in the summer of 1728, between one and two o'clock in the morning, a professor in the Swedish town of Lund opened the bedroom door of a poor student, who lodged in his house. He did so because his mother had wakened him to say that the lodger apparently always went to sleep with the candle burning, since, no matter at what hour of the night she awakened, she could see the glint of light from the room next to the one she occupied, through a crack in the wall. She had urged the professor to put a stop to this, before they were all burned to death in their beds.

The professor accordingly went to see for himself, and, observing that a light certainly burned within the room, he opened the door. But, instead of finding the lodger in bed, he found him reading by candlelight, with a number of his (the professor's) most valued books lying on the table.

Explanations were asked for, and the poor lodger had to confess that, having no books of his own, he had prevailed upon the professor's secretary to lend him his master's books after the latter had retired for the night. The secretary had consented to do this only on the strict condition that the books were returned in time to be replaced on their proper shelves, before the professor came down to his study in the morning.

The professor was touched, and his anger disarmed, for he dearly loved learning himself.

He at once ordered the young fellow to go to bed and to come to him openly in future for all the books he wanted.

Thus it happened that the professor in his night attire unconsciously advanced the cause

of science. The young student, whom he now encouraged, was no other than Carl von Linné, better known as Linnæus, who afterwards became so famous as a botanist.

Carl von Linné was born at South Rasnult, in the province of Smaland, Sweden, on the 23rd May, 1707. He was the first-born son of an educated, but very poor clergyman, Nils Linnæus. His mother, Christina Broder-sonia, was also the child of a clergyman.

It is almost impossible nowadays to imagine the simplicity of life which his meagre stipend imposed upon such a worthy man as the father of Linnæus.

Yet there is no doubt that the family life of Pastor Linnæus and his household was as happy as it was simple. The elder Linnæus was of a genial disposition, kindly and intelligent. The humble home was in a beautiful country district; the children lived close to nature, with fields and woods in plenty to play in, and the fresh air and plain food ensured good health.

There were few facilities for intellectual enjoyment or pursuits in that remote place.

Pastor Linnæus, however, created his own amusement by surrounding his little house with a beautiful garden, which was a source of wonder

THE BOTANIST IN LAPP COSTUME



When Linnæus was twenty-five he embarked, as the representative of the Swedish Royal Society, on a botanical expedition to Lapland. He travelled about 4,000 miles, and made many discoveries.



to the neighbours, because he had introduced into it rare plants from far and near.

Here it was that the famous botanist received his earliest impressions. Flowers were Carl's first toys, and many years afterwards it was remembered by his parents that as a child nothing had stopped him crying so quickly as placing a flower in his chubby little fist, to look at and admire. After he had become famous, Linnæus himself said that it was in his father's garden at Stenbrohult (whither his parents had removed soon after his birth) that there was deeply planted in his nature that "never-extinguished love of flowers" which was to become the passion of his life.

Fondness for His Garden

His father encouraged Carl to plant and tend a little garden of his own, and from his earliest years he taught him to know the flowers and plants by name. This he did not do with any idea of making his boy a botanist, but rather with the view of training his powers of memory and encouraging him to discover beauty in the wonders of nature around him. It was, indeed, a great sorrow to his parents, and especially to his mother, when, later on, Carl seemed fonder of his garden than his books.

The elder Linnæus had been largely self-taught, and he wished to give his children the best education in his power. He and his wife hoped that their first-born would become a minister, but Carl had no great liking for lessons, and did not distinguish himself at school. He was constantly "botanizing" in the fields and woods during his leisure hours, and it was his natural intelligence rather than his allegiance to study that enabled him to hold his own among his schoolfellows.

Surprising Knowledge of Botany

When, however, as sometimes happened, he encountered a schoolmaster who questioned him on botany, Carl invariably surprised the questioner by the extent of his knowledge. Not only did he know a great deal about the local flora, but he had also obtained from such books as came his way an unusual amount of information about the wonders of the vegetable kingdom in foreign lands. No doubt there was a great mass of grotesque rubbish among these gleanings, for in the old books on foreign botany writers often described the natural wonders of countries they had never seen, and copied the errors of their predecessors.

Linnæus was an exceptionally good Latin scholar, even as a schoolboy, and his knowledge of Latin proved to be one of the most useful accomplishments he acquired at school. Afterwards, when he went out into the world of science, outside Sweden, although it was the only language he could speak or write, apart from his

native tongue, Latin turned out to be the golden key which sufficed to open every door for him.

Linnæus was about twenty when he left school. Resolved not to be a minister, it was a difficult problem to discover what profession was open to the young man, whose interests were almost wholly bound up with plants and flowers.

At that period there was a very close connexion between plants and medicine, and it was upon the career of a medical man that Carl had centred his ambitions. So, after many discussions with his parents, he went to the university of Lund, and later to the University at Upsala, some hundreds of miles from his home. He was then over twenty-one years of age, and he was launched into life to fight his own battles with less than £10 in his pocket.

Battling with Poverty

It was hardly surprising that Linnæus, while a student at Upsala, considered himself fortunate in being awarded a scholarship of only fifteen shillings a term; that he was often in real want of food; and that he was obliged to put cardboard between his feet and the holes in his shoes, because he had no money with which to pay a shoemaker for mending them. Considering the difficulties in his way, it is nothing short of marvellous that Linnæus unflinchingly continued his pursuit of learning, instead of turning aside and becoming a labourer.

But this gifted young man possessed in a rare degree one quality which never failed him when his finances were at a low ebb, and that was the capacity of inspiring friendship in the hearts of worthy men possessed of sufficient perception to recognize sincerity and genius. When his need was most urgent, some such benefactor unfailingly appeared. At Upsala, for instance, a learned professor, observing the poor student's devotion to botany, and becoming astonished when he questioned him, gave Linnæus free lodgings in his house, and obtained other little benefits which greatly assisted in lightening his burdens.

Studying by Night and Day

If Linnæus had been somewhat slothful in his school studies, the energy with which he devoted himself to botany in Upsala furnished a strong contrast. He worked and studied and wrote practically night and day, and during holidays devoted his leisure to botanical excursions. He began to form and to express opinions of his own concerning his beloved science, and his constant studies of all the old and new books on botany convinced him of the appalling confusion that existed in this department of knowledge.

It was at Upsala that he first felt moved to attempt to bring order out of this chaos,

YOUNG LINNÆUS TAKES A REST AFTER A DAY IN THE FIELDS



Many were the delightful days young Linnæus would spend wandering in the fields and lanes round his home in search of some new object for his beloved botanical collection. As a child, plants and flowers interested him far more than toys. (The illustrations accompanying this article are reproduced from "Linnæus," by Benjamin Daydon Jackson.)

for he possessed a most methodical mind and untiring industry. Although there was little likelihood at that time of finding a publisher, he started to write in Latin on the subject of botany. These writings, as a student, afterwards formed the skeletons of some of the monumental botanical works which gained him world-wide fame on publication.

Early Efforts as Lecturer

At Upsala Linnæus was a student, but his knowledge of botany and natural history was so exceptional, and he made himself so useful to the faculty of the university, that his services were utilized as a lecturer. These lectures took the form of demonstrations of the plants in the botanical garden of the university, and, in view of the immense fame which Linnæus afterwards achieved as a lecturer, it is interesting to know that these early efforts of his were an unqualified success. He sometimes had 400 people listening to him in the open air.

In 1732, after Linnæus had been at the university for four years, and when he was about twenty-five years of age, he embarked upon an enterprise which severely tested his powers, and one which really made him a public man. This was a scientific expedition to Lapland.

In modern times scientific expeditions are of frequent occurrence, and it is nothing unusual for thousands of pounds to be expended upon equipment and other things before a start is

actually made. The same causes which operate nowadays in regard to such enterprises operated in the promotion of the journey to Lapland—namely, the desire to extend the available knowledge of unknown lands.

But how different were the resources available to Linnæus, compared with those considered necessary for modern exploration. When he returned from Lapland, he estimated that he had travelled about 4,000 miles in six months; yet he started out quite alone, riding a horse, with about £10 in money, and with one spare shirt among the instruments and other necessary equipment in his baggage.

His Reputation at Stake

He embarked upon this journey as the representative of the Swedish Royal Society of Science, whose members held many meetings before the necessary money was forthcoming and the plans decided upon. Linnæus had, therefore, staked his reputation upon this enterprise, for these thrifty men doubtless expected their money's worth. Considering the inaccessibility of Lapland at that time, such an enterprise was almost as difficult as a Polar expedition would be to-day.

Linnæus suffered great hardships on this journey, but the sight of rare Alpine plants that he had never seen before recompensed the young scientist for all his privations. He made extensive collections, discovered a great



many new plants, particularly willows, and made some interesting observations concerning the habits of the Laplanders.

He remained at Upsala University a further two years, supporting himself by giving lessons in botany and mineralogy. He still continued his own studies, and wrote a number of books on his favourite subject, botany, which, like his earlier efforts, remained unpublished. He had accumulated a great variety of dried plants, containing many thousands of specimens collected in his native country, besides insects, birds, and minerals.

At the age of twenty-seven Linnæus had not yet adopted any profession that would provide him with a living. After much consideration, therefore, and acting on the advice of friends,

BIRTHPLACE AT SOUTH RASHULT



The unpretentious dwelling at South Rashult, Sweden, in which the famous botanist Linnæus, the son of a poor country parson, was born into the world.

he finally decided to go abroad and obtain a medical degree, and afterwards devote his energies to the medical profession in Sweden. The country decided upon was Holland.

Arrived at the little university town of Harderwijk, Linnæus proceeded to obtain his medical diploma with great expedition. He had already written his thesis, and within a few weeks he had obtained his degree.

He made the acquaintance of a learned botanist, who, on seeing the manuscript of "*Systema Naturæ*," was so impressed by its originality that he defrayed the cost of its publication. Linnæus also met the great Herman Boerhaave, then an old man, who took such a liking to the Swedish scientist that from that hour he became his friend and benefactor.

Linnæus had left a sweetheart in Sweden, and, anxious to return to her as soon as he could, declined Boerhaave's offer to employ him on a journey to the Cape of Good Hope to collect plants. His new friend, however, succeeded in prevailing upon Linnæus to visit Amsterdam and make the acquaintance of Burmann, the superintendent of the botanical garden in that city. Linnæus visited Amsterdam, intending to stay a few hours, but Burmann was so impressed by his knowledge that he prevailed on him to stay for a time as his assistant.

Meeting with Georg Clifford

This visit led to the happiest results. Almost at once Linnæus was able to publish his "*Bibliotheca Botanica*." Linnæus also met a rich man, Georg Clifford, who had in Holland one of the finest private botanical gardens in the world, and this gentleman invited Linnæus to visit him. When the latter saw the garden he was amazed beyond measure, and the upshot was that Clifford prevailed upon Linnæus to enter his service as a sort of private medical man and professional botanist.

Linnæus was like a man transported to paradise. He had never known such riches, and never been in surroundings so congenial. While proceeding with the publication of his works, he devoted himself to the collections of rare and tropical plants in Clifford's gardens and hothouses. He was the first man to succeed in inducing several rare foreign plants to flower and bear fruit under glass.

In 1737 he published his "*Genera Plantarum*" and "*Flora Lapponica*," which established his reputation as a scientist in all the seats of learning in Europe. The year before Linnæus had visited England, and had made the acquaintance of a number of the foremost British scientists in London and Oxford.

Revolutionizes Botanical Study

Towards the end of 1737, he saw another great botanical work through the Press—namely, the "*Hortus Cliffortianus*"—besides a number of other works of less importance. The literary labours of Linnæus at this period were prodigious, and the publication of these successive works created a great sensation in scientific circles, and effected a revolution in the study of botany.

Linnæus introduced an entirely new system of classification into botany, based on sex. It was very popular during his lifetime on account of its simplicity, but was afterwards superseded.

Of more permanent value was the other system introduced by Linnæus—the use of double names in plant classification, first the name of the genus, followed by the name of the species. For example, if one looks at a



modern classification of English wild flowers, the following system is seen to be followed invariably. The name of the Order is given as a main heading; then under each named genus of that Order follows the names of the variety.

Some Orders are very extensive, but for the purpose of illustration we will take a small Order—namely, Nymphaeaceae, the British water lilies. Under this Order there are two genera—1, *Nymphaea*, and 2, *Nuphar*. There is only one variety of the first genus, and two of the second. So the Order is classified as follows:—

Genus 1, *NYMPHAEA*.
NYMPHAEA ALBA—White Water Lily.
 Genus 2, *NUPHAR*.
NUPHAR LUTEA—Yellow Water Lily.
NUPHAR PUMILA—Small Yellow Water Lily.

Improved Binomial System

Only those who have studied botany can fully realize the benefits resulting from the greatly improved binomial system of classification, introduced so fully by Linnæus, and now in general use. Previously, plants were often classified according to their supposed medicinal properties, and very frequently described not by a specific name but by a lengthy Latin phrase. His "*Species Plantarum*," published in 1753, contained names and descriptions of over 8,000 species of plants and varieties, all newly named by himself. Little wonder that he was able to honour and delight his friends by naming plants after them.

Linnæus had gone to Holland practically unknown; he returned to Sweden three years later a famous and distinguished man, with a scientific reputation that continued to grow as his published books, which even at that period numbered fourteen, became more widely circulated.

In 1738 he settled in Stockholm as a doctor, and, through the interest of powerful friends, obtained the post of lecturer on mineralogy and botany to the Mining College and another as a doctor to the Swedish Admiralty. On the 26th June, 1739, he married.

Founds Scientific Institution

From this period until his death, Linnæus was regarded as one of the foremost scientific men in Sweden, and his fame as a botanist was world-wide. Soon after he settled in Stockholm he became one of the founders and the first president of the Swedish Royal Academy of Science, which was successful from the start, owing largely to the energy of its president, and afterwards became a very important institution.

Linnæus was a successful physician, but his heart was in botany and in teaching. In 1741 his ambition was realized, and he was appointed professor of botany at the university of Upsala.

the very university where, as a poor student, he had filled in the broken soles of his shoes with cardboard, and where he had often gone hungry.

He considered his removal from the irksome duties of a city medical man as a blessed release, and threw himself into his new duties with the greatest energy. He remained at Upsala till his death, and as a result of his fame as a professor, and the reputation he gained through the publication of many more botanical works, Linnæus proved one of the greatest ornaments that ancient university ever had.

To be able to say that one had been a pupil of Linnæus was an ambition which brought to

A BRILLIANT SON OF SWEDEN



By classifying plants in a thoroughly systematic manner Linnæus brought order out of chaos, and did much to establish botany as a science.

Upsala students from many distant countries. In addition to his popular university lectures, Linnæus was kept busy for many years giving private instruction to pupils who came to him from all parts, even from America. His reputation as a teacher was second to none.

Referring to these demands made upon his time, he used playfully to describe his lectures as of three kinds—public, private, and most private. The private pupils, of course, paid more than those who merely attended the public lectures at the university, and the very private ones paid still more, although Linnæus was never grasping in regard to fees, and often, when favoured pupils asked him "How much?" he left them to pay what they pleased.

His botanical excursions with his pupils were a great feature of his work as a professor, and were continued until he grew too old for walking. Considering his own youthful love of and enthusiasm for field work, it is easy to understand how interesting he could make that method of studying botany.

He improved the botanical garden at Upsala, by skilful supervision and by his own manual labour, until it was a model of its kind. He went to endless trouble and expense in order to obtain from the ends of the earth rare plants for this garden, and he went into raptures when, finally, he succeeded in obtaining a tea plant. He had hopes of acclimatizing the tea plant in northern Europe, so that everyone would be able to cultivate tea just as easily as cabbages. But in this he was disappointed;

WHERE LINNÆUS LIVED AT UPSALA



Though Linnaeus was never very rich, he was able to live in a comfortable manner. He lived plainly, but was, nevertheless, an admirable host, and especially did he love to gather round him young and jovial students.

his treasured tea plant succumbed to the cold climate.

A friend once sent him from some tropical country a plant with an egg-cluster of the cochineal insect (*Coccus*), adhering to it. On arrival, and before Linnaeus saw it, the larvæ hatched, and the gardener, thinking they were some noxious maggots, washed them off, to the great grief and indignation of his master. Linnaeus introduced several plants into Europe that are now generally cultivated, including the virginia creeper, a native of North America.

Many honours were conferred upon Linnaeus during the later years of his life, and his fame is perpetuated to this day by the learned societies throughout the world which still bear

his name. The Linnean Society of London was founded ten years after his death—and is the proud possessor of nearly all the botanical collections of the master. This society formerly also possessed a great many of the stuffed animals, etc., collected by Linnaeus. When the packing-cases containing the treasures of Linnaeus were emptied on first arriving in London, it was found that the packing consisted of the whole of Linnaeus's correspondence, and all his unpublished manuscripts. The seller of the collection had used these as packing paper.

Linnaeus enjoyed the friendship and favour of the royal house of Sweden, and was created a knight in 1753 and granted a patent of nobility in 1761.

In private life Linnaeus was an unassuming genial man. He never became rich. He lived plainly, enjoyed his pipe almost to the last, and liked company, especially that of young students. Being a merry and even jovial man himself, he encouraged his young friends to let themselves go, thinking that they would not really enjoy themselves unless they felt free to make plenty of noise.

His wife, who survived him, was an excellent house-keeper, but was by no means intellectual. She kept her daughters busy at their spinning-wheels, and her household was governed more like that of a farmer in comfortable circumstances, than as the home of a very learned and famous professor and scientist.

About twenty years before his death Linnaeus bought some small country properties near Upsala, consisting of farm lands and buildings, and he added some adjoining land at a later date. At one of these rural properties, named Hammarby, he resided for several years, especially in the summer time.

He died in Upsala, on the 10th January, 1778, being in his seventy-first year. Three years before, Linnaeus had a tree cut down to make his coffin, and in this coffin his body was buried within the cathedral of Upsala.

[Readers wishing to make a further study of the life of this famous botanist are recommended to obtain the most interesting biography written by Benjamin Daydon Jackson (1938). See also the Life by Miss Brightwell (1836), and "Through the Fields with Linnaeus," by Mrs. F. Caddy (1847).]

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed index

TWIN BRETHREN of 17TH-CENTURY DRAMA

Beaumont and Fletcher, Who, Having Singly Written Plays of Merit, Together Rose to the Highest Rank among the Giants of Their Time

SOME time during the year 1609 two young men sat together in a London tavern, probably the Mermaid, in Bread Street, talking in low, eager tones. Now and then, however, a word or a phrase reached the ears of a stranger, who sat near by, and such was the nature of these fragments of their conversation that the latter, without appearing to be at all concerned, fixed his attention in order to hear more.

Presently the two talkers leaned back in their chairs with an air of having reached a decision of some kind. "I'll undertake to kill the king," whispered the elder of them.

At these words the stranger, convinced that he had overheard a plot on the life of his most sacred majesty James I, leapt to his feet with the cry of "Treason!" There was a sudden commotion in the tavern, and the young men found themselves surrounded by angry faces and threatened with arrest.

It took them some few minutes to explain that they had been discussing the details of a play for the stage, which they proposed to write in collaboration.

Friends of the young dramatists joined the group from other parts of the tavern, and the atmosphere of suspicion, so amusingly evoked, was very soon changed to one of conviviality and approbation of the workmanship of Master Francis Beaumont and Master John Fletcher.

It was not so very long since the two innocent plot-makers had been introduced to each other, very likely in this same tavern, by Ben Jonson, the most scholarly of the Elizabethan dramatists, and the one most anxious to introduce new talent to the Mermaid circle. Never was meeting more fruitful of the result

intended. The two poets became fast friends and co-workers from that day.

Both had written plays of merit, but not of outstanding genius. Together they rose to the highest rank among the Elizabethan giants. It was as though, in pooling their resources, they cancelled out their individual defects. Beaumont and Fletcher have been well named the Castor and Pollux of the Elizabethan drama.

Both of them were men of good birth and upbringing, although their circumstances at the

time of their fortuitous meeting were widely different. Francis Beaumont was the third son of Francis Beaumont, of Grace Dieu, Leicestershire, and a descendant of the barons de Beaumont, who, from the fourteenth century, had lived in the Forest of Charnwood, and owned vast lands in the neighbourhood of Leicester and Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

This Francis Beaumont had followed a legal career with distinction. Beginning as an autumn reader, he became serjeant-at-law in 1589, and he was one of the queen's justices of the Court of Common Pleas in 1593. In contemporary accounts he

is referred to as a "grave, learned, and reverend judge," and he must have been a man of considerable means, for he sent his three sons to Broadgates Hall—now Pembroke—which was then the most fashionable and flourishing of the Oxford colleges.

No reliable record of young Francis's birth and baptism is in existence, but, since his name appears in the college books as having entered as a student early in 1596 at the age of twelve, it is generally assumed that he was born in 1584. Some authorities give the year as 1580.

A PARTNER IN A PERFECT UNION



John Fletcher survived his twin spirit, Francis Beaumont, for nine years, and became one of the most prominent figures in the later development of the Elizabethan drama.



He passed his early childhood amidst surroundings that probably did much to develop the poetic strain in his blood, derived from several generations on both sides of his family.

A Nunnery in a Forest

Grace Dieu, the nunnery which the poet's grandfather had acquired in 1539, and in the extensive manor of which the family lived, was situated in what was then one of the most out-of-the-way spots in the centre of Charnwood Forest. The density of the forest was formerly so great that, we are told, "a wren and a squirrel might hop from tree to tree for six miles; and in summer time a traveller could journey from Beaumanir to Burden, a good twelve miles, without seeing the sun."

Probably this was not the case during Beaumont's childhood, but it is easy to imagine that the poet, in after years, drew upon memories of woodland and pastoral beauty, and of hours spent in delicious solitude and rumination in the heart of what was once a part of the renowned Forest of Arden.

At Oxford Beaumont spent a time of leisurely study, absorbing the knowledge that most attracted him during intervals between long spells of indolent dreaming on the writers of verse. The law, for which he and his brothers were being prepared, aroused in him little enthusiasm, although it must have been some consolation to him to reflect that the pursuit of that profession would take him to London, where the best plays were being acted and where the master spirits of the age lived.

When he had been at Oxford for fourteen months, Beaumont's father died. There is some uncertainty as to what effect this event had upon the family plans, but it is probable that Francis remained at Oxford until 1600. It is known that he was then admitted to the Temple, and that he began his legal career in the usual fashion, by copying writs.

Progress in the Law

The high esteem in which Judge Beaumont had been held smoothed the path for his sons. Within two years Beaumont had been admitted to the Inns of Court, and shortly afterwards he became a "mootman," as junior barristers were called in those days. Further than this he did not rise, for other pursuits gradually claimed his interest.

As early as 1602, in his eighteenth year, he had written a long narrative poem "Salmacis and Hermaphroditus," which, although immature, had won him an entrance to the circle of poets and masque-writers who dwelt in the Temple. The high spirits of the Elizabethan young men of quality were expressed in poetic improvisations and fine talk. After the evening meal of bread and beer, cap and gown were laid

aside for cloak and ruff, and the student indulged in revels, or discussed the details of the next masque to be performed on All Hallows or upon some other festival day.

Beaumont's imagination was quickly fired by his surroundings, and he joined heartily in the exuberant gaiety and humour that formed the lighter side of the Renaissance spirit. He probably assisted in the composition of the masques, and, later on, in 1613, he wrote the magnificent one that was produced by the barrister-poets of the Inner Temple and Grays Inn on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine of the Rhine. This masque, which was performed before the court at the Royal Banqueting Hall in Whitehall, cost more than £2,000, and was paid for by Sir Francis Bacon, that great scholar and patron of the arts and sciences.

Meets Shakespeare and Fletcher

Through his friendship with Ben Jonson, whose rise from bricklaying to successful play-writing had formed one of the most romantic episodes of the age, Beaumont began to move among a wider circle of poets and dramatists, meeting, among others, Shakespeare, and, most important of all for his own subsequent career, John Fletcher.

The meeting was also opportune for Fletcher, in more senses than one. Perhaps, in the first flush of enthusiasm over their common pursuit of poetry, the two young men scarcely noticed the difference in their appearances. Other persons present, however, could not have failed to note the contrast. Beaumont, attired in costly silks and with scarcely a sign of care on his smooth, bearded countenance, would have looked like a well-fed young lord. Fletcher, on the other hand, must have been poorly clad, and perhaps down at heel. His face clearly showed that he had suffered much during his twenty-seven years.

The elder of the two poets was born in December, 1579, at Rye, in Sussex, where his father was then officiating as a minister of the Church. The rise of the latter was swift and his downfall as speedy. He became chaplain to Queen Elizabeth, who so favoured him that he rose successively to the bishoprics of Bristol, Worcester, and London.

Loses the Royal Favour

Three years after the death of his first wife, the bishop most unwisely married a woman whom the queen regarded with disapproval. For this offence he was suspended from his high office, and never again enjoyed the royal favour.

"Hereof," we are told by a chronicler of the time, "the bishop was sadly sensible, and seeking to lose his sorrow in a mist of smoke, died of the immoderate taking thereof." Another

WHERE FLASHED OF OLD THE RAPIER THRUSTS OF WIT



A scene at the Mermaid. This famous tavern in Bread Street, Cheapside, was the resort of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other wits, and was the scene of many a stirring wit combat. "What things have we seen done at the Mermaid?" wrote Beaumont in an epistle to Ben Jonson, alluding to these gatherings.

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report says that he regained some of his power, but it is certain that he died very suddenly in 1596, probably from excessive indulgence in tobacco.

Most of the bishop's possessions were claimed by his creditors, and a petition had to be addressed to the queen for means to support his younger children, whom their stepmother deserted. Young Fletcher, accustomed to a life of ease and splendour at Fulham Palace, had now to fend for himself. He had completed his education at Cambridge, but, like Beaumont, his interest was centred in poetry and play-writing, and he was totally unprepared for any other profession.

Early Privations in London

For several years he must have endured great hardship in London, where his adventurous spirit prompted him to remain for as long as he could keep body and soul together. When the shoe pinched too hard, he retired into the country, to stay with one or other of his aunts or uncles, who were moderately well-to-do people. Not until he met Beaumont, and found in him so staunch a friend and fellow-worker, was he able to make London his permanent home.

Fletcher was a much more prolific writer than Beaumont. As early as 1604 he had written *The Woman's Prize or The Tamer Tamed*, a comedy after the style of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, which may have been played by the boy actors of St. Paul's. The best of his unaided efforts, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, a pastoral drama, was acted by the Blackfriars children in 1609, and in the same year Fletcher wrote a broad farce, *Monsieur Thomas*, which was not, however, acted until ten years later. The list of plays written by Fletcher alone, or in collaboration with dramatists other than Beaumont, far exceeds in length that of the plays written by Beaumont independently.

A Wonderful Friendship

Soon after their meeting the two poets set up in joint housekeeping at Southwark. Aubrey the chronicler asserts that "there was a wonderful consimilitude of phantasy between him (Beaumont) and Mr. Jo. Fletcher, which caused that dearness of friendship between them," and that they "shared the same cloaths and cloake." Fletcher was certainly the gainer in respect to this side of the bargain, for he had at last a secure footing in London. But the friendship was a very real one, based not upon convenience, but upon "consimilitude of phantasy," and the lofty aim of creating masterpieces to vie with the greatest of the time.

The London that Beaumont and Fletcher lived in was that of the Renaissance in the full tide of its glory. Shakespeare had reached his

zenith, and other great writers, Jonson, Drayton, Chapman, Webster, Heywood, Massinger, and Middleton, clustered around the tavern table when the two young poets were introduced to be put through their paces according to the standards of the time. They soon proved their worthiness to be included in the magic circle of wits and poets, "the Grand Wheel that set us Smaller Motions in Action," as a contemporary actor described the fraternity.

Quickly Gain Recognition

At first, no doubt, the elder dramatists regarded the newcomers as mere promising youngsters. But their brilliant work soon won them commendation, and Shakespeare at least lived to invite the co-operation of Fletcher in two and, perhaps, three of his later plays.

On the south side of the Thames, between what are now Blackfriars and Southwark bridges, there was a narrow strip of land known as Bankside. Here, among the Bear Gardens and other pleasure resorts, were the famous Elizabethan theatres, the Globe, the Swan, and the Blackfriars. In the immediate neighbourhood, in "the liberty of the clink," and not far from Beaumont and Fletcher's lodgings in Southwark, Shakespeare lived, while the other dramatists were congregated at no great distance. They met daily at the tavern or in one of the theatres, where they proceeded to talk over their schemes for new plays.

A Unique Case of Collaboration

Within this restricted area there was compressed the intellectual activity that resulted in the highest achievements of the English drama. Collaboration was the order of the day, but that of Beaumont and Fletcher will always remain unique, for its result was an amalgam so complete that it has baffled the most skilled critics to separate the individual work of the two participants. Algernon Charles Swinburne has expressed the following opinion:

But if a distinction must be made between the Dioscuri of English poetry, we must admit that Beaumont was the twin of heavenlier birth. Only as Pollux was on one side a demigod of diviner blood than Castor can it be said that on any side Beaumont was a poet of higher and purer genius than Fletcher; but so much must be allowed by all who have eyes and ears to discern in the fabric of their common work a distinction without a difference.

Owing to careless editing of the original folios, great difficulty has been experienced in tracing the earliest joint efforts of Beaumont and Fletcher as dramatists. *The Woman Hater* (1607) has been variously ascribed to each separately and as an experiment in collaboration. It is, in any case, a crude play, too slavishly imitative to be worthy of either dramatist or of both together.

The Scornful Lady (1608) is probably the first

real Beaumont and Fletcher play. It was followed in the same year by *Philaster, or Love Lies a-Bleeding*, one of the two great masterpieces that this combination of rare talent produced. The other, *The Maid's Tragedy*, was also written in 1609, showing the enormous industry of the two friends.

In both these plays the advantages of the double authorship are seen to the full. Beaumont lends to the superior poetic dexterity and invention of Fletcher a dignity of expression and nobility of sentiment. Beaumont's humour tends towards burlesque; that of Fletcher is of a more realistic character. Fletcher's muse is exuberant, Beaumont's romantic and austere.

In beauty and dignity of expression, emotional power, sustained drama, and pathos, *The Maid's Tragedy* scarcely falls short of the highest achievements of Shakespeare, who, seriously rivalled as he was by the twin spirits, and sometimes learning from them, nevertheless ever succeeded in capping their triumphs with others of his own. Yet Shakespeare never attacked a bolder theme than that of *The Maid's Tragedy*.

The play, in fact, deals with the corruption at courts, the material used being drawn from actual experience, for Fletcher spent his early manhood at the court during the time that his father enjoyed favour there.

It can hardly be doubted that the scenes in the play in which the vices of princes and the licentiousness of the court life are so graphically drawn were largely the work of Fletcher; while the pastoral masque, which takes place in the first act, is obviously Beaumont at his best. At the same time, Beaumont probably exercised a restraining hand in the writing of the great scenes in which the evil of using kingly power as a cloak to hide vice is powerfully exposed.

The Knight of the Burning Pestle (1610) is usually regarded as mainly the work of Beaumont. It is a satire on certain extravagant

manners of the time—somewhat too direct a satire, as it turned out, for the citizens of London, recognizing their own bombastic airs reflected in the characterization, hissed the play. It survived a period of unpopularity, and is now generally regarded as the work of Beaumont at his best, helped out by Fletcher

The Coxcomb (1610). *A King and No King* (1611), and *Cupid's Revenge* (1610), and prob-

A CELEBRATED ELIZABETHAN PLAYHOUSE



The Fortune Theatre, one of the famous Elizabethan playhouses. It was built by the actor, Edward Alleyn. Unlike most of the early theatres, which were octagonal in plan, the Fortune Theatre was built square.

ably *Thierry and Theodoret* (1621) and *The Wild-Goose Chase* (1621) are the titles of the chief plays written during the all too short remainder of the collaboration. When it is considered that the joint household and, in consequence, the close, daily communion of minds could not have lasted for more than five years at most, and

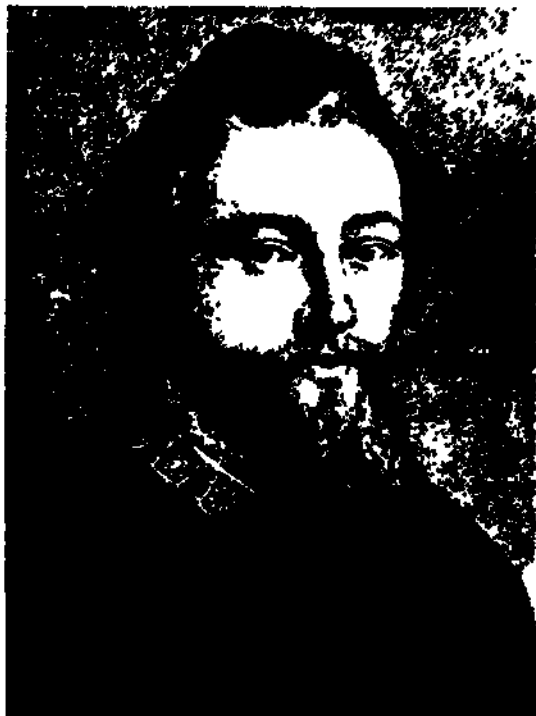


that during this period both poets were also engaged upon individual efforts, the fruit of their labours cannot be regarded as anything short of marvellous.

Beaumont's frail constitution soon gave way under the strain. There is no evidence that he wrote anything, either independently or with Fletcher, after 1614. The year before this he had married Ursula Isley, who belonged to an old Kentish family, owning estates in the parish of Sundridge, near Sevenoaks. Thus the bachelor establishment and dramatists' workshop was broken up for ever.

Little is known concerning the short remainder of Beaumont's life, except that it was passed

A WISE AND NOBLE-MINDED DRAMATIST



Francis Beaumont, who, in the plays that he wrote with Fletcher, is believed to have been responsible for the noble sentiment and dignified expression.

amidst rural surroundings and that the poet enjoyed domestic happiness. His health, however, continued to decline, and he apparently lost all interest in the art to which he had devoted the best years of his life. He died on the 6th March, 1616, but he was fortunate in having lived long enough to welcome a daughter, another being born after his death. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in that part already known as the Poets' Corner.

Fletcher survived his twin spirit for nine years. He wrote many more comedies, the most successful, *Without Money* (1614).

The Loyal Subject (1618), and *The Humorous Lieutenant* (1619). He also revised the plays of other less known dramatists, according to the fashion of the time, and it is believed that he was part author with Shakespeare of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (date unknown), and that he wrote parts of *Henry VIII*, usually supposed to be mainly the work of Shakespeare.

But Fletcher never found a partner whose gifts were so completely complementary to his own as were those of Francis Beaumont. He became one of the most prominent figures in the later development of the Elizabethan drama. It would, however, be an injustice not to add that part of the glory that shone around the name of Fletcher was derived from his former association with the wise and noble-minded Francis Beaumont.

Separating Beaumont from Fletcher

In discriminating between plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, it is now recognized that at least one safe test may be applied. When Fletcher alone attempts pathos, he lapses into sentiment, and it is improbable that any scene in which this failing is noticeable would have been allowed to remain had Beaumont shared in its composition. The racy dialogue and sprightly wit of Fletcher, and his ingenuity in devising comic situations are qualities, however excellent, more common to the age, and are therefore less separable from the work of contemporary dramatists.

Prefixed to the first edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's works (1647), the stationer comments as follows upon the work of the two dramatists:

Master Beaumont was ever acknowledged a man a most strong and searching brain, and, his years considered, the most judicious wit these later ages have produced; he died young, for (which was an incalculable loss to the nation) he left the world when he was not full thirty years old. Master Fletcher survived and lived till almost fifty, whereof the world now enjoys the benefit. It was once in my thoughts to have printed Master Fletcher's works by themselves, because, single and alone, he would make a just volume; but, since never parted while they lived, I conceived it not equit-able to separate their ashes.

Dies of the Plague

In 1625 Fletcher accepted the invitation of a knight of Norfolk to stay with him in the country in order to escape from plague-stricken London. "He stayed," we are told, "but to make himself a suit of clothes, and while it was making, fell sick of the plague and died." He was buried in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark.

[See "Works of Beaumont and Fletcher," edited by A. Glover and A. R. Waller (1905-12); "The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakespeare," by A. H. Thorndike (1901); "Francis Beaumont," by G. C. Macaulay (1883); and "Francis Beaumont: With an Account of His Circle and His Association with John Fletcher," by C. M. Gayley (1914).]

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FIGHTING TYRANNY *with* RIDICULE *and* WIT

How the Mocking Laughter and Sarcastic Pen of Voltaire Aroused the French Nation to Rebel Against Their Yoke of Despotism

IN the days of George II a stranger who wandered in certain parts of London often met with rough treatment at the hands of the inhabitants. It was no unusual thing to see a man chased by a mob up and down the streets, and the apprentices welcomed such pleasant interludes in their day's work.

On a day in 1727 one such incident as described above took place, and the gentleman who unsuspectingly courted the mob's attention happened to be a Frenchman. The loafers and roughs had seen that he was a foreigner, for his dress and bearing were evidence of that, but they did not know that he was the world's most famous wit. They were concerned only with the fact that he could not boast British blood, and hence they considered him fair game for their sport.

Hustled and harried by the strong arms of his assailants, the poor foreigner could see that an unpleasant time for him lay ahead. Gradually retreating before the jostling of the crowd, which was growing larger every minute, he felt his heels kick against the steps at the entrance to a house.

As nimbly as an acrobat he jumped to the highest stone, and then, with a sardonic smile playing about his thin lips, he calmly surveyed the sea of upturned faces below him.

With a gesture of his hand he sought to quell the shouting and tumult. A surprised quietness descended on the crowd, a quietness that was suddenly broken by the quaintly intoned voice of the hatless, dishevelled foreigner.

"Brave Englishmen," said he, "am I not already unfortunate enough in not having been born among you?"

Immediately the temper of the mob changed. Hands raised to pluck him from his refuge were waved excitedly in acknowledgment of his speech. Cheers took the place of reviling; the people roared their approbation.

With a sigh of relief the Frenchman stepped down to the ground, received his hat from a burly apprentice, and continued on his way as though nothing had happened.

A CHAMPION OF THE PEOPLE'S CAUSE



By his mocking wit and the unflagging energy with which he denounced the abusers of the people's freedom, Voltaire helped in a large measure to pave the way for the French Revolution.

It was not the first time that Voltaire had had to thank his gift of apt retort for extricating him from a difficult situation. On the other hand, this very same gift had often placed him in a difficult situation. To his incautiousness and bitter pen he owed his visit to England. He came to these shores not as a visitor but as a voluntary exile.

François Marie Arouet, known to the world as Voltaire, was born in Paris on the 21st November, 1694. From the day of his birth his health was a source of anxiety to his parents and relatives, for he seemed to have inherited physical weakness from his mother. It is probable that

during the few critical weeks following his birth, his father, who was a notary, found it impossible to preserve the usual calm routine of his business.

The Arouet household lived in constant suspense. The chance that the puny child would survive appeared so small that he was baptized the day after his birth.

Both François Arouet the elder and his wife came of old Poitevin families, but the Arouets had come to Paris early in the seventeenth century, and had prospered greatly in the profession of the law. François Arouet himself was

master of a large and thriving business, corresponding as nearly as possible to that of a solicitor in this country.

The notary's household was a comfortable one, and his children were not unhappy, though he himself was brusque in manner and hasty in temper, while his wife enjoyed only the poorest of health. Mme. Arouet, however, was connected with several people at the court of Louis XIV, at Versailles, and, in particular, the abbé de Châteauneuf, a considerable personage in his own way, was a friend of hers. When Voltaire, as the young François afterwards called himself, was seven years old, his mother's delicacy of health developed into a serious illness, and she died, committing the future of her precociously talented little son into the hands of the good abbé.

Shows His Faculty for Verse

Until after his tenth birthday Voltaire seems to have received little or no regular education, although the abbé had already introduced him to literature, and had noticed that the boy possessed an amazing faculty for extemporizing facile verses, a talent which distinguished him to the end of his days. When ten years old, after the abbé and his peppery-tempered father had put their heads together in consultation, Voltaire was packed off to the Collège Louis-le-Grand, a seminary for well-to-do boys, managed and staffed by Jesuits. In his later years it was Voltaire's whim greatly to disparage the education he received at this school. Nevertheless, he remained in the Jesuits' care from

1704 until 1711, and, the Jesuits being then as careful and thorough schoolmasters as they are to-day, there can be very little doubt but that the foundations of Voltaire's wide range of knowledge were laid at the Collège.

At this school Voltaire immediately attracted everyone's attention by his impish face and his extraordinarily quick and intelligent mind. Soon after his arrival the good abbé brought a very great lady to see him, none other than Ninon de Lenclos, who, although in her old age, retained the figure, the complexion, and the freshness of a girl. She was delighted with the little boy's ready wit, and left him 2,000 francs "to buy books with."

Attracted by the Stage

The Jesuits of the Collège Louis-le-Grand kept up the admirable tradition of Renaissance schools by producing numerous plays, both in Latin and in French, with their pupils as actors. Voltaire at once took to the stage as a duckling to a farmyard pond. He delighted in all the preparations and rehearsals, while the actual performances, especially if "he had a part himself," sent him into a transport of delight.

Apart from this source of continual pleasure, he seems to have passed his years at school very happily. Unlike French schoolboys of the nineteenth century, the pupils at the Collège Louis-le-Grand had ample spare time allowed them for games. They were left to amuse themselves with their own devices, not subjected to a round of dreary and monotonous supervised imprisonment.

WHERE VOLTAIRE SPENT THE HAPPIEST YEARS OF LIFE



When Voltaire was refused the king's permission to return to Paris, he bought an estate at Ferney, near Geneva. Here he built a large house, entertained on a lavish scale, sheltered religious refugees, strove hard to better the conditions of the peasants, founded a prosperous watch factory, a lace colony, and a silk stocking factory, and wrote many plays.

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In August, 1711, Voltaire, who was then 17, came home. He had no desire for any profession but literature—in fact, he refused to contemplate any other life at all than that of a man of letters. Such a point of view enraged the hot-tempered notary, François Arouet, who, on his part, and not without reason at that time, simply refused to consider literature as a profession. The law was decided upon as Voltaire's future career, and, submitting to his father, he made a pretence of studying this subject, though actually other pursuits filled a good three-quarters of his time.

The good abbé had died before Voltaire left school, but shortly before his death he had introduced his protégé to the dissipated literary and social coterie of the Temple. Here Voltaire met the then famous poets, Chaulieu and La Fare, and obtained first-hand knowledge of all there was to know of Parisian literary society. His father, prophesying that no good could come of such behaviour, packed his son off first to Caen and later to the Hague. On his return from the Hague, his father made up his mind that Voltaire should be kept hard at work, and so for a few months he once more had to submit to the routine of a law office.

Playing with Fire

He strove to lighten the tedium of his daily round by writing satirical poems. Some of these were distributed abroad, and they were so clever that they made a profound stir. The persons satirized, however, refused, as such persons invariably do, to see anything funny at all in the matter, and Voltaire very nearly found himself in gaol under a *lettre de cachet*. Despairing of ever turning his son into a responsible notary, M. Arouet was then only too glad to send him to stay for a year with Louis de Caumartin, Marquis de St. Ange, on the latter's country estate.

Nothing could have pleased Voltaire better, and he spent his year of banishment in hard reading and writing. For these tasks he showed an insatiable appetite. He devoured book after book, without rest or intermission. Moreover, he remembered all he had read, and had soon gathered together a prodigious store of miscellaneous information. Just when his year in the country had ended, Louis XIV died, and Voltaire returned to Paris once more.

He soon became acquainted with the am-

bitious and lovely Duchesse du Maine, and joined the literary set by whom she was surrounded. This lady detested the regent, the Duc d'Orléans, and Voltaire rashly plied his venomously ironic pen for her pleasure, composing lampoons against Orléans. As a result he was banished from Paris in May, 1716, for a period of six months.

Shortly after his return two violent and witty libels appeared in Paris, and Voltaire was suspected of having been connected with them.

AN ACTRESS WHO INTERPRETED HIS PLAYS



Much of the success of Voltaire's plays was due to the wonderful way in which Mlle. Clairon interpreted the heroine's part. The author himself acknowledged this fact, and he could never praise her enough.

origin. His arrest and consignment to the Bastille immediately resulted. He remained in the fortress for a not unhappy eleven months, during which time he finished his first tragedy, *Cædipe*. After his liberation he always used the name Voltaire, though it had made its appearance in connexion with him at an earlier date.

Soon after his release from prison Voltaire was granted an audience with the regent, and a formal truce was made between them. But the court still distrusted him, and were ever on the watch lest his mischievous nature should

break out in some new direction. During November, 1718, *Oedipe* was produced in Paris, and was favourably though not enthusiastically received. The piece ran for forty-five nights, and at least sufficed to make a little money for Voltaire, and to establish him as a young literary man in the public eye. In a sense, he had "arrived."

In December, 1721, the good notary, Aronnet, died. By his will Voltaire received about 4,000 livres per annum, which was soon augmented by a pension of 2,000 livres, paid him by the regent as a kind of "hush money," to keep him from writing further libels. From then onwards, until the autumn of 1725, he hung about the court, writing a play or two, producing them with quiet success, and generally amusing himself in his own sarcastic manner.

Sent to the Bastille Again

As the result of a quarrel with the Chevalier de Rohan, however, he was again arrested in November, 1725, and sent to the Bastille once more. His incarceration lasted only about a fortnight, after which he was liberated, and sent off, at his own request, to England.

This visit to England made a profound difference to Voltaire's subsequent career. His contact with the English stimulated and enriched his intellect and his ambitions. Hitherto he had played the part of a social butterfly, dabbling in letters, but he returned to France as one of the most powerful and original contemporary writers. For three years Voltaire remained in voluntary exile, and London society delighted to welcome him.

Congreve, Pope, Bolingbroke, and Walpole were all among his friends, and he became intimately acquainted with Queen Caroline. Her husband, George II, however, had not much liking for the Frenchman, for, as he himself explained, he did not care a rap for what he called "boetry." English freedom, manners, laws, and customs, all made a profound impression on Voltaire's mind. He compared them to those of his own land, and found them infinitely more to his liking. In fact, when he returned to France in 1729, he had become an almost fanatical Anglophile. All things English seemed perfect; all things French, stupid, affected, artificial, and unreasonable.

He Stoops to Conquer

He went back to Paris full of literary projects, and settled down to carry them out. Year by year he produced plays, histories, and essays. He took the greatest pains not to offend the censorship, and so incur banishment again. No one could have been more ready to stoop to conquer than Voltaire.

He became busily engaged in all kinds of speculations, as his great ambition was to gain

an income that was large enough to enable him to dispense with the necessity of seeking the patronage of the great—always an uncertain and most unstable prop to literature. At last, by 1734, he felt justified in setting up an establishment for himself, and he moved to the château of Cirey, which was his home for many long years. A half ruinous and dismantled country house on the borders of Champagne and Lorraine, Voltaire gradually transformed Cirey until it became a most spacious and comfortable abode.

Corresponds with Frederick the Great

Here he wrote as indefatigably as ever, two of his early productions being a play, *Alzire*, and a weighty treatise on the Newtonian system of mathematics. In 1736 Frederick the Great, then only crown prince of Prussia, began to correspond with him, a correspondence which later ripened into one of the quaintest friendships in history. Voltaire also provided himself with a large laboratory, where he made experiments in physics and in iron-founding, the staple industry round Cirey, and one in which he was soon financially interested.

Every year a new play or else some historical work issued from his pen. By 1745 he had produced *Méropé* and *Mahomet*, two of his best plays, "Essai sur les Mœurs," and the famous "Siècle de Louis XIV." On New Year's day of that year, moreover, he was appointed historiographer-royal, a post in which he had such distinguished predecessors as Racine and Boileau, and the following year he was elected to the Academy of France, having been previously passed over many times owing to his unpopularity at court.

All this official recognition meant a renewal of his Paris life and also attendance at court. Voltaire, however, was never happy at court. He could not tolerate the solemn stupidities of courtiers, and often his mocking, bitter, witty tongue would speak unwisely and get him into trouble. For a few years he remained oscillating between Paris and Versailles, assiduously courting Louis XV's favour, but much more often in hot water than in good favour.

Three Years at Sans Souci

On the whole, he was supremely miserable and discontented with his rôle, and he gladly accepted an invitation from Frederick the Great to visit him at Berlin. Voltaire arrived at the Prussian capital during July, 1751, and was soon just as tired of Sans Souci as he had been of Versailles. Nevertheless, he remained with Frederick for three years, busy either in writing, quarrelling, or intriguing.

Frederick the Great admired Voltaire's intellect and despised his character. Voltaire, so far as we can judge, did not think much of Frederick at all. But the oddly assorted pair

found something fascinating in one another, so, in spite of mutual recriminations and insults, they still retained their friendship.

Finally, a quarrel about a scurrilous pamphlet Voltaire had written brought matters to a crisis. Both king and man of letters behaved like petulant children. One day Frederick had Voltaire arrested, and then released him the next morning. Voltaire, in retaliation, returned orders and decorations which Frederick had presented to him, but the king returned these with a letter of apology. So the affair went on for some time, until, after a final reconciliation, Voltaire obtained Frederick's permission to leave Potsdam in March, 1753. "He was tired," he said, "of correcting and improving His Majesty's French verses."

Since his desertion from Versailles to Potsdam had alienated him from Louis XV, and since future political writings of his had made it almost impossible for Voltaire to return to France, he had to look round for a home. After forty odd years of unsatisfactory changes he had at last resolved in the future to live only for his work. So at the age of sixty he began life afresh, and, after trying various places in Germany, Switzerland, and the south of France (parts of which

were then still semi-independent), he made a home at Ferney, near Geneva, in 1758. Here he set up as the complete country gentleman, and all Europe from that time onwards knew him as "the Squire of Ferney."

Busy with his work, his controversies, and the squabbles, which, with the best intentions in the world, he could not keep away from, the years slipped by quickly. When he came to Ferney, Voltaire was an old man; then, suddenly, before he noticed it, he had become a very old man indeed.

Louis XV died, and the ill-fated Louis XVI sat on the throne, yet Voltaire still continued to write as busily as ever. During his old age he was cared for by a girl, Reine Philiberte de Varicourt, whom he adopted as his daughter. She came of a noble but impoverished family, and Voltaire, having rescued her from a convent, gave her all her heart could desire, and finally arranged a brilliant marriage for her to the Marquis de Villette.

By the beginning of the year 1778 Voltaire had just finished a new tragedy, *Irène*, and he determined to go to Paris for its production. In February, he set out, and he soon arrived, a little exhausted, but otherwise none the worse for his journey, in the capital he had not seen for 28 years. Here

A WRITER WHO PROFITED BY EXILE



After being imprisoned twice in the Bastille, Voltaire was sent at his own request to England. For three years he remained abroad, and then returned to France as the most powerful writer of his time.

he was received with honour and acclamation, and welcomed as the doyen of French literature. All this excitement, however, soon made him ill, but he mocked his doctors, recovered, and went to the theatre to see his *Irène*. Here he was crowned in his box with a laurel wreath.

But at the age of eighty-four one cannot plunge into the exacting life of Parisian society without receiving a protest from nature. For a month or so Voltaire continued to enjoy his wonderful triumph, but in May he became seriously ill. He grew alternately worse and better. Finally, on the 30th May, he sank into unconsciousness and died quickly. He was buried in the abbey of Scellières, in Champagne, but his bones were afterwards twice removed. His heart, however, was embalmed and placed in a silver casket.

His Abnormal Thinness

In person Voltaire looked what he was—all brain. Thin to the point of emaciation, short, and agile, he grew in old age to seem a mere skeleton, with a long sharp nose, and tiny brilliant eyes peering out under his brows.

His works are vast and various, a complete edition running to more than forty volumes. In an age of established institutions and principles he appeared to apply a new acid test to all men and their works—the test of ridicule. He mocked at rank, he laughed at privilege, he questioned and made fun of everything which puffed up the old régime of pre-revolutionary France.

Thus, no less than Rousseau, he helped in laying the foundations of the French Revolution, for he had shown his fellow countrymen

that royalty and a ruling caste are not sacred when they cease to behave regally and abuse their power. His own age accepted Voltaire as a poet and philosopher who ceaselessly attacked all its most cherished beliefs and ideas. At first, of course, people laughed at him and did not believe him. But gradually he forced their attention and won their respect.

Services to the French Theatre

Voltaire ranks with such masters as Racine and Corneille as a writer of French tragedy. His plays are almost all meritorious, half-a-dozen of them being really great. He never, however, falls below a certain high level of technique and literary accomplishment, and he grandly upheld and added to the high traditions of the French theatre.

As a wit Voltaire is supreme. He never over-elaborates a story or applauds his own jokes. He gives a touch, arranges a few words, and is gone. All is the most subtle rapier work—he never needs to employ a bludgeon to drive his point home. It was he, for example, who made that famous and so often repeated remark about Admiral Byng. When Byng was shot, after a court-martial, Voltaire put it forward mildly as his opinion that this had been done *pour encourager les autres* (to encourage the others).

Voltaire remains one of the most singular phenomena in history. By his jests, his sarcasms, and his mockeries, he, more than any other single man perhaps, paved the way for political liberty in Europe.

[See Lives, by S. G. Tallentyre (1903), J. Morley (1913), J. Paston (1881), F. Espinasse (1892); and "Voltaire in England," by J. Churton Collins (1908).]

HIS LAST TRIUMPHAL RIDE THROUGH PARIS



When, at the age of eighty-four, Voltaire succumbed to a serious illness, the whole of the French nation went into mourning. As the stately catafalque bearing his wizened little body passed through the streets of Paris, the crowd lining the route wept aloud, for they realized what a great champion of their cause they had lost.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index



The FIRST BUILDERS of the IRON HORSE

The Inventive Genius of Murdoch, Trevithick, and Stephenson, which Made the Railway Possible and Paved the Way for the Giant Locomotives of the Present Time

ONE of the most interesting chapters in the story of the progress of civilization is that particular one which tells of the coming of the railway.

With the birth of James Watt, in 1736, the age of steam dawned brightly, but it was not till after William Murdoch was born, eighteen years later, that the locomotive became a tangible idea. To this clever Scotsman belongs the honour of constructing the first steam-engine that ever moved on wheels in England and of inventing coal-gas lighting.

He was born in Ayrshire on the 21st August, 1754, the second son of a millwright. Growing tired of employment in his father's trade, in 1777 he tramped to Birmingham and found a position with Boulton and Watt, the engineers. Both partners recognized that he had a natural genius for mechanics, and it was not long before they sent him down to Cornwall to erect their engines at different mines in that county.

Not content with improving on this firm's productions, he became fascinated with the ambition to build an engine which would have the power of locomotion. Devoting all his spare time to this idea, he at last managed to construct a tiny little machine, standing on three wheels, about a foot in height, and with a spirit-lamp underneath the boiler to turn the water into steam.

One dark night, on returning from his work at the mines, he determined to try his little model on the straight road leading to the church, just outside Redruth. The inventor, trembling with excitement, lit the little spirit lamp and patiently waited for the water to boil. This happened sooner than he expected, and with a puff and a snort the model started off at a good speed, with the excited Scotsman racing after it.

Suddenly, in front of him, he heard agonized shouts and exclamations, but the darkness

prevented him from seeing whence they emanated. When at last he reached the scene of the commotion, he saw the worthy parson of the parish in a great state of fear, calling out at the top of his voice that the Evil One, breathing out fire and smoke, had but a moment ago passed him on the road.

Murdoch's efforts to invent a locomotive were soon brought to an end, for Boulton and Watt advised him not to waste his time on such idle and hopeless dreams. He, therefore, turned his attention

back again to the improvement of the stationary engine.

Fortunately the ambition cherished by Murdoch, who died in 1839, had found a warm place in the heart of young Richard Trevithick.

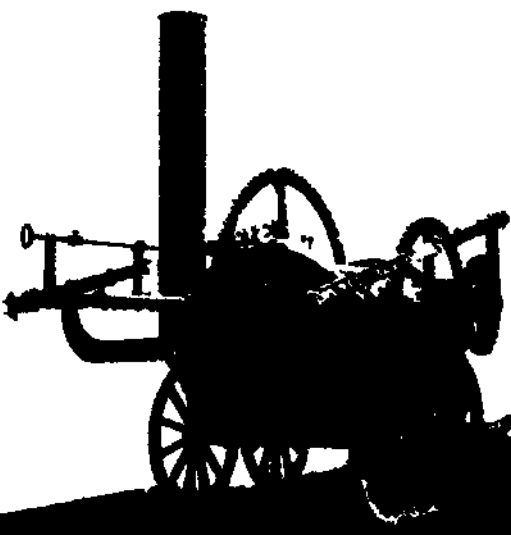
"The father of the locomotive," as he is often called, was born at Illogan, near Redruth, in Cornwall, on the 13th April, 1771.

Even during the time he was at school his mind was always dwelling on the possibilities of utilizing steam-power, and he was fully determined to become an engineer.

When, in 1800, Watt's patent expired, the steam-engine entered upon a new era. At the age of twenty-five Trevithick had made a number of model locomotives capable of journeying round his dining-room table at his home at Camborne. In 1800 he busied himself in designing a full-sized steam-carriage, and on the Christmas Eve of the following year he had the satisfaction of demonstrating the practicability of his invention.

Not only did the locomotive move along the ground, but it carried the first living load ever moved by steam. The passengers were delighted with the novelty of their experience, though it is true that they were not sorry to stand on firm ground once again.

In 1802 Trevithick took out a patent for his invention, which the people in Cornwall had christened the "puffing devil." He then

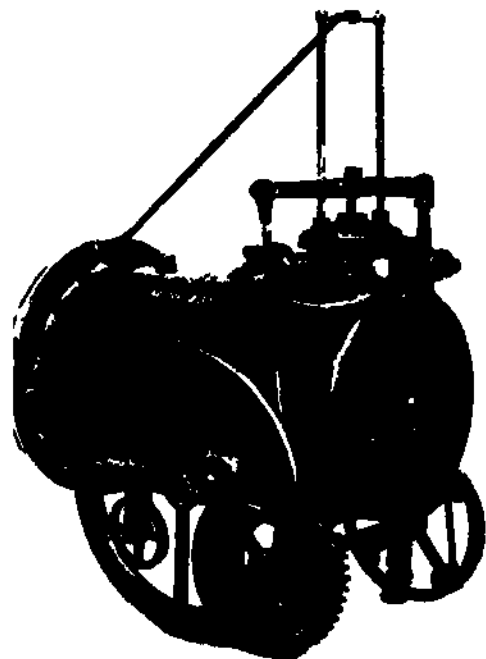


This early type of locomotive was constructed by Richard Trevithick in 1804. With Murdoch and Stephenson, Trevithick shares the honour of the invention of the locomotive.

began to build a second steam-carriage, and this he had conveyed on a ship to London, where it was exhibited in all its bravery to the public. Crowds of astonished citizens flocked to see the wonderful machine, and Trevithick set up a little railway track, so that the adventurous could enjoy a ride in a coach fastened to the tail of the engine.

Shortly after it had arrived in London Sir Humphry Davy wrote to a friend in Cornwall expressing the hope that he would soon hear that "the roads of England are the haunts of Captain Trevithick's dragons—a characteristic name."

ROAD LOCOMOTIVE OF OTHER DAYS



This model of Trevithick's road locomotive is an exhibit of the South Kensington Museum, London. Trevithick was the builder of the first locomotive to transport passengers.

However, this particular steam-carriage did not have a very long life. Weakness occurred in its framework, and it spent the rest of its days as a stationary engine driving a mill at a great iron works.

But Richard Trevithick would not admit defeat. Being employed as a general engineer in an iron company at Pen-y-darran, South Wales, he seized the opportunity to build an engine to haul the minerals along the tramway on which horse-power was usually employed.

The locomotive was completed and underwent its first trial on the 22nd February, 1804. It was an amazing success. Carrying a load of ten tons of iron and seventy men, it clattered

over the rails at the rate of about five miles an hour. Trevithick was overwhelmed with praise, but it was a triumph that did not last long. Shortly afterwards the engine met with an accident and left the rails. This sealed its fate. Like its predecessor, it was converted into a stationary machine, and so remained until it fell to pieces.

Turns to Other Schemes

From then onwards Richard Trevithick turned his back on the idea of the "travelling engine," and became interested in schemes of a more promising character. He designed an engine to act as a steam roundabout, and with this, erected in London on the site where Euston station now stands, he hoped to retrieve some of his financial losses.

But the fates were against him, and the scheme did not prosper. Neither did his more ambitious schemes of tunnelling the river Thames and providing steam for working the silver mines in Peru.

Nothing seemed to prosper with him, and when at last he died at Dartford on the 22nd April, 1833, he was so greatly in debt that it was only through the kindness of his comrades at the factory where he had been at work that his body was saved from interment in a pauper's grave.

A window in Westminster Abbey, London, has been erected to his memory, but it is certain that, even without this reminder, his fame would never die, for his genius was amazing.

He was the first man to construct a steam locomotive of practical value, and to prove in an indisputable way that it was possible for an engine's wheels to obtain a grip on smooth rails and even to pull heavily loaded wagons up an incline.

Stephenson's Early Investigations

It is curious to note that George Stephenson, the greatest of the men who made the railway possible, knew nothing whatever about Murdoch, Trevithick or Watt when he first started his investigations of the application of steam-power.

The son of a colliery fireman, he was born at Wylam, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 9th June, 1781. George never had a picture book in his hands as a boy. He never went to school as a boy. He was a man, earning as much as his father, before ever he had learned to read. He never, as a lad, saw a diagram of an engine, or any handbook on practical mechanics.

The only gateway to knowledge that he knew was the stationary colliery engine which he attended; and the only way to understand its mysteries was to stay behind on Saturday afternoons, after his work was over, take the



engine to pieces, investigate its mechanism, and put it together again.

It is almost impossible now to imagine the hard lot of labourers and working people in England a century and a half ago. Britain's greatest railway builder was the son of decent folk. His father was the stoker of a colliery engine and earned about twelve shillings a week. The family lived in a single room with a clay floor, and such was the struggle to live in those days of high prices and starvation wages, that neither George nor any of his five brothers and sisters ever went to school as children.

When George Stephenson was eighteen, and working, as a colliery fireman, twelve hours a day for twelve shillings a week, he began to attend a night school to learn spelling and reading. This belated instruction cost him threepence a week.

At the age of twenty-one he married a domestic servant, and no doubt he felt considerable pride in being able to write his name in a childish hand in the register. Yet even when he was thirty, George was still struggling with simple arithmetic, and, when too busy with engines to go to his teacher in person, he sent his slate round to that good friend's house, to have his sums corrected and others put down on the other side for him to work out.

His Unceasing Industry

He was a wonder to all his neighbours on account of his incessant industry. Twelve hours a day at the colliery did not content him. In the evenings he started working again. He made and mended boots, constructed boot lasts, repaired clocks and watches, cut out the patterns from the web, so that the colliers' wives could make their husbands' clothes at home. Not one odd job that demanded skill above the ordinary came amiss to this untiring worker if it furnished an extra shilling or two at the week's end.

As a child his favourite outing was to take his father's dinner to the colliery engine-house, so that he could watch the wonderful machine, its great beam see-sawing as the piston rose and fell.

It was one of these stationary engines which provided him with his first real chance, and opened the door to his future career of unparalleled success. At a colliery near his home—namely, that at Killingworth, not far distant from Newcastle—there was a steam pumping-engine that failed to pump. For nearly a year

it had been employed in an effort to clear the colliery of water, but without success.

At this time Stephenson was a brakesman in a neighbouring colliery, his wages being less than a pound a week. Several of the men working at the pit, which was "drowned out," as they expressed it, were acquaintances of his, and to them George mentioned that in his opinion their pumping-engine was defective, and that he could put it right and have the shaft pumped dry in a week. This information came to the ears of those who were responsible for the pumping, and, as they were in the depths of despair, Stephenson was given a chance to make good his boast.

MURDOCH'S EFFORT TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM



William Murdoch's attempt to solve the problem of the mobile steam-engine is illustrated by this model locomotive. He experimented with his invention one dark night, to the discomfiture of the parson.

George selected the men he wanted, effected several alterations in the engine, and, after two days' pumping, cleared the shaft of water.

This achievement was regarded locally as almost miraculous. Besides his wages, Stephenson received a present of ten guineas from the grateful management, the largest sum of money he had ever received.

Seeks for Perpetual Motion

His services were now frequently sought after when engines went wrong, as they were constantly doing, owing to their faulty construction. The mental restlessness of this extraordinary man found additional employment at this stage in efforts to discover perpetual motion. Fortunately, however, Stephenson was abundantly endowed with common sense, and, although such an elusive employment

occupied most of his leisure, he was not the kind of man to allow it to divert him from the more practical task of earning his living and saving money.

When he was about thirty years of age Stephenson was appointed engine-wright at the colliery where he had repaired the defective pumping-engine. His salary was raised to £100 a year. It was characteristic of him that he had succeeded in saving some money, most of which he had received in payment for the odd jobs that he had undertaken. These golden guineas he sold for twenty-six shillings each—gold being then at a premium—and with the proceeds he sent his only son, Robert, to a

horses were able to draw wagonloads of coal from the collieries along these tram-roads much more easily than could be done on an ordinary road adapted for cart traffic.

Stephenson's first locomotive was made under great difficulties, his best helper being the colliery blacksmith, who fashioned the various parts as Stephenson ordered them. But, rough as its workmanship was, the engine was a success, and far ahead of any other locomotive that had been made up to that time. In the summer of 1814 *Blucher*, as this engine was nicknamed, was set to work hauling wagonloads of coal along a colliery railway, and it continued to work satisfactorily at Killingworth for a long time.

INVESTIGATING THE SECRETS OF THE STEAM-ENGINE



Young George Stephenson, who invented the first really serviceable locomotive, making himself conversant with the mysteries of Watt's steam-engine. Night after night he dismantled and reconstructed it, to improve his knowledge of its mechanism.

The following year the engineer made another locomotive. It is a wonderful fact that in those early and primitive engines—for example, in the old Killingworth *Locomotion No. 2*—the self-taught inventor had discovered and adapted two fundamental ideas that have never been superseded—namely, the blast caused by discharging the exhaust steam through the funnel, and the coupling of the driving wheels with connecting rods on the outside. In his famous engine, the *Rocket*, which came later, he also successfully adapted the idea of the tubular boiler, although he was not

very good academy at Newcastle, having determined to give him the best education possible.

Killingworth then became the home of Stephenson's genius. Here he received the encouragement which enabled ideas of the most extraordinary novelty to be carried successfully into effect; here Stephenson, with money provided by his employers, constructed his first "travelling engine"; and here there were always warm-hearted men, both colliers and proprietors, who believed in him, although many people in the world dubbed him a dangerous madman.

Roads Used at Collieries

In order to understand the problem to which Stephenson devoted all his energies, it has to be remembered that tram-roads were then in common use in colliery districts. At first the roads in question were made of wood, then iron plates were adopted. Horse power was employed, and, as a result of the better surface,

the actual inventor of this contrivance.

Stephenson was a born leader of men. Once when the colliery caught fire and the men below, as well as their families on the surface, were in a panic, George had himself lowered down the shaft. As soon as the cage touched the bottom the imprisoned miners stormed it, but Stephenson calmed them, and, when he called for volunteers, they all turned about and followed him into the workings.

Arriving at the place where the fire was, the men, under Stephenson's direction, built a wall across the road, thus sealing up the fire and excluding the air. As a result of this energetic action, which in his cool, matter-of-fact way he regarded as being all in the day's work, Stephenson saved the colliery from destruction.

At that time colliers worked under conditions of far greater danger than they do now, although their calling is still an arduous and risky one. They used candles and naked



lights to work by, with the result that explosions were of frequent occurrence. Stephenson gave a great deal of attention to this problem, and, although he had no book-knowledge whatever of chemistry, he succeeded in inventing the "Geordie" safety-lamp.

In the darkness of the mine he used to experiment with his model lamp by holding it in the full blast of the explosive gas, although he knew that he was exposing himself to grave peril. So dangerous did practical colliers consider these experiments, that at first no one would accompany him.

However, the lamp was perfected at last, and there seems no doubt that Stephenson's safety-lamp was the first to be used in a coal mine with success, although Sir Humphry Davy, quite independently, also invented a somewhat similar lamp about the same time.

Stephenson's labours in connexion with his safety-lamp were acknowledged in 1818, when a public testimonial of £1,000 was presented to him at Newcastle.

Meanwhile his locomotives were working successfully at the Killingworth colliery, but the significance of this wonderful invention was quite overlooked by all the engineers of that period. The fame of *Blucher* was only local. For years the Killingworth colliery was the only one in the country in which an engine travelling on rails was used.

Horses and Wooden Rails

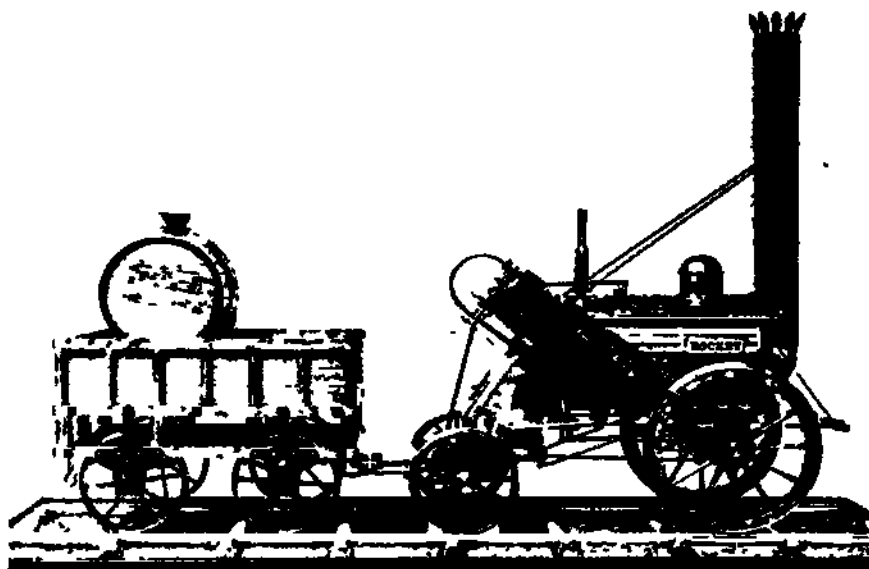
When the Stockton and Darlington Railway was proposed, it was at first intended to employ horses and stationary engines, and even wooden rails. Stephenson was invariably urging the employment of locomotives, to the chagrin and irritation of his friends, who considered that if he would only hold his tongue about travelling engines he would succeed far better.

However, as a result of his persistence, the act empowering the construction of this railway (1823) contained a clause permitting the use of locomotives, although at first even the directors thought such an idea likely to

wreck the prospects. Stephenson was appointed engineer to this pioneer railway, at a salary of £300 a year, and his career as a railway builder was now fairly started. He also built three locomotives for work on the new railway.

Stephenson did not have a free hand, and the fears of the directors compelled him to use horses on parts of the railway. A horse would pull the train a certain distance; then, when a down gradient was reached, the animal was placed in a low wagon at the end of the train, and proceeded as a passenger until on the level again, when it had to get out and pull once

GEORGE STEPHENSON'S PRIZE-WINNING ROCKET



In 1829 George Stephenson's locomotive, the *Rocket*, won a prize of £500 at the Rainhill trials. The prize was offered by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway for the best locomotive constructed at a total cost not exceeding £150.

more. Some of these horses got so used to their work that they managed to clamber into the train when it was in motion.

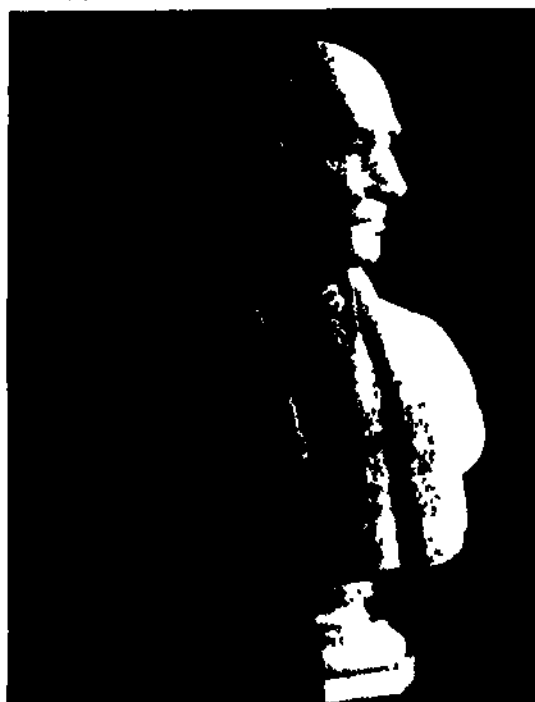
The next stage in Stephenson's career as a railway engineer was the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Here again the inventor was hampered by timid men. Directors were terrified when he began to talk about speed. They declared that even to hint that a greater pace than ten miles an hour was possible would ruin everything and set Parliament and the whole country against them.

Even when the railroad itself had been constructed by Stephenson, his directors proposed to divide the route into stages, and have a stationary engine every mile or so to pull the trains by means of ropes. Not only the directors, but even engineers of national reputation, voted against the locomotive.

It was in vain that Stephenson declared that he had already made sixteen locomotives in his own works. Hard-headed business men argued with equal emphasis that it stood to reason that a locomotive could not, for one thing, turn a curve, its velocity being certain to take it straight on.

However, here again Stephenson's persistence triumphed in the end. A prize of £500 was at length offered by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway for the best locomotive, to cost not more than £750. All the world knows that Stephenson's *Rocket*, constructed in his own works at Newcastle, easily won the prize. This happened in 1829.

INVENTOR OF COAL-GAS LIGHTING



Not only did William Murdoch build the first steam-engine to run on wheels, but he also invented coal-gas lighting, which he utilized for illuminating a foundry.

During the trial the *Rocket* reached at one point the speed of twenty-nine miles an hour, its average speed being over fifteen miles an hour. This wonderful little engine, some years later, travelled over four miles in four and a half minutes, or nearly 60 miles an hour.

Meanwhile Stephenson had constructed the railway between Liverpool and Manchester, including the crossing of Chat Moss, which was in itself an absolutely unprecedented achievement, long declared to be absolutely impossible.

From the first the railway was a great success, and to the astonishment of the company, who

had never hoped for many passengers, but looked to the goods traffic for their profits, the public took to the new method of transportation at once.

George Stephenson had often declared that, if given the chance, he would make it cheaper for a working man to travel behind a locomotive than to wear out shoe leather by travelling on foot. He lived to see his words come true.

Deputations came from distant parts of the country to see the new wonder, and one of the things which astonished these visitors more than anything was to see men and women talking to each other with unconcern in railway carriages travelling at nearly thirty miles an hour. They had expected to see these adventurous travellers hanging on to each other, as though they expected to meet a violent death at any moment.

Alarm of the Country Folk

When this and other early railways were being surveyed by Stephenson and his assistants, they had often been driven off by indignant country people, armed with pitchforks and guns. It was declared that the noise of a locomotive would frighten cows and horses and make farming impossible, that the smoke would ruin crops and blight vegetation.

What happened was that many landowners had fortunes made for them by the new railways; they had opposed, owing to the enhanced value of their land for building purposes. Towns that had compelled Stephenson to keep away and make a detour, awoke later to find that they were being ruined, because they had no railway communication with other parts of the country.

Space does not allow us to follow here the amazing expansion of railway building throughout Great Britain, as well as in other countries, which followed the success of Stephenson's Liverpool and Manchester railway. Very suddenly George Stephenson was acknowledged to be the greatest railway builder in the world.

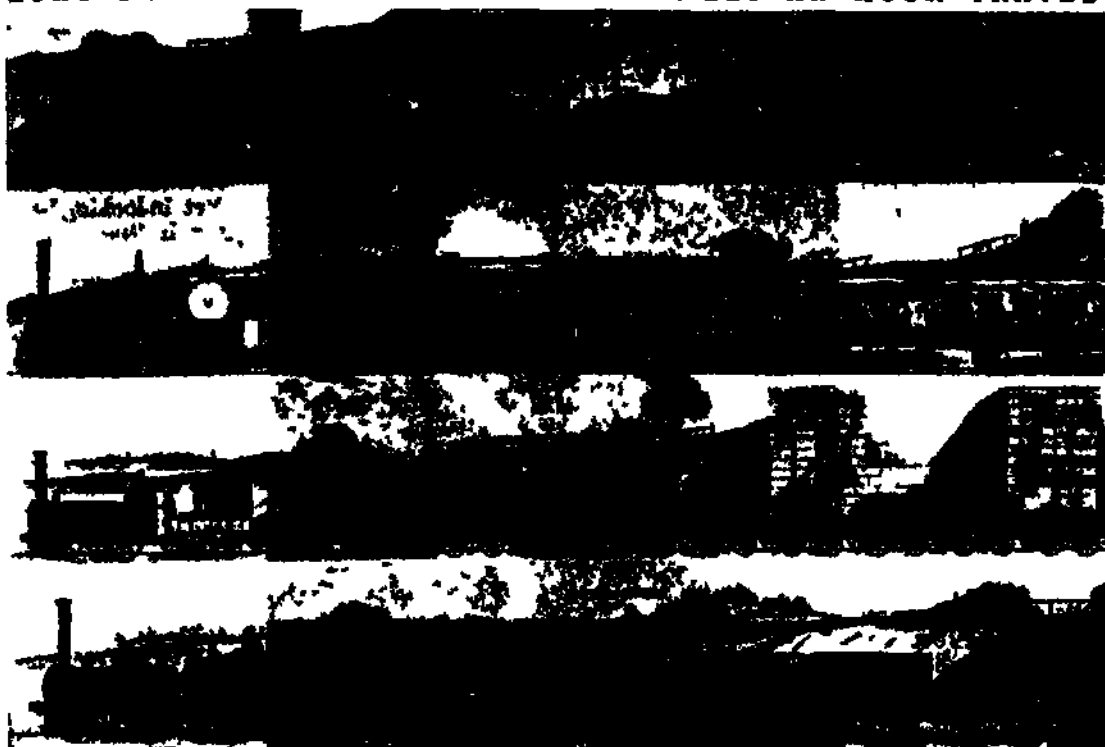
His services were in constant demand whenever new railways were being planned, while his locomotives, made at his own works in Newcastle, under the management of his son Robert, were considered the best obtainable.

Discovers a Coal Mine

Robert Stephenson was, on the recommendation of his father, appointed engineer of the Leicester and Swannington railway, which Robert commenced to build in 1830, and successfully completed. While engaged in this work, Robert viewed an estate near the railway that was for sale, and, believing that there was coal under it, he asked his father to come and see the place. As a result, George Stephenson bought the estate, and opened a coal pit, which afterwards proved very profitable.



LONG BEFORE THE DAYS OF SIXTY MILES AN HOUR TRAVEL



A century of years has wrought very little change in some forms of mechanical invention, but this cannot with truth be said of the railway locomotive. It is less than a hundred years, in fact, since these quaint locomotives with the equally strange-looking carriages drawn by them, were to be seen transporting passengers and goods between the Lancashire towns.

Among the other important railway building enterprises which George Stephenson undertook was the London and Birmingham Railway. Father and son were joint engineers in this work. The railway was over 112 miles in length, and almost every kind of bridge cutting and tunnel was needed in its construction. The difficulties of the route made this the greatest engineering enterprise ever attempted in England, and about 20,000 men were employed in construction work for five years.

Other Railways Built by Him

Stephenson also constructed the Manchester and Leeds Railway, the North Midland Railway from Leeds to Derby, the York and North Midland, the Birmingham and Derby, and the Sheffield and Rotherham Railway. During 1839 and 1840 over 320 miles of different railways, constructed by George Stephenson at a cost of eleven million pounds, were opened for traffic.

But notwithstanding fame and riches George Stephenson still remained—and, indeed, he often said so himself at public meetings—a simple mechanic.

George Stephenson very wisely held himself

aloof from the wild speculation mania in railway building which occurred in the forties of the nineteenth century. He would never lend his name to any scheme unless he knew beyond doubt that it was being honestly promoted and was sure to be profitable to those who invested their money. He might have made a much larger fortune, but he had no desire to enrich himself at the expense of others.

Stephenson lived to see railways drive the stage-coaches off the roads and to witness an extraordinary expansion of the general business and prosperity of the country, as a result of the cheap and convenient means of transport provided by the locomotive railway.

Tradition Continued by His Son

His own energies he latterly turned from railways to the management of the collieries and lime-works which he had purchased with his savings. His son, Robert, upon whose education George Stephenson had devoted such care when he was earning only two or three pounds a week and who had been his constant companion and co-partner since his earliest years, continued his father's work as a locomotive engineer in a most brilliant way.

After 1848 Stephenson took no active part in the promotion of railways, but devoted himself to the pursuits of a country gentleman. He was very fond of gardening, and was especially proud of the products of his hot-houses.

Sometimes he left home to revisit a scene of his early years. Once he went to see the fields where, as a small boy, he had pulled turnips in cold winter weather for twopenny a day.

He was greatly interested in mechanics' institutes and similar organizations, which were then springing up in many industrial centres, to provide working men with opportunities for self-improvement. Stephenson often accepted invitations to speak to the members of such institutes. On these occasions he always urged his hearers to make the most of all the opportunities for education which lay within their reach: to improve their skill

as workmen by study and diligence; and in whatever they undertook however great the difficulties, to persevere.

Perseverance was undoubtedly the dominant feature of Stephenson's character. For nearly

twenty years he struggled unsuccessfully to obtain the acceptance and adoption of his idea of applying the locomotive to the problem of inland transportation of goods and passengers.

It was his indomitable perseverance which ultimately led to the use of the locomotive in his lifetime.

Yet, in looking back through the world's history, there is no mechanical invention that one can think of which has conferred greater blessings on mankind generally than George Stephenson's.

Great as his achievement was, there never was a man whom greatness and success altered so little. He declined to go into society, saying he would feel out of place in the company of fine folk; he declined a knighthood more than once. He desired, he said, to have no fancy letters either before or after his name, but to be known as plain George Stephenson.

He died on the 12th August, 1848, at Tapton, near Chesterfield, at the age of sixty-seven, and was buried at Trinity Church, Chesterfield.

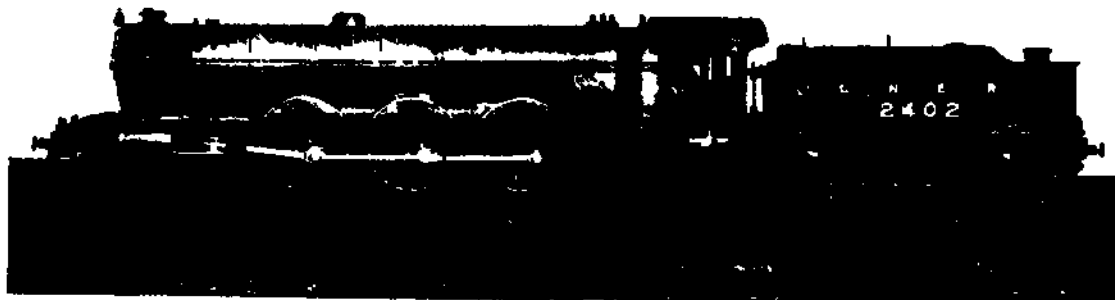
[See "Life of George Stephenson," by Samuel Smiles (1861)]

THE FAMOUS BUILDER OF THE ROCKET



George Stephenson made an early acquaintance with engines, for he was only fourteen years old when he became assistant to his father, who was fireman of a colliery pumping-engine.

A CINDERELLA AND A PRINCE OF RAILWAY ENGINES



The puny old-fashioned Locomotion No. 1 compared with the London and North Eastern Railway Company's powerful and stately City of York. The former, built by George Stephenson, was the first locomotive to transport both goods and passengers. A wonder of other times, it ran over the track of the Stockton and Darlington Railway at its opening in 1825.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

PARTNERS *who* SOLVED *the* NILE MYSTERY

How Speke and Grant Made a Perilous Journey Through the Wilds of Africa to Determine the Main Source of Its Longest River

FOR centuries the source of the great river Nile provided a problem that seemed as insolvable as the riddle of the Sphinx. Even so long ago as the time of the Emperor Nero the mystery of the Nile had aroused interest as far afield as Italy.

It is known that Nero sent two centurions to explore the Nile, and Seneca relates how, after proceeding up the river a little way, they found their progress stopped by a "marshy, impenetrable country." But though various travellers at different periods tried, in a half-hearted manner, to trace the course of the Nile, it was not until the nineteenth century that the age-old mystery was solved. It had been left for two determined Britons to accomplish.

John Hanning Speke, one of the most intrepid explorers the world has ever known, was born at Jordans, near Ilminster, Somerset, on the 4th May, 1827. The story of how this man, in company with James Grant, walked across Africa to ascertain if the Victoria Nyanza was the source of the Nile, is already a classic in the annals of exploration.

Speke, whose father had held a commission in the army, must have been born with the longing for adventure running in his blood. Books soon fired the latent spirit, and when it was suggested that he should adopt the army as a profession no one was happier than he.

Accordingly, after he had received a military education, he left England when he had attained the age of seventeen, and entered the 48th regiment of Bengal native infantry. It was not very long before this fearless youth experienced his baptism of fire, for ominous war clouds gathered quickly on the horizon, and he saw his first active service during the Punjab campaign.

Speke was present at various battles of the Sikh war, in which he had the honour of serving under that distinguished soldier, Sir Colin Campbell. In every engagement he acquitted himself well, and his fearlessness and ability to command soon attracted the attention of his superior officers, with the result that in 1850 he was promoted lieutenant and made captain a couple of years afterwards.

SPEKE'S DEVOTED COMPANION



In James Augustus Grant, Speke was fortunate in securing a loyal companion for his expedition across Africa. Not a shadow of jealousy ever came between them.

Though the military life was hard, calling for the display of all the sterner qualities of character, it was not without its compensations. To a man like Speke, who was passionately fond of outdoor sports and exercise, the Indian service had rewards which were well worth the months spent in hard toil. During every leave of absence that he obtained, he was able to embark on some hunting or exploring expedition over the Himalayas, or into the unknown regions of the mystery-land of Tibet.

Never was he more contented than when, seated on a horse at the head of a few men, he led the way along winding paths off the beaten track in search of big game. He possessed an uncanny sense of direction, which always stood him in good stead, for

often maps were unobtainable or else so unreliable as to be absolutely worthless.

At the close of the Sikh war Speke was possessed with a strong desire to conduct an exploration into Central Equatorial Africa. For a time, however, he knew he could not gratify his wish, for his ten years' service in India had not been completed. So he waited patiently, seizing each opportunity that offered to augment his knowledge of botany and geology—two subjects which he knew would be indispensable when he became an explorer.

The years passed quickly, and, almost before

GRANT TREADS A MEASURE WITH AN AFRICAN CHIEF



On the way to Karague Speke and Grant stopped for a while with a certain chief called Ukulma. Though the latter had the walls of his hut decorated with the heads of his late enemies, he was a most hospitable man. When visited by a neighbouring chief, he arranged a village dance and condescended to tread a measure with Grant.

Speke realized if he was free to undertake the work which he so ardently desired. Early in September 1854 therefore he set sail from Calcutta for Aden determined as to what course he would pursue but not quite certain how he was to set about it.

Joins Burton's Expedition

His mind was soon to be set at rest. He had not set foot on shore many hours before he learned that the Bombay government was organizing an expedition under the able command of Lieutenant Burton, to explore the Somali country. To his intense gratification, he managed to secure permission to become one of the adventurous company, and after a few weeks spent in gathering together his kit he reported at headquarters ready for duty.

On the 18th October he was dispatched to Bunder Goni with instructions to penetrate as far as possible into the south country, where he was to note the lie of the land to inspect a certain native tribe and then to rejoin the main expedition at Berbera. His duties must have seemed easy enough to the young explorer, but he was soon to find that there were many other obstacles besides undergrowth and swamps to obstruct his path.

Mainly owing to the craftiness of the native guide, who took advantage of the fact that Speke was ignorant of the language, the young explorer was forced to return to Aden after four months' absence, without having accomplished the object of his mission. He did not,

however, remain inactive long, and on the 21st March he set out again, determined to take a straight course for Berbera.

He reached the appointed meeting place on the 3rd April, and found that extensive preparations had already been made for the advance. Camels and native bearers had been obtained, the baggage was apportioned out—but that was as far as the expedition ever progressed.

Tragedy, in the shape of a hostile party of Somalis, wrote 'finis' to the second chapter of Speke's adventures as an explorer. In the stillness of a dark night the natives attacked the camp, and in the stubborn fighting that followed both Burton and Speke received very serious wounds.

Serves in the Crimean War

Reluctantly the expedition was abandoned for the time being, and Speke sailed for England to recuperate. The sea voyage worked wonders in improving his health, and with the improvement came the return of the old desire for adventure. Not for long could Speke play the part of a convalescent. Almost as soon as he arrived home he volunteered for active service in the Crimean campaign. His offer was accepted, he was granted the commission of a captain in a regiment of Turks, and was dispatched to Kertch, where he served until the cessation of hostilities.

Then, to his delight, an invitation came from Burton to join him on an expedition to explore the lakes of Equatorial Africa, and, if possible, to discover the source of the great river Nile.

The triumphs and failures, the hardships and the illnesses they suffered on this expedition have already been told in the article on Sir Richard Burton. It will suffice here to say that Speke, unaccompanied by Burton, who was lying on a sick-bed, discovered a great lake, which he named Victoria Nyanza, and which he considered to be the source of the Nile. When he rejoined his leader he communicated this belief to him, but Burton was inclined to be sceptical and would attach no importance to his theory.

Unfortunately this incident gave rise to much unpleasantness, the travellers' friendship for each other cooled, and on arriving at Zanzibar Speke availed himself of the first offer of a passage home, and left his companion to follow as soon as he might recover from a severe attack of fever.

Reaching England in May, 1859, Speke communicated the discovery of Lake Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza to the Royal Geographical Society, and, unwittingly it is hoped, he received credit for much of the work that Burton had achieved. Be that as it may, when the latter also arrived in England the estrangement between the two men had become complete.

Spurred by Ridicule

Burton still heaped ridicule on Speke's theory of the source of the Nile, and openly laughed at his imaginary discovery of the Mountains of the Moon. This naturally enraged Speke, and made him work all the harder to organize a fresh expedition that would conclusively prove whether his belief as to the Nile source was right or wrong.

He gave lectures and wrote various articles, until at last the public interest was awakened and the Royal Geographical Society appointed him to command such an expedition as he desired.

When the question arose of a suitable companion, Speke remembered an old Indian army friend, who happened to be in England at the time, a man named James Augustus Grant.

Grant was about the same age as Speke, having been born at Nairn on the 11th April, 1827. He had received a good education and then, when nineteen years old, had obtained a commission in the 8th native Bengal infantry. He had seen a good deal of active service with this regiment down to 1857, when the Indian

Mutiny broke out. Transferred to the 78th Highlanders, he had been present at the historic relief of Lucknow, in command of two companies forming part of the rearguard of the relief column.

His acquaintance with Speke, dating from 1847, had ripened into a firm friendship, for both men had much in common—the love of outdoor sport being the strongest link. Grant, therefore, did not hesitate a moment when he

THE EXPLORERS REACH THE KARUMA FALLS



On their homeward journey the explorers sighted the Karuma Falls ten days after leaving Kamrasi. At this point they had to abandon their course by the river on account of native warfare.

received the invitation, and he expressed himself ready for any adventure Speke could offer.

Preparations for the expedition went on apace. The Royal Geographical Society obtained financial support to the extent of £2,500 from the British government; arms, ammunition, and various presents for the native chiefs from the Indian government; and, among other things, a grant of money from the Cape parliament.

GRANT INTRODUCED TO THE QUEEN DOWAGER OF UGANDA



After spending many weary months chafing at his detention by King Mtesa of Uganda, Speke was overjoyed when Grant recovered from fever and arrived on the scene. Summoned to an audience with the queen dowager, Speke was amazed to find that her highness regarded Grant as unattached to his party, and, therefore, demanded a fresh tax to be paid.

Everything being in readiness, Speke and Grant embarked from England on the 27th April, 1860, and made their way to Zanzibar. Here the *personnel* of the expedition was assembled, and eventually, on the 25th September, the party of 217, including armed men and bearers, moved off on their hazardous journey into the African interior.

First Stage of the Journey

The objective of the first important stage on the march was Kaze, the capital of Unyamwezi, or the Country of the Moon. To this place Speke had sent forward a great quantity of cloth and beads, which were to be utilized for payment and as presents for the natives in return for their services. The approach to Kaze was rendered most difficult by the torrential rains, which flooded the country and made travelling almost impossible, and, in addition, there was constant strife and huckering among the porters who carried the baggage belonging to the expedition.

However, after four months' hard toil, they reached Kaze, the base of their operations, but the numbers of their party had been sadly depleted. Ninety-eight of the original porters had deserted on the way, and had managed to take with them more than half of Speke's property.

The extreme rapacity of the minor chiefs

through whose territory Speke's route lay was perfectly amazing. They asked prodigious value in goods for a "safe-conduct," and, even if their demands were complied with, there was always the possibility of messengers arriving to clamour for more cloth and beads before the explorers had crossed the border. Many were the ugly situations that arose from incidents such as this, and it was only through the tact of Speke, who understood the cunning subtleties of the native mind, that danger was averted.

After a while Speke began to suffer from a harsh cough, the forerunner of the fever to which he fell a victim. From July to September he suffered excruciating agony. His legs wasted away, he could obtain no respite in sleep, and even when he tried to plunge a packing needle, in lieu of a seton, into his side, he could not summon sufficient strength to make the blunt instrument pierce the skin.

Grant Reconnoitres a New Route

As Speke was unable to continue the journey, Grant set out to reconnoitre a new route and to try and secure more porters and supplies. He had not been gone more than a few days when his little party was suddenly set upon by natives, who stole most of his belongings and frightened away many of his servants. A complaint was lodged with the chief in whose district the outrage had occurred.

The answer that Grant received was amusing, but not in any way satisfactory. M'yonga, the chief, regretted the assault, but it was a mistake made by his subjects. As reparation, one unfortunate had had his hand cut off, and the white man could be assured that all the stolen property would be returned. Probably the chief found it very difficult to trace all the missing goods. At any rate, it is certain that Grant never secured their return in full.

When Speke had recovered sufficiently to enable him to travel again, he and Grant marched northwards between Lake Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, and at last, in November, 1861, arrived in Karague.

A Kind and Hospitable Monarch

A certain Rumanika was king of this country, and he welcomed the two explorers in such a warm-hearted manner that it astonished them and made them rather suspicious. But the native ruler was not feigning kindness—he was the soul of hospitality. It was while sojourning at his court that Grant became ill with fever and was compelled to remain in bed.

The fever seemed to concentrate in one of his legs, on which huge abscesses formed. Native remedies were tried, but they proved of no avail, and a long and complete rest was the only possible cure.

Seeing that this was the case, Speke decided it would be advisable for him to accept Rumanika's offer of an escort into the neighbouring territory of Uganda, for on such an expedition time was a most important factor. He, therefore, reluctantly left Grant to the care of Rumanika, and proceeded north into Uganda.

Almost at once he noticed a great change in the character of the country. The dense, fetid jungle gave place to gently sloping hills clad with verdant and luxurious vegetation. On every hand were signs of prosperous cultivation, with watercourses making a network of silver lacings between the fields. Such a smiling, well-cultivated country, thought Speke, must of necessity have a wise and kindly ruler. Unfortunately, however, the very opposite condition of things existed.

A Bloodthirsty Despot

King Mtesa was a powerful, but a most despotic man. In the ensuing six months that Speke spent in Uganda he witnessed many illustrations of the king's wanton and unprovoked cruelty. Luckily for the explorer, Mtesa found much enjoyment in his company, with the result that he soon possessed considerable influence at court. This influence he put to many good uses, not the least of which was the saving of the lives of several unhappy condemned persons.

Mtesa seemed to have a craving to kill

people. A person's life was forfeit for the slightest and most trivial offence. If a servant laughed in the king's presence, his ears were cut off, and if that reminder did not tend to improve his behaviour he suffered a still more severe punishment.

Speke relates how once, when the court went on a picnic, one of the royal wives sought to please her lord and master by offering him a beautiful ripe fruit she had plucked. Instantly Mtesa flew into a towering passion, said it was

LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION



Though Speke was no great linguist, his unflinching courage, dogged perseverance, and cool way of dealing with the natives fully qualified him as an ideal explorer.

the first time a woman had dared to offer him anything, and then ordered the pages to seize, bind, and carry her off to execution.

But before she could be dragged away the king changed his mind, and, taking up a heavy stick, began to beat her to death. Speke, at the risk of his own life, interfered just in time, and successfully pleaded that the victim might be spared.

The surrounding country was rich in game, and Speke, taking advantage of this, spent most of his time hunting. He presented a gun

to the king, taught him to shoot—which he did remarkably well—and attended various court functions and ceremonies. He was already chafing at his enforced idleness, for Mtesa would not allow him to leave, when, to his great delight, Grant was brought into Uganda on the shoulders of the servants.

The Two Explorers Prepare to Leave

Slowly Grant won back his health, and then the two explorers began in earnest the difficult task of persuading the king to let them proceed on their journey once again. But Mtesa saw that with the departure of his guests the flow of presents would cease, and this was the last thing he wished to happen. Every obstacle, real or imaginary, he placed in their way; but when, after a while, he saw how determined they were, he grudgingly gave his assent.

He turned out in all his regal array to watch the white men start, and the last thing he did was to exhort Speke's servants to follow their masters through fire and water. Then he turned on his heel, strode up the hill towards the palace, and soon was lost to sight.

The little party now bore to the east towards the Nile, for Speke intended, when he had struck the river, to follow it to the point from which, as he believed, it issued from the Victoria Nyanza.

Before they had covered much ground a new trouble arose among the native servants. Every individual began to show marked propensities for acquiring things that did not belong to him. Speke was powerless to prevent them, for their king had granted them permission to behave so, and regretfully, he said, he was forced to watch his expedition rapidly develop into a marauding campaign.

Parting Company Once More

A time came at length when Speke decided that overtures of peace should be made to Kaimasi, the king of Unyoro, through whose territory they would have to pass on their way up the Nile. Accordingly, the two explorers parted company once more, Grant going in a northerly direction towards Unyoro and Speke pursuing his eastern course in order to reach the banks of the Nile.

Fourteen days after leaving the capital of Uganda, Speke attained his objective, Uronogani. But now he was destined to receive another set-back. He could obtain no boats to convey him up-river to the Victoria Nyanza. He threatened the natives, pleaded with them, and even went to the extent of telling them that their king had arranged for him to make the Nile the channel of communication with England—it was all to no purpose. The only thing to do was to cover the distance on foot.

So, hugging the left bank, Speke pushed on as fast as he was able.

After a week's march, mostly through country that had been devastated by elephants, the explorer arrived at the goal of his ambitions. Before his eyes lay the Victoria Nyanza, the vast expanse of water that he had discovered when on his previous expedition with Burton. With a splashing noise that made the sweetest music in his ears he saw the new-born waters of the Nile pouring over the rocks and flowing out on their passage across the continent of Africa. The mystery that had baffled men for centuries had been solved at last.

Named after Lord Ripon

Mtesa's officers, who had accompanied Speke from Uganda, would not let him make geographical observations of the "stones" (falls), as they had not received such instructions from their king. So the explorer had perforce to be content with sketching them and christening them the "Ripon Falls," in honour of Lord Ripon, under whose auspices the Royal Geographical Society had planned and sent out the expedition.

Speke was now anxious to start on his journey down the Nile to Unyoro, so that he might join forces with Grant once more. Quickly he retraced his steps to Uronogani, where he intended to embark on the river and do the rest of the distance by water. He spent some time making inquiries for suitable craft, but with such little success that in the end he was left with the choice of making use of five miserable canoes, hardly water-tight, or travelling on foot.

He chose the former method as being the lesser of the two evils, and on the 13th August his little company scrambled on board the canoes and paddled in the direction of Unyoro. They had not progressed very far before an incident occurred which led the party to encounter misfortune.

Kasoro Plays a Practical Joke

A number of Wanyoro natives in twelve or fifteen canoes, made from single tree-trunks, had come up the river to trade with a neighbouring tribe. Kasoro, one of Speke's native attendants, who had watched them leave their boats at the water's edge and climb on to the bank to take a meal, decided that he would indulge in a little boyish spree.

Accordingly, he ordered Speke's boatmen to run in to shore, and, before his master had realized what was happening, he had clambered up the bank and, with loud shouts accompanied by blows from his fist, had sent the scared Wanyoro running for their lives. Not content with this, he sat down and prepared to enjoy the food that his victims had abandoned.

To the best of his ability Speke poured oil on the troubled waters. He severely reprimanded Kasoro for attacking the men of whom, later on, they would have to ask hospitality, and pointed out to the now terrified native that he had disgraced the British flag under which they were serving.

Entering the canoes once more, Speke, after a little paddling, determined to encamp for the night. In arriving at this determination he had not exercised a free hand, for, though he himself had wished to proceed, Kasoro had resolutely refused. He said that they had reached the last village before crossing the frontier into the Unyoro country, and that they would now have to obtain the necessary permission from Kamraai's boundary officer.

Perceiving that argument would be useless, Speke camped his men, who, fearful of attack, demanded to be served out with ammunition. But Speke knew from experience that the Waganda were not to be trusted, so he told them that in the event of a battle they would have to approach him to receive the powder and shot. They laughed at this, and asked who would stop with him when the fight began. They made a jest of the thing that Speke was most fearful of—that they would all run away.

Deciding their Course

In spite of their fears, the night passed without disturbance, and early in the morning Speke held a consultation as to what course should be pursued. The Waganda were for spending the day where they were, and then to proceed slowly and gently—as etiquette demanded. But Speke decided otherwise.

Bombay, one of the most intelligent of his servants, was dispatched in all haste to the village where the boundary officer resided, to inform him that Speke was on the way to visit Kamraai. He felt safe in adopting this rather peremptory measure, for he believed that Grant must have long ago arrived at the Unyoro capital and overcome all difficulties of arranging "passports."

Seven hours after Bombay had departed the

five leaky canoes were pushed out on to the water and paddled quietly down between the rush-hidden mud-banks.

Just as Speke had got settled as comfortably as possible, and was congratulating himself that he would have no more journeying to do on foot—for he had arranged a system of boat transport down the Nile—a huge war canoe filled with well-dressed and well-armed Wan-yoro warriors was seen approaching.

Great excitement prevailed among Speke's

THRILLING ESCAPE FROM A TERRIBLE DEATH



Once, when Speke was standing by a buffalo he had shot, a boa-constrictor attacked the dead animal and caught the explorer's arm in its coils. He was forced to wait until the prey was crushed before he could free himself.

party. Everyone felt a conflict was about to ensue, and the Waganda added to the general noise by starting fresh appeals for ammunition. But there was a surprise in store for them.

The members of the war-canoe, seeing that Speke's men continued to paddle towards them, suddenly seemed seized with fright, and turned round and paddled away as fast as they could. Then followed a most thrilling chase. With drums banging and much shouting, the Waganda plied their paddles, endeavouring to overtake the fleeing boat. But, though

good headway was made the Wanyoro managed to outdistance their pursuers.

By this time Speke had travelled well beyond the borders of Uganda and he kept a sharp look out expecting every minute to come upon the village where the boundary officer lived. It was sunset when he arrived off the place and to his astonishment he perceived that the banks were black with natives who were brandishing spears and yelling warcries. At first Speke did not believe that they intended to attack his party but when the bug war came suddenly advanced broadside towards them, he realized the moment had come to act.

Speke Orders a Retreat

Standing up in the boat he removed his hat so that they might recognize him but his appearance produced no favourable impression. He then raised his voice and declared himself to be an Englishman bound for Kamrasi's palace but the savages only yelled the louder and a speedy retreat was ordered by Speke.

Thinking it was best to abandon the plan of sailing down the Nile owing to the hostility of the Wanyoro Speke regretfully turned his back on the river and made tracks for Kamrasi's palace. After a day or two's journey he fell in with Grant again.

It was almost a month before the explorers could obtain permission from Kamrasi to

enter his country, for he said he had heard that they had turned cannibal, but when at last they arrived at his palace it took them just as long again to obtain permission to leave.

Forced to make a big detour on account of the Wanyoro hostility it took Speke and Grant three months of hard walking before they arrived at Gondokoro. Here they stumbled across Baker.

Speke then enabled Baker who was setting out to conduct other explorations in Central Africa to locate Albert Nyanza by the map he drew for him, showing the best route to take. Saying good-bye Grant and Speke journeyed down the Nile to Khartum in Baker's boats, and then crossed the desert to Cairo.

Speke's Accidental Death

On their return to England honours were showered on the two explorers. Speke spent the rest of his life lecturing and writing of the discovery. He died through an accident while out shooting on the 15th September, 1864 a year after his book was published.

James Grant did excellent service in the Intelligence Department during the Abyssinian expedition. He retired in 1868 to Nairn his birthplace, and passed away on the 11th February 1892.

See *The Source of the Nile* by J. H. Speke (1863) and *A Walk Across Africa* by J. A. Grant (1861).

THEIR LITTLE BAND OF FAITHFUL SERVANTS



Of the hundred odd native bearers who left Zanzibar to journey with Speke and Grant across Africa, only eighteen walked into Cairo at the conclusion of the expedition some two years later. The remainder had either died from fever and in skirmishes with hostile tribes or had lost heart and deserted by the way.

For biographies not included in the Groups see Detailed Index

The FOUNDER of the RAILWAY BOOKSTALL

How a Humble Beginning in Wholesale Newspaper Distribution Led to the Establishment of a Flourishing Business that is Now a Household Word

THE man whose name became a household word as the originator of railway bookstalls as an organized business, died as recently as 1891. Although at his death he was only sixty-six, his career covered a period of commercial change almost without parallel in the history of Great Britain.

When he was twenty-one he used to leave his home at Kilburn, in north-west London, punctually at 4 o'clock every morning, and with his father drive in a brougham to their place of business in the Strand. He was always hard at work before 5 o'clock.

Few if any names are more familiar in the world of books than that of W. H. Smith and Son. The real originator of the bookstall business, already referred to, was the junior partner in the firm, and although it is the story of his life with which this article deals, that story cannot be clearly told without first mentioning something about the life of William Henry Smith, the elder.

William Henry Smith, senior, was born in London, in 1792. He was the youngest of three children, and when he was only a few days old his father died. It appears that W. H. Smith's father, whose name was Henry Walton Smith, had come to London from Devonshire, and given offence to his family by marrying a woman in a humbler rank of life than himself.

Little is known about the children of this marriage until two of the sons, Henry Edward and his younger brother, William Henry, started in business together as distributors of newspapers, at a small shop situated in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square. They were not newsagents in a retail sense, but rather wholesale newsagents, their business consisting chiefly of the dispatch of parcels of newspapers to the provinces. They were also stationers.

At the period in question—the first quarter of the nineteenth century—newspapers were produced and distributed under very great

handicaps. The paper on which the news was printed was taxed, the advertisements were taxed, and every copy of the newspaper was taxed as high as 2d., 3d., and even 4d. a copy, before it could be sold. Then, of course, the distribution of newspapers from London throughout the country depended entirely on stage-coaches. When sent through the post office they were carried by mail-coaches leaving London at night, and thus were almost a day old

before they started on their journey to readers living in distant places.

It can easily be imagined, therefore, that the business of distributing newspapers in a wholesale way was then a very vexatious and risky one, and it speaks much for the business ability of the elder W. H. Smith that, under these conditions, he built up an immense and profitable undertaking from a very humble beginning. For, although there were two principals, W. H. was the life of the concern, and about 1828 the elder brother left the business entirely in the hands of the younger and more

energetic man, who, from that period, became the sole proprietor.

Additional premises at 192 Strand, London, had been acquired about 1820, and the business continued to grow, in spite of the fact that it had to compete with bigger houses.

None of his employees worked harder than W. H. Smith himself, and it was his boast that he wrapped up the newspapers faster than any other packer in the establishment.

While giving attention to such details, he had bigger problems and responsibilities crowding in upon him all day long. He employed light carts, with good horses, to collect the newspapers at the publishing offices, bring them to the Strand for packing and labelling, and then drive away again at full speed to the inns where the morning coaches started, in an attempt to beat the mails.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL PARTNERS



W. H. Smith, senior, who, with his elder brother founded the business of W. H. Smith and Son in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

When he was twenty-five W. H. Smith was married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He and his wife, like other thriving London shopkeepers of that time, went to live over the business premises, first in Duke Street, and later in the Strand, where W. H. Smith, the younger, was born on the 24th June, 1825. The business had become well-known and prosperous, although it was not yet the largest of its kind.

W. H. Smith was a very strict disciplinarian among his workpeople. A man of tireless energy, great independence of character, and strong religious views, in his home life he was strict to the verge of austerity. Young William Henry received practically all his education at the hands of private tutors, evidently

about sixteen his great ambition was to go to a university, with the express object of ultimately taking holy orders. This course his parents were resolutely opposed to, and the lad had no alternative but to comply with their wishes.

When the younger W. H. Smith came of age in 1846 he became a partner in the business, which was at that time valued at over £80,000—a fact which demonstrates the great ability with which his father had managed it, practically single-handed, since its foundation.

Although an only son of a wealthy father, the younger man had to begin at the bottom, like his father had done, as a packer of freshly-printed newspapers, and had also to be at his work punctually at 5 a.m., and often earlier.

Years afterwards, when he had become First Lord of the Admiralty, he said to a friend who had called to congratulate him, that it must seem funny to his visitor to remember so well seeing him in his shirt sleeves, wrapping newspapers in the Strand.

New Era Dawns

The newspaper distributing business, by the time that father and son entered into partnership, under the name of W. H. Smith and Son, had assumed such proportions that its control severely taxed the abilities of one man. Not only so, but the popular Press was entering upon a new era of development and prosperity, and the sale of newspapers was bound to grow by leaps and bounds.

Railways were opening up the country, the population was increasing enormously, more people than ever before

were able to read and were hungry for news; and a little later, in 1854, the Press was finally unfettered by the abolition of the stamp duty on newspapers. Then came the Crimean war, and the further popularising of newspapers by the work of such pioneer war correspondents as Dr. W. H. Russell.

All this threw additional responsibilities on the distribution side, but, under the management of the younger partner, the business of W. H. Smith and Son developed and extended its organization to meet the situation. Smith, the elder, now in failing health, viewed the future with pessimism, and he sometimes declared that the grand business he had built up by a

THE NUCLEUS OF A REMARKABLE BUSINESS



It was at this shop in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, that the two brothers Smith started their business of wholesale newsgents and stationers. On marrying in 1817, W. H. Smith, senior, and his wife lived in the rooms above the shop.

in deference to his mother's wish to safeguard her only son from the "worldly influences" and temptations to which he would have been exposed by contact with other boys who had been less strictly brought up.

The boy was for a time a boarder at Tavistock grammar school, when he was about fourteen years of age, but as his mother and grandmother were greatly concerned by his apparent "leanings" towards the Church of England, he was soon brought home again.

Despite the restrictions of his home training, or, perhaps, because of them, young Smith had a passionate ambition for a wider culture and a more liberal education. When he was

WHERE THE GREAT DISTRIBUTING BUSINESS GREW TO MATURITY



The business premises of W. H. Smith and Son in the Strand, London, where for many years the firm had their head offices. Great changes have taken place since those far-off days when the elder W. H. Smith transferred his small Duke Street business to larger and more central premises on this site. It was here that the more famous partner was born.

lifetime of effort would speedily be ruined by the new-fangled ideas of his son. In his heart, however, the old man loved his son, and admired his enterprise, and to the end of his life the two were on the most affectionate terms. Still, it was nothing unusual for the senior partner to storm at his employees, and, when his son's back was turned, give two or three of them notice of dismissal in a single morning, leaving the younger partner to smooth things over later.

Especially did the elder man oppose and condemn his active son's resolution in 1848 to go into the railway bookstall business. The latter had his own way, however, and W. H. Smith and Son secured the sole monopoly of bookstalls at all the stations of the London and North Western Railway, the first of their bookstalls being opened at Euston station, London, on the 1st November, 1848. It caused quite a sensation.

Low Standard of Stalls

Previous to this, newspapers and periodicals had been sold on many railway stations by local tradesmen, but the standard of these stalls was a very low one, and the quality of the publications offered for sale was such that few newsagents would have cared to display them on a counter in a shop.

Smith's bookstalls altered all this. True, there were no beautifully illustrated magazines available to make railway bookstalls the most attractive feature of the stations, as they often are to-day, and the three-volume novels and books then offered for sale were dull and heavy, judged according to modern ideas. But they were wholesome, and they helped to establish the reputation of Smith's bookstalls. Within a few years their monopoly was extended to include the whole of the London and Brighton, the Great Western, and other railways.

New Type of Worker Emerges

Much could be written about the great increase in the number of the firm's employees brought about by the opening up of this line of business. A new type of worker—the bookstall clerk—came into being as a result of W. H. Smith's enterprise, and, owing to the road to promotion being wide open as a result of the constant growth of the bookstall business, these employees soon comprised a body of men quite unique in retail trading. W. H. Smith, the younger, displayed an almost uncanny power in choosing men fitted to take responsibility and possessed of organizing ability, and several of them rose to high positions in the firm.

Not content with bookstalls and the ever-growing demands upon his attention from the newspaper distribution side of the business, W. H. Smith, in 1851, contracted with the London and North Western Railway Company—and later with other railway companies—for the sole right of posting advertisements on the blank walls of the waiting-rooms and platforms on their railway stations.

Slow but Sure Progress

Organized publicity of this kind was then scarcely known, and the progress of the venture was at first very slow. But W. H. Smith was always quietly confident, once saying to a friend, "God blesses all I touch." Within three years this unpromising department had begun to show a profit. In 1858 W. H. Smith, senior, finally retired from business, and his son, about the same time, added still another branch to the business, namely, the circulating library.

The changes which father and son witnessed during their lifetime in the methods of distributing newspapers were extraordinary. In the old days, as previously stated, the principal stage-coaches started from London early in the morning, or else late at night. The mails went by the night coaches. As the daily papers were published too late to be dispatched to country customers by the morning coaches, they had to be sent, after a delay of nearly twelve hours, with the mail-coaches that set out in the evening. The elder Smith overcame this delay, but it was often accomplished only with a great amount of trouble.

In connexion with *The Times*, the parcels intended for Liverpool and Manchester, for example, were collected at the printing office by Smith's carts, and hurried off to the Adelphi, whence the morning coach started for Liverpool. Sometimes the coach would have set out before Smith's men reached the Adelphi, in which event they would have to proceed according to the firm's instructions provided against such a contingency.

Trying to Overtake the Coach

Away the newspaper cart would rattle, in an effort to overtake the coach at Islington. If that failed, the driver would obtain a change of horses and follow the coach to Colney, or even farther along the road. On one occasion, a driver had to follow a coach all the way to Birmingham.

Of course, when that happened, Smith's were very considerably out of pocket, but their financial loss was more than compensated for in added reputation.

After railways had come into general use, the same spirit of enterprise was constantly displayed by the firm. In 1848, on an occasion when the London morning papers contained

important political news for which the whole country was eagerly waiting, W. H. Smith and Son chartered a special newspaper train, which accomplished the journey from Euston to Glasgow at a speed of 50 miles an hour, the newspapers arriving at Clydeside before 4 p.m.

The younger W. H. Smith possessed his father's tireless energy, and excelled him in enterprise and organizing ability. Considering the diffidence—and, indeed, reluctance—with which he had entered business, his achievements were really extraordinary. Successful as the business was when the father retired, it was then a small concern compared with the position of supreme importance it attained under the direction of the son.

No Labour on Sundays

Yet in developing the business, W. H. Smith never neglected the welfare of his employees. He was one of the first of the large employers of labour in London to adopt the Saturday half-holiday, about 1854. Then, again, no work whatever was done on Sundays, and it is a very striking fact that this policy was adhered to, although increased profits could often have been made by departing from it. Few firms can show a greater proportion of employees with more than forty years' service to their credit.

Notwithstanding his enormous business responsibilities, W. H. Smith was always greatly interested in public life. About 1855 he became a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and even earlier, in 1849, he joined the committee of King's College Hospital, an institution in which he took a generous interest until his death.

In 1858 he married the daughter of a civil servant with whose family he had been on friendly terms for some years. The young lady's maiden name was Emily Danvers, and she had married a friend of W. H. Smith, named Auber Leach, in 1854. Mr. Leach died the following year, and it was his young widow whom W. H. Smith married, in April, 1858. The marriage was a very happy one, and his wife encouraged him in his public work, which soon brought him into still greater prominence.

Changes His Political Opinions

In politics W. H. Smith appears to have been at first a moderate Radical, and he even went so far as to express a willingness to stand for election as a Liberal candidate, first at Boston, and later at Exeter. His political opinions underwent a change afterwards, and the fact that he was blackballed for the Reform Club, apparently because some of the members disliked him for being a tradesman, may have been a deciding factor in his alteration of views.

At any rate, he is found, in 1865, standing as a candidate for Westminster in the Conser-

HEADQUARTERS OF THE FIRM AT STRAND HOUSE IN PORTUGAL STREET



From the very beginning the business of W. H. Smith and Son steadily progressed, and, with the opening up of new branches it naturally became necessary, from time to time, not only to enlarge existing offices and works, but to acquire additional premises. When the Strand building was outgrown, Strand House, in Portugal Street, became the head offices.

vative interest, although the characteristic moderation of his political views was such that he called himself a Liberal-Conservative.

This was rather a noteworthy election contest. At that time there was not a single Conservative member of Parliament in the metropolis, or even in Middlesex, while there were only two in Surrey. The contest was also of special interest owing to the fact that John Stuart Mill was one of the candidates.

An Unsuccessful Contest

It is said that John Stuart Mill was the first candidate for Parliament in England to say that "women were entitled to representation in Parliament on the same terms with men." The statement was made at the election in Westminster at which W. H. Smith was one of the other candidates. Although Mill spent no money whatever, and did no canvassing, he was one of the two candidates elected, receiving only five votes fewer than the man at the top of the poll. W. H. Smith was at the bottom, 572 votes behind Mill.

Three years later W. H. Smith again stood as a Conservative candidate for the Westminster constituency, although he still declared himself to be a Liberal-Conservative, and independent of any party. In the interval, John

Stuart Mill had given offence to many, especially by his support of Charles Bradlaugh, and although the candidates were the identical three who had stood for the two seats at the previous election, on this occasion W. H. Smith was returned at the top of the poll with a majority of 1,193 over the second successful candidate, and John Stuart Mill was defeated.

In his autobiography, Mill refers rather severely to the great forces brought against him, and that these must have been formidable is shown by the fact that while the joint election expenses of the two Liberal candidates amounted to £2,296, W. H. Smith's election expenses reached no less than £8,900.

Extravagant Election Agents

The chief grounds of the petition against Smith's return were treating and bribery, but they failed, and the petition was dismissed. There appears to be no doubt that W. H. Smith did nothing wrong, although his election agents were extravagant in doing everything, short of illegal practices, to secure his return.

W. H. Smith was a hard-working politician, and although his party was not in power, he began to build up a reputation in the House. Curiously enough, his greatest success in Parliament arose out of a motion of his, which,

to the surprise of everybody, brought about the defeat of Gladstone's Government. In the course of constructing the Thames Embankment, some land had been reclaimed from the river, and upon this land the Government proposed to build offices. Smith moved, in opposition to this, that the land in question should be devoted to the purpose of public gardens. On a division, Smith's motion secured a good majority, and thus the Government's proposal suffered defeat.

His zeal for the education of the people led

TRADESMAN AND CABINET MINISTER



The younger W. H. Smith, who, in addition to controlling the ever-increasing business which bears his name, found time to take up a strenuous political career.

him to be elected as a member of the first School Board for London, among his colleagues on that important body being Professor Huxley and Samuel Morley. He also took a personal interest in the British and Colonial Emigration Society, which was engaged in assisting poor people in the East End of London, to emigrate to the colonies, where they could start a new, and much more happy, life.

In 1870 he defrayed the expenses of 250 emigrants to Canada, which country he afterwards visited in order to become better informed on the prospects there for settlers from Great Britain. This visit, which was made in 1872, was extended to include a journey across the United States.

At the general election of 1874 Smith was again returned at the head of the poll for the constituency of Westminster, and another Conservative with him—Sir Charles Russell—both with huge majorities. This general election resulted in the defeat of Gladstone's Government. When Disraeli formed his Cabinet, W. H. Smith was appointed Secretary to the Treasury. He was then forty-eight years of age.

His management of the national finances at the Treasury was as painstaking and thorough as his control of accounts in his private business, and Disraeli thought very highly of him. In 1877 Mr. Ward Hunt, First Lord of the Admiralty, died, and Disraeli, who had then become Lord Beaconsfield, appointed Mr. W. H. Smith in his place.

Remarkable Rise to Prominence

This was a remarkable rise to prominence for a man who had not set out to attain high political office, but had reached it simply because his ability in minor offices marked him as one worthy of great responsibilities.

Many readers will recollect the amusing song composed by W. S. Gilbert for his comic opera *H.M.S. Pinafore*—"When I was a Lad," wherein Sir Joseph Porter tells how he had "stuck to his desk and never went to sea," yet "became the Ruler of the Queen's Navee." The reference is, of course, to W. H. Smith, who thus achieved fame in a manner which many a prominent politician might envy.

His father did not, unfortunately, live to see his son become an M.P. or a Cabinet Minister—he died in 1865—and this was about the only regret which the younger man felt on his rise to high office.

Character was undoubtedly the secret of W. H. Smith's success. His private letters and his journals reveal the high ideals and the uncompromising rectitude which governed his life in public and in private. Indeed, it is not too much to say that in business he was animated by the same love of righteousness, the same desire to serve his fellows, which had led him as a young man to desire so earnestly to devote his life to the work of the Church.

His Business Successor

W. H. Smith held various public offices prior to becoming, in 1891, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. He died at his official residence, Walmer Castle, on the 6th October, 1891. His widow was created Viscountess Hambleden by Queen Victoria. His only surviving son, William Frederick Danvers Smith, now Viscount Hambleden, was born on the 12th August, 1868, and succeeded his father as head of the business in 1891.

[See Life by Sir Herbert Maxwell (1893).]

A MASTER of SWEET MELODY in VERSE

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, the Greatest Poet of the Victorian Age, Who, with the Magic Key of Word-Music, Opened the Hearts of All His Readers

IN the summer of 1830 two young Englishmen set forth on a romantic adventure. For some years Spain had been in the grip of a despotism which revolution after revolution had failed to suppress. Many Spanish refugees were to be seen in the streets of London—"stately, tragic figures, in proud threadbare cloaks," as Thomas Carlyle described them.

General Torrijos had raised the standard of revolt against this tyranny, and widespread sympathy had been kindled. Carrying money for the insurgents, Alfred Tennyson and his friend, Arthur Hallam, arrived on the Spanish frontier, held a secret conference with the leaders of the conspiracy, and returned to England, where they doubtless endeavoured to arouse further interest in the cause.

In the heart of the elder of the youths this expedition bore lasting fruit. The wild Pyrenean scenery made a deep impression on Tennyson, and was a continual source of inspiration. In the beautiful valley of Caunterets he wrote part of "Oenone," and, "In the Valley of Caunteretz," written long afterwards, recalls the memory of that visit with "one I loved two-and-thirty years ago."

Alfred Tennyson was born on the 6th August, 1809—the fourth of twelve children, eight of whom were sons—in his father's rectory at Somersby, Lincolnshire, midway between Horn-castle and Spilsby, in a country of grey hillsides, wide pastures, and sleepy villages with high-towered churches. The rectory was a rambling house set in an old-world garden, which sloped gradually by way of the parson's field to the "cold rivulet," that stream whose charm was an ever-present influence to the soul of the poet.

The Tennysons were a long-standing Lincolnshire family. They were probably of Danish

origin, though evidently mixed with some southern strain, Alfred and all his brothers and sisters, except his eldest surviving brother, Frederick, being dark and foreign-looking.

When Alfred was in Ireland in 1848, that year of revolutions, an Irishman emerged without warning from a thicket of fern and greeted the poet with the words, "From France, your honour!"—taking him, doubtless, for a Frenchman come to head a rising.

"I am black-blooded," Alfred would say, "like all the Tennysons," for with this southern appearance went a dark vein of melancholy, which was hereditary in the family.

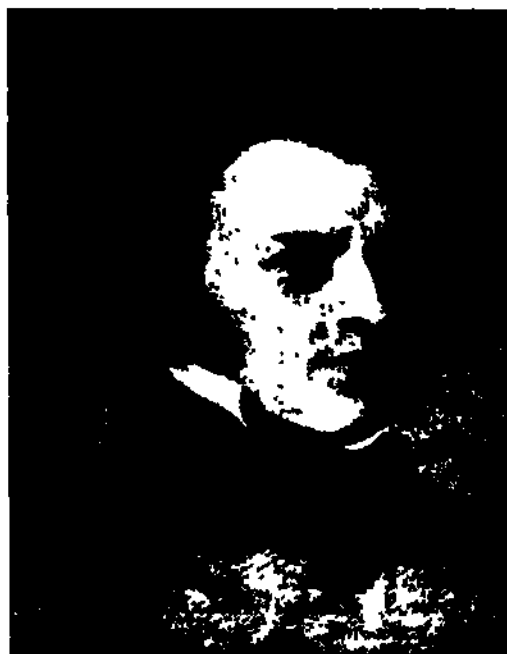
Of the Tennyson melancholy the following story is told. A guest, invited to dine, arrived early, and was waiting, apparently alone, in the dimly-lighted drawing-room. Suddenly there rose from the rug in front of the fire a huge dark man, who delivered himself as follows: "I must introduce myself. I am Septimus, the most morbid of the Tennysons."

Alfred's brothers—Charles, who later took the name of Tennyson-Turner, and Frederick—gained some recognition as poets, but both were overshadowed by

their younger brother. As a boy Alfred was frightened at his father's fits of despondency. From their mother, however, the children received every encouragement in their writing. Driving slowly through the lanes in a chair drawn by a great mastiff, Mrs. Tennyson, with her sons walking beside her, would listen with the keenest and most sympathetic attention to their boyish effusions.

At the end of 1815 Alfred went to the grammar school at Louth, remaining there until 1820, when he returned to Somersby to be taught by his father. At Louth he was far from happy. The harsh and rigid discipline jarred

IN THE VIGOUR OF EARLY MANHOOD



Alfred Tennyson, born on the 6th August, 1809, was the fourth child of a parson who resided at Somersby, a little village in the county of Lincolnshire.

on his sensitive nature. "How I did hate that school," he said in after days. "The only good I ever got from it was the memory of the words, *sonus desilientis aquae* (the sound of water leaping down), and of an old wall covered with wild weeds opposite the school windows." Thus early did his wonderful love of Nature and of the magical music of beautiful words declare itself.

Profits by His Father's Teachings

At Louth he learned enough of the classics to enable him to read them with ease, and at the rectory he profited by his father's teaching and had the run of the library. His father was a stern disciplinarian, and would not let Alfred leave Somersby until he could recite all Horace's odes from memory.

From his earliest years Alfred realized that he was a poet, and that he could not begin too soon to train himself for that vocation. When he was about eight years old he covered both sides of a slate with a blank-verse poem in praise of flowers. "I mean to be famous," he once told his brother.

His boyhood was imbued with the spirit of poetry. He would rise in the early dawn and watch the "golden globes" of the apples lying in the dewy grass. Out of his love for the wild things of wood and field he sprang all the gamekeepers' traps. Once, sitting at his open window at night time, he answered the call of an owl. The little creature flew into the room, fed from his hand, and eventually took up its abode with the family.

Byron's death was "a day when the whole world seemed to be darkened" for Tennyson, and the boy carved the words, "Byron is dead," on a rock by the spring of Holywell.

Celebrating a Red Letter Day

In 1827 Alfred first saw his work in print. A little volume of verse appeared, entitled "Poems by Two Brothers," published by Jackson, a Louth bookseller. The "two brothers" were Alfred and Charles, and a few poems by Frederick, the eldest brother, were included. For this venture they received £20, but Jackson insisted on the boys taking more than half this sum in books from his shop. On the glorious afternoon that the book was published, Alfred and Charles hired a carriage, and drove fourteen miles to Mablethorpe, the seaside place where the family usually spent their holidays, and there "shared their triumph with the winds and waves."

In 1828 the two young poets went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where Alfred—"six feet high, broad-chested, strong-limbed, his face Shakespearean, with deep eyelids, his forehead ample, crowned with dark wavy hair, his head finely poised"—created a deep impression.

"That man must be a poet," said one on seeing him first come into the Hall at Trinity.

At first he did not take kindly to the place, but the strangeness soon wore off, and he became the centre of a circle that included James Spedding (the Baconian scholar), Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), and, above all, Arthur Hallam (son of the historian)—a set of high-souled young men, who had an unbounded admiration for the great men and the great traditions of the past, and a profound sympathy for the sufferings and misfortunes of their fellow men. It was this hatred of oppression that sent Tennyson and Hallam on their Spanish journey.

His Illuminating Criticism

Among his intimates Tennyson was known for a kind of divine common sense, a marvellous power of expression, a fund of rich humour, the passionate heart of a poet, and for fits of melancholy. Even in those early days he had a deep insight into character. Often, when his friends thought him far away in the clouds, he would flash upon them with an illuminating criticism. For instance, once they were examining the portrait of an elderly politician. "Rather like a retired panther," was Tennyson's apt and startling comment.

At Cambridge his poetical talent soon made its mark. In 1829 he won the Chancellor's prize with his splendidly imaginative blank-verse poem, "Timbuctoo," and in the following year appeared his "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," which revealed Tennyson as a singer of amazingly rich, though as yet uncurbed, melody.

Besides being the year of Alfred's Spanish adventure, 1830 was otherwise memorable, for it was then that he first met Emily Selwood, who was to become his wife. In the Fairy Wood at Somersby, Alfred, at a turn of the path, came upon her walking with Arthur Hallam, who was then staying with the Tennysons. To the young poet the beautiful girl in her simple grey gown seemed like a nymph of the woods, and, unconsciously, at that moment a great love was born in his heart.

Called Home from Cambridge

In February, 1831, Alfred left Cambridge, as his father was ill and his mother needed help at home. A few days afterwards old Mr. Tennyson died peacefully in his study chair. Alfred now settled down to a quiet life at Somersby, where the Tennysons remained until 1837. Alfred did much reading and writing, hardened his muscles with walking and other athletic exercises, and tended his mother with delicate and loving care. Occasionally he visited Hallam in London, or travelled with him in England or abroad. Arthur Hallam was

THE PEACEFUL SCENE OF THE POET'S BIRTHPLACE



The quiet rectory where Alfred Tennyson was born was a rambling, picturesque house, set in the middle of an old-world garden. Beyond the beds of gaily-coloured flowers the garden abutted on the parson's field, which gradually sloped down to the "cold rivulet"—that stream whose charm was an ever-present influence to the soul of the poet.

then engaged to Emily Tennyson, and stayed at Somersby as often as he could manage to spare time from his absorbing work.

In 1833 a terrible blow befell Tennyson. Arthur Hallam had been staying with his father at a hotel in Vienna, apparently in perfect health. When the elder Hallam returned from his daily walk, he saw his son asleep, as he supposed, on a sofa. But it was the sleep of death—a blood-vessel had burst near the brain.

Enshrines His Sorrow in Song

At first this overwhelming sorrow blotted out all joy from Tennyson's life, but, when the first sharp pang had abated, his loss helped to reveal himself to himself, and he began to enshrine his sorrow in song. Under the cloud of his grief he began the immortal elegy, "In Memoriam," in which he tells how a kindred spirit has suddenly been taken away without a hint of warning; how the bereaved heart is frozen at the very source; how gradually the healing influence of time asserts itself; and how at last the sorrowing spirit rises out of the gloom into a steadfast belief in immortality and an unwavering trust in the great purpose of the Heavenly Architect.

The writing of this wonderful poem was spread over many years, the complete work appearing in 1850. It was not until many of the poems had been written that Tennyson decided, by bridging gaps and putting in links, to weld it into a connected whole.

Meanwhile, Tennyson's more practical-minded friends were growing anxious. The poet read, lounged, and smoked, but gave no sign of intention to publish. They thought that he was still under the cloud of his grief, and tried to cheer him and rouse him from what seemed to them an indolent way of living.

But the poet had his own plans. He had cast aside his sorrow, and was filling the years with strenuous labour and self-education. Moreover, his engagement to Emily Selwood had braced him for the struggle. He was often in London, where he met Carlyle, Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, and other notables, and he came to be regarded as a man of high possibilities.

His Simple Enjoyments

He was no clubman, but he enjoyed dining with his friends in quiet taverns, and entertaining them at his lodgings in Norfolk Street, Strand. He had abundant material for publication. This he was arranging in the firm determination to give as perfect a volume as he could to the world, but not until he had become well known.

After 1840 his engagement was broken off at the instance of Miss Selwood's parents, as there seemed no prospect of his ever being in a position to marry. But this opinion was soon falsified, for, in 1842, he published two volumes of poems which took by storm not only the critics but all other classes of readers as well. In addition to a selection of the early poems, many

considerably revised or almost rewritten, these volumes contained a number of those pictures of English home and country life—such as "The Gardener's Daughter" and "The Lord of Burleigh"—which have always formed so popular a part of Tennyson's work.

His understanding of human life had grown immeasurably, for his new poems dealt with an amazingly wide range of subjects and appealed to all. With these volumes Tennyson sprang into universal fame, and came to be acknowledged as the leading poet of his age.

The Poet's Misplaced Confidence

In 1844 Tennyson received another blow, this time a financial one. The Tennysons had become acquainted with a physician, who lived near. This sanguine gentleman had interested the poet in a scheme for producing woodcarving by machinery. He painted glowing pictures of the homes of the poor embellished with oak panels and oak furniture, and so fascinating was the prospect that the poet invested all his money, and some of the family's, in the concern. But his confidence proved to be misplaced. The project collapsed, and the money was irretrievably lost. The effect

on the poet was tragical. He became seriously ill, and his life was despaired of.

But friends came to his aid. The fertile brain of Carlyle conceived a way out of the difficulty. The author of "The French Revolution" persuaded Lord Houghton to approach the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, on the matter, and in 1845 Tennyson was offered and accepted a civil list pension of £200 a year.

The year 1850 was a golden one for Tennyson. From that date his life was a triumphal progress. He could then see that his writings, together with his pension, would produce a sufficient income for him to marry, and on the 13th June he married his "nymph of the woods" at Shiplake, near Henley. Speaking in after years of his marriage, Tennyson said: "The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her."

An Ideal Wife and Companion

Mrs. Tennyson was an ideal companion for the poet. Cheerful, wise, and courageous, she devoted the rest of her life to making her husband happy. She discussed his work with him; she transcribed his poems; and he always referred to her for a final criticism before

A GREAT MASTER OF MELODY LISTENS TO SWEET MUSIC



In this picture of "The Duet," by Frank Stone, the artist has portrayed Tennyson, at the age of thirty-nine, sitting down and listening attentively while the two fair enthusiasts at the piano entrance the company with their music. Himself a master of melody in verse, he could appreciate at their true value every trill and cadence produced by the hands of a musician.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

publishing. She shielded his sensitive spirit from the annoyances and trials of life. Even when she was too ill to leave her sofa, her influence never diminished. In his son, Hallam, who became governor of South Australia and eventually, in 1902, governor-general of Australia, he had for many years a devoted and untiring secretary.

In the same year as his marriage, Tennyson was made poet laureate, in succession to Wordsworth. (Curiously enough, the night before the offer reached him he had dreamt that the Prince Consort had kissed him on the cheek, and that he had said in his dream, "Very kind, but very German.")

In 1873, and again in 1874, Tennyson was offered a baronetcy, and on each occasion the poet refused for himself, but asked that the honour might be conferred on his son at a future date. This, however, was contrary to precedent. In 1884 he was made a peer, which dignity he accepted for the honour of his profession, taking his title from Aldworth and Farringford—his two beautiful homes. Gladstone's only fear in the matter was that the new peer might wear his "wide-awake" in the House of Lords.

Another Branch of Work

At an age when most men would have been chary of undertaking a totally new branch of work, Tennyson started writing plays. Of what he called his historical trilogy, *Queen Mary*, representing the establishment of religious liberty for the individual, was published in 1875. In *Becket* he dealt with the struggle between the Crown and the Church, and in *Harold* with the conflict of the three rival races, the Danes, Saxons, and Normans. Though faultless in execution, the plays achieved but a moderate success, *Becket* being the most popular.

As Tennyson grew older, he very much objected to people assisting him if he stumbled or fell. When out for a walk with a friend he fell in getting over a stile. His friend, knowing that he would prefer to pick himself up, walked on a few paces, but turned round to see what had happened when he found that Tennyson did not follow. The old poet was lying face downwards looking into a little pool overgrown with duckweed. His friend thought that Tennyson must be looking for something that he had dropped, but such was not the case. When his friend came up with him, he raised himself slowly, and, turning on him a face all aglow with pleasure at the wonderful vegetation he had seen in the little wayside pool, said in a deep tone, "What an imagination God Almighty has!"

Tennyson retained much of his bodily vigour almost to the end. At eighty-two, he would challenge his friends to rise twenty times in quick succession from a low chair without using their hands—a feat that he could perform with ease. But, at last, even his powerful frame began to fail, and he died, after a short illness, at Aldworth, on the 6th October, 1892. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, the pall-bearers being twelve of England's greatest sons. Lady Tennyson survived her

A FAMILY GROUP IN THE GARDEN



Throughout his life Tennyson remained a quiet man, always preferring the peaceful, intellectual company of his family to the bustle and ceremony and pettiness of high society.

husband by nearly four years, and at last passed away on the 10th August, 1896.

It is difficult to say that any particular poem is the most popular of the works of a poet so prolific and many-sided. Perhaps the Arthurian poems have been most widely read. The publication of these was spread over many years, and each section was anxiously awaited. "Maud" has come into its own as containing some of the finest lyrical passages that Tennyson ever wrote. Besides those already mentioned, other favourites are "Enoch Arden," the two "Locksley Halls," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Revenge," and the exquisite "Crossing the Bar," written while Tennyson was crossing the Solent on his yearly journey from Aldworth to Farringford.

Carlyle has left a very striking pen-picture of Tennyson at the age of thirty-three:

One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusky, dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet

most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking, clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plentiful; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe.

Tennyson was very short-sighted, but with those peering eyes of his he saw a great deal more than many people with normal sight. He even records having seen the moon reflected in a nightingale's eye. Throughout his life he was a very careful student of nature—particularly of flowers and of the heavenly bodies—and an eminent botanist and an equally distinguished astronomer told him that

TENNYSON LOOKS OUT OVER THE ROLLING SEA



Tennyson deep in thought on the white cliffs at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. Situated at no great distance from this spot, was Farringford, the lovely, secluded home of the poet

they had never discovered a single mistake of observation in his writings.

Though by no means a vain man, Tennyson took a thoroughly wholesome pride in his work, and did not hesitate to point out its excellences to his friends. "That's not bad, Fitz," he would say to Edward Fitzgerald (the poet of Omar), when reading him a favourite line or passage. He delighted in reading his own poems to his family and friends, "mouthing out his hollow oes and aas" in a voice, as Carlyle described it, "like the sound of a pine wood."

Although naturally shy, Tennyson was the soul of geniality when he was sure of his company. At Farringford and Aldworth he entertained at one time or another most of the eminent men and women of the day. It was partly his shyness that led him to build Aldworth, his noble home near Haslemere, so that he might have a refuge from the Isle of Wight holiday-makers. Once he fled precipitately from a flock of sheep, having, at a distance, mistaken them for sightseers.

A striking trait of Tennyson's simple, sincere, and almost child-like nature was his absolute truthfulness, a feature which in this highly conventionalized age is as rare as it may sometimes be embarrassing. On one occasion Mrs. Tennyson and a lady friend were exchanging amiable compliments. After listening in silence for some time, the poet abruptly broke into the conversation with the startling words, "What liars you women are!"

On another occasion the Duchess of Argyll was the victim. It was the custom in London, in certain cultured circles, to give literary breakfasts, and hostesses vied with one another in gathering together at these meals the most eminent literary lions. Greatly daring, the duchess ventured to ask Tennyson if he would join her party. The poet's answer left no room for discussion. "I should hate it, Duchess."

Thoughts Turned to Gold

Tennyson had a wonderful power of saying things in an arresting and unforgettable way. He could take the simplest thought, and, by passing it through the crucible of his poet's mind, turn it into gold. With the single exception of Shakespeare, no other poet has minted so much current coin of speech.

For generations the Tennyson family had been rooted to Lincolnshire, and it is in this nearness to the soul, no less than in his unerring ear for verbal music, that Tennyson touches hands with Virgil. The beauties of Somersby, and later of Farringford and Aldworth, sank deep into the poet's soul and tinged his work with their glorious, colourful enchantment. Whatever his theme, the creatures of his fancy move ever in a magic twilight haze.

[The authoritative biography is "Alfred, Lord Tennyson: a Memoir" (1897), by Hallam, Second Baron Tennyson, which is a monument of filial piety. Of the considerable Tennyson literature the Life by A. C. Benson (1901) is an interesting critical estimate.]

TWO STAUNCH CHAMPIONS of the PEOPLE

Richard Cobden and John Bright, Whose Names will Ever be Honoured for Their Great Fight for Free Trade and Parliamentary Reform

ABOUT five o'clock on the 14th April, 1832, the stage-coach, *Perevil of the Peak*, was nearing the end of its twenty-one hours' journey from Manchester to London. Suddenly the passengers were aroused by a clattering of horses' hoofs. One by one horsemen dashed by the coach, apparently on a breathless errand. They were followed by post-chaises, in which sat men who flung printed notices out of the window.

The passengers of the *Perevil of the Peak* exchanged excited comments and tried to find out from the flying messengers what had taken place. There was news to be heard, and evidently it was good news, since no time was being lost in spreading it far and wide. In those days, before the adoption of the telegraph or the railway, important news was conveyed to the outlying towns in this manner.

At last one of the notices was obtained and eagerly studied. On it was printed the information that the Reform Bill had passed the second reading in the House of Lords by nine votes. Popular representation in Parliament was at long last an established fact.

It is difficult for people living in a democratic age to realize the degree of excitement caused throughout England by this great constitutional reform. It had been much discussed and many times delayed by powerful reactionary influences. Wiser forces at length prevailed, and the measure that was to make English politics clean again became law.

Seated in the *Perevil of the Peak* was a young man named John Bright, then on his first visit to London. His enthusiasm over the good news was such as to cause a further stir of astonishment among the passengers. They found themselves listening to an eloquent address on the subject of reform in general,

an address that was as packed with knowledge as it was impassioned, and all the more remarkable since it was delivered by a mere youth.

John Bright was only twenty-one years old when he heard this dramatic announcement of victory in a cause which was already dear to his heart. What pleased him almost as much as the passing of the bill was the ready responsiveness of all concerned in the discussion that took place inside the coach; Tories and Whigs alike agreed that the Reform

Bill was necessary and just. The profound moral truth underlying its conception had broken down the barriers of party politics.

That young man of twenty-one did not know that he was destined to become one of England's greatest statesmen, but he was keenly interested in politics and in moral problems, and it encouraged him to find that men older than himself and opposed to many of his own political views were yet united in the desire for the righting of many grave wrongs that existed in England at the time.

The condition of the English people was to become worse as Bright grew to manhood, but already he had seen enough and heard enough from his father's ac-

counts of early experiences to inspire him with the desire to become a reformer.

"Merrie England" was no more, and the new industrial England had not yet been regulated by wise legislation. On all sides there was misery and oppression, making the lot of those who worked with their hands wretched beyond description. High prices and low wages were being maintained by unscrupulous monopolists, who used their great political influence to keep things as they were. Long years of war had sapped the resources of the country and placed an intolerable load of debt on the shoulders of tax-payers.

AN ADVOCATE OF FREE TRADE



John Bright, in 1843, when he entered Parliament. His early speeches made a deep impression, but, like Cobden, he was at first regarded with suspicion and hostility. Later his telling phrases were in all men's mouths.

It was a time of chaos and ignorance, of callous cruelty and bitter revolt—a time when Englishmen, who had once been free and happy, asked themselves whether it would not have been better for their half-starved and over-worked children never to have been born.

Evil Days for the Family

During those evil days, on the 16th November, 1811, John Bright was born at Rochdale, where his father Jacob, owned a cotton mill. A generation back the Brights had been flourishing yeomen in Wiltshire, but hard times reduced the family to want and enforced their emigration to the big towns. As a young man Jacob Bright worked as a weaver for a wage of six shillings a week. Ultimately he obtained a better position as a book-keeper.

Jacob Bright's first wife, his employer's sister, died very shortly after the marriage. He married again in 1809, and, with the help of his father-in-law, he acquired a mill and quickly achieved success as a calico manufacturer.

The distinguishing quality of Jacob Bright, apart from his determination and business ability, was his wisdom as an employer. At a time when mill-owners were treating their hands like slaves, Jacob Bright paid them good wages and devoted himself to their welfare. He kept his mill working in times of bad trade. It was said of him that he never gave a man in distress an old pair of boots but made out an order for a new pair.

John Bright was so delicate as an infant that he had to be wrapped in cotton wool, and his father often carried him about not knowing whether he was dead or alive. Traces of this early weakness remained throughout his life, although he became to all appearance a robust and vigorous man.

Good Example of His Parents

He attended the Quaker school at Ackworth for a time, and afterwards went to finishing schools at York and Clitheroe. But the more valuable part of his education was derived from the example of his parents. He realized at a very early age the contrast between their way of living and that of other well-to-do people in the neighbourhood.

The atmosphere of the Bright household, in fact, was that of practical Christianity. Nearly every day John Bright must have seen his father or mother perform some act of benevolence; and the crying need for this, in a town so poverty-stricken as Rochdale in those days, must have been impressed on the child's mind.

When Bright left school at the age of sixteen, he entered his father's mill and learned every

branch of the work. There was no question of a different career, and Bright had shown no inclination or capacity for any other. Like his father, however, he took great interest in local affairs, and it was this that led to the discovery of his gift as an orator.

When he was eight years old John Bright had listened to accounts of the great "Peterloo Massacre," which took place at Manchester on the 16th August, 1819. Some 60,000 people had assembled to protest against the Corn Laws and the Government's refusal to pass the Reform Bill, and a large number of them came from Rochdale.

The military were called out to disperse the vast crowd, many of whom never heard the Riot Act read, with the result that eleven people were killed, and over five hundred more or less seriously injured.

Listens to Political Speeches

John Bright was allowed to read the newspapers to the family circle and to study with them every stage in the great struggle for political liberty. He also attended local meetings, and listened to the speeches of orators who aroused the unhappy people of Rochdale to revolt against the degrading conditions under which they worked and lived.

It was the defeat of Lord Stanley by Henry Hunt ("Orator Hunt") at the Preston election of 1830 that inspired Bright with political ambition. He began to practise speaking in public, often borrowing from a cottage a chair on which to stand as he harangued the crowd. He also spoke at the Rochdale Juvenile Temperance Band meetings and took part in debates at the Rochdale Literary and Philosophical Society.

Bright was so nervous at first that he never ventured to speak extempore, but wrote out his speech beforehand and committed it to memory. On one occasion, however, he broke down and could not remember the rest of his speech. The kindly chairman of the meeting signalled to the band to play and so enabled Bright to cover his confusion. Afterwards a clergyman in the audience advised the young orator to speak from notes, and henceforward this was Bright's invariable method.

Violent Agitation against Corn Laws

Returning from a tour on the Continent, undertaken for the benefit of his health, Bright found the agitation against the Corn Laws in full swing. The harvest of 1836 had been the worst for years. While labourers and their families were eating black bread, made of a mixture of barley meal and potato, good corn from abroad was being turned away from English ports because the operation of the Corn Laws forbade its acceptance.

Not until the price of corn at home had reached a certain maximum was foreign corn allowed to be imported, and, as the English farmers and landowners were well represented in Parliament, they took care to see that this maximum was raised from time to time, making importation of cheap corn impossible.

The situation had long been intolerable, but only a few clear-sighted men saw that it could be relieved by the immediate repeal of the pernicious Corn Laws. Even Bright, fired as he was with indignation at the pitiful state of the working classes, did not realize the necessity of concentrating all his zeal as a reformer in this direction, until he met a man who was already determined to fight a battle for his countrymen in their hour of extreme need.

Richard Cobden, like his great partner in the struggle for the emancipation of England from a great curse, was a successful calico merchant, although, unlike Bright, he had become one by his own exertions. His experiences had been very different. He had worked harder than Bright and under greater difficulties. He had known want and anxiety, sorrow and loneliness. When the two men met, Cobden was the superior in reasoning power and knowledge, while Bright, although possessing these qualifications in some degree, excelled as an orator. This circumstance Cobden quickly realized, and it was he who instantly saw what a power for good a combination of their efforts might be.

"From his tenth to his fifteenth year," we are told, "Cobden was ill-fed, ill-taught, and ill-used." He was born on the 3rd June, 1804, in a small farmhouse near Midhurst, in Sussex. The farm did not flourish, for Cobden's father was a type of man incapable of managing it or of realizing the value of money. He became bankrupt in 1814, and henceforth could do little or nothing for his family of eleven children, who were supported by a wealthy uncle.

After an all too brief period of happy home-life Cobden was thus early compelled to eat his bread in sorrow. His uncle and aunt, he tells us, "inflicted rather than bestowed their bounties." They sent their charge to a boarding-school in Yorkshire, which was one of the kind so mercilessly satirized by Charles Dickens in the pages of "Nicholas Nickleby."

AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN SOLDIERY AND PEOPLE



The "Peterloo Massacre" at Manchester. The military were called out to disperse the crowd that had assembled to demonstrate against the Corn Laws and in favour of parliamentary reform. Bright was then eight years old.

under the name of "Dotheboys Hall." Here he was cruelly ill-treated.

For five years Cobden saw neither parents nor relatives, and the education he received was practically negligible. That he should have emerged from such a deadening experience unbroken in spirit and with a mind not only eager for cultivation but actually stored with

knowledge, which must have been acquired in secret, will always remain a marvellous example of the triumph of character over circumstances. He earned a little money by writing letters for his schoolmaster, and with this he bought books.

When he was sixteen the unhappy boy came to London and commenced work as a junior clerk in his uncle's counting-house in Old Change, in the City. He took up his abode in the house of his uncle and aunt, both of whom regarded him as an unavoidable encumbrance.

Rebuked for Studying French

One morning Cobden was discovered by his uncle studying French in his bedroom before breakfast. The student was sternly reprimanded and informed that such pursuits were likely to hinder his success as a man of business.

Cobden wrote to his father begging to be allowed to leave his uncle and accept the offer of a position abroad. But the latter, fearful of offending the family benefactor, would not consent. Cobden had to stop where he was, and, as the years went on, more and more of his salary was sent to help his father. About this time Cobden's mother, of whom he had seen so little during the impressionable years of childhood, died suddenly.

The uncle, albeit unsympathetic, was not slow to appreciate his nephew's energy and quickness of mind. At the end of five years Cobden was promoted to the position of traveller for the firm.

From that time until his emergence in 1830 as a successful calico merchant, Cobden's life was full of romance. The sanguine young man revelled in his work as a commercial traveller, for it enabled him to see fresh places and brought him into contact with all sorts and conditions of people. "The master-passion of his life," in the words of the late Lord Morley, "was an insatiable desire to know the affairs of the world."

After travelling throughout the British Isles for nearly four years, Cobden met two young men with a small amount of capital who were anxious to start in business for themselves as commission agents. An arrangement was entered into with a large firm of calico printers, who entrusted the young men with goods to be sold on commission.

Character and Knowledge as Security

"We introduced ourselves to Fort Brothers and Co.," Cobden wrote afterwards, "and we told our tale honestly, concealing nothing. In less than two years we owed them forty thousand pounds for goods which they had sent us upon no other securities than our characters and knowledge of business."

The ultimate success of this enterprise enabled Cobden and his partners to open a calico printing business at Salford, in Lancashire. Before long there was a large demand for "Cobden prints," and it became necessary to build another factory at Manchester. Within a few years his share in the profits amounted to

COBDEN ADDRESSING THE COUNCIL OF THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE



"The Council of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Cobden Addressing the Meeting," from the painting by John Rogers Herbert, R.A., in the Salford Art Gallery. During the seven years of its existence Cobden was the moving spirit of the Anti-Corn-Law League, devoting himself entirely to propagating his doctrines through this famous association.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

RECORDING VOTES IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION



"Polling," from the picture by William Hogarth, illustrating the rough-and-tumble electioneering humours of the reign of George II. A secret ballot was one of the chief items in Cobden's first parliamentary election programme in 1837, when many of his adherents dared not vote for him out of fear of the landlord or the squire.

from £8,000 to £10,000 a year. Cobden now made his home in Manchester.

Money-making never became an obsession with him. "What is all this yearning after?" he wrote to his brother. "I can scarcely give myself a satisfactory answer. Surely not for money; I feel a disregard for it." At the time when the best of his energy was being devoted to the building up of a great business concern, he wrote to this brother, suggesting a course of study in mathematics and Latin. "Can you trust to your perseverance? I think I can."

Publishes a Notable Pamphlet

His first literary effort, the now famous pamphlet on "England, Ireland, and America, by a Manchester Manufacturer," appeared in 1835, in which year Cobden had also found time to pay a flying visit to the United States, where he studied economic conditions. The pamphlet reveals an extraordinary range of knowledge, and it is also remarkable for its clear statement of the political principles which Cobden held throughout his life: "Peace, non-intervention, retrenchment, and Free Trade."

He had found the answer to his question,

"What is all this yearning after?" Henceforth his life was to be devoted to politics, to the sacrifice of personal interests. He ceased to care about making a fortune, and neglected his business, with results that later became serious.

Outcome of Tour Abroad

Ill-health, brought about by his early privations, compelled him to spend some time abroad, and, while visiting Spain, Turkey, and Egypt, he interviewed sovereigns and statesmen, discussing with them the burning political questions of the hour and obtaining their views on the great question of Free Trade.

He returned to England in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession, and was chosen as Liberal candidate for Stockport. His defeat by a small majority caused him no discouragement. The franchise was still far from being free, and he knew that many of his adherents dared not vote for him out of fear of the landlord or the squire—one of the chief items in his election programme was the necessity for a secret ballot. After the election several tradesmen posted notices outside their shop windows, bearing the words, "Voted for Cobden."

One day, while Cobden was at work in his office, he received a call from a young man whose name was unknown to him. The visitor was John Bright, and his purpose was to ask Cobden to speak at a local education meeting. The two men instantly found that they had common interests and enthusiasms. No more official duties were attended to that day, and Cobden passed the night in excited talk at the house of Mr. Jacob Bright.

Cobden did his utmost to persuade Bright to

THE APOSTLE OF THE FREE TRADE MOVEMENT



Richard Cobden, from the painting by Lewis Dickinson in the National Portrait Gallery, London. Cobden's name will always be associated with the so-called "Manchester School" of economics.

speak at local Free Trade meetings, but there were times when the younger man sat in the body of the hall, an interested, but tongue-tied member of the audience.

While Bright hung back, Cobden pushed ahead with his daring plans. One night, when leaving a soirée in connexion with the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, he turned to a fellow member and said, "I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll use the Chamber of Commerce for an agitation to repeal the Corn Laws." There were many difficulties in the way, but Cobden was determined. He felt it supremely necessary

that the country should be taught the need for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and an authoritative organization would carry more weight than an obscure clique meeting privately in some back room.

It was in this way that the Anti-Corn-Law League came into being during the early months of 1839. Events were propitious for its success. Wheat had risen to seventy-seven shillings a quarter, and a wet harvesting had cast a gloom over the whole nation.

The Chartists were clamouring for another Reform Bill; there were torchlight meetings and dangerous riots. The cry for reform was heard on all sides, and people flocked to the meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League, eager to hear arguments that offered a solution of their difficulties.

In the spring of 1839 some 200 delegates of the League came to London and obtained audience of Lord Melbourne, then prime minister in a Liberal administration. When it was explained to him that the object of the mission was the repeal of the Corn Laws he shook his head and observed, "You know that to be impracticable." Every year Mr. Villiers, a pioneer of Free Trade in the House of Commons, raised the question, only to be defeated by an enormous majority.

Nothing daunted, Cobden and his friends extended their campaign throughout the length and breadth of the country. Thousands of leaflets were printed and circulated. Some of the lecturers were roughly handled by hooligans hired by the landowning class. At Arundel a farmer offered a bushel of wheat to anybody who would throw the Anti-Corn-Law representative into the river.

Cobden began to feel the need of assistance, and his thoughts turned again to Bright. The latter had married in 1839, and expressed his intention of settling down to a quiet domestic life. Absorbed in his newly found happiness, he still followed the reform movement, but took no active part in political agitation. It was the tragic death of his young wife in 1841 that brought him into the arena of public affairs.

Cobden found him stunned with grief, and urged him to seek consolation in work for others. "Don't allow this grief," Cobden said, "great as it is, to weigh you down too much; there are at this moment, in thousands of homes in this country, wives and children who are dying of

hunger, of hunger made by the law. If you come along with me we will never rest until we have got rid of the Corn Law."

Bright went. From that day he flung all his energies into the cause, speaking on the platform with Cobden, whom he overshadowed in brilliant oratory. The combination was irresistible. Cobden proved the case with facts and arguments, while Bright stirred the hearts of his listeners by eloquence. There were thousands of new converts to the League.

When Cobden entered the House of Commons as member for Stockport in 1841, he was already a great figure in the land. It was noticed that he was not treated with the courtesy usually accorded to a new member. The monopolist benches scoffed at him openly, while in secret they dreaded the power that he had in the country. Every opportunity was taken to place Cobden in a compromising position, and on one occasion he was actually accused of inciting the murder of Sir Robert Peel. "They shrank away from me in the cloak-room," wrote Cobden, "as though I had been a venomous serpent."

In 1843 he was joined by Bright, who had been returned for Durham after two contests. At the first the opposition candidate had won by bribery and he was prosecuted. Bright's early speeches made a deep impression on the House, but he, too, was regarded with suspicion and hostility.

The parliamentary struggle now began in earnest and continued for another three years. "These men," said one of the monopolists' supporters, referring to the Anti-Corn-Law party, "have an ugly way of sticking to business and turning up at the proper time." "The League is a great fact," said *The Times*.

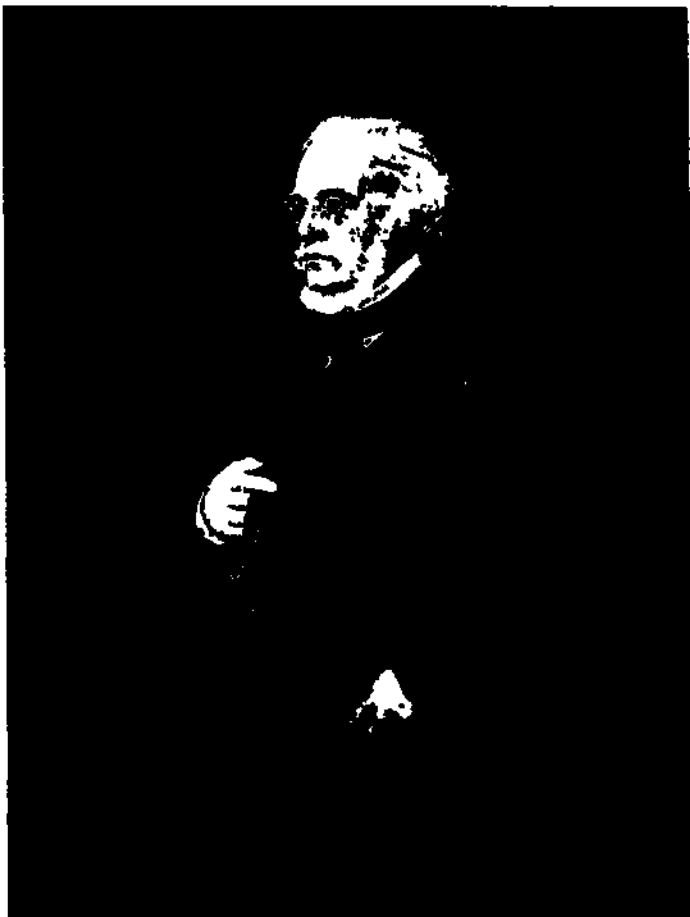
Meanwhile, Cobden had so neglected his business affairs that he found himself practically a ruined man. He wrote to Bright and regretfully announced that he would be obliged to resign from the League. Bright immediately replied that such a course was unthinkable. Means were found to tide Cobden over his financial difficulties, and subsequently the League voted him £70,000 as compensation for his business losses.

On his return to the House Cobden delivered a

speech against the Corn Laws which Sir Robert Peel, who had been wavering for some months, declared to be unanswerable. The bad harvest of 1845, together with the failure of the Irish potato crop, hastened a crisis.

At the beginning of the parliamentary session of 1846 there began a series of Free Trade debates in the House. They were characterized by repeated outbursts from the monopolist benches,

A MASTER OF ENGLISH ORATORY



John Bright, as depicted by Sir John Millais. The third Marquis of Salisbury said of Bright: "He was the greatest master of English oratory that this generation—I may say several generations—has seen."

and dragged on until June. Sir Robert Peel announced that his opinion on the question of the Corn Laws had undergone a complete change. By the 26th June Cobden was able to write to his wife, "Hurrah! Hurrah! The Corn Bill is law, and now my work is done."

Cobden declined all honours and never took office under any Government. His voice was frequently heard denouncing all forms of unfair monopoly, and he was ever watchful of the people's interests. His name will always be

associated with the "Manchester School" of economics, which played an important part in the political programme of the progressive party for many years.

Failing health compelled Cobden to spend much time abroad, but he was repeatedly returned for Stockport during his absences. His vigorous opposition to the Crimean War made him unpopular, and Bright, who supported him, was also under a cloud.

In 1857 the bombardment of Canton by British warships was severely criticized by Cobden, and this action lost him his seat. For a while he retired to Dunford, his father's old farm, but during a second visit to America, in 1859, he was returned unopposed for Rochdale.

Wins Praise from Gladstone

Soon after he interviewed Napoleon III in Paris and was largely instrumental in bringing about peaceful relationships between England and France. This achievement won him high praise from Gladstone.

His political career was finished, although he continued to write forceful pamphlets and did valuable work in educating the people in economic problems. The year 1865 was marked by a proposal to erect military defences in Canada. Cobden, convinced of the folly of such a course, hurried to London, intending to speak

in the House. He caught a chill, and died at his apartments in Suffolk Street on the 2nd April.

Meanwhile Bright, as member for Manchester, had become the recognized leader of the Liberal party. Phrases from his speeches were quoted everywhere, and the cry of "Bright is up" brought members of all parties crowding in from the lobbies. He was a master alike of pathos, invective, humour, and poetic expression.

Twice in the Cabinet

Like Cobden, he was essentially a statesman, and kept out of party politics as much as possible. In 1868, however, he accepted office under Gladstone as President of the Board of Trade. But he had no talent for administration and resigned two years later, on the ground of ill-health. Subsequently he rejoined the cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, but resigned in 1882, owing to disagreement with his colleagues over the question of British intervention in Egypt.

His last speech was delivered at Birmingham, which town he had represented since 1857, in celebration of Joseph Chamberlain's return from the United States fisheries mission. He died on the 27th March, 1889, and was buried in the graveyard of the Society of Friends at Rochdale.

[See "Life of Richard Cobden," by John Morley (1920); and "Life of John Bright," by G. M. Trevelyan (1913).]

JOHN BRIGHT A MEMBER OF GLADSTONE'S FIRST MINISTRY



"The Cabinet of 1869-74. The First Administration of W. E. Gladstone," from the painting by Lowes Dickinson, in the Devonshire Club. Bright, who accepted office as President of the Board of Trade, is seen seated, the second from the left, next to Robert Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the foreground is Gladstone.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

The ADMIRAL who MADE ENGLAND SAFE

Nelson, Whose Daring, Heroism, and Devotion to Duty Made His Name an Inspiration to the Generations that Came after Him

"WHAT has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he above all the rest should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action a cannon-ball may knock off his head and provide for him at once."

Thus wrote Captain Maurice Suckling, when he heard of his young nephew's ambition to go to sea. Nelson was then twelve years old. His mother had died three years before; his father, poor alike in health and in pocket, was then at Bath. Hearing that his uncle had been appointed to command a ship, the frail lad had appealed for permission to join him on board.

Not a whit discouraged by the melancholy prospect of having his head blown off in action—a prediction which, fortunately for his country, was not fulfilled—Nelson eagerly seized the opportunity to enter the navy, and one cold, dreary morning in early spring he was dumped down on the docks at Chatham and left to find his way as best he could.

His heart still aching with the pain of parting from his father, and, to an even greater extent, from his brother William, who had been his constant companion and friend, young Nelson wandered for some time along the banks of the Medway, friendless, penniless, hungry, and miserably cold. At length someone questioned him, and, learning of his

plight, took pity on him, gave him food and shelter, and then escorted him to Suckling's ship, the *Raisonnable*.

A less auspicious opening to the career of the world's greatest naval hero could scarcely be imagined. Few people had any confidence in his ability to stand the rough hardships of

sea life in those early days. None could have realized that Nelson's name was destined to become the most famous in British naval history—a name that was to endure through time, to inspire lofty feelings of noble patriotism in successive generations. Nelson himself had, at first, no thought of the fame that was to be his. In the days of his youth he had ambition and self-confidence enough to overcome most obstacles, but they were not sufficiently strong to counteract that depression of mind that is so often engendered by the consciousness of ill-health.

"I felt oppressed," he said, "with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind

was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount and the little interest I possessed."

Then, one day, when he was but eighteen years of age, there came to him "a sudden glow of patriotism," which he always looked upon as a dispensation of providence. The gloomy fits of depression returned more than

NELSON DISOBEYS HIS CHIEF'S SIGNAL



At the battle of Copenhagen Sir Hyde Parker signalled for Nelson to retire. Clapping his telescope to his blind eye, Nelson is said to have remarked, "I really do not see the signal."

once, but ever afterwards he was sure of his destiny. Imbued with great faith and courage, he fought his physical weaknesses with the same determination that he displayed when facing the enemies of his beloved country. The story of how, in spite of difficulties, he won his way through to the topmost pinnacle of naval glory forms one of the noblest chapters in history.

Nelson had his faults, but lack of consideration for the men under his command was not one of them. His charm of manner and his unflinching thought for his men made him one of the most idolized of commanders.

A typical incident, which illustrates his kindly thought, occurred on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar. Nelson had sent word

WHERE HORATIO NELSON WAS BORN



The rectory at Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, where the hero of Trafalgar was born, and where he spent the days of his boyhood. Nelson's father, who came of a clerical family, was rector of the parish.

through the fleet that a boat carrying mails to England was about to leave, and he gave orders that everyone was to be given an opportunity to write a letter home. None knew but what it would be the last time he set pen or pencil to paper.

Forgot His Own Letter

Pacing the deck of the *Victory*, some time after the mail-boat had departed, the admiral descried one of his petty officers talking in a state of great excitement to a young midshipman. Inquiring the reason for his agitation, Nelson found the petty officer unwilling at first to explain what had happened, but by persistent questioning he elicited the fact that the petty officer, who had been given the task of collecting the mail-bags and seeing them transferred to the homeward-bound boat, had just discovered that his own letter, addressed to his wife, was still in his pocket. He had forgotten to place it with the others.

Nelson looked in the direction of the mail-boat, then some distance away. "Signal for her to come back," he exclaimed. "Who knows that he may not fall in action to-morrow! His letter shall go with the rest." His orders were quickly carried out, and in obedience to the flagship's signals the vessel altered its course and returned to fetch the petty officer's letter. Small wonder that the admiral was always able to rely on devoted service.

Reputation for Dare-devilry

Horatio Nelson grew up amidst the peaceful surroundings of a country rectory. His birth took place on the 29th September, 1758, at Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, of which parish his father was rector. He was a boy who disdained to do anything dishonourable, and, in spite of his feeble constitution, he earned a name for dare-devilry. There was an orchard attached to the private school which he attended, and there arrived in due course the inevitable moment when the luscious fruit on the trees proved too strong a temptation to be resisted.

When, however, the question as to who should raid the orchard came to be considered, volunteers for the work were conspicuous by their absence, until Horatio offered to undertake the task. He was thereupon lowered from the dormitory window with the aid of some bed-sheets, and, after an interval, which seemed interminable to his anxious friends, he returned with his rich prize. His comrades' delight changed to surprise when they found that the hero of the exploit refused to eat any of the fruit. He had volunteered to fetch it because everyone else was afraid, not because he wanted to eat any himself.

The Boy Shows His Grit

His uncle looked upon the idea of trying to train a young weakling like Nelson to become a sailor as a sheer waste of time, and he did all he could to discourage him, until the little fellow revealed the extraordinary grit and enthusiasm he possessed. The first week he was at sea the captain called Nelson to him, and, pointing to the mast, ordered him aloft. This was a terrifying experience for the lad, and, noticing his hesitation, his uncle asked him whether he was afraid.

"Yes, sir," Nelson replied between his chattering teeth, "I am afraid, but I'm going to the top of the mast, sir." And without further words he did as he was bid. Later on, when he became commander of a frigate, he used to order on deck the boys who had

just joined the ship, and race them to the top of the mast, watching with pride the gallant efforts they made to follow him.

His first voyage was to the West Indies, during which he suffered all the hardships and miseries inseparable from the lot of a sailor in those days. His enthusiasm undimmed by his early struggles, he joined a North Polar expedition on his return to England, and spent several months amidst the cheerless icy wastes of the Arctic. More than once during the voyage his reckless bravery aroused the admiration of his companions, and on one occasion his timely arrival and pluck saved the lives of a ship's party, who were being attacked by walrus.

Another adventure had a less satisfactory end, for it earned him a reprimand. Accompanied by a kindred adventurous spirit, he left his ship one night under cover of a dense fog, intent on bear-hunting. When the fog cleared in the early morning, they were discovered some distance away from the ship, attacking a monster bear, and the captain immediately signalled for them to return. Nelson, however, could not be persuaded to leave his game, and, not for the last time in his career, he ignored his superior officer's order.

A Present for His Father

His ammunition spent, he expressed a wish "to get a blow at the devil with the butt-end" of his musket, but, fortunately for him, his peril was recognized by those on the boat, and a gun was fired to frighten the bear away. Not a little crestfallen, Nelson returned to his ship, prepared for a warm ten minutes with his captain. He explained his conduct by saying that he wanted to make his father a present of a bear-skin.

After facing the rigours of an Arctic climate, Nelson joined the *Seahorse*, and went to the East Indies. He had by this time added flesh and muscle to his frame, and had the appearance of a strong, healthy young man. The climate of the Indies, however, again enfeebled his constitution, and after a couple of years he was invalided home, sick in body and depressed in mind.

It was at this critical period of his life that the great change, already referred to, came over him, freshening his vigour and strengthening his will. Brushing aside the evil forebodings that assailed him, he applied himself ener-

getically to the task of bettering his professional prospects, and in 1777 he easily passed an examination, which prepared the way for his appointment as second lieutenant to the *Louise*. This frigate was commanded by Captain William Locker, who was afterwards one of Nelson's staunchest friends.

When, at the end of the following year, he was given his first command, no one was more pleased than his uncle, who had risen

CLOSE BRUSH WITH THE SPANIARDS



"Rear-Admiral Nelson's Conflict with a Spanish Launch, July 3, 1797," from the picture by R. Westall, R.A., in the Painted Hall, Greenwich. An example of the hand-to-hand fighting of Nelson's day.

to be controller of the navy. Suckling was in a position to exercise strong influence on his nephew's behalf, but Nelson's rapid promotion was due almost entirely to his own outstanding ability, aided perhaps by that natural pleasantness of manner, which made him so popular wherever he went. It was about this time that he first became associated with Collingwood, who was to share many of his future triumphs.

The expedition against San Juan de Nicaragua gave him his first opportunity to

reveal his fighting capacity. His gallantry during this campaign was commended by the commander-in-chief, and his conspicuous ability was brought to the notice of the Government. This was the first of a number of dispatches in which the name of Nelson was to figure prominently. More than ten years elapsed, however, before he began to climb the ladder of fame, and during part of this time he was home on half pay.

The most noteworthy incident during this comparatively uneventful period of his life was his refusal to recognize the authority of the commander-in-chief in the West Indies, whither he was sent in 1784. Nelson was ever in search of glory and fame, but he was always ready to risk his popularity in defence of what he conceived to be his duty.

In Conflict with the Admiralty

When he arrived in the West Indies he discovered that the navigation laws, which prohibited foreigners from trading with the colonies, were being openly violated, and, in defiance of the commander-in-chief's orders, he seized five ships, chiefly American, which were engaged in this irregular trading. This action brought him into conflict with officials at home, and he was further rebuffed by the Admiralty when he wrote to point out certain grave faults in the system of placing naval contracts, which, he said, had given rise to a considerable amount of fraud. Supported by Collingwood, he stubbornly stood his ground, and left his conduct to be judged by posterity.

"It is much better for an officer to serve an ungrateful country than to give up his own fame." This was a favourite maxim of Nelson's. Invariably, when these constantly recurring disputes with the Admiralty arose, he sought comfort in the knowledge that he had done his duty, "the great business of a sea officer."

The quickly gathering clouds of war disturbed the tranquillity of Nelson's life at Burnham Thorpe, where he had been in virtual retirement for several years. At the first hint of a conflict he applied for a ship, and the outbreak of war with revolutionary France in 1793 found him in command of the *Agamemnon*, a ship carrying 64 guns.

Hatred of the French

Nelson's hatred of the French was notorious, and the rest of his life was to be devoted to thwarting the policy of aggression pursued by that country. Three precepts he laid down for those who wished to succeed in life: "Always implicitly obey orders; consider every man as your enemy who speaks ill of your king; and hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." The first of these principles

Nelson broke repeatedly, but the other two he practised as well as preached.

In May he sailed for the Mediterranean, and, after the combined British and Spanish fleets had blockaded and captured Toulon, was sent to Naples to escort Neapolitan troops to Toulon. It was at Naples that Nelson came into touch with Sir William Hamilton and with Emma, his wonderfully beautiful wife, with whom he remained on intimate terms of friendship for the rest of his life. In March, 1787, while he was in the West Indies, he had married Mrs. Nisbet, a doctor's widow, and after six years of happiness he left her to go to service.

Separates from His Wife

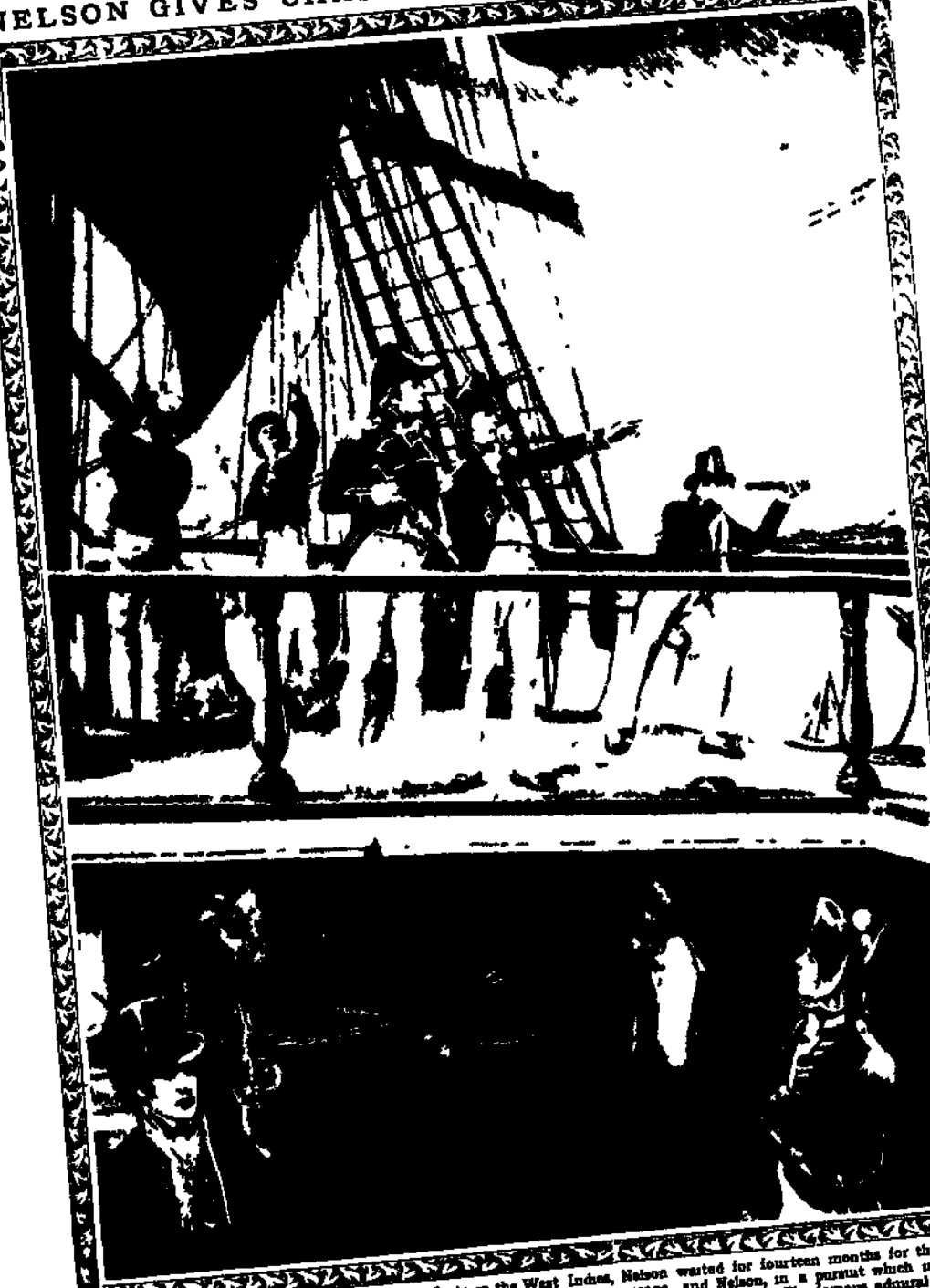
The flattering attentions of Lady Hamilton, coupled with a long period of enforced absence from home, led to a gradual cooling of the affection Nelson had for his wife. His letters, at first so full of ardour and extravagantly phrased assurances of his love, became infrequent and cold, and slowly the painful truth was brought home to her. In January, 1801, they separated, and shortly afterwards Nelson bought some property at Merton, and lived there with the Hamiltons. His infatuation for Lady Hamilton continued to the very end of his career.

Nelson's courage and qualities of leadership were demonstrated during the attack on Corsica, where Hood placed him in command of the landing party. Greatly distinguishing himself by his coolness and judgment under fire, he blockaded the strongly fortified port of Bastia, which was defended by a force outnumbering his own by more than four to one. The enemy position was regarded as impregnable, but Nelson had other views, which were completely vindicated when it capitulated after a long siege. While in charge of land batteries, in the course of a combined military and naval attack on Calvi during the same campaign, Nelson was wounded, and had the misfortune to lose the sight of his left eye.

Desire to Annihilate the Enemy

A series of indecisive actions with the French fleet in the Mediterranean led Nelson to criticize, openly and fearlessly, the ineffective plans of the commander-in-chief of the fleet. Nothing short of the complete annihilation of the enemy squadrons would satisfy him. Once, when the French eluded the British commander, he expressed his dissatisfaction with characteristic force. "I wish I were in command," he said, "I should very soon either do much or be ruined; my disposition cannot bear tame and slow measures. Either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape."

NELSON GIVES CHASE TO THE FRENCH FLEET



To prevent the union of the French and Spanish fleets in the West Indies, Nelson waited for fourteen months for the French ships to put to sea. Villeneuve the French commander, managed to escape, and Nelson, in a pursuit which is without parallel for extent, rapidity, and perseverance chased him to the West Indies and back. The famous admiral failed to prevent the two navies from combining, but eventually brought them to bay off Cape Trafalgar.

The first of Nelson's great naval battles was fought off Cape St. Vincent on the 14th February, 1797, the year after his promotion to commodore. The fleet was under the command of Admiral Sir John Jervis, and Nelson's ship, the *Caplain*, was last but two in the line of battle. The Spanish ships outnumbered the British by 27 to 15, but, when the battle opened, they were in two separate squadrons. Nelson at once saw that their plan was to join up, and, without awaiting orders, he manœuvred his ship out of the line and made an audacious attack, during which, at one time, he was engaged in a single-handed combat with five of the enemy.

Gallantry Rewarded by Knighthood

Hammered on all sides, the *Caplain* was disabled, but not until she had taken such heavy toll of the enemy that her crew were able to board two Spanish ships, the *San Josef* and the *San Nicolas*. When the enemy had been vanquished, Nelson went on board the flagship and offered Jervis the sword surrendered to him by the rear-admiral of the *San Josef*. As a compliment to the commodore's services, Jervis allowed him to retain it, and it was afterwards presented by Nelson to the city of Norwich. His gallantry during this action was rewarded with a knighthood and promotion to rear-admiral.

Not content with having inflicted a severe defeat on the Spaniards, Nelson set off to the Canary Isles, where he hoped to find some treasure-ships in hiding. For once good fortune deserted him, and his supreme self-confidence led him to disaster. The Spaniards

had received news of his approach, and had made their preparations accordingly. When Nelson, delayed by gales, arrived off Santa Cruz, he found confronting him, not the weakly defended treasure-ships as he had hoped, but a fortress of tremendous strength. His attack, launched with great skill and bravery, was foredoomed to failure. The odds were too great, even for this indomitable commander. Nelson was in the thick of the fight, and, while leading a landing-party, had his right arm shot through.

Although suffering terribly from his wound, Nelson refused all offers of assistance. Indifferent to his own peril, his thoughts were centred on those of his men who were still in danger. When they rowed him back to his ship, he ordered that a rope might be thrown over the side, so that he could pull himself on board, remarking that he still had one arm and both his legs left. Knowing that he had to lose his arm, he quietly told the surgeon to get his instruments ready, as "the sooner it is off the better."

"Of what Use is a Left-handed Admiral?"

For a long time Nelson was obsessed with the fear that, in his crippled condition, he would be of no further use to his country. During the long weary months of sick-leave that followed the disastrous expedition to Santa Cruz, he was hardly ever free from pain, but this did not worry him so much as the thought that he might never realize his long-cherished ambition to destroy the French fleet. "Of what use is a left-handed admiral?" he plaintively inquired.

AT GRIPS WITH THE FRENCH AND SPANISH FLEETS AT TRAFALGAR



"The Battle of Trafalgar and the Victory of Lord Nelson over the Combined French and Spanish Fleets, October 21, 1805," from the painting by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., in the National Gallery, London. Nelson gained a memorable victory over the combined French and Spanish fleets, but it was at the cost of his own life.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

AN INCIDENT AT THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN



To prevent unnecessary carnage, Nelson sends a note to the Crown Prince of Denmark. "A waiter was given him, but he ordered a candle to be brought, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. 'Thus,' said he, 'is no time to appear hurried and informal.'" This is the episode as told in Southey's "Life."

Given a fresh command early in the year 1798, Nelson unexpectedly found himself presented with the chance for which he had so long been waiting. His great enemy, Napoleon, was planning to invade Egypt, and to strike a blow at England through India—her most vulnerable spot. To Nelson fell the task of frustrating these intentions. On the 1st August he came upon the French ships in Aboukir Bay, at one of the mouths of the Nile, and immediately attacked them.

Daring Strategy at Aboukir Bay

The enemy ships were in a line parallel to, and no great distance from, the shore, and, with extraordinary daring, Nelson divided his fleet into two parts, sending one squadron into the narrow channel between the French and the shore with the object of attacking them in the rear, while the other squadron attacked the enemy from the seaward side. This old plan was crowned with complete success, and, after a battle which lasted well into the night, only a miserable remnant of the French fleet was able to sail out of the bay and make for home.

Nelson did not escape unscathed, for, when the fight was at its height, he received a severe

head wound. When it was seen that he had been hit, a surgeon promptly dashed to his aid, but, with characteristic unselfishness and pluck, he refused to have the wound dressed until it was his turn. When the news of his smashing victory reached England, Nelson was idolized throughout the country, and honours of every description were heaped on him. He was raised to the peerage, and took the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile.

Revelling in the glory of his great achievement, Nelson next saw service in Italy and the Mediterranean. When Naples was attacked by the French, Nelson conveyed the Neapolitan court to Palermo. From this bit of service he returned to England in 1800.

Proceeds to the Baltic

Promoted vice-admiral in 1801, he went to the Baltic, where trouble was threatened owing to Denmark's refusal to allow Britain the right to search Danish vessels. Influenced by Napoleon, Russia and Sweden gave their support to their neighbour, and the three Baltic powers formed what was known as the Armed Neutrality.

When the British fleet, on its coercive mission, arrived off Copenhagen, Admiral Sir Hyde

For biographies not included in the groups see detailed index

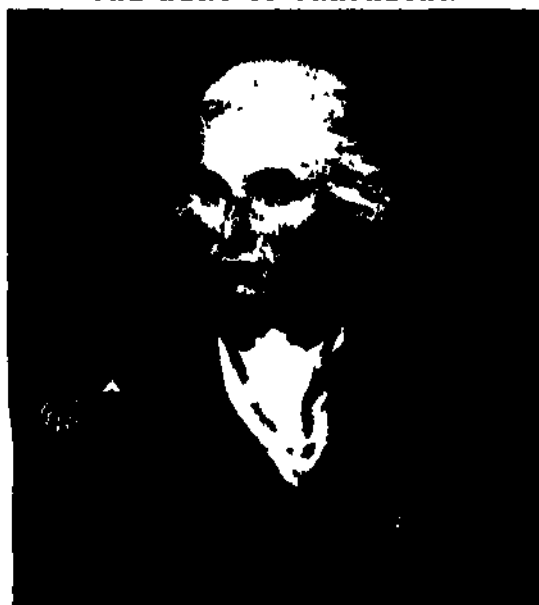
LORD NELSON

Battle of Trafalgar

Parker, who was in command, was for a long time undecided how to act. The Danish fleet had taken up a position that was to all appearances impregnable, and he had no faith in the success of a British attack against such terrible odds. But the thought of returning without risking a battle was repugnant to Nelson, who submitted a plan of campaign to which Parker eventually agreed.

"The boldest methods are the safest," Nelson said, and on the 2nd April he led the fleet in one of the most audacious assaults in naval history. Floating batteries, shore batteries, and the powerful Danish fleet raked his ships as they approached, and for hours the fight raged with terrible intensity.

THE HERO OF TRAFALGAR



Duty was the keynote of Nelson's famous signal at the battle of Trafalgar, and the last words of the dying admiral were, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

In the midst of the battle, fearing that the day was going against Britain, Parker signalled for Nelson to retire. Placing his telescope to his blind eye, Nelson is said to have remarked "I really do not see the signal."

What at one time threatened to be a great disaster was turned into a remarkable triumph, and Nelson returned home once more to receive a most enthusiastic welcome from his countrymen. As a reward for this brilliant achievement he was made a viscount.

Defeated in the Near East and again in the Baltic, Napoleon was next credited with the intention of invading England, and to counter this ambition Nelson was for some considerable time in command of a "squadron on a par-

ticular service," whose mission was to strengthen our coastal defences. In 1803 he was called from retirement to take command of the Mediterranean Fleet, and the same year he hoisted his flag on the *Victory*.

Napoleon was anxious for the French and Spanish fleets to join forces in the West Indies, and, to prevent this, Nelson lay off the port of Toulon for fourteen months waiting for the French ships to put to sea. After one unsuccessful attempt, Villeneuve, the French commander, managed to escape, and Nelson pursued him to the West Indies and back again. Having failed to prevent the French and Spaniards from combining, Nelson awaited the right moment to strike, and finally brought them to bay off Cape Trafalgar.

The Famous Signal at Trafalgar

On the 21st October, 1805, he gave the order for battle, flying from the mast-head of the *Victory* his famous signal: "England expects that every man will do his duty."

For weeks Nelson had coached his officers in their various duties, and his attack was launched with the care and precision that had characterized his plans. The story of how, on that great day, he destroyed the enemy fleets, of the stirring events that preceded their final overthrow, of how in the very hour of his triumph the heroic British admiral was mortally wounded, is one of the most familiar in history.

The great commander was struck down while the *Victory* was engaged in combat with the *Redoubtable*. For three hours he lay in the cock-pit, listening to the cheers which informed him how the day was going, giving orders to Hardy, his trusted and sorrowing captain, and sending farewell messages.

The Dying Admiral's Last Words

Time and again the name of Lady Hamilton, whom he left "as a legacy to my country," trembled on his lips. Then, as the end approached, he asked for Hardy and inquired how the battle was going. When the captain told him that victory was assured, the dying hero called on his comrade for one last act of affection. "Kiss me, Hardy," he murmured. At half-past four in the afternoon he breathed his last, his final words being, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

With her flag at half-mast, the *Victory* carried home her precious burden, and when the highest possible honours had been paid to his memory, England's "greatest seaman since our world began," as Tennyson called him, was laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral.

[See *Lives* by Captain A. T. Mahan (2 vols., 1897), R. Southey (1804), and J. N. Clarke and J. McArthur (2 vols., 1818).]

AT WORK ON A PICTURE OF HIS FAVOURITE MODEL



George Romney painting a picture of Lady Hamilton whose beauty he immortalized. A close exception to character studies and sketches. One of the most famous is the well-known picture called "The Spinners." For many years the man in Cavendish Square—as Sir Joshua Reynolds contemptuously called his rival—deliberately curtailed the number of his sitters so that he might be able to devote more time to recording her charms. Indeed Romney has himself confessed that it was Lady Hamilton who inspired what was most beautiful in his art.

Painted specially for this work by DUKE & LENNART

A PORTRAIT-PAINTER *who* RIVALLED REYNOLDS

George Romney, Who by His Delicate and Sympathetic Art has Left to the World an Enchanting Record of the Society of His Day

THERE are certain professions which appear to thrive upon poverty—that is to say, the poorer in worldly goods the exponent the better the quality of the work he turns out. Of no profession is this more true than that of art.

There are recorded numerous instances of painters who have started in the very lowest rank of life, and who have attained both honour and wealth. A typical instance of this is George Romney, who from being the humble son of a cabinet-maker became one of the most fashionable portrait-painters of his day.

George Romney was born at Becksida, a modest house in Dalton-in-Furness, Lancashire, on the 15th December, 1734. His father, John Romney, farmed a small plot, which he had inherited, and occupied the remainder of his time in building and cabinet-making. The painter's mother came from Cumberland, and Romney himself was the second of a family of eleven.

Like many another notable artist, he does not seem to have been very brilliant at school. His first master, the Rev. Mr. Fell, taught him for 5s. a quarter, while at his second school—a boarding school—the fees were but £4 10s. a year. So little progress did he make with his studies that even these modest sums were voted a useless



"Miss Charlotte Peirce," a delightfully characteristic example of Romney's power of capturing the charm of a beautiful face and form.

expenditure, and when he was about eleven years of age he was taken away from school and put into his father's workshop.

Here he immediately distinguished himself, but, strangely enough, the form which his genius first took was the manufacture of fiddles, which he ornamented with elaborate carving. Many of these were given away or sold for a mere song, but the gift of one of them was to repay him a hundredfold in after life. Its recipient was a former schoolfellow, named Greene, who afterwards became a well-known attorney and Romney's adviser in money affairs.

Side by side with the fiddle-making Romney devoted himself to drawing, and he is said to have spent most of his leisure hours in transferring to paper the portraits of his father's workmen. He also copied engravings from an illustrated monthly magazine, and so expert did he become that a relation, Mr. Lewthwaite, strongly recommended his father to make an artist of the boy.

It seemed a strange calling to John Romney, but, persuaded perhaps by the merit of the lad's work, he consented, and accordingly George was apprenticed to an itinerant portrait-painter named Edward Steele, who happened at that time to be working in

Kendal. This took place in March, 1755, when Romney was twenty-one.

It cannot be ascertained that the pupil gained very much from his master. Steele troubled very little about Romney, whose time was occupied chiefly in drudgery in the studio. After about a year of apprenticeship Steele ran away to Gretna Green with a lady pupil, and in this affair Romney was his master's confidant. So excited was he over it that he fell into a fever, through which he was nursed by his landlady's daughter, Mary Abbott. With her he fell violently in love, and before long they became secretly engaged.

Decides to Get Married

In the meantime, Steele had settled in York, from which town he wrote asking his pupil to join him. Romney, unwilling to leave his betrothed behind, decided upon marriage, to the great anger of his parents. As a mere apprentice he earned nothing. Indeed, during his stay at York he received occasional half-guineas from his wife, sent under the seals of letters.

At York Steele and his pupil practised for nearly a year before removing to Lancashire, where Romney became tired of his apprenticeship, and proposed that it should be cancelled in consideration of a sum of £10, which he had lent his master. To this Steele, somewhat generously, agreed, and Romney returned to Kendal, where he set up for himself, taking as assistant his brother, Peter, a lad of sixteen.

His first known work as an independent artist shows very little trace of genius. It was, indeed, a sign for the Kendal post office, depicting a hand holding a letter. He soon, however, attracted the attention of the wealthier inhabitants, of whom he painted numerous portraits, for which he received an exceedingly modest fee—two guineas for a three-quarter figure and six guineas for a whole length. These were the maximum prices that he obtained; on other occasions he was paid no more than a few shillings.

The artist was by no means content. He felt that he had it in him to do really good work, and work which would earn him substantial sums. The only way of realizing his ambition was to go to London, but the question arose—how was he to find the money? After much thought he tried a curious experiment.

Raffles Pictures at Town Hall

Having obtained a series of prints of the Dutch masters, he made copies in oils, and these, together with a few original works, he exhibited in the town hall at Kendal, afterwards raffling them for half-a-guinea a ticket. The proceeds, together with his savings and those of his wife, made up a sum of £100, and

with the full permission of his wife, who by this time had borne him a son and a daughter, he set off alone for London, where it was arranged that he should stay until his prospects warranted him sending for his family.

Resolved to Conquer London

Thus we find him in 1762 resolved to make an impression on the great art circles of the metropolis. His friends there numbered but two—Greene, his former schoolfellow, and Braithwaite of the Post Office, who found him a lodging in Dove Court, near the Mansion House. In the following year he painted his first ambitious picture, "The Death of General Wolfe," and on its completion he sent it to the Society of Arts.

To his immense delight he was awarded the second prize of fifty guineas, but his joy was turned into chagrin when the judges revised their decision and bestowed upon him a consolation prize of twenty-five guineas. It was ever afterwards believed by Romney and his friends that the prime mover in the revision of the award was Sir Joshua Reynolds, and this fact probably originated the antagonism which ever afterwards existed between the two great artists. Whatever may be the truth of the matter, it is certain that Romney's picture was bought by Rowland Stephenson, the banker, who presented it to Governor Henry Verelst by whom it was hung in the Calcutta council chamber.

In 1764 Romney set off with his friend Greene to Paris, where he remained for six weeks, spending most of his time at the Orleans Gallery. On his return to London he changed his abode to Gray's Inn, in order to be near his friend, and from that time his success as an artist was assured.

Wins Prize of Fifty Guineas

His first sinner of note was Sir Joseph Yates, a judge of the King's Bench, who recommended him to many other members of the legal profession. The following year saw his talent officially recognized by the bestowal of the Society of Arts prize of fifty guineas. After a visit to his family in 1767 Romney changed his living quarters once more, moving to Great Newport Street.

Here he struck up a friendship with Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, who paid him the sum of ten guineas for his portrait, which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, London. This sum was in excess of his customary fee—eight guineas was his usual price for a three-quarter portrait. The transaction had far-reaching effects, for it not only confirmed the friendship, but it introduced him to numerous other patrons.

From 1768 to 1772 Romney's work consisted

THE FAREWELL SITTING OF ROMNEY'S MOST FAMOUS MODEL



"Lady Hamilton's Last Sitting to George Romney," after the painting by Fred Roe. In a letter of the 29th August, 1792, to his friend, William Hayley, Romney wrote: "I was very successful with the picture . . . it is thought the most beautiful head I have painted of her yet." Shortly afterwards his beautiful model married Sir William Hamilton.

principally of family groups and portraits, which he sent to various exhibitions and from which he derived an income of over £1,000 a year. It might have been thought that, his position being firmly established, he would have sent for his wife and family to join him, but he preferred instead to spend his money on a visit to Italy.

After having been delayed by an attack of fever he actually left England on the 20th March, 1773, and, passing through France, went by sea from Genoa to Leghorn, overland to Florence, and thence to Rome. A letter of introduction from the Duke of Gloucester to the Pope procured him quarters in the Jesuits' college, and his time was spent in the assiduous copying of great pictures by the old masters and in studying examples of antique sculpture.

Copies Raphael's Altar-piece

One of the most interesting of his copies was that of Raphael's altar-piece in San Pietro in Montorio, for which a scaffolding had to be erected. On this platform Romney toiled while

the clergy were actually conducting their services. He was afterwards offered, by the Duke of Richmond, £100 for this copy, but he refused to accept it. After the artist's death it was sold at the auction of his effects for six guineas. Another interesting work of this period was the portrait of a notorious street beggar, a dwarf named Balocco.

Takes House in Cavendish Square

After two years' absence Romney returned to London, where he found that his brother, Peter, who had set up as a portrait painter in Cambridge, had run into debt. Although his own finances were at a somewhat low ebb, Romney very generously came to his brother's assistance, paid his creditors, and established him at Southport. He then decided on the step—exceedingly bold for one having so little money—of taking a large house and studio at No. 32 Cavendish Square, which had recently become vacant.

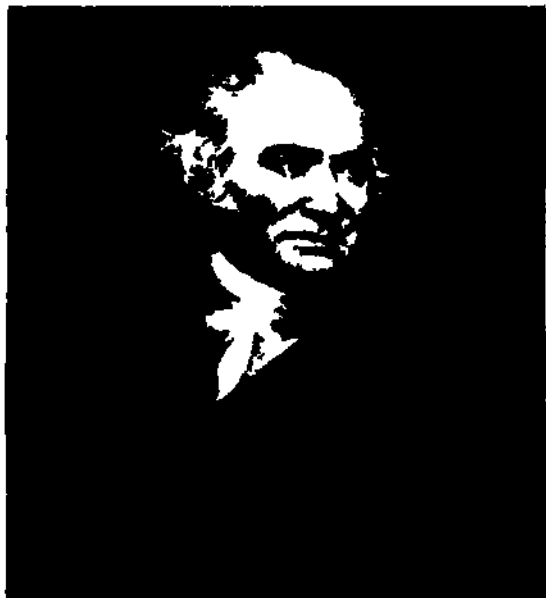
Before very long, however, the move was justified and Romney's anxieties dispelled, for

he received a commission for a three-quarter length portrait of the Duke of Richmond. The importance of this incident can scarcely be over-estimated, for the duke was president of the Society of Arts and, of course, brought with him a vast crowd of fashionable sitters.

In a comparatively short time Romney was famous—so famous, indeed, that he rivalled the great Reynolds himself. Lord Thurlow remarked at this period: "All the town is divided into two factions, the Reynolds and the Romney, and I am of the Romney faction."

Between 1775 and 1781 notable pictures of his were the portrait of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, which work he never actually

THE FAMOUS SOCIETY PAINTER



Although he produced some magnificent portraits of men, Romney was at his happiest in his pictures of beautiful women, of children, and of family groups.

finished owing to the unpunctuality of his sitter, and the very delightful group of Lady Warwick with her children. His sitters also included Mrs. Davenport, the actress; Charlotte, daughter of Lord Clive; Lady E. Spencer, afterwards Countess of Pembroke; and Harriet Mellon, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans.

To this period, too, belong three beautiful groups of children—the Staffords, the Claverings, and the Beauforts. David Garrick, the actor, also proposed to sit for Romney, as he had promised previously, shortly after the artist's first arrival in London. Incidentally, this proposal nearly cost Romney his life, for on his way to the theatre to study the great master of tragedy in his last appearance (the 10th June, 1776) he caught a severe chill.

It is somewhat strange that Romney never sent any works to the Royal Academy, but the reason may be ascribed to his unfriendliness with Sir Joshua Reynolds, although the jealousy appears to have been almost entirely on the side of the latter. Be this as it may, it was not until 1871, nearly seventy years after his death, that a Romney picture hung on the Academy walls. This was the portrait of Lady Russell and her child, painted in 1784, and one of the most beautiful of all his groups.

Relations with His Wife

Although by this time his continuous success was assured, and no question of finance need have hampered him, Romney made no attempt to bring his wife and son to London—his daughter had died at the age of three. There does not seem, however, to have been any estrangement between them, for he provided for them most liberally and went to see them at frequent intervals.

It is true that in later years his son visited him at his house, but, as Mrs. Romney made no attempt to join her husband, it may be assumed that she realized that her humble birth might stand in the way of her husband's success. It is not probable, either, that his infatuation for his beautiful model, Emma Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton, contributed in any way to what has been called Romney's neglect of his wife.

For several years Romney reduced the number of his sitters, in order that he might devote more time to painting his beautiful model. He has immortalized her in various rôles: as a Bacchante, as Joan of Arc, as Tragedy and Comedy, as a nun—as, indeed, almost every character which he fancied would suit her surpassing loveliness. Two pictures were painted for the Prince of Wales, who paid £100 each for them, but this series of portraits ended on Emma Hart's marriage.

At the Height of His Prosperity

From 1786 to 1790 Romney was probably earning more by his brush than any other artist of his time, and his sitters included the most famous in the land. The most he ever received, however, for a portrait was 120 guineas, a very modest sum when compared with the thousands which even the most indifferent example of his work obtains in the sale rooms to-day. But he was a rapid worker, painting, perhaps, on an average, at least thirty portraits a year.

In 1790 Romney paid a second visit to Paris, and on his return painted a number of pictures for Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery." The difference between the characters of Reynolds and Romney is shown by the manner in which they undertook these commissions.

THE POETIC GRACE OF ROMNEY



The bewitching face of Lady Hamilton smiles at us from many of Romney's canvases. This picture of her is known as "The Spinster." Romney's work is noted for its poetical treatment and elusive grace.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

THE ALL-TRUSTING LOVE OF CHILDHOOD DAYS



This delightful picture, "Lady with a Child," in the National Gallery, London, is painted with all that delicacy and charm that characterize the best of Romney's portraits.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

AN ENGLISHMAN OF STATELY MIEN



Portrait of Jacob Morland of Capplethwaite, in the National Gallery London. Romney early attracted the attention of the country magnates, for whom he would paint a portrait for a very modest fee.

For biographies not included in the Groups see Detailed Index

LADIES FAIR IN ALL THEIR WITCHER



Portrait of Miss Remus, a striking example of Romney's appealing and graceful charm.



Sketch portrait of Lady Hamilton, which may be seen in the National Gallery, London.



Portrait of Lady Hamilton as a bacchante, also in the National Gallery, London.



In this portrait of Mrs. Trotter, Romney shows his consummate draughtsmanship.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed index

Reynolds insisted on receiving £500 before he would touch his canvas of "Macbeth," a like sum being paid to him on its completion; whereas Romney, always unpractical, received but six hundred guineas for his work illustrating "The Tempest," and received this only after a delay of several years.

In 1792 Romney met the poet, Cowper at Earsham. The two were mutually attracted, and Romney illustrated one of Cowper's poems, besides executing a drawing of its author. The poet repaid the compliment with a sonnet which describes Romney as "the artist shining with superior grace."

His Health Causes Alarm

This visit, however, marks the beginning of the artist's decline. In a letter to his son describing the visit we learn that Romney's health throughout the year had been very indifferent, although he declared himself better for the change. In 1794 the son was so alarmed at his father's ill-health that he carried him off for a holiday to the Isle of Wight.

But the change availed him little. As his health failed he grew more and more morbid, suffering from fits of depression, during which he would be exceedingly irritable. These fits alternated with exalted moods, in which he was wont to plan undertakings so vast that they were impossible of completion, even had his health been normal.

On one occasion he proposed to leave his immense house in Cavendish Square, on the plea that it was too small, and to build another of more suitable size. His son actually found him in negotiation for possession of a site on the Edgware Road, and he was able to dissuade him only with the greatest difficulty. Nevertheless, he could not prevent his father purchasing a house on Holly Bush Hill, Hampstead, and when it was procured, the artist immediately began some extensive alterations, substituting a picture gallery for the stables, and building a timber arcade for a riding-house.

House Packed with Unfinished Pictures

Even this mansion had insufficient room to accommodate the vast number of pictures which Romney started and never completed. What is more, they were utterly neglected, and many were ruined by damp and exposure to the weather.

In 1798 the artist's health grew steadily worse. A tour with his son in the north of England had little beneficial effect. He complained of dizziness and of a numbness in his hands, which made painting impossible, while his sight, too, began to fail. In the depths of melancholy and depression he bethought himself at last of his wife, and, without telling anyone, he left London for Kendal.

During the last two years of his life Mary Romney nursed him devotedly, occupying every minute of her time with a husband whom she had hardly seen during the period of his prosperity. But she never once uttered a word of reproach. In spite of her devotion, however, he became hopelessly imbecile, quite unable to

A HEROINE OF OLDEN TIME



Romney's version of Cressida, the heroine of Shakespeare's play, *Troilus and Cressida*, the plot of which is based upon an ancient legend.

recognize anyone around him, and at last passed away on the 15th November, 1802.

He was buried in the churchyard of his native village, and his tombstone bears the following inscription: "To the memory of George Romney, Esquire, the celebrated painter, who died at Kendal on the 15th November, 1802, in the sixty-eighth year of his age and was interred

at Dalton, the place of his birth. So long as genius and talent shall be respected his fame will live."

In spite of the fact that Romney was a great society painter, he showed very little taste for the company of his sitters. Naturally shy, he may have felt something of his humble origin and lack of education, for he was unable to write a letter without making the most grotesque misspellings. There is little doubt that his so-called neglect of his wife has unduly prejudiced people against his character.

He was a very generous man, not only to his family but to struggling artists. Envy and jealousy were strangers to him; with the

A CELEBRATED CONTEMPORARY OF GARRICK



Portrait by Romney of John Henderson as Macbeth, in the Garrick Club, London. Henderson made his first appearance on the stage at Bath, and quickly became popular. The "Bath Roscius," as he was called, stood next to Garrick in the public esteem.

exception of Reynolds, he had no enemies. His son has said of him that he never uttered a bitter or ungenerous speech about any other brother artist.

As a painter he is worthy to rank among the greatest of the English school. His work is marked by a strong sense of character, by firmness of line, and by deep appreciation of colour. Few painters have been more innately artistic than Romney. There is an admirably conceived scheme behind every one of his works, and, when we consider the lack of instruction which he received, his success is indeed a wonderful triumph.

There is no denying the fact, however, that he was a wayward artist. He had no fixed purpose or sustained energy. Unlike Millais or many another of the British School, he was unable to say, "I have painted a great picture," and to leave it at that.

His sketches were wonderful, if we judge them merely as sketches; but it always seemed to be too much trouble for him to finish them. Possibly this was partly due to his lack of training and his innate laziness. This is proved by the fact that, like a sulky child, he would often turn one of his paintings to the wall, either because he was not satisfied with it, or because he had not sufficient energy to carry it to completion.

Notwithstanding, although it may be said that a great picture requires great perseverance—which Romney never possessed—he must still rank as a marvellous artist. He had what few other artists have possessed—a true insight into the feminine mind. No one can examine his "Parson's Daughter" without feeling at once the charm of the subject, and at the same time realizing that, even if he has been dubbed a fashionable painter, he at least knew something of character and could interpret charm in such a way as could few of his brother artists.

He is not quite so successful in his paintings of men, but there are some few of these

that stand out as triumphs of characterization. Take, for example, the heads of Cowper and Wilkes, and the dignified full-length portrait of William Beckford. It is significant, however, of the continuance of his popularity that his portrait of "Macnab," displayed in the Palace of Arts at the British Empire Exhibition in 1924, attracted more attention than perhaps any other picture.

His children are delightful. Romney always put his heart into the painting of family groups, and had great sympathy with children.

[See Lives, by G. Paston (1902), H. Gamlin (1894), W. Hayley (1806), and Sir H. E. Maxwell (1902).]

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

A SKILFUL DELINEATOR of HUMANITY

George Eliot, Who by Her Insight, Sympathy, Tolerance, and Wit Transmuted the Creatures of Her Fancy into Actors in the Great Drama of Life

A LITTLE eight-year-old girl was writing in a sunny room of a house in Warwickshire. Her rebellious hair streamed over her eyes, but she did not allow this to interfere with her self-appointed task. Day after day she had been busy with her pen, until at last her elders were moved to find out what it was that kept the little maiden thus occupied.

Glancing over the lines, which ran like "portly spiders" over the pages, they were amazed

to see that little Marian had been writing a childish paraphrase of Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley." The fascinating volume had been lent to her elder sister, and had been partly read by Marian, who, when the book had been returned, began to write out what she had read of the story—an early instance of her capacity for taking pains, which she inherited from both parents and which, in after years, was to mark the work of George Eliot, the name by which Marian came to be known in the world of letters.

Mary Ann Evans, or Marian, as she called herself, was born on the 22nd November, 1819, at Arbury Farm, in the parish of Chilvers-Coton, Warwickshire. Her father, Robert Evans, had been brought up to his father's business of builder and carpenter, and by his industry, capacity, and high character had materially improved his position.

Marian's mother had "a considerable dash of the Mrs. Poyser vein in her." She was an affectionate, warm-hearted, bustling woman, ever busy with her churns and cream pans, and the possessor of a voluble and epigrammatic tongue. She came of a race of yeomen, and hence her social position at the time of her marriage was a little higher than her husband's.

Robert Evans was famed for his natural aptitudes, physical strength, and determination.

He had the keen eye of the skilled workman with whom work is a religion, being able to calculate with amazing nicety the quantity of timber in a standing tree. Once, while travelling on the top of a coach in Kent, a woman sitting next to him complained that a sailor on her other side was annoying her. Robert changed places with the woman, and, taking the sailor by the collar, forced him under the seat and, with an iron hand, held him there for the rest of the stage.

AT A CRITICAL STAGE OF HER LIFE



George Eliot at the age of twenty-three, after the water-colour painting by her friend, Mrs. Charles Bray, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Again, happening to pass while two labourers were waiting for a third to help in moving a high heavy ladder used in thatching ricks, he stopped, braced himself for a mighty effort, and, to the wide-eyed astonishment of the beholders, carried the ladder unaided from one rick to another. With this strength of body and character he combined a certain self-distrust. This was probably due to his imperfect early education, which resulted in a submissiveness in his domestic relations.

That part of Robert Evans's prime to which he most often referred had fallen in the days when the great wave of political enthusiasm had ebbed. He was sixteen

when the French Revolution began. To his thinking, the noisy teachers of revolutionary doctrines were part fools, part knaves, and the well-being of the nation lay in a strong government which would resolutely maintain order.

"I was accustomed," said Marian, "to hear him utter the word 'government' in a tone that charged it with awe," and this early association of ideas was the foundation of George Eliot's latent conservative bias, and in no small measure the key to the mental attitude of the future writer.

When Marian was four months old, the Evans family moved to "Griff," a pretty red-brick ivy-covered house on the Arbury estate,

and in this "warm little nest where her affections were fledged," the observant, studious child spent the remainder of her first twenty-one years. She was a great favourite with her father, who often took her with him on his drives about the neighbourhood. Standing between her father's knees, as he drove leisurely along the lanes, the little girl drank in that knowledge of the country and the country folk which she was destined to turn to such good account in her novels.

From her earliest years she possessed one trait which remained with her through life—the absolute need of one person who should be all in all to her, and to whom she should be

WHERE SHE FIRST FELL UNDER THE SPELL OF BOOKS



George Eliot's schoolroom at Miss Wallington's school at Nuneaton, at which she remained from her eighth to her thirteenth year. It was at this school that she first discovered the fascination of books.

all in all. As a tiny child she was devoted to her brother—in one of her sonnets she says:

But were another childhood's world my share,
I would be born a little sister there—

And the time when he had a pony given to him and ceased to play with her was a crisis in her young life.

In 1824 Marian joined her sister at a boarding school at Attleborough, a mile or two from "Griff." Here she was happy enough, the other girls, all of whom were considerably older, making a pet of their little companion. In later life she told her husband that she found it difficult to keep warm at this school, as there were so many girls and such a small fireplace, and that she there first suffered from those night fears, which so often come to sensitive children, and which she never, even in later life succeeded in banishing.

At her next school, at Nuneaton, whither she went in her eighth year, books became her

passion. She read everything she could lay her hands on. Among her favourites were "The Pilgrim's Progress," Defoe's "History of the Devil," "Rasselas," and the works of Charles Lamb and Sir Walter Scott. It was at this period that she began the formidable task of reproducing a part of "Waverley" from memory. The usual school work came very easily to her, and the religious side of her nature was greatly developed by the strong evangelical influence of the head governess.

When she was thirteen, she was removed to an excellent school at Coventry, where she had good masters in French, German, and music, and was at once recognized as the most promising pupil, especially in the writing of English. Her compositions, which rarely needed correction, were reserved by the teachers for private reading and enjoyment, instead of being read in the class like those of her comrades.

In the winter of 1835 Marian left school. In the following summer her mother died, after a long and painful illness, and in the spring of 1837 her sister married and the entire charge of the household at "Griff" devolved on the eighteen-year-old girl. With her innate desire for perfection, she quickly became an exemplary housewife. She also employed herself actively in works of charity, and at the same time continued to keep up her studies.

But this life, filled with interest though it was, and the source of some of her most appealing literary creations, could not but be monotonous, difficult, and discouraging to a young girl of hungry intellect and ardently affectionate nature. Her brother had now begun to take a share in his father's work, and found his relaxation in hunting, which did not appeal to Marian. He also became a High Churchman, a change which did not fit in with her strong evangelical bent. She had been greatly impressed by her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Evans, who was a Methodist preacher.

When Marian was twenty-one a change took place in her life, which was to have far-reaching results. Her brother married and took over his father's business at "Griff," and old Mr. Evans moved, with his daughter, to Coventry. The remote farming district was exchanged for a busy manufacturing town, and Marian soon found herself gaining a new set of experiences.

Her life was no longer one of intellectual isolation. She became very friendly with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray, who lived at a comfortable house called Rosehill, and with Mr. Charles Hennell, Mrs. Bray's brother. Mr. Bray wrote books of a freethinking tendency, and Mr. Hennell, in writing his "Enquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity," had himself turned sceptic.

Marian quickly absorbed these new habits of thought, and before long her religious opinions underwent a complete change. It became clear to her that there were regions of speculation which her evangelical governess and her aunt, the Methodist preacher, had never entered. Isaac Taylor's "Ancient Christianity" had suggested doubts, and she had been shocked by the union of low moral tone with strong religious feelings which she had found among the poor Methodists she had been in the habit of visiting.

Influence of Scott's Novels

When asked in later life what influence had unsettled her orthodoxy, she attributed the change to Sir Walter Scott's novels. According to Francis Newman, Cardinal Newman's brother, it was Scott's romantic tendency that led to the movement towards the mediæval Church. George Eliot, however, was influenced by a deeper characteristic of the novelist. Though Scott hated the fanaticism of the Covenanters, she could not fail to see that some of his most arresting pictures were drawn from their sturdy heroism and stern morality. Moreover, Scott shows little or no sectarian zeal. The qualities that appealed to him were found equally among all creeds.

In some such way, perhaps, this large-hearted woman came to accept the view that the wide sympathy which is ready to recognize good wherever it exists is difficult to reconcile with the doctrine that regards salvation as associated with the acceptance of any particular dogma. In short, her increasing culture made her unwilling to believe in the exclusive claims of any religion.

In January, 1842, Marian refused to go to church. Her father, a churchman of the old school, was greatly upset, and made arrangements to live with his married daughter, while Marian thought of going to Leamington as a teacher. For three weeks she stayed with her brother at "Griff," but, through the intervention of her friends, she eventually made it up with her father, returned to Coventry, and went to

church as usual with him. But she was never orthodox again. From that time she was a convinced rationalist. She soon, however, came to think that she had been over-rigid in her desire to avoid insincerity.

In 1844 she began her first important piece of literary work, the translation of David Strauss's "Life of Jesus," a book written from the extreme rationalistic standpoint. Though the labour may have been dull, the effort to reproduce the author's thoughts was undoubtedly useful in forming her literary style.

IN THE FULL TIDE OF HER FAME



The great novelist at the age of forty-two, from a drawing by Sir Frederick Burton, in the National Portrait Gallery, London. At the time this portrait was made she was engaged upon "Felix Holt."

After her father's death in 1849 she stayed some months on the Continent with the Brays, and, on returning to England, was offered and accepted the assistant-editorship of the *Westminster Review*, living for some time at the offices in the Strand, London. Here she worked and read hard, and became acquainted with most of the eminent writers who were on the side of intellectual advance. One of the most important contributors was Herbert Spencer, and Marian and the author of "Social

Statics" soon became firm friends. Towards the end of 1851 Herbert Spencer, who was twice to prove her fairy godfather, introduced her to George Henry Lewes.

On a young lady deeply interested in philosophy and the new ideas, this dazzling Bohemian, who knew and could talk brilliantly on all that was being written in England, France, and Germany, and was equally well acquainted with the last new London play or oratorio, was bound to make a strong impression. At first Marian was inclined to be repelled by his levity, but, as she grew to know him better, she discovered that he was far different from what he seemed—"a man of heart and conscience, wearing a mask of flippancy." The attraction was mutual and increased considerably as the acquaintance continued to become closer.

HER CHILDHOOD HOME IN LEAFY WARWICKSHIRE



"Griff," the pretty red-brick ivy-covered house on the Arbury estate to which Robert Evans moved when his daughter, Marian, was four months old. In this "warm little nest where her affections were sedged" Marian spent the remainder of her first twenty-one years.

Mr. Lewes had married some years earlier, but his family life had been irretrievably spoiled and his home entirely broken up. Marian had long protested against the indissolubility of marriage, and held, with Milton, that so close a bond between persons not united in soul was intolerable. Though a legal divorce was impossible, she held that she was justified in forming a union, which she regarded as equivalent to marriage.

Her attitude is very clearly shown in a letter that she wrote in September, 1855, to her friend,

Mrs. Bray, in which she expresses herself as follows:

If there is any one action or relation of my life which is, and always has been profoundly serious, it is my relation to Mr. Lewes. It is, however, natural enough that you should mistake me in many ways, for not only are you unacquainted with Mr. Lewes's real character and the course of his actions, but, also, it is several years now since you and I were much together, and it is possible that the modifications my mind has undergone may be quite in the opposite direction of what you imagine.

No one can be better aware than yourself that it is possible for two people to hold different opinions on momentous subjects with equal sincerity, and an equally earnest conviction that their respective opinions are alone the true moral ones. If we differ on the subject of the marriage laws, I, at least, can believe of you that you cleave to what you believe to be good; and I don't know of anything in the nature of your views that should prevent you from believing the same of me. . . . Light and easily broken ties are what I

neither desire theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do not act as I have done.

That any unworldly, unsuspicious person who is sufficiently acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relation to Mr. Lewes immoral, I can only understand by remembering how subtle and complex are the influences that mould opinion. But I do remember this: and I indulge in no arrogant or uncharitable thoughts about those who condemn us, even though we might have expected a somewhat different verdict. . . . We are leading no life of self-indulgence, except, indeed, that being happy in each other, we find everything easy. We are working hard to provide for others better than we provide for ourselves, and to fulfil every responsibility that lies upon us.

Marian had always cherished a dream that she might one day write a novel, but, had it not been for the quick perception of Mr. Lewes, this dream might never have been fulfilled. She had already written an opening chapter describing life in a country village, but had grown despondent, thinking she had no dramatic or constructive power. One evening, however, she read the fragment to Mr. Lewes, who thought the experiment of novel-writing well worth a trial, particularly as it was the most lucrative form of literary work.

Thus encouraged, she set to work, and in

A COMFORTABLE HAVEN AMONG THE SURREY HILLS



"The Heights," the house at Witley, near Godalming, which was bought in 1876 with the idea of making it a permanent home. Born and brought up far from towns, George Eliot loved the quiet of the country, and she and Mr. Lewes were overjoyed when they found this comfortable haven among the Surrey hills.

less than two months had finished a story, which was sent to John Blackwood, the Scottish publisher. In January, 1857, it was published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the title of "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton"—the first of the series published together at the beginning of 1858 as "Scenes of Clerical Life."

Written Under an Assumed Name

She wrote under an assumed name because a *nom de guerre* secured, as she said, "all the advantages without the disagreeables of reputation." The name George Eliot was adopted because George was Mr. Lewes's name and because Eliot was "a good mouth-filling, easily pronounced name." The Press generally gave a languid welcome to the book, but she received encouragement from private sources, the most enthusiastic praise coming from Dickens, who also suspected that the author must be a woman.

In 1858 appeared "Adam Bede," judged by many to be her masterpiece. The book was hailed with delight both by the critics and the reading public, and placed her at once in the first rank of Victorian novelists. The original agreement had been for £800 for four

years' copyright, but so tremendous was the success—seven editions were printed during the first year—that Blackwood gave her a further £800 and relinquished the copyright, at the same time offering her £2,000 for 4,000 copies of her next novel and a similar rate of payment for further editions. "Adam Bede" was quoted in the House of Commons before the book had been published three months. In commenting on a Bill, Mr. Charles Buxton, in the words of the inimitable Mrs. Poyser, stated that "it wants to be hatched over again, and hatched different."

Criticism of Bulwer-Lytton

Amid the general chorus of praise Bulwer-Lytton almost alone found shortcomings in the book, objecting to the use of dialect and also to Adam's marriage. These, however, were not flaws in the eyes of George Eliot, who declared that she "would rather have her teeth drawn than give up either."

It was not surprising that people familiar with the district in which the action of "Adam Bede" was laid should have been able to guess at the originals of some of the characters in the novels. Talk was rife, and discussion of the "persons of the tale" led to curiosity as to the

identity of the author. A friend of the author's actually wrote to her asking whether she had read George Eliot's books, and at the same time informed her that the writer of them lived in the district.

This gifted individual, he went on to say, was receiving nothing from the publishers for "Adam Bede"—he had given them the book. The secret of the authorship had been revealed to Blackwood alone soon after the appearance of "Scenes of Clerical Life," but, as it seemed probable that doubt about it might lead to confusion and annoyance, no further trouble was taken to cover the writer's identity.

A series of remarkable novels followed, varying in topic but all marked with the

AN UNFAILING CHAMPION



George Henry Lewes, the brilliant and versatile writer, whose tender devotion, encouragement, and sympathy exerted so powerful an influence on George Eliot's life.

unmistakable stamp of genius. In 1860 "The Mill on the Floss," in 1861 "Silas Marner," in 1862-3 "Romola," and in 1866 "Felix Holt"—all were welcomed by an ever-increasing army of readers. In 1868 she produced *The Spanish Gypsy*, a blank-verse drama, and in 1874 a volume of verse, "The Legend of Jubal and Other Poems." The novel "Middlemarch," a wonderful study of English character, supreme among its kind in English literature, was published in 1872, and was followed in 1876 by "Daniel Deronda," a work of great distinction, but in its nature not calculated to make a very wide appeal.

Two years after the appearance of "Daniel Deronda" came the death-blow to her artistic

vitality. For some time George Lewes's health had been failing. Late in 1878 he became seriously ill—and he died on the 28th November at "The Priory," Regent's Park, the house which, of all others, is so intimately associated with George Eliot's memory, for it was the scene of those famous Sunday afternoon receptions, which were frequented by the large circle of her friends and admirers of her genius.

From this shock she never really recovered, although she was to enjoy a few more years of quiet happiness. She corrected the proofs of "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such," a collection of essays which Lewes had approved, but she wrote no more.

Marriage to Mr. Cross

Once more Herbert Spencer was the means, though this time indirectly, of bringing light into her life. In 1867 he had introduced Lewes to a Mrs. Cross, and the Leweses and Crosses had become intimate friends. After Lewes's death Mrs. Cross's son, John Walter Cross, a banker, had proved himself a sympathetic and helpful adviser. Similarity of tastes led to companionship, and on the 6th May, 1880, George Eliot and Mr. Cross married.

After returning from the honeymoon she had a serious illness. From this she partially recovered, but, shortly after moving to Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, she caught a chill, which brought on a fresh attack, from which she never rallied. She died on the 22nd December, 1880.

George Eliot possessed a wide and reflective intellect. In her generous tolerance she was keenly anxious to appreciate all the good that dwells beneath the commonplace. She had a quick sympathy with the nobler aspirations, and a remarkable insight into the perplexities that beset even the strongest minds. Her wit is both playful and pungent. In her earlier novels, and in "Middlemarch," she has drawn unforgettable pictures of an England that has long since passed away.

The Performers in Her Dramas

Her little dramas are acted by quite ordinary performers, but, by her intellect, become parts of the great drama of life; her village communities, with their simple thoughts and customs, are treated as subsidiary elements in the vast social organism. And if in some of her other novels the philosophical preoccupation becomes too intrusive, we can never cease to be thankful for the mind that created the famous conversations at the Rainbow Inn, and the irresistible sophistries of the immortal Mrs. Poyser.

[See "George Eliot's Life, as Related in Her Letters and Journals," edited by J. W. Cross (3 vols., 1885-7); "George Eliot," by Leslie Stephen, in the English Men of Letters Series (1902); and the Life by Oscar Browning (1890).]

The GREATEST of MUSICAL PRODIGIES

The Incomparable Composer, Mozart, Who Won Fame in Early Boyhood, Lost His Popularity in Early Manhood, and Finally was Laid to Rest in a Pauper's Grave

THE most charming of the world's master musicians was born on the 27th January, 1756, in the ancient town of Salzburg. The Mozart family originally belonged to the artisan classes, but Leopold Mozart, Wolfgang's father, had improved his position in the world very considerably. He was an accomplished musician, and was appointed to act as "vice-kapellmeister" at the court of Sigismund, the archbishop of Salzburg.

A devout Catholic, a cultivated and witty personality, Leopold Mozart made for himself a particular niche in the busy life of the little court, and, in addition to his official duties, he also found time to teach music to the children of many of Salzburg's best families.

The "vice-kapellmeister's" wife was a good-tempered, easy-going, and beautiful woman. She had seven children, but only two, Wolfgang and his elder sister, Maria Anna (born July, 1751), survived infancy. At an early age this sister showed considerable musical talent, which her father began to cultivate by giving her lessons on the clavier. Three-year-old Wolfgang was once present at one of these lessons. He listened to the whole performance with immense interest, and, as soon as the clavier was abandoned by his father and sister, he climbed on to the music-stool and began to pick out thirds with his small hands, while his astonished and delighted father looked on.

Thenceforth it became young Wolfgang's daily pleasure to strum the clavier, and soon he began to play from memory the more striking passages in his sister's exercises. In this way he continued to teach himself until his fourth birthday, when his conscientious father took him in hand and began to give him lessons.

His wonderful progress amazed his father, experienced music-master though the latter was, and in a very short while the little boy was playing simple minuets and similar pieces correctly and in exact time. During his fifth year, moreover, he began to compose for himself. There still exists a little piece that he composed during the summer of 1762, which, though, of course, it lacks originality, nevertheless exhibits a simple melody worked

out in a form which Mozart was later to make peculiarly his own.

As a child, Mozart applied himself with the utmost diligence and enthusiasm to whatever task he had in hand, and this quality was to distinguish him all through life. For example, when he was initiated into the mysteries of arithmetic, he gave himself up to its study wholeheartedly, and walls, tables, and floor would all be covered with rows of chalk figures. During his childhood, moreover, such was the delicacy of his ear for music that any wind or discordant noise actually terrified him. Above all things, he hated the horn; "merely holding a horn towards him," wrote a friend of the Mozart family, "terrified him as much as

THE WONDER-CHILD OF MUSIC



Learning music came so easily and naturally to Mozart that, when he was in his fifth year, he began to compose many delightful little pieces for himself.

if it had been a loaded pistol."

During the year 1762 Leopold Mozart resolved to turn the musical talent of his two children to account by producing them as "infant prodigies." By way of a trial trip, he took them to Munich for a week or more. There both Wolfgang and Maria Anna distinguished themselves, and were asked to play before the elector himself. A few months afterwards they set out for Vienna, making the tedious journey by easy stages. The fame of the two children had preceded them, so that everyone was ready to patronize.

On the 13th September, Leopold Mozart received an imperial command to take his children to play before the court. Wolfgang's playing, especially, surpassed all expectations, the emperor called him "a little magician," and the ladies of the court did their very best to spoil the little boy. Wolfgang, however, cared more for his music than for their attentions, to which he submitted somewhat impatiently. On subsequent visits to court the boy musician played with the empress's children with complete contentment. His favourite was a little girl, the Archduchess

THE MASTER OF BEAUTIFUL MELODY



As a composer Mozart takes a place in the first rank. For skill, for finish, and for technical perfection, he has no equal; he was the master of the most beautiful melody.

Marie Antoinette, who eventually died on the scaffold in Paris in the days of the Revolution.

As a result of this Viennese expedition Leopold Mozart became convinced of the talents and popularity of his children, and he determined to take them all the way to Paris, so that they might repeat their success there. Stopping many times on the way, the family arrived in the French capital towards the end of the year 1763.

By means of a little influence Leopold Mozart managed to get himself and his children introduced to Mme. de Pompadour, then the most important woman in France. Wolfgang thought her "a nice lady," and wanted to kiss her. The "nice lady," however, thought otherwise, and pushed away the child, who indignantly exclaimed: "Who

is this that does not want to kiss me?—the empress (of Austria) kissed me!"

Nevertheless, Mme. de Pompadour opened the doors of Versailles to the Mozarts, and the children performed before the court, achieving another great success. Naturally this introduction served to open to them all the doors of fashionable Paris, and until May, 1764, when they moved on to London, Wolfgang and his sister were kept busily at work, fulfilling engagements and obtaining a good income. In London the now inevitable success was repeated. George III and Queen Charlotte were both delighted with Wolfgang's marvellous playing, for by now he was a really accomplished performer on the clavier, or organ, and had also already published several small volumes of his own compositions. Yet he had only just celebrated his ninth birthday.

His Role of "Infant Prodigy"

Thus Mozart had the somewhat tiresome rôle of "infant prodigy" firmly fastened to him. Vienna, Paris, and London had each in turn acclaimed him, to say nothing of many smaller cities. In fact, during his stay in England he was advertised as the "Wonder of Nature." He naturally came in for much petting, which can have done him no good at all, but he also heard the best music of each city in turn, so that before he was twelve years old he could boast a far better musical education than many mature musicians. Moreover, this great wealth of experience, received during his most impressionable years, served him excellently in later life, and enabled him to infuse a brilliance, a finish, and a versatility, still unrivalled, into his own scores.

Shortly before the end of 1766 the Mozart family returned to Salzburg, and Wolfgang was put to work upon solid musical studies. However, within nine months, he was again taken to Vienna, where he caught smallpox and nearly died. The following year he was back again in the Austrian capital, and was at once received at court and put through his paces.

Professional Intrigues and Jealousy

Owing to professional intrigues and a new wave of royal economy, this tour was not nearly so successful for the Mozarts as the former had been. Nevertheless, at the emperor's suggestion, Wolfgang composed an opera called *La Finta Semplice*, which was not performed owing to the activities of the jealous court musicians, who scented a coming rival in the young composer.

Leopold Mozart's indulgent master, the archbishop of Salzburg, heard of the opera, when, in 1768, the Mozarts had once more returned to their home, and he ordered a performance to take place in his palace. The opera

so appealed to the archbishop's fancy that he at once appointed Wolfgang his "kapellmeister." This appointment was only an honorary one, involving no duties, so that Leopold Mozart resolved to complete his son's musical education by taking him to Italy, and for this sunny country father and son set out in December, 1769.

Although Leopold Mozart was not by any means rich, he had, as he said, "always a little more than is absolutely necessary," so that it was not incumbent on him to make money enough on the journey to cover traveling expenses. Journeying by leisurely stages, the Mozarts reached Italy before Christmas. The boy musician was received everywhere with that enthusiasm which was becoming by now as wearisome as it was gratifying. In fact, Mozart senior wrote home: "There is no need to say how Wolfgang is received."

Finds a New Friend

By the end of January they were at Milan, where a warm friend and patron was found in the Austrian governor-general, Count Joseph von Firmian, who showed his young countryman every possible kindness. Hence they moved on to Bologna, and so arrived at Florence by the end of March. The short stay at Bologna proved most important, as there Wolfgang won the approval of Giovanni Martini, a venerable cleric, who was then the acknowledged arbiter of all Italy in matters of musical taste. Martini became enchanted with the boy, and his approbation ensured all doors being opened and all audiences assembling in readiness for Mozart's wonderful playing.

At Florence Wolfgang formed an almost passionate friendship with an English boy of his own age, Thomas Linley by name. This boy was studying the violin under Nardini, an illustrious professor of the city, and he and his new friend would play together by the hour, each on his favourite instrument. They parted most tearfully, after exchanging gifts, and never met again, poor Linley being drowned in England at the age of twenty-two.

During Holy Week Wolfgang and his father arrived in Rome, whither his fame had preceded him. Shortly after his arrival, he met a cardinal, who asked him his name. On

hearing it, he exclaimed: "What! Are you the famous boy of whom I have heard so much?" On the day of his arrival in the Eternal City, Mozart went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Missa* of Allegri sung. This composition was most jealously guarded, and none of the singers was allowed to remove or copy the score on pain of instant excommunication.

But owing to Mozart's amazing memory the secret now leaked out. On returning to his lodging, after the service in the Sistine Chapel had ended, the boy sat down and wrote out the entire score. The accuracy of his version was afterwards tested by Christofori, one of the papal musicians, who found scarcely a wrong note. The tale of this feat

THE TWO INFANT PRODIGES AND THEIR FATHER



As both Wolfgang and his sister were gifted with musical talent, their father decided to turn their gifts to account, and produce them as "infant prodigies." It was in this role that they visited Austria, France, and England.

naturally got abroad, and created an immense sensation. Even the Pope came to hear of it, and was deeply impressed.

Following a visit to Naples, which they found first too cold and then oppressively hot, the Mozarts returned to Rome in June. A few days after his arrival Wolfgang received an honour that was quite unexpected. He was received in audience by the Pope, and invested with the order of the Golden Spur. His father was delighted. "You may imagine how I laugh," he wrote to Salzburg, "to hear him called *Signor Cavaliere*." The boy, however, did not set much store by his newly-acquired rank. He was always perfectly modest and simple-natured—music, not orders, was what interested and pleased him.

From Rome father and son turned homewards, though they broke their journey often enough, sometimes for months at a time. Passing through Bologna once more, they came to Milan, where a lengthy halt was called in order that Wolfgang might write an opera to be produced at Christmas. Progress on this work was sadly interrupted by those intrigues and jealousies which seem inseparable from anything connected with opera. Critics and rivals laughed at the idea of an opera by a boy of fourteen.

An Operatic Success

Nevertheless, in December Wolfgang personally conducted his composition at its first performance at La Scala (the Milan opera house, then the largest in Europe). In a few minutes all the critics and detractors were silenced, for *Mitridate* turned out a complete success.

This triumph crowned Wolfgang's already triumphant tour, and he then resumed the journey to Salzburg, although his father could not resist making short stays at Turin, Verona, Venice, and Padua, in order to taste the full flavour of his son's reputation "just once more." The pair arrived home during March, 1771, bearing with them two commissions—for an opera and a serenata—which Wolfgang set to work upon without delay.

He had left Salzburg a child—he returned a queer mixture of a naive boy and a mature man of the world. He possessed a complete knowledge of courts and their conceptions, adulation and even adoration had been showered upon his handsome boy's head, yet he still retained a candour, a simple directness, and an openness of disposition, that were as delightful as they were unexpected.

Result of His Italian Visit

He had gained immensely by this visit to Italy. He had there competed with master composers on their own terms, and had surpassed them. He had, in fact, found his feet, musically speaking. He would develop in future, but would not alter radically. Moreover, he was technically equipped to cope with any musical problem whatsoever.

At the end of 1771 Leopold Mozart's master, the good archbishop of Salzburg, died, and in the spring of the following year Hieronymus, Count of Colloredo, was elected to succeed him. The new archbishop disliked music as heartily as Sigismund had loved it—in fact, any intellectual pursuit bored him incredibly. Although he retained his position, Leopold Mozart could no longer hope for the generous treatment he had hitherto received, and he grew gradually poorer and poorer. Wolfgang, however, continued to produce much of the

first quality with amazing industry. Every year a visit was paid to Milan to produce a new opera, and each new work surpassed its predecessors in brilliance and success.

These artistic successes, gratifying though they were, drained the family exchequer rather than replenished it. Things actually became so bad by 1777 that Leopold Mozart applied to the archbishop for extended leave of absence for the purpose of making a professional tour. The archbishop refused, for, he said, he disapproved of "that system of begging." A family council was held, and it was decided that Wolfgang, now aged twenty-one, should resign his honorary position and undertake a tour on his own account, accompanied only by his mother.

Leopold Mozart's Advice

On hearing of this plan the archbishop was furious, but he could do nothing to prevent its execution. Accordingly Wolfgang resigned, to the regret of the people of Salzburg, and set out with his mother in September. Their first object was to raise money. "Money making," wrote Leopold Mozart to his son, "must engross all your attention, and economy must be all your care, otherwise a journey is of no profit; on the contrary, it brings a man into debt."

This tour proved a dismal failure. At Mannheim Wolfgang fell violently in love, and on hearing of this his father at once ordered him on to Paris, where he arrived in March, 1778. There his former success seems to have been forgotten. He was received coldly, and then his mother fell seriously ill. For a month or more she struggled on, but on the 3rd July, to Wolfgang's great sorrow, she died. Grief-stricken and despairing, he left Paris, and travelled slowly homewards, arriving at Salzburg during June, 1779. Humbly submitting himself to the archbishop, he was reinstated in his old position, with the addition of a salary of about £50 per annum.

Optimistic Outlook on Life

This disastrous tour marked the turning-point in Mozart's fortunes. In his childhood he had been the spoilt darling of the musical world. Henceforth he was to know little but hardships and insults. Yet he received the one just as he had accepted the other, with gentleness, good humour, and an unfailing submission. To him such external circumstances mattered nothing in comparison to the world of music in which he lived his real life.

For a year or two he was forced to remain at the archbishop's court. This peculiarly unpleasant prelate delighted to treat him with every possible contempt and rudeness, although

it flattered his vanity that so distinguished a musician should be attached to his service. Finally, Hieronymus made himself so objectionable that Mozart resigned and went to Vienna, in the hope of being able to keep himself by giving music lessons.

Luckily the emperor and the Archduke Maximilian took an interest in Mozart, and, soon after his arrival in the Austrian capital, commissioned him to compose an opera in German. This he did, producing *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, which was performed with immense success during July, 1782. Thus aided, Mozart managed to scrape along, though he existed rather than lived.

In spite of his poverty he now married a younger sister of his former Mannheim innamorata, a lady named Constance Weber, who was in all ways his inferior, and who added nothing to his happiness, but greatly to his penury. The wedding took place in St. Stephen's, Vienna, on the 16th August, 1782. Thriftless and improvident, the newly-married pair soon sank deep into debt, and though Mozart composed endlessly, gave lessons, and conducted concerts at court, his expenditure always outstripped his income.

During the next five years Mozart produced most of his best known and most characteristic works. Those two enchanting operas, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Juan*, belong to this period. There is a tradition that the overture for *Don Juan* was composed by Mozart only during the twenty-four hours preceding the first performance. He is said to have worked at it all through the night, while his wife told him fairy stories to keep him awake.

At the end of 1787 Mozart was appointed "kammerkompositor" to the emperor, with a salary of 800 gulden (£80)—not a very princely sum. Still, it was something, and Mozart worked away as hard as ever before. Two years later, Frederick William II. King of Prussia, offered him a post at Potsdam at about six times the salary he was then in receipt of. Overjoyed at the prospect, though

THE STRICKEN MUSICIAN AT WORK ON HIS LAST COMPOSITION



In September, 1791, Mozart was working frantically to finish his *Requiem*, for he feared that he would die before it could be completed. Hour after hour he would sit, propped up in his chair, his very soul lost in the ardour of his most noble composition.

loath to leave Vienna, Mozart sought the emperor's permission to accept the post. "Are you going to desert me then?" asked his royal master. The reproach so stung Mozart that he remained where he was—to starve gradually.

In 1790 the emperor died, and Leopold II reigned in his stead. Poor Mozart feared

for his precious 800 gulden, but all was well, and his appointment was confirmed. He then entered upon the last period of his career, and worked, if that were possible, harder than before. In September, 1791, *The Magic Flute*, his last and most brilliant opera, was produced, and it scored a great success. But this Mozart little heeded. He was working frenziedly to finish his *Requiem*, for he feared that he would die ere it could be completed.

Commissioned by a Stranger

A stranger had called upon him one day and commissioned the *Requiem*, and had paid a sum of money in advance.

Mozart firmly believed that this visitor was sent from another world to warn him of his death, and he, therefore, put all his soul into making this last his greatest composition. Once again the stranger called, but the *Requiem* was not then finished. Leaving more money for the sick musician, he departed. A third time he returned to find his commission still incomplete—and its composer dead.

Overwrought, overworked, and under-nourished, poor Mozart had died on the 5th December, using his last breath to instruct a friend how to finish off the great *Requiem*. Next day he was buried in a pauper's grave,

a circumstance which was a disgrace and a slur upon the emperor and his court, as well as his fellow musicians. The afternoon was a rainy one, so even his friends turned back, and Mozart's coffin was carried to its grave unattended and unheeded. It is said that the musicians of Vienna rejoiced greatly over his death, since, now he was gone, there was no one against whose perfection their own faults would be so glaringly obvious.

As a composer Mozart takes his place in the very first rank. For skill, for finish, for technical perfection, he has no equal—there is no trace of imperfection, of hesitation, or of indecision in any one of his masterly scores. He was the master of a boundless wealth of melody and a delicate sense of beauty.

Always Fresh, Never Affected

Wolfgang Mozart's real and outstanding genius as a composer becomes most apparent when his three great operas (*Don Juan*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, and *The Magic Flute*) are compared with those of anyone else. He is always fresh, never hackneyed, affected, or stilted, and there is never heard the creaking of the machinery which is so loud in most operas.

[See Lives by O. Jahn (translation, 1882), V. Wilder (translation, 1908), and E. Holmes (1878).]

THE WONDERFUL COMPOSER PASSES ON TO IMMORTALITY



Overwrought, overworked, and under-nourished, Mozart died on the 5th December, 1791. With his last breath he issued instructions to his friend Süssmayer for the completion of his *Requiem*, a work which he had set his heart on finishing before he passed away. After the composer's death, his friend reverently completed the work as Mozart had wished.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

A MODERN READER of the HEAVENS

Camille Flammarion, Who through Long Years of Communing with the Sky Tells Us the Wonderful Tale of the Stars in their Courses

ASTRONOMY is probably the oldest of all the sciences. Chaldean shepherds, watching over their flocks through the brilliant Mesopotamian night, early observed the regularities and concordances among the movements of the heavenly bodies, and ever since mankind has been watching the stars. Ancient astronomy, moreover, was the most picturesque among the sciences, for could not he who watched the stars foretell future events from their courses? Were not astrology, magic, divination, and all occult matters placed in the astronomer's hands?

With the Renaissance all these picturesque trappings fell away, and Galileo, Kepler, Copernicus, and Newton reduced astronomy to an exact science—in fact, to the most exact and mathematical of all branches of natural knowledge. In spite of this a flavour of romance still clung to those who devoted their lives to the apparently useless task of scanning the heavens and telling the tale of the stars, and latterly astronomy has once more become enveloped in a mantle of mystery.

Recent discoveries have shown that undreamed-of possibilities still await us in space, and astronomy has again caught hold of the popular imagination. Conspicuous among modern observers is the great French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, who has, as it were, interpreted the heavens anew for us, and has devoted his career to unfathoming the mysteries of the stars.

Camille Flammarion was born on the 26th February, 1842. His father, Étienne Jules Flammarion, was the son of a farmer, and had been brought up to husbandry, but, by the time his son was born, he had left the fields and established himself in a small business at

Montigny-le-Roi, a town in the department of Haute-Marne, France.

Camille was the eldest of four, and from his earliest childhood gave signs of possessing a peculiarly lively intelligence. His mother, a quick-witted woman, did not fail to notice these signs of future brilliance, and determined that her eldest son should one day become a distinguished member of society.

To this end she planned to start his education as soon as possible, but the little boy scarcely needed any teaching. When four years old he learned to read, and at five to write. At six he was already the best pupil in his class at the local school in arithmetic and grammar. Lessons were no trouble to him, for to learn for the sake of learning seemed to be his only desire.

The schoolmaster of Montigny soon perceived Camille's unusual talents, and took special pains to develop them so far as he was able. Flammarion remained a grateful and firm friend of his old schoolmaster until the latter's death, but, while still a child, learning sums and spelling, Camille had already turned his attention to matters beyond the school curriculum.

THE ASTRONOMER'S THIRD EYE



At his telescope in his observatory at Juvisy, which substantial, well-equipped establishment was in every respect worthy of the master mind that directed it.

On the 9th October, 1847, an annular eclipse of the sun occurred, which was visible at Montigny. Madame Flammarion, accordingly, placed a basin of water out of doors, and into this her five-year-old son gazed, enthralled at the reflected image of the eclipse. Camille was tremendously impressed by what he saw, asked endless unanswerable questions, and, when it was all over, inquired when the next eclipse would take place.

Preparing for the Next Eclipse

The next visible eclipse occurred on the 28th July, 1851, and Camille prepared for its coming by smoking a piece of a broken window-pane over a candle flame. This time his interest was even more intense, and he would not rest until he had made his schoolmaster explain exactly how and why eclipses of the sun took place. Thus did a famous astronomer take his first lesson in the subject which was to become his life study.

This first lesson proved so fascinating that Camille determined not to wait a moment before learning more about such matters. He contrived to get hold of an old-fashioned book, which explained the motions of the heavenly bodies, and over this dusty tome he pored ceaselessly, with puckered brow and pursed lips, for he found its explanations and diagrams very confusing. Nevertheless, he gathered from its pages an idea of the general arrangement and periodic movements of the solar system. But still the stars remained unexplained. He knew that there were men who understood the stars and their motions, and he determined that he, too, should one day have as much knowledge as they.

Educated for the Church

Mme. Flammarion was an exceedingly devout Catholic, and her ambition was that her son might one day be a priest, perhaps even a bishop. She spared no pains with his religious education, taking him to mass and vespers with her several times each week. When he was old enough, he became an acolyte in the church of Montigny. By reason of his connexion with the Church, Flammarion, at the age of nine, started to learn Latin from the parish priest. He took to his new task like a duck to water, and soon was spending all his spare time at his Latin, in which he made great progress.

So assiduous was the boy at all his lessons, and so studious in disposition, that his father could have wished him a little more idle. This child, not yet in his teens, seemed to care only for knowledge, while anything practical or merely useful completely failed to hold his interest. His father feared that he would grow up a dreamer—learned, perhaps, but unable to earn his living—but Mme. Flammarion rejoiced

at her son's studious disposition, for what, thought she, could be more fitting in one destined for the Church? In spite of his father's headshakings, therefore, Camille was sent, in 1852, to the ecclesiastical seminary at Langres, a neighbouring country town.

For the next four years Flammarion remained at this seminary, learning much and very happy, in spite of the rigid discipline of the establishment. During these years misfortune overtook his parents. Over-ambitious commercial schemes resulted in complete ruin for the family, which fell at a stroke from comparative ease to the narrowest poverty. The house and furniture were sold, and, provided only with a magnificent courage, Camille's parents went to Paris to start life afresh, leaving their boy at the seminary.

Given a Thorough Training

Living strictly by rule, Flammarion divided his time between duties in Langres Cathedral and instruction in Latin, history, geography, his native tongue, and mathematics. Possibly much of what he learnt was sadly out of date, but he was taught in a thorough manner, and this in itself was admirable mental discipline and training. He learnt to be orderly, precise, and logical in the daily habit of his mind, and thus laid the essential foundations for his brilliant future.

In addition to carrying out his prescribed labours, Flammarion found time to instruct himself in natural history and astronomy in his spare time. All the phenomena of nature interested his rapidly developing mentality, but his greatest interest remained centred in the sky above his head.

On the 26th August, 1856, Flammarion bade good-bye to the seminary. It was prize-giving day, and all the pupils except Camille were carried off by their parents after the ceremony. He set off alone and on foot for Montigny, where the good curé, his mother's friend, received him joyfully. Thence, on the morrow, he set out for Illoud, the home of his grandparents, where he found a sister, not yet three months old, of whose existence he had been ignorant.

A Wonderful Experience

After a pleasant country holiday with his grandparents, Flammarion travelled to Paris, going part of the way by diligence and the remainder in a primitive and uncomfortable train. But all the discomforts of his journey were immediately forgotten on arriving among his family, whom he had not seen for two long years. For a week or so Paris seemed a veritable fairyland to this country-bred lad, and he spent his days exploring all its sights and marvels. Especially did he delight in

THE DISTINGUISHED ASTRONOMER AMONG HIS BOOKS



The famous French astronomer in his library. It was in this room that Napoleon heard of the fall of Paris. Flammarion began early to amass books. When, as a lad of eighteen, his health broke down, the doctor who attended him was astonished to see so many books in a poor apprentice's attic.

the many animals in the Jardin des Plantes (the Paris zoo). Elephants, lions, crocodiles, giraffes, all these were new and fascinating monsters, to gaze at which seemed the most enthralling occupation in the world.

When sightseeing came to an end, the family sat down to consider an occupation for Camille. First an attempt was made to obtain a place for him at one of the great theological seminaries in the city, but financial stringency made this impossible. Eventually, he was apprenticed to a metal engraver and chaser, which position he gained owing to a certain facility in drawing rather than to anything else. Flammarion remained bound to this totally uncongenial occupation from the autumn of 1856 until the spring of 1858.

Years of Development

These years, unhappy though they were in many ways, were, nevertheless, years of immense development. For the first time Camille found himself in contact with a world that was rough and callous, but alive and deeply interesting. By day he toiled hard in his master's workshop, busying himself with the menial duties which fall to an apprentice's

lot. The work was hard, and his master fed him none too well, and most lads, after working hours, would have been only too glad to rest. Not so Flammarion. His vivid curiosity and intellectual thirst, starved during the day, drove him to spend his evenings at the classes of the Association Polytechnique.

Attends Drawing Classes

Flammarion, in fact, regarded leisure only as an opportunity for study. Seeing a group of university students in the road one day he remarked, "Aren't they lucky to be able to study all day! I can only do so at night. I wonder if they appreciate their good luck." In addition to his classes at the Polytechnique, Flammarion also found time to attend an excellent drawing school, where he applied himself diligently to improving his considerable natural talent.

During the latter part of 1857, Flammarion began to feel a hankering after authorship. So, with the confidence of youth, he sat down in his tiny attic bedroom and began work upon "An Universal Cosmogony, a Study of the Primitive World." Before the year ended, a bulky manuscript had been completed, and

a fair copy made of it by the author's thirteen-year-old sister. This copy, and the original manuscript, the veteran astronomer regarded as two of his greatest treasures.

Even youth cannot burn the candle at both ends indefinitely without outraged Nature taking her revenge. Flammarion was working far too hard, and he was also growing rapidly, and in May, 1858, his health suddenly broke down. The doctor who attended him, Edouard Fournié (he later became an eminent throat specialist), marvelled that the bedroom of a poor apprentice should contain so many works on astronomy and geology. Later, when he came across his patient's "Universal Cosmo-

ABOUT TO COMMUNE WITH THE STARS



Flammarion's first observatory was a derelict summerhouse, which he rented with a friend. This served him until he built his observatory at Juvisy.

gony," curiosity gave place to amazement. Some time afterwards the doctor called again on Flammarion. "A workshop is not the place for you," he said; "I have put in a word for you . . . and you are going to the observatory as a pupil astronomer."

News such as this did Flammarion more good than any medicine, and he was soon well again. On the 24th June, at ten o'clock, dressed in his best clothes and full of anxiety, he presented himself at the great Paris observatory, and, astonished at his own audacity, asked the porter for M. Le Verrier, the director of the observatory. Le Verrier received him kindly, little knowing that to Flammarion he was already a kind of saint,

owing to his eminence as an astronomer. A few questions were asked and answered shrewdly, albeit nervously, a few easy mathematical problems were set and solved, and then Le Verrier remarked, "Monsieur, you will commence here on Monday. Good-bye—and work hard." Thus Flammarion became a pupil astronomer—his dearest ambitions had been realized.

His Duties at the Observatory

At first Flammarion occupied his time in performing routine calculations for his superiors. Soon after going to the observatory, however, he volunteered to help a certain M. Chacoma in his observations, and thus first gazed at the marvels which a large astronomical telescope reveals. It was as a pupil at the observatory that Flammarion grew from boyhood to manhood, but not without all the usual questionings and problems and difficulties which attend that process.

These he has candidly discussed in his "Mémoires," and his remarks therein would be hard to surpass for sound sense and sincerity. During his years as a pupil astronomer he published his first book, entitled "La Pluralité des Mondes Habités" ("The Plurality of Inhabited Worlds"), a work of remarkable erudition and penetration considering its author's youth and comparative inexperience.

During his twentieth year Flammarion began to show too independent and curious a mind for that lover of strict routine and discipline, Le Verrier. At the conclusion of four years of faithful apprenticeship he began to feel a desire for greater experience. Accordingly, he left Le Verrier and his observatory and entered the Bureau des Longitudes (an institution similar to the National Physical Laboratory in England), where he had obtained a satisfactory though minor appointment.

Here, in spite of the fact that his astronomical career was interrupted, Flammarion gained valuable experience and knowledge of other branches of physical science. In 1863 he also embarked upon journalism, and contributed to several papers, thus gaining literary experience, which has made him, with the possible exception of Professor Huxley, the most fluent of all scientists.

No Thought for Amusement

"Polite conversations are, in general, stupefyingly banal." So writes Flammarion in his "Mémoires" in dealing with this period of his life, and this remark reflects his whole attitude to the world. Work, self-education, the satisfaction of an intense curiosity—these were all he lived for then. As for the usual amusements of mankind, they simply failed to appeal to him, for in his astronomy, and in his philo-



CAMILLE FLAMMARION'S PRIVATE OBSERVATORY AT JUVISY



In 1883 Flammarion was at last able to give up journalism and apply himself entirely to astronomy. He built and equipped a splendid observatory at Juvisy, Seine-et-Oise, and thither he retired to devote the remainder of his life to the subject of his heart, making many important observations and writing several fascinating books.

sophical discussions, he found far richer entertainment. Yet in addition to all these activities he found time, between 1864 and 1865, to write a work entitled "*Les Mondes Imaginaires et les Mondes Reels*" ("Imaginary and Real Worlds"). This book proved so popular that by 1911 it had run into twenty-four editions.

In 1866 Flammarion left the Bureau des Longitudes. Owing to the influence of the historian, Henri Martin, who had become his firm friend, Flammarion was offered a post on the editorial staff of the *Siècle*, one of the premier daily papers in Paris. He accepted willingly, and thenceforward, for many years, it was his lot to live in the hurly-burly of daily journalism. Just as his duties at the Bureau had failed to occupy the whole of his attention, so the *Siècle* failed to restrain his many activities. In fact, the account of all he did during these busy years reads more like the work of three men.

Journalist and Lecturer

Besides his work on the *Siècle* he contributed articles and reviews on astronomical questions to more than one popular scientific periodical. He inaugurated and maintained a course in astronomy at the Association Polytechnique, and proved himself as able a teacher as he had been a student. His pupils found astronomy no cut-and-dried mass of facts and figures, but

rather an exciting combination of problems, which their lecturer invited them to unravel with his aid. He took a keen interest in aviation, discussed the problems of mechanical flight, and also made many ascents in balloons.

Sets Up an Observatory

He cultivated the society of the most famous savants in Paris, compared their points of view, and pondered over their philosophies. He bought books, more books, and again books, until he had amassed a magnificent library, which formed his armoury and workshop. Above all, he continued his astronomical researches, for they lay nearest to his heart. Helped by a friend named Armand Landrin, he set up a little observatory of his own. A derelict summer-house was rented, a telescope somehow or other obtained by rigorous economies, and night after night Flammarion watched the heavens, searching for some new thing, verifying the work of those who had gone before, and dwelling on the mysteries of some favourite constellation.

Thus disinterested, studious, hard working, entirely devoid of worldly ambition, Flammarion lived happy and crowded years. Nothing broke in upon his peace of mind and his contented labour until the terrible year 1870 brought the armed might of Germany to the gates of Paris. Like every other Frenchman,

Flammarion is passionately patriotic, and, as the Prussian hordes drew near, he offered his services to his country. As a skilled observer, he was set to watch the activities of the troops besieging Paris. Day by day, with four companions, he watched the Germans through powerful telescopes, turning all the skill he had gained in scanning the heavens against his country's enemies. When at last the end came, and Bismarck dictated his terms, no Frenchman

than previously. In 1863 Flammarion founded the review *L'Astronomie*, thus giving France a periodical devoted entirely to his beloved science. From the first the paper proved a success. It could, in fact, hardly help being so, since it was conducted by a first-class astronomer, who was also a first-class journalist of wide experience.

In 1883 circumstances permitted Flammarion to give up journalism and to devote himself, as he had always longed to do, exclusively to astronomy. He built an observatory at Juvisy, Seine-et-Oise, and retired thither to devote himself to his pet subject. This observatory was no improvised affair of summer-houses and desperate economies, but a substantial, well-equipped establishment, in all respects worthy of the master mind that directed it. In 1887 Flammarion founded the Astronomical Society of France.

Doyen of Astronomers

With the work he has done at Juvisy we cannot adequately deal here, for its understanding involves a trained astronomical knowledge. His researches upon the double stars, and upon a host of other matters, including "star-drift," and the periods of numerous binaries, have long since made him famous, and to-day he is the doyen of astronomers. Fortunately his retirement to Juvisy did not mean any diminution of his literary output, and he published a series of fascinating books in which astronomy is not so much explained or popularized as linked up with the ordinary ideas and ideals of humanity.

Not only is Flammarion an astronomer, he is also a philosopher. From gazing constantly at the heavens he has acquired something of a philosopher's wisdom, which he has imparted to us in his books. Many of these, including "Astronomy for Amateurs," "Marvels of the Heavens," and "Popular Astronomy," have been translated into English, and they make most fascinating reading.

Not until he was 78 years old did Flammarion marry, and then he took as his wife Gabrielle Renaudot, who had so ably assisted him in much of his work.

Through all his long life Flammarion has ever striven to serve science, and mankind. To use his own words, "Let us have confidence in the future . . . the chains of matter and of inherited animalism will fall little by little, and the enfranchisement of human thought will gradually lift us up into light and into liberty."

A VETERAN WATCHER OF THE HEAVENS



A late portrait of Flammarion. Astronomer and philosopher, too, Flammarion has throughout a long and laborious life striven to serve mankind as well as science.

felt more humiliated, more broken-hearted than the devoted astronomer.

After the war, Flammarion once more returned to his old life, convinced that in this way he could best serve France, and help her to regain her place among the great nations of Europe. He felt that no vocation other than his self-adopted one fitted either his temperament or his gifts. Until 1883 he continued to be connected with all that was best in French journalism, while pursuing his astronomical researches with even greater zest and eagerness

TWO GIFTED INTERPRETERS of COMEDY

Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Who, Despite Warnings from Friends, Presented Humour to Their Audiences in a Natural and Simple Manner

THE poorly dressed child actress, who had come from Bristol to make her London debut, felt very lonely and miserable as she stood on the great stage of the Lyceum Theatre awaiting her cue at the rehearsal. Never before had she seen so many people assembled on a stage, and as she stared into the great empty auditorium her heart sank.

She had been accustomed to rehearsing under the direction of her parents, but now she found herself ordered about and corrected by a stern-looking stage-manager, who used terms she scarcely understood and seemed to possess little patience. At the end of the scene he made no comment.

As she stood in the wings, full of miserable doubts, she heard a cheerful voice whispering in her ear, "Twenty pounds a week insisted upon, I think, after your first appearance." The speaker was a little man, who played the chief comedy part in the piece. His name, as yet comparatively unknown to the public, was John Lawrence Toole. His kindly words at a critical moment reassured Marie Wilton.

But she experienced further anxieties before her opportunity to convince the great London public came. A few days later one of the actresses in the second piece was taken ill, and Marie Wilton was called upon to prepare a new part in addition to the one for which she had been engaged. She had to sing, and she had never sung in a big theatre before. During the rehearsals, the great orchestra seemed to drown her utmost efforts.

Once the dour stage-manager stopped her. "Come, come, this won't do, Miss Wilton. If you don't sing better than this, you must be taken out of the part."

Marie's lip trembled. So much depended upon her success in both parts. She had not foreseen this second ordeal. Her own part she

had played many times before, to the admiration of provincial audiences. She was fearful that any degree of success she might achieve in it would be more than counterbalanced by her failure in the second piece.

Then she found that she had made another friend. The conductor of the orchestra suddenly stopped the music. "Are you musical director here as well as stage-manager, sir?" he asked Marie's persecutor. "Allow me to know whether Miss Wilton is right or wrong. Her voice is not strong, but it is true to time

and tune, and I wish I could say the same for everyone here." He then arranged for the orchestra to play *piano* while Marie sang, and the difficulty was overcome.

Marie triumphed in both her parts at the opening performance, but the stage-manager, furious at being put in his place, did his utmost to prevent the fact from being recognized. Marie had moved the audience to tears by the pathos of her acting in the part of the boy Henri in *Belphegor, the Mountebank*. Timidly, she waited in the wings, hoping to be allowed to take a call before the curtain. Seeing her, the stage-manager remarked sharply, "Now then, Miss Wilton, go to your

room." Marie obeyed the command reluctantly.

Upstairs in the dressing-room she flung herself into her mother's arms and sobbed out her disappointment. Suddenly, she heard a voice outside in the corridor. "Miss Wilton, Miss Wilton, make haste; you're to go before the curtain." It was the call-boy. Marie rushed downstairs again, and went on the stage to receive a magnificent ovation.

In the second piece her success was no less complete, and next day the newspapers were full of enthusiasm for the new child-actress at the Lyceum Theatre.

Marie Wilton, whose parents were poor

MRS. BANCROFT AS LADY TEAZLE



Mrs. Bancroft's interpretation of Lady Teazle in the *School for Scandal* was unconventional, but laudable, for she portrayed her character as Sheridan had intended.

provincial players, was born in 1840. She made her first appearance as a child actress before she could speak plainly. Most of her days were spent in learning new parts, and every evening was passed at the theatre. She had a doll which she took to bed with her every night, but she never had time to play.

Charles Kemble's Prophecy

Still, she enjoyed acting, and she put her heart and soul into her parts. There were moments of pride that compensated for the drudgery and the absence of childish games. "That child will make a great actress," said Charles Kemble, after seeing her act Prince Arthur in *King John*. Once she played Fleance to the Macbeth of Macready, then about to retire from the stage. After the first performance, the great actor sent for Marie to come to his dressing-room. "I can see genius through those little windows," he said, placing his hands over her eyes.

Marie was soon as popular a favourite in London as she had been in the provinces. One night, during the run of *Belphegor*, there sat in the audience a boy and his mother, both of whom were deeply affected by Marie's acting. The boy's name was Squire Bancroft. He had as yet no hope of becoming an actor, nor did he dream that the little girl whose acting he so much admired would one day become his wife and his partner in a great enterprise.

Friendship with H. J. Byron

Marie obtained an engagement at the Strand Theatre, where she played in the burlesques, extravaganzas, and comediettas which were then all the rage. She formed a valuable friendship with Henry James Byron, whose brilliant burlesques were the talk of the town, and he cast her for many parts in his plays. To the success of these she largely contributed. "I have never seen such a thing," wrote Charles Dickens, after seeing her in *The Maid and the Magpie*. "I call her the cleverest girl I have seen on the stage in my time, and the most singularly original."

Byron's popularity waned, and with it Marie Wilton's great vogue as a "burlesque boy." She applied in vain for different parts, one manager declaring that he could only associate her with "the merry sauciness of the boy cupid." But she was now a young woman with her living to earn, and the situation became serious.

One day she called upon her elder sister, Mrs. Francis Drake, and confessed her plight. Her brother-in-law, who was a wealthy man, listened very attentively to her story. "How would it be," he asked presently, "if you had a theatre of your own?"

It seemed an audacious idea, and Marie was

amazed. Of course, she had not the money to rent a theatre, although she knew that she had a certain following, and she possessed the confidence of genius.

The end of it was that Mr. Drake offered to put down £1,000 if Marie could find a theatre and engage a company. The money was to be paid back if the enterprise succeeded, but there was to be no question of its return otherwise.

Overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, Marie immediately began to make plans. There was a little theatre just off the Tottenham Court Road, on the site of the present Scala Theatre, which happened to be vacant at the time. It was known as the Queen's, and owing to its out-of-the-way situation it had been regarded for many years as a white elephant.

Renovating the "Dust-hole"

In spite of the advice of her friends, who declared that she would never succeed in transforming the "Dust-hole," as it was called, into a first-class theatre, Marie decided to rent the Queen's, and change its name to the Prince of Wales. Once she had made up her mind, she spared no pains in making suitable alterations, with a view of attracting fashionable audiences.

An army of decorators took possession of the dilapidated building. The stalls were tastefully upholstered, and—luxury unknown even to the best London theatres of that time—a carpet was laid down. All this cost money. Long before the opening of her first season Marie had only £150 left out of her £1,000, and she had contracted to lease the theatre for two years at a rental of £20 a week.

Friends continued to prophesy failure, but Marie was determined, and she had the support of at least one member of her company. This was none other than the boy who had been charmed by her acting at the Lyceum Theatre, and who was now a young actor, eagerly awaiting his first London appearance.

First Meeting with Squire Bancroft

The two had met at Liverpool during a provincial tour, and Squire Bancroft soon found qualities to admire in Marie, apart from her acting ability. She, on her part, did not forget her friend when the chance came that was to make them both famous.

Squire Bancroft was born on the 14th May, 1841. His early life was as far removed from theatrical affairs as Marie Wilton's had been closely bound up with them. He came of an old established Yorkshire family connected with the Church and the navy. It was not until the death of his father, and the consequent diminishing of the family resources, that circumstances began to point towards a stage career.

Bancroft's education was cut short, and many

THE ACTOR'S MAGNIFICENT LIBRARY IN HIS LONDON HOME



At the end of five years' hard work, the Bancrofts had made a fortune of £180,000, and they then retired, still young in years, to enjoy a well-earned rest. Their magnificent house, situate in Berkeley Square, London, has opened its doors to some of the most famous people in the land. Over the mantelpiece in the picture is a portrait of Sir Squire.

plans were considered for a career that would not involve a costly preparation. Meanwhile, he often visited theatres with his mother, seeing Charles Kean in his last performances, Samuel Phelps, and that greatest of the little masters of the stage, Thomas Frederick Robson. "I had been always 'stage-struck,'" he tells us; "my toys were little theatres, in which *The Red Rover* and *The Miller and His Men* enjoyed long runs." But the idea of becoming an actor was ridiculed by his mother, and, had the family circumstances been better, it is probable that he would have experienced some difficulty in realizing his ambition.

Determined to Become an Actor

As he showed distinct business ability, he was sent to America to seek for a fortune, but he soon returned—without the fortune. His imagination had been fired by the acting of Edward Southern as Lord Dundreary in *Our American Cousin*, which he saw in New York, and he was determined to become an actor.

He obtained his first engagement when he

was nineteen, although, owing to the eye-glass which defective eyesight compelled him to wear, he looked much older. One of his appealing letters to theatrical managers interested an actor named Mercer Simpson, of Birmingham, who sent for him.

Salary of One Guinea a Week

"I left my home," he says, "with a heart that was as heavy as my purse was light, at daybreak on New Year's Day, 1861, travelling by early train to Birmingham. It was cold and bleak when I walked up New Street to the Theatre Royal, and sent in my name to the manager. I remember well my impressions of the dimly lighted theatre, as I stood close to the footlights and talked my stage-struck project over, when, after kind advice, it was arranged that I might regard myself as a member of the company, with a salary of one guinea a week."

For a long while Bancroft played what are known as "straight" parts in such blood and thunder dramas as *Sweeney Todd, the Barber of Fleet Street* and *Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life*,

and in the old Adelphi type of heavy melodrama. It was a long time before he could earn as much as £3 a week, and gain experience in Shakespeare and modern comedy. At Dublin he played Borachio in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and was complimented by Charles Kean. In four years he played 346 parts, but his career did not begin in earnest until he joined forces with Marie Wilton in her London venture at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

Eve of the First Performance

The first piece produced at the renovated Prince of Wales Theatre was a little comedy entitled, appropriately enough, *The Winning Hazard*, which was followed by a burlesque. The youthful manageress' feelings on the eve of the first performance are best described in her own words.

"When I began to dress I was almost too tired to stand, for I had been all day looking after everything and everybody. However, as the moment approached for my first appearance as a manager, the excitement roused me; and when my cue came, I went on to my own little stage without any sign of fatigue. It would be an affrontation to pretend that I did not know that I was a great favourite with the public; but the warm welcome I received almost overwhelmed me."

The next programme included a comedy, *War to the Knife*, by H. J. Byron, in which Bancroft made his first great success in the type of part in which he became most popular—although he was an extremely versatile actor—that of the swaggering, scheming man about town. During the following year Marie Wilton paid back the £1,000 lent to her by her generous brother-in-law, and from that day it never became necessary to borrow money again.

Reads a Robertson Play

About this time Marie Wilton was invited to read a play called *Society*, written by Thomas William Robertson, an author who, after many years of bitter struggle, had achieved one moderate success with a dramatic version of the life of David Garrick. *Society*, however, had been submitted to most of the leading actor-managers of the day, and not one of them had found it suitable.

Society was quite unlike any play that had been produced in a London theatre for many years. English comedy, as distinct from burlesque, had sunk to a very low level. Only artificial plays were seen, in which the characters spoke and behaved like wooden puppets. Many French comedies were played, but the translations of these suffered from the same fault. There was not the material of real life in them.

Robertson made his characters talk and behave like real people. His plays marked the beginning of a new era in English comedy, or, rather, a closer approximation to its palmier

days. He had neither the brilliant language of Congreve nor the sparkling wit of Sheridan, but he came nearer to these two great playwrights than any writer of his age.

Like most pioneers, Robertson had been long neglected, and his sufferings robbed him of health, so that when success came to him he enjoyed it for only a brief five years before dying of heart failure. For years he had eked out a precarious existence as actor, journalist, and miscellaneous writer. "I often dined on my pipe," he told Squire Bancroft.

It is to the lasting credit of Marie Wilton and her future husband that they instantly recognized Robertson's genius, and they decided to stake all they had on the performance of his plays. Against the advice of friends, who warned them that *Society* was too realistic and would certainly drive away their fashionable audience, they engaged a first-class cast and proceeded to produce the play.

Remarkable Success of *Society*

The Jonahs were wrong. *Society* (1865) proved an unequivocal success, both commercially and in the artistic sense. The shabby little streets around Tottenham Court Road were lined nightly with the carriages of fashionable folk, who had come to laugh and cry over the exquisite absurdities and moving pathos of Robertson's study in contrast between the higher and lower walks of life. One scene in the play represented a meeting of Bohemians at the Owls' Roost. With its atmosphere reminiscent of Murger's Latin Quarter and its frank portraits of well-known eccentric characters in London literary and artistic circles, this scene completely captivated the audiences, who realized for the first time how weary they had grown of the still conventional puppets of contemporary comedy, and the artificial sentimentality of the French school.

Henceforth a new Robertson comedy at the Prince of Wales Theatre was regarded as the outstanding theatrical event of the year, and the "Dust-hole" became known as the "Gold-dust hole." *Ours* (1866), perhaps the most charming comedy of military life ever written, proved a phenomenal success, and was many times revived. The following year saw the production of *Caste*, generally considered to be Robertson's masterpiece.

Marie Wilton as Polly Eccles

This play was remarkable for the reputations that it made. Bancroft made a great hit in the part of the foppish Captain Hawtrees, while Marie Wilton created and made immortal the delightful Polly Eccles, and John Hare came to the fore with his racy impersonation of Sam Gerridge, the cockney gasfitter.

Play (1868), *School* (1869), and *W.P.* (1870)

concluded the series, for Robertson, broken by long years of waiting for the fame he so richly deserved, died in 1871. In five short years he had completely revolutionized the tastes of the English playgoing public.

There were critics who referred contemptuously to his plays as "the cup and saucer drama," owing to the simple, homely types that they depicted, and the unsophisticated themes with which they dealt. But it is impossible to over-estimate the influence that Robertson had upon the stage of his time and upon the many playwrights, of whom Pinero became the most successful, who followed him. His great qualities were wide human sympathy, natural humour and pathos, and the power of exceedingly life-like characterization.

Squire Bancroft and Marie Wilton were married in 1868, and from that time the "Bancrofts" were regarded as leading lights in the theatrical world. Already bold innovators in their choice of dramatic material and in its presentation, they set themselves to reform and improve the theatre from within. Better salaries were paid to the actors at the little Prince of Wales than at West End theatres. To do this work it became necessary to raise the price of stall seats to ten shillings, a change which gave rise to much controversy. The Bancrofts, however, bravely faced the consequences, and the practice soon became common. Another of the Bancrofts' innovations was the introduction of the matinée.

Important Productions

Other important productions at the Prince of Wales Theatre during the Bancroft regime were *Money*, by Bulwer Lytton (1872); *Masks and Faces*, by Charles Reade (1875). *London Assurance*, by Dion Boucicault (1877), and *Diplomacy* (1878). There were also produced notable revivals of Shakespeare and Sheridan.

The Bancrofts were not always successful. An ambitious revival of *The Merchant of Venice*, for which Ellen Terry was engaged to play Portia, failed completely owing to a faulty reading of Shylock by an actor of repute. On another occasion the Bancrofts produced a play by their old friend H. J. Byron, which they knew to be below that writer's usual standard. But they had asked him to write a play and felt themselves bound to produce it. The result was a costly failure.

Meticulous care was taken over the scenic effects and realistic details in the production of all these plays, and in this respect the Bancrofts led the way to the high standard of artistic conscientiousness that prevails to-day. Before their time, actors and actresses paid little attention to correctness or consistency in costume—appearing in evening dress at all times of the day or making other most flagrant errors of taste and judgment.

The Bancrofts trained their company in
AN ACTOR WITH HIGH IDEALS



Owing to the splendid example set by the Bancrofts, the social standing of the actor improved rapidly. It was soon recognized that a man could be a gentleman as well as a player.

artistic precision and easy, natural acting. One of their greatest difficulties was to secure actors and actresses who would not complain because at the Prince of Wales Theatre a clean sweep was made of the old fustian methods and tricks of the trade, and genuine artistry substituted. It was said of Squire Bancroft that "he was as punctual at rehearsals as a clerk in his attendance at the Bank of England." He and his wife did much to create a generation of actors very different from their predecessors, whose appearance and habits of life, however romantic, often hindered their value as artists.

Thanks to the example set by the Bancrofts, the social standing of the actor improved very rapidly. It became recognized that an actor was not necessarily a person whose chin was perpetually unshaven, and whose manners were of the loosest description, but one who could give an answer to the pertinent question asked by a character in Pinero's play *Trilby* of the Wells, "Why can't an actor be a gentleman as well?"

Haymarket Theatre Acquired

In 1879 the pressure of competition from other theatres modelled on their own high standard compelled the Bancrofts to take a larger and more central theatre. The Haymarket Theatre was acquired on a lease of five years at a total cost, including alteration and redecoration, of £20,000—a large slice out of the savings accumulated during the run of luck at the little Tottenham Court Road Theatre.

It was Squire Bancroft, whose business sagacity largely contributed to the sustained success of the famous partnership, who carried

out "this Napoleonic stroke of theatrical business," as it was described at the time, and without consulting even his wife.

Again disaster was foretold, and again the prophecy proved false. Plays by Sardou, W. S. Gilbert, Pinero, and others drew large houses, and occasional set-backs were speedily redeemed by revivals of the Robertson comedies. At the end of five years the Bancrofts had made a fortune of £180,000, and they then retired, still young in years, to enjoy a well-earned rest. In 1897 Squire Bancroft received the honour of knighthood.

Death of Lady Bancroft

Both the partners reappeared from time to time, and they acted by command of Queen Victoria at Balmoral in 1893. For many years they occupied a unique position in social and theatrical circles, which they had done so much to unite. The partnership which had lasted so many years was broken at last by the death of Lady Bancroft in 1921.

[See "The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years," by themselves (1909).]

SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT AND MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT



Sir Squire Bancroft greeting Sarah Bernhardt on one of her visits to England. From the time when Bancroft saw the great French actress take the title rôle in *Fédora*, produced at the Vaudeville, London, in 1882, the two became firm friends. Each admired the other's wonderful interpretation of character and undoubted histrionic talent.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

The PHILOSOPHER who was NEVER a BOY

John Stuart Mill, who Laboured Earnestly and Sincerely to Better the Conditions of Human Life and Achieved a High Reputation as a Writer on Philosophical Questions

BOYHOOD, as it is generally understood, was denied to John Stuart Mill. He learned to put away childish things almost before he realized what they were. He never played games or romped in the fields with other children. He was never a schoolboy, and did not know what it was to take a holiday.

Almost from the cradle he was taken in hand by an inexorable parent, who trained him to a set purpose. When three years old he began to learn the Greek alphabet and to repeat long lists of Greek words with their English equivalents. By the time he was eight this precocious little boy was familiar with the works of Herodotus and with Xenophon's "Anabasis," and had mastered six dialogues of Plato. Well versed in arithmetic and algebra, he escaped a knowledge of higher mathematics at this age only because his father, who was his sole tutor, had not studied that subject.

Small wonder that some people thought the young Mill insufferably learned. The fault was not his. It took him many years and cost him much mental suffering to realize that his well-meaning father had over-burdened his brain and to some extent warped his character by excessive cramming and the denial of natural instincts. Much of the importance of Mill as a reformer consists in the fact that he partially revolted against his early teaching and tried to strike out a path for himself.

The elder Mill was a stern disciplinarian, who deliberately repressed his feelings as a husband and father because they did not fit in with his rationalistic schemes for the improvement of the human race. He was habitually cold, hard, and analytical, impatient, and often unjust. He spared his son nothing, and the demands made upon juvenile intelligence were little short of monstrous.

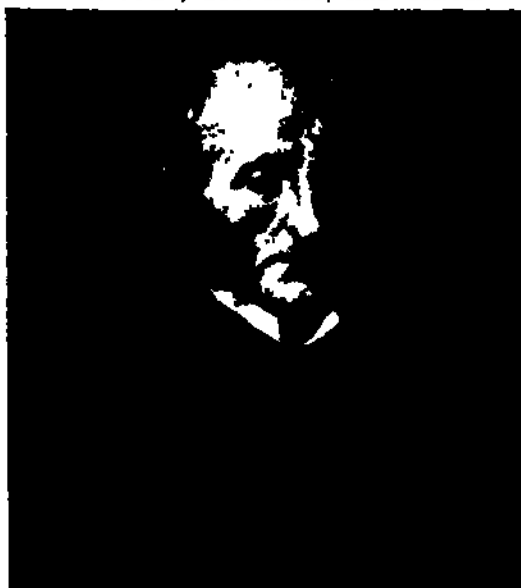
"My father," says Mill, "in all his teaching,

demanding of me not only the utmost that I could do, but much more than I could by no possibility have done."

John Stuart Mill was born in the city of London on the 20th May, 1806, at the culmination of a period known as "the Age of Reason." His father, James Mill, was a prominent rationalist and the friend of Jeremy Bentham, the great eighteenth-century critic of human institutions.

The family resources were precarious. James Mill had studied for the Church, but he turned

PHILOSOPHER, ECONOMIST, AND SCHOLAR



John Stuart Mill, one of the leading thinkers and political economists of the nineteenth century. He had a real desire to improve the conditions of his fellow beings.

agnostic and renounced his orders. After a period of private tutoring in his native Scotland, he went to London and earned a meagre living by contributing articles on political and sociological matters to the monthly reviews. He also wrote a "History of India," which occupied him for ten years and contained most of his leading ideas on government and economic problems.

Later he held a high post in the India House, but during his early married life he was dependent upon a form of writing never very profitable. He had nine children, of whom John Stuart was the eldest.

Existence at the large house in Pentonville,

which James Mill rented at a specially low figure from his friend and patron, Jeremy Bentham, was dominated by the personality of its head. The rule of daily study was never relaxed, and any sign of fun or frivolity was instantly suppressed. Only enjoyments of the mind were permitted. We are told of James Mill that "his entering the room where the family assembled was observed by strangers to operate as an immediate damper."

Even when study was over Mill had no time to spend as he wished. His father took him for long walks, and questioned him all the while about his day's work, showing irritation over the child's many hesitations and errors. Mill never had a chance to turn aside and look at

the flowers by the wayside, or to listen to the songs of the birds. Trotting along by his father's side with a slip of paper in his hand, he read out notes of his day's reading, and racked his little brain to answer questions far beyond his understanding.

He was often unhappy, but some of his studies interested him. Fortunately for his sanity, he had the studious temperament, and, as the years went on, he responded more fully to his father's teaching and showed himself both willing and able to think independently.

Studious Life in France

In his fourteenth year he was sent to France, where he lived for a twelvemonth with the family of Sir Samuel Bentham, brother of the famous thinker. Study was continued as usual, but it is refreshing to learn that Mill snatched what must have been something approaching a holiday, for he stayed a week with some friends and actually played battledore and shuttlecock with the young son of the house.

After that brief interlude, one day of settled application followed another. Mill rose at five in the morning, and, with short interruptions for meals or music lessons, read until the same hour in the afternoon. Quite voluntarily, he sandwiched between the crowded items of the curriculum a course of study in botany. In the evening he learned to sing, dance, and fence, but these exercises were undertaken as duties. He seems to have derived no exhilaration from them, nor did he become proficient.

Buoyancy of Youth Suppressed

In later life Mill observed pathetically, "I was never a boy." His burden of knowledge weighed down the natural buoyancy of youth. He was continually thinking out problems and discussing matters of grave import with his elders, who were astonished by his precocious conversational powers.

James Mill distrusted all educational establishments, and no profession seemed good enough for the son he had trained so carefully. He refused an offer from friends to send Mill to a university. When, however, the prodigy returned from France, he showed a disposition to read for the Bar, and he was allowed to do so.

But in the end it was decided that John should adopt a career that would involve the least sacrifice of principles and allow time for literary work. James Mill's high position in the India House made it easy for him to secure a post for his son as a clerk, at a commencing salary of £30 a year.

The brilliantly equipped boy soon showed himself superior to the ordinary routine of clerical work. One of the conditions of the apprenticeship, secured by his father, was that he should be given every opportunity to deal

with the higher branches of the work, irrespective of age or position. After five years he began to take complete charge of responsible tasks, and by the time he was twenty-two he became assistant examiner at a salary of £800 a year.

His duties were not arduous, but they demanded much tact. They consisted in examining the letters of the company's representatives in India and framing dispatches in reply. These had to be worded very carefully, as the trading between the two countries often involved political questions.

Mill had plenty of leisure in which to carry forward the real work of his life. He began to contribute articles to the *Traveller*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and his father's journal, the *Westminster Review*. The value of these early writings consists mainly in the development and application of the views already expressed by Bentham and James Mill.

The Utilitarian Society

According to both these writers, all human problems ought to be considered in the light of reason and thus from the point of view of utility. It was, however, John Stuart Mill who first used, as a war-cry, the word "Utilitarian," which he came across in a novel, and he took a large share in the formation of the Utilitarian Society, which was started about this time for the purpose of debating upon the vital problems of the hour and age.

The aim of the Benthamite philosophy, with which Mill at first agreed, was to bring about "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" by a logical and scientific examination of existing laws and institutions and the reformation of them. Mill had been brought up in this creed, and he knew of no other. He did not read the New Testament until he was twenty-seven years old. He believed, like his father and Bentham, that happiness could be attained by careful systematic analysis of cause and effect in every department of human affairs.

Suffers from Mental Depression

But Mill was to show himself less completely the son of his father than the latter intended. As early as his twentieth year he had begun to feel misgivings. He suffered much during the following years from mental depression and nervous disorder. He began to feel unsatisfied with Life.

While in this doubting, unhappy frame of mind he put the following question to himself: "Suppose that all your objects in life were realized, that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant, would this be a great joy and happiness to you?"

THE FRENCH CITY WHERE MILL SPENT HIS LAST YEARS



View of Avignon, showing the citadel-like palace of the Popes, with its six towers and massive 18-feet-thick walls. It stands on the left bank of the river Rhone, and is the principal object of interest in the city. It was at Avignon that John Stuart Mill's wife died, only a brief seven years after their marriage.

"And an irrepressible self-consciousness," says Mill, "answered 'No.' At this my heart sank within; the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down. All my happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of this end. The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever again be any interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing to live for."

Mill survived this dark crisis in his life, but he never again trusted entirely to reason. For a long while he continued his studies and researches mechanically. So well had his brain been trained that he could not help thinking out problems coldly and logically, even though, in the disturbance of his spirit, he recognized the limitations of this method and wished to cultivate other modes of inquiry, for which he had received no training.

Under the Spell of the Poets

He now began to realize the part that emotion plays in human affairs, and to regret the stifled feelings of his childhood. Unknown to his father, who still zealously watched the development of his favourite son's mind, he allowed himself to fall under the spell of the poets. As a youth he had never been allowed to read poetry, except as an exercise; but now Shakespeare and Goethe, Coleridge and Wordsworth, opened up new worlds to him.

The most eventful years of Mill's life, so much devoted to study and meditation, were those between 1830 and 1840. The French revolution of July, 1830, stirred his interest in politics, and

he wrote many newspaper articles. His father died in 1836, and a favourite brother, Henry, succumbed to consumption in 1840.

This sad occurrence was marked by a curious confession on Mill's part. Standing by his dying brother's bedside with Dr. Calvert, a prominent religious figure of the time, Mill showed himself deeply moved.

"This sort of scene," said Dr. Calvert, "puts an end to reason, and faith begins."

A Letter to a Friend

Mill replied "Yes" with great emphasis. Later, he wrote to a friend in a manner that seemed strange on the part of a man who was already regarded as one of the most pronounced sceptics of his age: "I know not how dangerous may be the ground on which I am treading, but surely a more Christian-like interpretation of the mystery of the Atonement is that which, believing that Divine wisdom punishes the sinner for the sinner's sake, and not from an inherent necessity more heathen than the heathen Nemesis, holds, as Coleridge did, that the sufferings of the Redeemer were (in accordance with the eternal laws on which this system of things is built) an indispensable means of bringing about that change in the hearts of sinners the want of which is the real and sole hindrance to the universal salvation of mankind."

Yet the cool, clear brain, trained by a relentless parent from birth, continued its function of examining all human phenomena in the light of reason. At the same time as he wrote the

above eulogy of Christian mysticism, Mill was busy writing his "System of Logic" and bringing his remorseless critical faculty to bear upon human problems in the pages of the *London Review*.

Another powerful influence that modified Mill's philosophical attitude, although it never led him to abandon the severely logical style of his writings, was his friendship with Mrs. Taylor, which after many years, culminated in the one romance of his life.

Admires Her Great Intellect

For this lady's intellectual qualities he entertained an admiration which many mutual friends thought exaggerated, but there is no doubt that she exercised a profound influence over his writing, particularly in regard to the subject of woman's emancipation.

Mrs. Taylor had not been married very long when Mill first met her at a dinner-party. Her husband was a drysalter in the City, a man of kind, tolerant disposition, many years his wife's senior and intellectually her inferior. He, as well as Mrs. Taylor, had a profound admiration for Mill's intellect, although he could not join in their brilliant conversation.

There were the elements of tragedy in the friendship that instantly sprang up between the young thinker and the brilliant girl-wife. But reason, which had spoiled so much of Mill's early life, and the power of which he had once doubted, came to his rescue.

He Marries His Affinity

Mr. Taylor died in 1849, and two years later Mill married his affinity. Mrs. Mill's health, unfortunately, was precarious, and the utmost care failed to prolong her life longer than seven years. After her death at Avignon, in France, Mill was disconsolate to the point of mental breakdown.

In his autobiography Mill writes these glowing and appreciative words of his wife:

Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom. Were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers, this earth would already become the hoped-for heaven.

It is strange that a woman who so vitally influenced a man of genius should have made small impression upon other people, especially at a time when many women of remarkable intelligence were asserting themselves in competition with their male rivals. Both Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, to whose house Mill often took Mrs. Taylor, seemed unable to join in the adulation of her which was expected of them. Mrs. Carlyle thought her visitor "dangerous," while the Sage of Chelsea afterwards recalled

her as "pale and passionate and sad-looking, a living romance heroine of the royalest volition and questionable destiny."

The Carlyles had reason to remember Mrs. Mill, for one of her visits with her husband concerned the tragic burning of the manuscript of Carlyle's "French Revolution." The story achieves a new interest related from the point of view of what share Mrs. Mill had in the responsibility for the safe custody of so valuable a document.

Mill had intended to write a history of the French Revolution himself, but lack of time and admiration for Carlyle's gifts led him to hand over to the latter much valuable material that he had collected. Carlyle quickly wrote his first volume, and then gave Mill the manuscript to read and, if necessary, to correct.

A Terrible Tragedy

Then came the staggering confession of the Mills that a housemaid had accidentally burned the manuscript. The Mills called, full of apologies and offers of compensation for the irreplaceable loss. Mrs. Mill, we are told, remained speechless throughout the interview, apparently prostrate with horror at what had occurred. Mill made the blunder of talking too much: he kept the Carlyles on tenterhooks in well-meaning attempts to put the best construction on his own conduct and in offering graceful condolence.

Were the Carlyles satisfied with the Mills' explanation that a housemaid could actually have used a bulky manuscript with which to light a fire? Recent researches into the character of Mrs. Mill have given rise to the theory that no such thing happened, but that the manuscript was deliberately destroyed by Mrs. Mill from the motive of jealousy. There is evidence enough to make the speculation worthy of record, although proof of it has never been finally established.

He Retires on a Pension

In 1858 the East India Company was dissolved and its affairs taken over by the Government. Mill, who had risen to the highest post in the examiner's office, resisted the change with all the force of his pen, but he was obliged to accept the inevitable. He retired on a pension of £1,500. His defence of the company was undertaken purely in the interests of its many employees. For himself, he was glad to retire to Avignon, where he continued to live for most of the year, returning to his house at Blackheath for short periods.

Mill's greatest work, his "Principles of Political Economy," was first published in 1848. An able and lucid analysis of the principles laid down by Ricardo and Malthus, the book is still regarded as a standard work on the subject.

WATCHING THE REVOLUTIONARIES IN PARIS



On the outbreak of the French Revolution in July, 1830, Mill hastened to France. He states that the revolution "roused my utmost enthusiasm, and gave me, as it were, a new existence. I went at once to Paris, was introduced to Lafayette, and laid the groundwork of the intercourse I afterwards kept up with several of the active chiefs of the extreme popular party."

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

Much of the reasoning advanced by Mill clearly shows what a deep and lasting impression his early education had left upon him. He never really escaped from the bondage of reason, and in the "Principles of Political Economy" he uses all the resources of an intellect trained to unerring precision. Mill is one of the greatest masters of logical expression in English literature.

No longer precluded by his position at the India House from entering Parliament, in 1865 Mill was invited to stand for Westminster. He accepted the offer, but imposed the strictest condition, based upon strong personal conviction. No money was to be spent on canvassing, and Mill refused to accept any financial

HIS PRETTY VILLA IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE



After the death of his wife, Mill spent most of his time at his villa at Avignon. While here he published the treatise on "Liberty," a work in which he had been assisted by his wife, and to whom an affectionate dedication was included.

obligation. In his electioneering address he told his constituents that he could not give any of his time and labour to their local interests, that he would answer no questions on religion, and that he believed in votes for women.

He can scarcely be said to have fought for election at all. Nevertheless, he was returned by a majority of several hundreds over his Tory opponent. His straightforwardness and refusal to countenance any form of humbug won him many votes. When accused by a labourer in the crowd at a meeting just before the election of having described the working classes as being "generally liars," Mill promptly replied, "I did," and was loudly cheered for his candour.

Mill never became a prominent statesman,

but his honesty and intellectual ability won him the respect of Gladstone, who described him as "the saint of Rationalism," and of the Speaker, who said of him that "he raised the tone of debate." He was an ardent defender of the rights of the working classes, and was successful in frustrating an attempt to stop meetings in Hyde Park.

In 1868 Mill lost his seat in Parliament owing partly to his championship of Charles Bradlaugh, the atheist. Mill was not an atheist himself, but he believed in the principle of liberty for all opinions.

In 1859, after the death of his wife, he had published his essay on "Liberty," in which he advanced a noble plea for freedom of thought and action. This famous treatise, in which his wife had taken no small share, was regarded by Mill's former associates of the Utilitarian School as almost heretical. Its tolerant attitude towards many of the arguments opposed to utilitarianism showed that Mill had become more catholic in his views.

In his letters and in his autobiography Mill showed still more of the sympathetic side of his nature. He writes with reverent enthusiasm of the Founder of Christianity, and shows a tendency, which his father never did, to extract the best from the arguments of an opponent. Mill, in fact, realized that the freethinker can be as dogmatic as those whose dogmas he derides, and it is this that lifts his writings out of the movement in which they were first conceived, and gives them a more permanent value as literature.

Mill passed the last years of his life at Avignon, in company with his step-daughter, Miss Taylor. Here he read, wrote, and indulged in botanical pursuits. "Helen," he wrote to a friend, "has carried out her long-cherished scheme of a 'vibratory' for me, and has made a pleasant covered walk, some thirty feet long, where I can vibrate in cold or rainy weather." He died at this delightful retreat in France on the 8th May, 1873.

[See the Autobiography (1873), and Life, by W. L. Courtney (1889).]



INVENTORS of the TELEGRAPH and TELEPHONE

How Morse Laid Aside His Palette and Bell Left His Class-room to Discover the Means of Transmitting Messages by Electricity

EVERYBODY has heard of the Morse code, by whose agency telegraphic messages are dispatched the world over, but comparatively few realize that this code is named after Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the American inventor, who gave us the telegraph.

The word "telegraph" is derived from two Greek words, which mean "to write from afar," and the word had been in use many years before Morse invented the electric telegraph. Various systems of rapid communication were in use in Europe from the eighteenth century onwards. For example, a line of semaphore posts linked up the Admiralty in London with the naval headquarters at Dover during the Napoleonic wars.

When the news of Waterloo arrived at Dover, this telegraph began to tell London of the victory. But, before many words had passed from station to station, a fog set in, and the full story of Bonaparte's final defeat was brought to the capital many hours later by a courier on horseback. This incident shows how liable to interruption and accident were such telegraphic systems. The world, in fact, was sorely in need of a sure and rapid means of sending long-distance messages when Morse produced his epoch-making invention.

Morse was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, U.S.A., on the 27th April, 1791. His father was a Congregational minister of that town, and a man whose upright character and independence of mind had won for him universal respect. He was a man, too, who set the value of a thorough education far higher than anything else he could give to his three sons; and, though in no sense of the word a

wealthy man, he was able, by careful economies, to send them all to Yale University. Samuel Morse arrived there at the early age of fourteen, and he at once came under the influence of Silliman, the professor of chemistry, and Day, the professor of natural philosophy.

During the year 1809, Morse attended his first lecture on electricity. The subject, as taught by Day, intrigued his imagination enormously. He could think and dream of nothing but electricity.

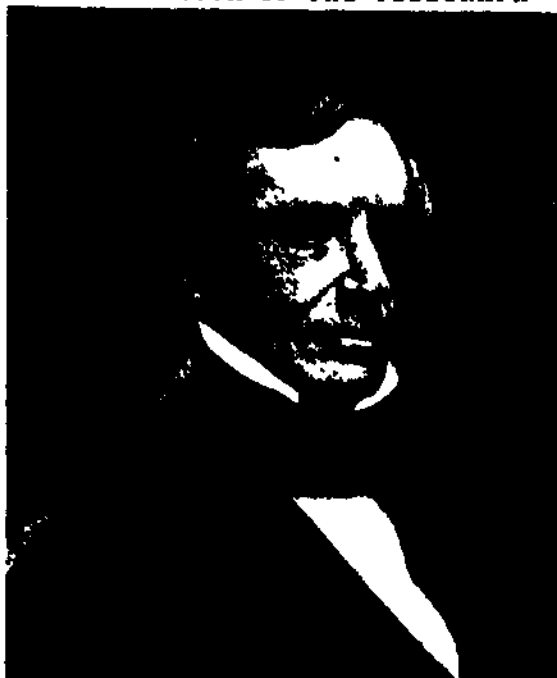
But electricity, then in its infancy, offered no possible openings for a career, so young Morse, who possessed very distinct artistic ability, decided to become a portrait painter. Indeed, he had already tried his prentice hand at Yale, painting miniatures of his friends for five dollars apiece.

Soon after his graduation from Yale, Morse met Washington Allston, then the best-known portraitist of the United States. With Allston he came to England during 1811, returning to Boston four years later a fully equipped master of his chosen craft. Sitters were hard to find in Boston, so Morse set out on a roving trip through the eastern states, taking com-

missions for portraits on the way. During this venture he met and married, in 1818, Miss Lucretia Walker, of Concord. Until 1825 Morse flourished greatly, building up for himself a substantial reputation as an artist. Suddenly, however, his wife died, and the mainpring of his ambition was broken.

He had a family of three young children to support, so he continued painting in a desultory fashion to support them and himself. During 1827 his mind was again turned towards matters electrical by his attending a series of

THE INVENTOR OF THE TELEGRAPH



While returning from an art tour in 1832, Morse had his thoughts turned to science by a discussion on the electro-magnet. From that moment his artistic life ended and his scientific career began.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index



lectures on the subject in New York. In 1829 he journeyed once more to Europe in order to perfect himself as a painter by three years' further study.

In the autumn of 1832 he travelled home in the company of several scientists. One of them asked him in the course of conversation, "Is the velocity of electricity reduced by the length of its conducting wire?" Morse instantly recalled Benjamin Franklin's experiment, which showed that the time taken for a current to traverse several miles of wire was too minute to be measured. He thought this over for a few seconds. Then, suddenly, the whole idea of an electrical telegraph flashed into his mind. Obviously it was possible. Why should he not make it a practical reality? Henceforward he could think of nothing else.

Often Reduced to Starvation

On his return to America, Morse more or less gave up his profession in order to devote himself to the working out of his great idea. For three years he fared very badly, often being reduced virtually to starvation from lack of

IN EARLY TELEPHONE DAYS



Compare this primitive switchboard, used in an exchange that served only eight subscribers, with the extremely elaborate apparatus illustrated on the opposite page.

funds. In 1835, however, he was appointed to a post in New York University, where he taught painting by day and laboured incessantly at his invention by night. He took one of his university colleagues, Leonard Gale, into his confidence, and Gale proved himself a worthy collaborator. At last, on the 2nd September, 1837, a successful experiment was made with 1,700 feet of wire, which was stretched round and round Morse's studio. In fact, the success of the trial exceeded the inventor's wildest hopes. The telegraph had come into being.

A university student named Alfred Vail was present at this trial, and he was so impressed that he at once persuaded his father, Judge

Stephen Vail, to inspect Morse's apparatus. Judge Vail owned the great Speedwell Iron Works, at Morristown, and he was, therefore, just the man to assist Morse and Gale to put their invention on a commercial footing.

The experimental apparatus impressed him as much as it had done his son, and he promptly furnished substantial financial backing, Morse's apparatus being removed to the Vail works.

Apparatus Publicly Exhibited

By October, 1838, a petition for a patent had been filed, the names of Morse, Gale, and Vail senior, appearing on it as partners. A month later a public exhibition of the apparatus was given in New York, messages being transmitted over a wire three miles long with complete success. The public, however, were not altogether convinced that some sort of trickery was not involved in such a highly mysterious proceeding.

The next four years passed by without Morse being able to make any real progress. Congress would not vote a grant for the construction of a long experimental line; he had little success in his attempts to take out patents for his invention in Europe, and the Vails, hard hit by the industrial panic of 1837, were not in a position to finance him further.

By the end of 1842, however, Morse was once more in funds, and he set out for Washington, to make another appeal to Congress. For six weeks or more he went to and fro, exerting what influence he could command. Finally, on the 23rd February, 1842, Congress voted him 30,000 dollars to construct a line from Washington to Baltimore. This vote was gained only by the slender majority of six, and the matter had yet to be finally approved by the Senate.

An Anxious and Momentous Day

The last day of the session arrived, and Morse's little vote seemed as if it would be snowed under by a mass of accumulated business. Until ten o'clock Morse sat in the strangers' gallery in an agony of suspense. Then, in despair, he went back to his hotel, well-nigh broken-hearted. He passed a sleepless night, contemplating the ruin of all his hopes. Next morning, as he came downstairs, a Miss Ellsworth, the daughter of a close friend, ran up to him and said: "I have come to congratulate you!" "For what?" answered Morse wearily. "On the passage of your Bill!" It was true. At the close of the session the Bill had been passed without a division.

Morse and his two partners set to work at once laying the forty-mile line provided for in the Bill. They took into their counsels a young man named Ezra Cornell, who later became a



HOW A CALL FOR ANOTHER EXCHANGE IS HANDLED TO-DAY



This is a "B-board" in a telephone exchange. Suppose you want Gerrard 14. An "A" operator "plugs in" to the "B-board" in the Gerrard exchange. The "B" operator selects a vacant junction line. Your line is then connected to one end, the other end is connected to 14 in the Gerrard exchange, and the connexion is thus completed.

famous engineer, and who founded a university which bears his name. Cornell advocated the laying of the wires underground—a system which is now adopted increasingly each year. But he was a pioneer before his time, and the underground line soon showed itself highly unsatisfactory. This method had to be abandoned, and the wire was eventually strung above ground from poles, in the way familiar to everyone to-day. In spite of a variety of small mishaps and disappointments, all was completed by the beginning of May, 1844.

"What God Hath Wrought"

On the 24th May, Morse sat at his instruments in a room of the Supreme Court at Washington. Miss Ellsworth handed him a slip of paper bearing the message she had chosen—"What God hath wrought." Within a minute it had been received at Baltimore by Vail, who at once signalled back the same four words. In spite of such a splendid inaugural success, the telegraph attracted little notice for some while.

Aided by young Ezra Cornell, who possessed abundant business acumen, the three partners pushed on with determination. Gradually lines were laid from city to city through Cornell's initiative, while Morse and Vail worked hard to improve their instruments.

Within two years of the first message passing

from Washington to Baltimore, the "Morse telegraph," as it was called, began to be installed in Europe. Railway companies and war departments were the first to appreciate the services offered by the telegraph.

The public regarded the invention rather suspiciously, and to the cautious, common-sense men of mid-nineteenth century industrialism anything to do with electricity seemed rather a joke than otherwise. In England, especially, apart from the railway companies, few folk looked on the telegraph with favour, until a curious event won almost universal popularity for it. A particularly brutal and senseless murder was committed at Slough, and the murderer left by a train for Paddington before a hue and cry could be raised.

How the Criminal was Caught

The Great Western Railway, however, had a telegraph line installed between Slough Station and Paddington, over which a description of the murderer was flashed, and he found the police awaiting him when the train drew into the London terminus. Without the aid of the telegraph, it is almost certain that he would have escaped. His arrest caught the popular imagination, and completely broke down the great and unreasonable prejudice which had existed against the telegraph.

Unlike many inventions, Morse reaped the rewards of his labours in the shape of a handsome fortune. For many years he continued to interest himself in telegraph enterprises, being associated with Professor Henry, among others, in gradually improving and perfecting his invention. He lived to see a telegraph line span the North American continent, and a submarine cable link America with England (*see* pages 421-28). Decorated and honoured by many governments, universities, and public bodies, Samuel Morse died on the 2nd April, 1872.

One hot July afternoon, three years after the death of Morse, a tall young professor of elocution was toiling grimly and busily in a workshop in one of the back streets of Boston, U.S.A. He bent over a crude and makeshift arrangement, which seemed to consist mainly of clock-spring, magnet, and electric-bell wire. In the next room a friend sat at a desk, bent over another similar apparatus. The tall man bent his ear over his odd mechanism, obviously straining every nerve. Suddenly

ORIGINAL INSTRUMENTS OF A FAMOUS INVENTION



The first Bell telephones, from a photograph of the original instruments in the Patent Office at Washington, U.S.A. On his twenty-ninth birthday Bell received the patent warrant, which, before very long, proved to be "the most valuable single patent ever issued in any country."

there came a faint twang, a clear, unmistakable musical note. It was the first sound ever transmitted by telephone, for the man in the next room had just snapped a spring into his own instrument, and the noise reproduced itself exactly in the ear of Alexander Graham Bell.

Bell sprang from a family of elocutionists. His brothers, his father, and his grandfather, had taught the art of correct speaking in the universities of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. The grandfather had specialized in the cure of stammering. The father, author of a dozen and more standard text-books, had changed elocution from an art to a science, had begun the study of rational phonetics, and had laid the foundations of lip-reading, by which the world of busy human activity is opened to deaf-mutes.

The grandson, Alexander Graham Bell, was born in Edinburgh on the 3rd March, 1847. He was educated in his native city and in London, and he acquired a fair knowledge of such diverse subjects as anatomy, music, electricity, and telegraphy. His schooldays over, he spent a few years teaching elocution (for which he had an hereditary gift) in various schools in and around London. During this period he made the acquaintance of Alexander Ellis and Sir Charles Wheatstone, both of whom unconsciously directed him towards his real career as a pioneer of applied science.

The "Musical Telegraph"

Ellis introduced him to the researches which the famous physicist, Helmholtz, had made into the physical basis of music. Bell conceived the notion that the results of these experiments might be adapted to the purposes of a "musical telegraph"—a telegraph able to send many messages over a single wire by the use of a variety of musical notes. This notion gradually took form in his brain, and, as we shall see, proved the starting-point of the invention of the telephone.

Full of this "musical telegraph" idea, Bell approached Sir Charles Wheatstone, the famous scientist, then in his sixty-seventh year, and the first British authority on matters of telegraphy. Wheatstone showed the utmost kindness to this twenty-two-year-old Scottish elocutionist, for he perceived in him the magic fire of genius. He discussed the whole matter with Bell, showed him what other inventors had already accomplished, and, by his whole-hearted enthusiasm, convinced Bell that science was the only possible career for him.

Suddenly, however, in the midst of all his high hopes, Bell was struck down by incipient consumption—a disease which had already caused the death of his two elder brothers. Medical men decided that nothing except a complete change of climate could save his life.

Emigration to Canada

With a rare self-sacrifice, Bell's father abandoned his own career, and, together with his wife and his last remaining son, he migrated to Canada, finding a home in the then tiny township of Brantford. There for more than a year Bell fought against his terrible illness, never despairing or giving in for a moment, while, to occupy his time, he taught his father's carefully evolved system of "visible speech" to the local settlement of Mohawk Indians.

In April, 1871, vastly improved in health,



Bell obtained a post with the Boston Board of Education. His task was to instruct a class of deaf-mutes in his father's system of "visible speech," a work for which he had the greatest enthusiasm, as he had already met with some success in similar work in London. During the next two years he abandoned all thoughts of the "musical telegraph," and threw himself heart and soul into his new sphere of work. He was so successful that his class became an educational sensation, and won for him a professorship at Boston University. Scarcely had he entered upon his professional duties, however, than two of his pupils suddenly brought him back to his projects in electricity.

One of these was a five-year-old deaf-mute, named George Sanders, whose grandmother engaged Bell to teach the little boy to speak. The Sanders family lived at Salem, sixteen miles from Boston, so Bell went to live with them, travelling daily to Boston to discharge his duties.

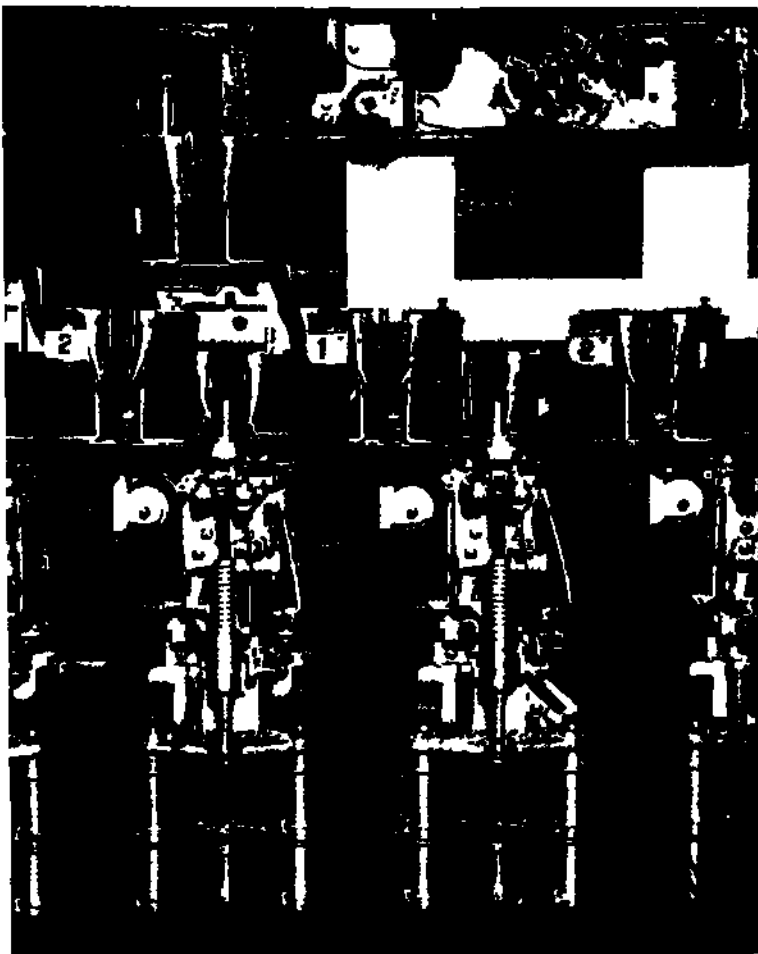
In the Sanders family he found truly sympathetic friends, who allowed him the use of a cellar in which to fit up a workshop. Within a month he had filled his underground lair with batteries, coils, cells, and tuning-forks. Secretly he worked away far into the night, oblivious of sleep, only conscious that he was on the brink of "something."

His other stimulating pupil was a girl named Mabel Hubbard, who had lost her hearing, and subsequently her speech, owing to a severe attack of scarlet fever during infancy. She was fifteen years old when Bell met her, and she seemed to him the incarnation of all he most lacked in the world. Impulsive and headlong in all things, he fell in love with her, and four years later they were married. She proved a wife in a million. She encouraged and sustained him unceasingly, stood between him and the practical everyday world, writing his letters and copying his patents.

While living with the Sanderses, Bell met

Dr. Clarence Blake, a Boston ear specialist. To him the impulsive inventor poured out all the difficulties of the moment. He was then intrigued by the idea that the deaf might be taught to speak by sight. Dr. Blake suggested that Bell should use a real human ear for his experiments. Accordingly he sent him a complete ear from the dissecting rooms, and Bell

A TELEPHONE WHICH YOU CAN WORK YOURSELF



Part of an automatic telephone exchange. Each subscriber is rung up from the exchange and asked to move a switch on the wall near the telephone. When the switch has been shifted, the telephone user is

spent his evenings in the cellar at the task of speaking into a dead man's ear, in order to see how exactly the sounds were transmitted through the wonderful and delicate human aural mechanism. From his experiments he concluded that some sort of a telephone, built on the principles of the human ear, might be possible. Immediately, he turned from the teaching of deaf-mutes to his electrical experiments once more.

He then abandoned his professorship and instructed only George Sanders and Mabel Hubbard, snatching every moment he could for his new experiments. This, however, did not please Mr. Sanders or Mr. Hubbard, both of whom had financed Bell in his "musical telegraph" idea. "You must abandon your foolish telephone," they said, but Bell did not heed their exhortation. At this juncture, when on a visit to Washington, Bell met Professor Joseph Henry, then by far the most learned authority on electricity in America. A veteran of seventy-eight, Henry saw in Bell what Wheatstone had perceived, and he started to work on an experimental telephone apparatus, which Bell had brought with him from Boston, just as he had worked at the first telegraph instruments before Bell was born.

Bell returned to Boston vastly encouraged by Henry, and he moved his workshop thither from Salem. Bound by an agreement with Sanders and Hubbard, he was forced to devote himself chiefly to the "musical telegraph." Yet both he and his assistant, Thomas Watson, believed secretly in the telephone, for had not Henry said, "You are in possession of the germ of a great invention"? So the two men often left the "musical telegraph," and toiled feverishly during stolen hours with their embryo telephone, until some three months after his momentous visit to Washington the first faint twang, transmitted by Watson, reached Bell's ears in the next room.

Having succeeded thus far, Bell resolved to concentrate his attention solely upon his telephone. He won over Sanders and Hubbard, while Watson was already an enthusiast, ready to face poverty, starvation, anything, if only the telephone could be perfected. For nearly a year Bell and the devoted Watson laboured on. They tried all sorts of diaphragms, all strengths of currents, all manner of circuits. Still their telephone would do nothing more than gasp, grunt, and sigh. Then, quite unexpectedly, on the 10th March, 1876, it talked.

IN THE EVENING OF HIS LIFE



Unlike many inventors, Morse reaped the reward of his labours in a handsome fortune. He lived to see a telegraph line span the North American continent.

Bell set to work to draft a patent specification. On his twenty-ninth birthday, he received the patent warrant, No. 174,463, which proved to be "the most valuable single patent ever issued in any country." A new faculty had been given by invention to the human voice.

Exactly two months after the first words had been transmitted by telephone the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia was opened. Moreover, Mr. Hubbard, Mabel Hubbard's father and Bell's financial backer, happened to be one of the chief authorities there. Naturally, great advantage was taken of such a piece of good fortune, and in the department devoted to education a small table was installed, on which rested the first telephones.

One day, as Bell stood by his telephone exhibit, the last Emperor of Brazil, Pedro II, entered the room, attended by a brilliant suite. He walked straight up to Bell whose acquaintance he had already made in connexion with his deaf-mute classes at Boston. The pair entered into conversation, and Bell showed his new invention to the emperor. A wire had been strung from one end of the room to the other, and after a few minutes Dom Pedro went to the receiver end, while Bell himself spoke through the transmitter. The emperor placed the receiver to his ear, listened, started, and exclaimed in utter amazement, "It talks."

dropped the receiver, and exclaimed in utter amazement, "It talks."

Among those who accompanied Dom Pedro were Henry, and Lord Kelvin, then William Thomson. Each in his turn made various tests of the apparatus, and the two famous scientists spoke to each other, as delighted with Bell's invention as two children with a fine new toy. Finally, Lord Kelvin passed judgment. "It *does* speak," he said, "and it is the most wonderful thing I have seen in all America." As a judge, Lord Kelvin subsequently presented Bell with the highest possible award, describing his telephone as "the greatest marvel hitherto achieved by the electric telegraph." From a scientific point of view Bell's



telephone now needed no other recommendation whatever, but what of its financial and practical prospects?

At first, business men were unanimous in voting it nothing more than a scientific toy—a toy which could never become of practical value. The whole thing was voted absurd, and poor Bell had to submit to such epithets as "crank," "impostor," "impudent ventriloquist." Nevertheless, Hubbard now took it upon himself to become the champion of the telephone. He was a man widely known and universally respected as a supporter of all sorts of public improvements, and was thus the very person to bring such an invention before the public eye.

He preached the telephone day and night, week in, week out. He borrowed a telegraph line from New York to Boston, and Bell, with Watson's aid, sent an audible message over it. Wherever he went, he carried a telephone outfit in a suit-case and gave demonstrations to all and sundry. Nothing seemed too small or too great for his apostolic ardour to attempt. Finally, in October, 1876, Bell and Watson arranged and carried out a three hours' conversation by telephone between Boston and Cambridge Observatory, in the presence of prejudiced and hostile witnesses. This finally broke down the obstinacy of the "practical man," and the telephone began to be taken seriously.

Interest Awakened

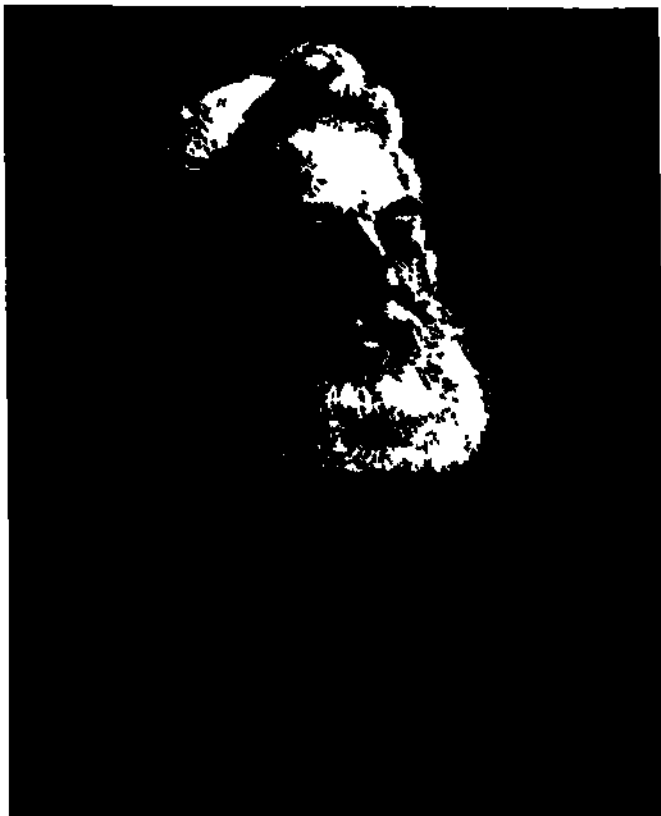
Newspapers took a keen interest in Bell and his invention, and he was inundated by requests for lectures and demonstrations. A month or so later six Boston banks, which were connected by a common burglar-alarm circuit, had telephones attached to the ends of the wires. Hubbard lent the necessary instruments free, and, needless to say, managed to see that they were used. The popularity of the new invention soon spread. Obviously it was incredibly useful and handy, and by the time Bell's patent was sixteen months old there were no less than 778 telephones in use.

Although the telephone had overcome many difficulties, the battles already fought were but skirmishes compared with those to follow. Before the end of 1878 a perfect mob of rivals and pretenders were in the field. A host of men suddenly presented claims that they were the real and original inventors of the telephone. The most plausible, persistent, and formidable

of these was Elisha Gray. A professional inventor, Gray had been busy on the "musical telegraph" notion for many years, and had conceived the idea that some sort of a telephone might possibly be invented.

Oddly enough, a few hours later, on the very day on which Bell filed his application for a completed patent, Gray filed a caveat on the same subject. Now a caveat merely implied that the filer of it believed that he might be

THE INVENTOR OF THE TELEPHONE



As a young man Bell taught a class of deaf-mutes. After he had invented the telephone and put his company on a firm basis, he went out of the telephone business and returned to his deaf-mute class-room.

able to invent a certain device, but explicitly declares that he has not yet done so. Thus it was absurd for Gray to pretend that he was in the field before Bell. Nevertheless, he took his claims to court, only to meet with disappointment.

This would have been enough for most men, but Gray was nothing if not persistent, and for a dozen years he continued to put forward all manner of claims against the Bell patent. In some quarters he is still considered a hardly used, almost a cheated, man. But examination of the evidence and judgments in his numerous

suits will completely prove the truth of one lawyer's opinion: "Of all the men who didn't invent the telephone, Gray was the nearest."

A far more serious adversary, however, than any inventor with a grievance was the Western Union Telegraph Company. At that time the Western Union was far and away the largest and richest telegraph company in the world. Its directors saw in Bell's company a potential source of danger to its own monopoly, and at once set to work to overcome it. Three inventors, Edison, Gray, and Dolbear, were employed to invent a telephone which should be as good as Alexander Bell's, and yet not infringe his patent.

The Western Union's chief electrical expert attempted to find an invention which preceded

HOW YOU RING UP YOUR FRIENDS



Calling mechanism of an automatic telephone. The subscriber presses in the proper order each of the numbers on the dial which together make up the number he wants.

Bell's. He even employed a linguist, who knew eight languages, for purposes of translation. All to no purpose, however, for, as the final report to his directors states, "I am entirely unable to discover any apparatus . . . anticipating the invention . . . and I conclude that his patent is valid. . . ."

Then the Western Union tried to squeeze out the Bell Company by means of influence and its own long purse. For a time things looked as black as possible for Bell and his partners. They were neither rich, influential, nor powerful enough to fight such a vast concern as the Western Union. Each day people expected to see the Bell headquarters hoist the

white flag of surrender. Finally the Western Union espoused Gray's claims to be the real inventor of the telephone, and instructed its lawyers to proceed against Bell for infringement of Gray's patent.

The resulting lawsuit began during the autumn of 1878, and was waged from court to court throughout twelve months. After this prolonged struggle the Western Union's chief counsel, George Gifford, came to the conclusion that a decision could never be obtained in favour of Gray, and the proceedings were therefore dropped.

Six Hundred Lawsuits

Soon afterwards the litigants came to an agreement, almost wholly in favour of the Bell Company. Thus the tiny company defeated the huge power of the Union and made its own terms, and as a result its stocks rose by leaps and bounds on the Exchange. This, however, was by no means the last battle fought by the Bell Company. In all, the company fought no less than 600 lawsuits, and only in the case of two minor matters of contracts did it fail to gain the verdict.

During 1882 Bell, true to his character, went out of the telephone business. He transferred all his stock to his wife, and resumed his task of teaching deaf-mutes to speak. He felt he had played his part by his invention. The endless lawsuits and wrangles in which his company had become involved affected his highly strung nervous temperament beyond endurance. In vain did the Bell Company offer him a vast retaining fee to continue as its chief inventor. Bell cheerfully answered that he was not the man to invent to order, and went back to the instruction of his deaf-mutes.

Champion of Many Causes

During a further thirty active years Bell championed many more causes, engaged his ardent intellect and character in a multitude of interests, and received many honours and decorations. To the end of his life he remained one of the most picturesque and intriguing personalities in American public life. No citizen of the great republic has been held in more universal respect than he. He was, above all else, genuine, transparently honest, and candid, and also one of the most charming creatures in the world. He died in 1922, mourned by a host of friends and admirers.

Though his achievements and glories were many, none can compare with the result of those exciting night hours spent experimenting in the Sanders' cellar at Salem.

[See "Samuel F. B. Morse, His Letters and Journals," edited by E. L. Morse (2 vols., 1914); "The History of the Telephone," by H. N. Carson (1910); and "The Age of Invention," by Holland Thompson (1921).]

The DISCOVERER of the SOUTH POLE

The Thrilling Polar Expeditions of Roald Amundsen, the Gallant Norwegian Explorer, and How a Change of Plans Set the Seal on His Achievements

ONE sultry day in September, 1910, a small ship lay at anchor in Funchal Roads, off the island of Madeira. Since its arrival four days before, with the ensign of Norway flying bravely from its mast, it had excited the curiosity of the natives, and wild rumours as to its mission had given rise to lively gossip.

Vessels, large and small, entered and left the busy port of Funchal too frequently to arouse more than a passing interest in the town, but this little ship, whose bows proclaimed it to be the *Fram*, was no ordinary visitor. Natives who had been permitted to approach her, offering their wares for sale, brought back strange tales of the things they had seen on board. There were dogs, they said—Eskimo dogs—in such numbers that room for some of them had to be found on the bridge. There were sledges, too, and tents, snowshoes and other paraphernalia, suggesting a Polar expedition.

A Polar expedition it was, undoubtedly. The hardy Norwegian seamen, who had ventured ashore in search of a few hours' relaxation, had spoken openly of their plans. They were bound, they said, for the Arctic Circle. Cape Horn, San Francisco, Alaska, and the North Pole—that was their intended route.

Idle sightseers crowded the harbour that afternoon, watching the final preparations for departure on board the *Fram*. Unknown to them, dramatic decisions were being taken on that little ship—decisions that were fraught with far-reaching consequences. All hands were mustered on deck, and their chief, Roald Amundsen, who had won his spurs in Arctic and Antarctic exploration, stood among them anxiously scanning their faces. By his side

was the ship's captain, with a folded chart in his hands.

Briefly Amundsen outlined his proposals, now and again stopping to refer to the chart. He told them how for years he had planned to discover the North Pole, how, when these plans were half-completed, Peary had returned suddenly to civilization with the news that he had "nailed the Stars and Stripes to the

North Pole," and how he (Amundsen) had thereupon turned his eyes to the unconquered goal of the South.

For twelve months he had kept his change of plans a secret, but now, at last, he was ready to announce to the world that he intended to make a dash to the South Pole. Would they join him? Would they continue to repose their confidence in him and in his leadership? Without their unequivocal support he could do nothing. Everything depended on the answer they gave him, and Amundsen tried to anticipate this by glancing eagerly at the faces of his audience. His feelings at that critical juncture in his career are graphically described in his famous book, "The South Pole."

At first, as might be expected, they showed the most unmistakable signs of surprise; but this expression swiftly changed, and before I had finished they were all bright with smiles. I was now sure of the answer I should get when I finally asked each man whether he was willing to go on, and, as the names were called, every single man had his "Yes" ready. It is difficult to express the joy I felt at seeing how promptly my comrades placed themselves at my service on this momentous occasion.

The world knows the rest of the story—how Amundsen wintered on the great Antarctic Barrier and, after a thrilling dash across the icy plain, reached the Pole one month in advance of ill-fated Captain Scott.

A VETERAN EXPLORING SHIP



The *Fram*, which Amundsen used in his South Polar expeditions, anchored in the Bay of Whales. (Reproduced from Amundsen's "The South Pole," published by John Murray)

As the discoverer of the South Pole, as the first man, it is believed, to circumnavigate the globe by way of the perilous waters of the Arctic, and as the first to traverse the North-West Passage—on these prodigious achievements rests Amundsen's title to world-fame.

Effect of Peary's Discovery

That men are as puppets in the hands of destiny was never more clearly demonstrated than in the case of Amundsen. Here was a man who had devoted many of the best years of his life to the study of Arctic conditions, whose one ambition it had been to discover the North Pole. All his hopes and aspirations had been centred on that one object. Then Peary's success suddenly changed the outlook. To the Polar explorer, the south alone retained the glamour that the north had lost, and, almost before the world realized that a stern race was taking place on the great Antarctic continent, Amundsen stood revealed as the discoverer of the South Pole.

In his supreme moment of triumph, the gallant explorer could not fail to appreciate how paradoxical was the situation. He said:

I cannot say that the object of my life was attained. That would be romantic rather too barefacedly. I had better be honest, and admit straight out that I have never known any man to be placed in such a diametrically opposite position to the goal of his desires as I was at that moment. The regions around the North Pole—well, yes, the North Pole itself—had attracted me from childhood, and here I was at the North Pole. Can anything more tosy-turvy be imagined.

The Norwegian's action in keeping his plans a secret for so long a time was severely criticized in some quarters, and gave rise to uneasiness in his own country. The explanation he subsequently offered, however, did much to allay the anxiety of his countrymen and remove the suspicion that he had acted in any way unfairly towards Captain Scott.

Communicates Intention to Scott

The news that the North Pole had been reached naturally placed his original plans in jeopardy, and in order to "put the whole enterprise on its feet, retrieve the heavy expenses that the expedition had incurred, and save the contributions from being wasted," he decided to make for the South Pole. Everything had to be done quietly; publicity, he thought, would end his project for all time. Before Captain Scott turned his back on civilization, Amundsen sent him a telegram advising him of his plans, and as the Pole was "only a side-issue" with the British expedition he did not consider it necessary to make his intentions known earlier.

Though he belongs to a family of sailors, and his father was a shipowner, Roald Amundsen had no intention at first of going to sea. Born

at Borge, in Østfold, on Christiania Fiord, on the 16th July, 1872, he completed his education at Christiania University and for two years studied medicine. It was, however, soon evident that his true vocation lay on the sea, and at an early age he entered the navy.

The voyages and achievements of Doctor Fridtjof Nansen, the famous Norwegian scientist, had led to a reawakening of the dauntless spirit of the old Norse Vikings, and it was with a view to equipping himself fully for his future work that Amundsen suffered, in those early days, the hardships inseparable from life on Arctic fishing and sealing vessels. In order to gain practical experience of navigation in the perilous ice-bound waters of the north he served as an ordinary seaman, afterwards qualifying for promotion by passing examination.

Tall and Powerful Man

Over six feet tall, powerfully built, with sturdy frame and hardy constitution, Amundsen had no reason to quarrel with Nature for the way in which he had been physically equipped for the stern work that lay ahead. He was at this period of his life a striking-looking man with fair hair, fine strong features, and sea-blue eyes that looked out beneath half-closed lids. In short, he was a typical Norseman.

At the age of twenty-five, he was invited to join a Belgian expedition to the Antarctic under Commander Adrien de Gerlache. To be chosen as a member of an important expedition at such an early age was a remarkable tribute to his skill and knowledge of the sea, and Amundsen did not think twice before accepting. Appointed first mate on the *Belgica*, he left with the rest of the party, representative of many nations, in August, 1897, and during the two years' voyage he had many opportunities of demonstrating his resource and ingenuity.

Insufficiently equipped for carrying out extensive investigations, the expedition nevertheless obtained much valuable information, and, in spite of terrible hardships, Amundsen must have returned well pleased with his first experience of Polar exploration.

Possessed of Great Patience

One of Amundsen's greatest assets, greater even than his fearlessness in face of danger and hardship, was his patience. This enabled him to spend years in study and careful preparation before he undertook his voyages, and in a large measure it contributed to his wonderful success. All his enterprises were characterized by a meticulous regard to detail.

He realized that the smallest omission or miscalculation might result in the death of himself and his companions, and, with such a

HOW BAGGAGE IS CARRIED ACROSS THE POLAR WASTES



Polar dog sledge, showing method of packing adopted. Amundsen did not share Shackleton's faith in Manchurian ponies as draught animals. He considered dogs altogether superior. The dogs gave a lot of trouble at first, but they proved their worth at the critical stage of the expedition. (Copyright reserved: reproduced by permission)

responsibility, he took care to provide, as far as his means allowed, for every emergency. Besides this attention to detail, he brought to bear on all he did a genius for organization, while his knowledge of dogs and the way to train and handle them as draught animals was unrivalled.

Further valuable experience was gained during an Arctic expedition in 1901-2, and on his return to Norway he knew practically all there was to be learned about navigating in ice-infested waters.

The way was now clear for him to embark on a more important expedition, and on the 17th June, 1903, he set out on his historic

voyage in the *Gjoa*, a fishing-smack of 47 tons, which he had fitted with a small petroleum engine. His object was to locate the north magnetic pole, and to make a crossing from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the North-West Passage. It was an ambitious programme, but one he felt confident of completing, and, as it transpired, there was ample justification for his optimism.

Amundsen first crossed the Atlantic, and made for the north-east coast of North America. Then he sailed his little craft, with its complement of only seven men, through Baffin Bay, between Baffin Island and Greenland, to the coast of Boothia peninsula. Uninterruptedly,

for nineteen months, he kept a lonely vigil, making observations, which, as usual, were distinguished by their accuracy and thoroughness. As a result he was able to prove that the north magnetic pole, first discovered by Sir John Ross, had not a stationary position, but a centre of continuous movement.

This was a discovery of the highest importance to science, and on this achievement alone Amundsen was entitled to be numbered among the great men of his age. Not content with this discovery, however, he had no sooner completed the first portion of his programme than he set out to traverse the North-West Passage.

For hundreds of years navigators had attempted to find a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific across the Arctic, and all of them had been baffled. Brave men, like Franklin,

AN INTREPID POLAR EXPLORER



Roald Amundsen, who discovered the South Pole, located the north magnetic pole, and crossed from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the North-West Passage.

had been lured to death in their efforts to solve the problem, and it was left to Amundsen to succeed where others had gallantly failed. Amundsen soon came to the conclusion that the instructions he had brought with him, all of them based on earlier expeditions, were wrong, and, ignoring the advice of other people, he steered his own course.

His journey along the northern coast of Canada was perilous in the extreme, and frequently the tiny *Gjoa* found itself wedged in the ice and helpless. Earlier on, the vessel had escaped destruction by fire only by a miracle.

One day, while exploring a small island, Amundsen and his crew were horrified to see a great belt of flame shoot forth from the engine-room of their ship, which lay at anchor. Their thoughts immediately centred on the thousands of gallons of petroleum on board, and, with the fear of an appalling disaster before them, they ran at top speed in the direction of the burning vessel. Fortunately, the engineer had remained at his post, and, with the help of the others, he managed to overcome the fire. It was discovered that a piece of cotton, moistened with petroleum, had somehow come into contact with the engine and had ignited.

Surprise Visit to Eagle City

In December, 1905, when the majority of people had given Amundsen up for lost, and others had forgotten all about him and his expedition, the Norwegian turned up suddenly in Eagle City, Alaska. He had not then made the North-West Passage, but he was within measurable distance of doing so, for the *Gjoa* was not very far away. The ice had prevented her from completing the journey that year, and, while waiting for the change of season, the explorer had seized the opportunity to have a peep at civilization, and incidentally to let the world know that he was still alive. He made the journey from the ice-bound ship to Alaska in a dog-sledge—an adventurous run across the practically unknown icy wastes of northern Canada.

Amundsen remained in Eagle City only long enough to replenish his supplies. Then he dashed back along the same track and rejoined his ship. In the spring of 1906 the *Gjoa* accomplished the final stages of her journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and enabled Amundsen to lay indisputable claim to be the first man to sail through the passage. Entering Bering Strait on the 30th August, he received a tumultuous welcome from the gold-miners of Nome, in Alaska, and every country was soon ringing with his praises.

Rapid Rise to Fame

In the short space of three years he had placed himself in the forefront of explorers and had more than confirmed his early promise. His rise to fame had been as rapid as it was unexpected. From a man who had been almost unknown outside his own country he became one of the world's most popular figures, and a large part of the next two years was spent in fulfilling requests for lectures, which reached him in embarrassing numbers. Amundsen lectured several times before British societies, and paid a generous tribute to Britain's enterprise in Polar exploration.

Apart from his two main achievements, Amundsen was able to throw considerable light

on the habits and customs of Eskimo tribes with whom he had come in contact. During a stay of nearly eighteen months with one large tribe only four births and two deaths occurred, both the latter being suicides. One thing that astonished Amundsen was the singing of the women. All their tunes seemed to be variations on five notes, and for a long time he thought they were extempore. His disillusionment came when he was invited to a concert and heard twenty women singing in perfect harmony for a full hour. From that moment onwards, he gave them credit for musical gifts above the ordinary.

Amundsen had proved himself a man of great judgment, high skill, and resourcefulness, and had shown that he possessed administrative qualities that fell little short of genius. The Norwegian Geographical Society, therefore, listened attentively when he approached them with plans for a new Arctic expedition.

His object this time was to spend five or more years in the North Polar Sea and carry out a thorough investigation of the Polar Regions. The voyage was to be made via San Francisco, whence he intended to make for the northern outpost of America and then drive his ship as far north as he could into the ice. After that he proposed to drift with the ice right across the North Polar Sea, and, if the opportunity presented itself, to make a dash to the Pole. It was one of the most daring projects ever conceived.

Before beginning his preparations, Amundsen consulted his eminent friend, Dr. Nansen, who at once gave him his support. It was arranged that Nansen's old ship, the *Fram*, should be fitted for the expedition, and, when a subscription list was opened, money poured in from all parts of the country. Among the donors were the King and Queen of Norway, who gave £1,120. Interest in his new enterprise, however, waned after a time, and Amundsen was compelled to exercise economy.

At one time Amundsen thought of taking Polar bears as draught-animals for his sledges, and he had some of these animals specially trained for the purpose at Hamburg. They proved unwilling pupils, however, and he had finally to abandon the idea.

It was in the late summer of 1900 when the news first flashed round the globe that Peary

had reached the North Pole. Amundsen cannot but have felt profound personal disappointment at the American's success, for it had been the dream of his life to acquire this honour for Norway. But if he thought a lot, he said nothing, and to all appearances he carried on with his plans as if nothing had happened.

He had originally intended leaving Christiania at the beginning of 1910, but several

WITH A DUMB FRIEND FOR COMPANY



The explorer at home. Amundsen is very fond of dogs, and knows a great deal about them. The magnificent dog shown here is a very different animal from those that drew his master's sledges.

delays occurred, and it was not until the summer that he was able to put to sea. Very few people were present to bid the expedition *bon voyage*. Amundsen had kept the date and time of his departure a secret, and the *Fram* left her moorings one calm summer's night without any ceremony.

For some weeks little or no interest was displayed in Amundsen's movements. In five or six years' time, when he returned from the Arctic with a report of his achievements—then

the scientific world, and, to a lesser extent, the layman, would want to hear his story. The world feeds on sensations, and the most spectacular triumph—the discovery of the Pole—had already been accomplished. Since then interest in the hero of the North-West Passage and his new project had undergone a gradual process of exhaustion.

Race for the South Pole

Then, all of a sudden, Amundsen found himself once more in the full limelight of searching publicity. A letter was received from him at Madeira, disclosing for the first time that he intended making a dash for the South Pole. With Captain Scott already on his way, the position was replete with dramatic possibilities. Who would be the first to reach the coveted goal?

A little anxious as to what would be the verdict of the public on his reticence, but blissfully unconscious of the furore he had created by his announcement, Amundsen left Madeira early in September and sailed due south. He had planned to winter at the Bay of Whales, on the opposite side of the Ross Sea to where Captain Scott had landed, and, after an uneventful voyage, the expedition reached the Great Ice Barrier on the 14th January, 1911. It is interesting to note that Amundsen considered the severest part of his task was now over. From Norway to the Great Ice Barrier was, in his opinion, "the most dangerous section of the journey."

Wonderful Knowledge of Dogs

This makes strange reading when one recalls that nearly 1,000 miles of icy plains, perilous glaciers, and high mountains had to be covered before he came within sight of his goal. His remark was not, however, to be taken as an indication that he expected an easy sledge journey over the great Antarctic continent. What he meant was that he had known from the first that his greatest difficulty was the transport of the dogs from Norway to the Barrier. That he succeeded in carrying them all that distance, a five months' sea voyage, without mishap is a remarkable tribute to his knowledge of dogs and to his powers of organization.

Amundsen did not share Shackleton's faith in Manchurian ponies as draught animals. He considered that dogs were superior from every point of view. They gave a lot of trouble at first, and were exceedingly difficult to train, but they proved their worth at the critical stage of the expedition. In every sense they justified the faith of their master, but in less capable hands they might easily have proved a burden rather than an invaluable support to the expedition.

Soon after his arrival at the Barrier, Amundsen divided his men into land and sea parties. The *Fram*, under Captain Nilsen, had important work of its own to perform while the land party was engaged in its dash to the Pole. The summer was spent in long sledge journeys to set up depots of supplies on the way to the Pole, and in making their winter quarters as comfortable as possible.

On the 22nd April the sun shone for the last time for four months, but, in spite of the severity of the winter, their time continued to be fully occupied. Amundsen aimed at having a meal of fresh meat at least once every day, and, as the dogs had also to be fed, this meant that a large number of seals had to be regularly captured and killed, and their flesh prepared for food.

Nightly Canine Concert

To relieve the monotony of the long winter days and nights, Amundsen took with him a huge library of 3,000 volumes, besides a gramophone and other musical instruments—and a canary. The men were entertained, also, to nightly concerts by the dogs. The plaintive howl of one animal would be taken up by others until the whole pack of one hundred was engaged in the performance. Then, as if by some prearranged signal, the concert would come to an abrupt end. The dogs' howls always ceased simultaneously, and the only explanation Amundsen could offer for this strange fact was that these clever animals were gifted with some special power of thought transference.

When the sun returned on the 24th August, men and dogs alike were in perfect health and everyone was in good spirits. In the early part of September, Amundsen started off on his great adventure, but bad weather conditions forced him to return. On the 20th October a fresh start was made with five men, four sledges, and fifty-two dogs. Provisions for four months were taken. This time the weather was favourable, and, by travelling about thirty miles a day, excellent progress was made. On every degree of latitude a supply depot was established, and many snow-beacons were built to mark the way back.

Climb of 11,000 Feet

By the middle of November the party had reached the land barrier, where their great climb to the high Polar plateau began. At one point they recorded an altitude of 11,000 feet, and for some days pressed on with indomitable spirit in the face of a blinding blizzard. More than one of them suffered from snow-blindness, and all felt the effect of the severe cold.

The passing of Shackleton's "farthest south"

THE GOAL REACHED BY AMUNDSEN'S ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION



The Norwegian flag flying at the South Pole. This photograph was taken by Amundsen, and shows Lieutenant Helmer Hansen with his dog team on King Haakon VII's Plateau. Hansen went as second mate with Amundsen through the North-West Passage. Amundsen describes him as a most skilful dog driver. (Copyright reserved: reproduced by permission.)

point was greeted with cheers. The last depot was set up here, and, with hopes running high, they started off on the final stage of the journey. Favoured with "brilliant" weather and a bearable temperature, the last few miles were covered in good time and without incident. As they neared their goal, one thought alone occupied their minds. Would they be first? Had Scott, by some superhuman effort, achieved the seemingly impossible and forestalled them?

The morning of the 14th December, 1911, broke fine and clear. None of them ate much breakfast; no one spoke more than a few words. It was an anxious time, and they were all eager to push on—to know the worst or to allay their fears. Mile after mile was

covered in silence. Hearts began to throb with excitement. Three o'clock arrived, and with it a sudden cry from the leading driver. "Halt!" Their journey was over—they had reached the Pole! No sign of life—only a vast, endless icy plain marked the spot that had eluded the efforts of brave men for countless years.

"It was, indeed, a solemn moment," Amundsen wrote, "as five weather-beaten, frost-bitten fists grasped the pole, raised the waving flag of Norway in the air, and planted it as the first at the geographical South Pole." To the plain on which they were standing he gave the name "King Haakon VII's Plateau."

After mutual congratulations, five happy men

sat down to a special dinner of celebration. Their menu was dried pemmican, seal meat, chocolate—and cigars. Over the latter, they discussed their plans for the future. For three days the party remained at the Pole, making many observations, and encircling the spot where they had placed their country's flag. Then, leaving some records, food, and clothes for Scott to find when he should arrive, they started on their return journey. This was accomplished without any kind of mishap and with the weather "unusually favourable".

BRAVING THE SNOW FIELDS



Amundsen in Polar kit, well prepared to encounter the terrors of the bleak and uninviting snowy wastes. (Reproduced from Amundsen's "The South Pole.")

"Framheim," as Amundsen called his Ross Sea base, was reached on the 25th January, 1912. The whole journey to the Pole and back, a distance of 1,860 miles, had been covered in the remarkably short time of ninety-nine days.

Not the least astonishing fact in connexion with Amundsen's expedition was that the plans he had carefully prepared eighteen months before, and over 16,000 miles distant from the scene of operations, were carried through without a hitch and almost to the very

hour. That he reached the Barrier one day ahead of his programme seemed to him to call for some explanation. The Pole was reached on the exact day that he had prophesied, and nearly all his anticipations and estimates were characterized by the same extreme accuracy. Above everything, Amundsen will go down in history as a superb administrator.

It was in March, 1912, that the world first heard of the Norwegian's success. Congratulations and honours immediately poured in on him from all parts of the globe. Almost as soon as he returned to civilization, he began to set down on paper his impressions of the expedition, and his book, "The South Pole," was translated into numerous languages.

World War Prevents Expedition

In 1914 Amundsen planned to start on another voyage of discovery, but the World War compelled its postponement. His country remained aloof from the conflict, but he, personally, sympathized with the Allies' cause. In the summer of 1918, he sailed north with the intention of drifting across the North Polar Sea—the project with which he had been credited when he left Christiania in 1910, and which he had never completely abandoned. His intention was to push as far north as he could and then to allow his ship to be carried along with the ice-floes.

The actual reaching of the Pole was not now of great importance, and he proposed to concentrate on making scientific observations in parts that had not previously been explored. For more than eighteen months nothing was heard of him, but in April, 1920, he appeared dramatically at Anadyr, a trading-post on the Bering Sea. He had left his ship fast in the ice, and had made a sledge journey over hundreds of miles of snow and ice to fetch supplies and to hear the world's news.

Back Again in the Arctic

In July he crossed the strait to Nome, in Alaska, thus completing the circumnavigation of the Arctic Circle. A fortnight later he was back in the Arctic, prepared for a long sojourn amidst its bleak, uninviting icy wastes.

In 1923 Amundsen began to make preparations for a flight by aeroplane to the North Pole, but circumstances, chiefly of a financial character, prevented him from putting this project into effect either in that year or in 1924.

Retaining all the pluck, fearlessness, and resourcefulness of his early manhood, his name seems destined to occupy as illustrious a place in the annals of North Polar exploration as it does in those of the South.

[See "The South Pole" (two vols., 1912) and "The North-West Passage" (two vols., 1908), both by Roald Amundsen.]

A BROTHERHOOD of FINANCIERS

The Rothschilds, Scions of a Homeless Race, Who, Sprung from a German Ghetto, Came to Hold the Fates of Nations in Their Grasp

"YOU must be a happy man," observed a visitor, after having been shown the magnificent appointments of the Rothschild mansion, with its priceless collections of pictures and curios, and tasting the epicurean products of the Rothschild kitchen.

"Happy, I happy!" came the unexpected retort. "What! happy, when just as you are going to dine, a letter is placed in your hand saying, 'If you do not send £300 I will blow your brains out'! Happy, I happy!"

The speaker was Nathan Mayer Rothschild, the most successful of the great family of financiers. He was, indeed, far from happy, for he lacked the art of spending his vast wealth, and took no pleasure in his possessions. Towards the end of his career he lived in constant dread of assassination.

One day he threw a heavy ledger at two perfectly respectable bankers who had called to negotiate a loan. Observing his visitors simultaneously make a quick movement with their hands, Rothschild imagined that they were about to produce pistols, although they merely intended to show him some documents.

Nathan Mayer was the third of five brothers who made the Rothschild international dynasty of finance so powerful that the fates of the nations trembled in the balance while they sat in conclave and decided upon the course of action they should take.

At one time in the history of the world kings could not rule nor governments act without the sanction of the Rothschilds, who, if they chose, could have forced the Bank of England to close its doors and dictated terms to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But for a Rothschild Napoleon could not have carried on his campaign against England; and it was Rothschild money that helped to bring about the ambitious emperor's downfall.

The founder of the great family and the first

to adopt the name "Rothschild"—which means literally "Red Shield"—and was a sign used by moneylenders—was Mayer Anselm Bauer, who was born in 1743. His father, Anselm Moses Bauer, had been a small merchant, trading in old clothes, oddments, and curiosities. His shop, situated in the Ghetto at Frankfurt, was for many years the headquarters of the Rothschild banking firm. It stood in a narrow street, known as the Judengasse, which contained many dilapidated, evil-smelling houses,

FOUNDER OF A GREAT FAMILY



The son of an old clothes merchant, Mayer Anselm Rothschild established the first Rothschild Bank in Frankfurt and paved the way for the remarkable success of his five sons.

packed close together and sheltering many families.

At both ends of the street big iron gates kept the Jews segregated. On Sundays these were closed, and no Jew was allowed to be seen in the streets of Frankfurt. On other days they were obliged to wear a badge, and to step aside when passing Gentiles.

The worst period of Jewish persecution was over long before Mayer Anselm Bauer was born, but Jews were still looked upon with suspicion, and only the curious, or the desperately impecunious, ventured beyond those gates to mingle with the swarthy Israelites babbling in Yiddish as they bargained with each other and carried on their multifarious trades.

Mayer Anselm's parents intended him to become a rabbi, but he had leanings in another direction. Even when he was twelve years old he began to do a brisk business in buying and selling old coins, sometimes being torn between the desire to keep a specially rare specimen and selling it at a profit.

Both his parents died when he was still young. He abandoned his religious training and, after some experience in the office of a large banking firm in Hanover, set up in business as a moneylender, living in the house in which he had been born and exhibiting as his sign the "Red Shield."

He combined usury with his father's old occupation as a dealer in coins and curiosities,

but enterprise took him farther afield than the narrow range of the Judengasse. He hawked his wares up and down the country, and, having a real knowledge of old coins and rare specie, he often came into contact with rich and influential collectors who afterwards remembered him.

One sultry day, as Rothschild was walking along a dusty country road with his sack of wares on his back, he fell in with a brother pedlar who had a donkey. The Rothschild's heavy load, invited him to place it on the donkey's back. Rothschild gratefully accepted the offer, but when presently they came to a narrow plank leading over a steep chasm, he removed his sack from the donkey's back, observing as he did so, "Accidents sometimes happen at places like this, and, as this sack contains all my fortune, it is well to be on the safe side."

The pedlar laughed heartily, but no sooner had he advanced a few paces with his donkey over the plank than it broke, and both fell into the chasm.

Mayer Anselm earned the title of "the honest Jew" by the straightforwardness of his financial dealings. He was a keen man of business but abundantly humane and broadminded. His first opportunity to make money on a large scale came when, through the instrumentality of a military officer of the house of Hesse, for whom he had performed a service, he obtained an introduction to the landgrave, William IX.

Arriving at the Court, Rothschild found the landgrave and Baron Estorff, the officer in question, deeply engaged in a game of chess. No notice was taken of the financier for some while, but presently the landgrave looked up from the game, which was obviously going against him, and said, "Do you know anything of chess?"

Rothschild immediately pointed to a piece and said, "Would your Highness move this piece to that square?"

The landgrave did so, and the move turned the game in his favour. Rothschild was well received, the landgrave observing to his companion that "he had certainly recommended him no fool." As a result of the interview

that followed, Rothschild was appointed Court banker to the landgrave.

He did so well that the following year he was able to negotiate the first Rothschild State loan, amounting to four million thalers, to the Dutch Government. Following this an extraordinary stroke of fortune led to the great coup upon which the Rothschild millions are based.

At that time Napoleon was carrying on his Austrian campaign, and every state in that country feared sudden invasion. The landgrave of Hesse had been lending money and soldiers to other states, and this marked him out for special chastisement at the hands of the French war-god.

There was no time to be lost, for the enemy were at the gates. The landgrave sent for Rothschild and handed him all his money and valuables, amounting to £600,000 in English money, for the latter to preserve as he thought fit.

Two versions of what actually happened when the Napoleonic army entered Frankfurt have been related. One is that the soldiers searched Rothschild's house, took all his private property, but failed to find the landgrave's treasure which was buried in the garden. The other, and more likely, story is that Rothschild immediately sent the treasure to his son, Nathan Mayer, in England, and that the latter lost no time in lending it out at a high rate of interest.

At any rate, when peace was restored, Mayer Anselm was able to restore the landgrave's treasure to him, with the addition of the interest at 5 per cent. which it had earned. He was handsomely rewarded for his

honesty and good stewardship, and upon these profits began the making of the first Rothschild million.

Mayer Anselm Rothschild died on the 19th September, 1812. His five sons being summoned to his bedside, he enjoined them to keep the law of Moses, to remain united to the end, and to undertake no business without first consulting their mother. "Observe these three points," was the old financier's last advice, "and you will soon be rich among the richest, and the world will belong to you."

A KING OF FINANCE



Nathan Rothschild, the most astute member of the family, watching points on the London Stock Exchange.

The mother of the Rothschilds, to whose shrewd character Mayer Anselm had owed much, lived to the age of ninety-six, and no amount of persuasion could induce her to leave the musty old house in the Judengasse, which was a street so narrow that her son's carriage could not pass down it, and after driving with him through the streets of Frankfort she had to be carried from the vehicle to her door.

"Old Rothschild," wrote Heinrich Heine, the German-Jewish poet, "was a noble soul, goodness and kind-heartedness itself; a benevolent face with a pointed little beard; on his head a three-cornered hat, and his dress quiet and sober, if not poor. If a row of beggars was met in the street with cheerful and pleased countenances, one might be sure that Rothschild was in the habit of passing down that way."

The five sons carried out their father's injunctions not only in the letter but in the spirit. Some were cleverer than others, or had better opportunities, but all succeeded in the province allotted to them, and they never allowed jealousy to interfere with their common aim. They intermarried closely, but wisely, in order to preserve the stock, and always asked each other's counsel.

The Eldest of the Five

Anselm Mayer Rothschild, born in 1773, and the eldest son, remained in Frankfort. He had inherited the benevolent nature of his father as well as his business aptitude. It is said that he always dined with the windows open, in order that needy persons passing the house might throw in their requests for money. Rothschild would then place a coin in the envelope, often without reading the letter, and toss it back to the eagerly awaiting supplicant. He died in 1855, leaving a large fortune to the Jewish community and many sums to his "courtiers," as he called the people whom he had helped during his lifetime.

Of the other brothers, Solomon (1774-1826) opened business in Vienna, Karl (1780-1855) did likewise at Naples, and Jacob (1792-1868) founded the great Rothschild bank in Paris. By common consent, the London representative, Nathan Mayer Rothschild, born in 1777, and undoubtedly the greatest financial genius of the five, was regarded as the leader of the family, although he was the third son of his father.

Nathan was a rough diamond, coarse in appearance and manner, entirely oblivious to the finer feelings, ruthless in gain, and

possessed of a financial genius unparalleled in the history of the world. He started his independent career as a young man by going to Manchester to buy cotton goods for his father. He quickly showed himself smarter than the smartest Manchester merchant.

"I soon found out," he wrote, "that there were three profits—the raw material, the

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED SHIELD



The first home of the Rothschilds, situated in the Frankfort Ghetto, and which the mother of the five famous sons refused to leave, on superstitious grounds, until her death at the age of ninety-six.

dyeing, and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, 'I will supply you with material and dye, and you supply me manufactured goods.' So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anyone." In a few months he had trebled his capital of £20,000.

Soon afterwards he received from his father the landgrave's fortune of £600,000, which he quickly turned to good account. His next

exploit was to purchase £800,000 worth of gold from the East India House and lend it to the British Government, who were in sore straits for means to finance Wellington's army against Napoleon. Rothschild was so sure that the great struggle would terminate in favour of the allies that he bought up a number of Wellington's bills at a heavy discount. These were subsequently redeemed at par, to Rothschild's enormous gain.

Nathan was then primarily a financier, although he had interests in many industrial concerns. He came to London and literally terrorized the Stock Exchange by the bold-

MOTHER-IN-LAW OF A PEER



Baron Mayer de Rothschild's wife, whose daughter, Hannah, with the full consent of the Rothschild family, married Lord Rosebery in 1878.

ness and sureness of his speculations. The banks at first dreaded him and then courted his favour, knowing that he had them in his power. It was Nathan Rothschild who elaborated to a fine art those processes of manipulating the rise and fall of stocks and shares known as "bulling" and "bearing." He multiplied his original capital 2,500 times in five years.

One secret of Rothschild's phenomenal success on the Stock Exchange was his uncannily developed gift of rapid intuition, which enabled him, more often than not, to determine the probable course of events likely to influence the market. He also employed a large staff of private agents who kept him closely informed of matters which he could not observe for

himself, and he organized a system of carrier pigeons and fast-running boats, and was thus always ahead of his rivals in the receipt of news from abroad.

Rothschild always made a bargain at once, apparently without thinking, and to this readiness he attributed much of his success. In larger matters, once he had made up his mind he never went back on his decision. As has already been observed, he staked practically the whole of his fortune on the downfall of Napoleon, believing firmly in the stability and resource of the English character.

Witnesses the Battle of Waterloo

In 1815, however, Napoleon's escape from Elba caused the financier much alarm, and it is said that he was so anxious about the result of the battle of Waterloo that he crossed the water and actually witnessed the engagement. But he turned the crisis to good account. The renewal of the Napoleon scare had caused a widespread depreciation in the home market, and everybody was disposing of their stocks and shares. Rothschild sold out as well, through his public agents. Privately, he bought enormously, so confident was he of a British success. When the victory was announced, the shares went up with a bound, and Rothschild realized over a million by his transactions.

Afterwards, when Europe was in a state of financial chaos owing to the war, Rothschild began a long series of loans to the Government. He was the first to introduce foreign loans as a form of investment. Sometimes these loans were unsuccessful, but Rothschild rarely lost. Between 1818 and 1832 he issued loans to the extent of £21,800,000.

Rothschild did not often make a parade of his power, but there were times when he played the part of a dictator. On one occasion the Bank of England authorities refused to discount a bill drawn upon him by his brother Anselm. The reason given was that the bank only discounted its own bills and not those of private persons.

The Financier's Indignation

"Private persons," exclaimed Rothschild, when he heard of this, "I will make these gentlemen feel what sort of private persons we are."

Next day he presented himself at the Bank of England and demanded gold in exchange for a £5 note. The clerk, albeit surprised at the request, had no choice but to comply. Then Rothschild produced another £5 note, and another, continuing the process until he had drawn £21,000 in gold. By this time nine of his agents had done likewise, making the total amount £210,000.

The bank authorities grew seriously alarmed.

A SPORTING ROTHSCHILD'S EXPERIMENT IN ANIMAL TRAINING



As the Rothschilds grew richer they indulged themselves in all kinds of "break" pursuits. Baron Lionel de Rothschild, born in 1868, son of Nathaniel Mayer, kept a menagerie on his estate at Tring. Here he is seen driving a team of zebras, the first of these handsome animals to be used for this purpose in England.

"These gentlemen," said Rothschild, "refuse to take my bills. I have sworn not to take theirs. I will merely warn them that I hold enough to keep them busy for two months."

As this would have meant the withdrawal of eleven millions from the bank's gold reserve, the authorities had no choice but to reverse their decision, and Rothschild triumphed.

Outwitted by a Stockbroker

Sometimes he was outwitted. A stockbroker named Lucas, whose losses on 'change had often filled Rothschild's pockets, determined to have revenge. He happened to live near the financier's mansion. Returning home late one night he noticed a carriage waiting outside Rothschild's gate. Scenting something unusual, Lucas concealed himself behind a bush and presently saw Rothschild and two other men emerge from the house and enter the carriage, which drove off to the City at a great pace.

Lucas immediately entered his own carriage and set off in pursuit. He arrived at New Court in St. Swithin's Lane just in time to follow Rothschild and his companions into the building. He then collapsed on the floor, apparently in a dead faint.

Observing Lucas in this state, Rothschild and his companions did what they could for him. Restoratives were obtained and presently Lucas appeared to sink into a deep slumber on a convenient couch.

The financiers covered him with a rug, and, as there was no time to be lost, began discussing their business, which concerned the buying on a large scale of certain shares upon information received from Rothschild's secret agents.

Presently Lucas recovered, offered profuse apologies for the trouble he had caused, and returned home. Next morning he hastened to his office and made an extensive purchase of the shares in question. As a result of this "base dishonest, and nefarious trick," as the indignant Rothschild described it, Lucas took the wind out of the great financier's sails.

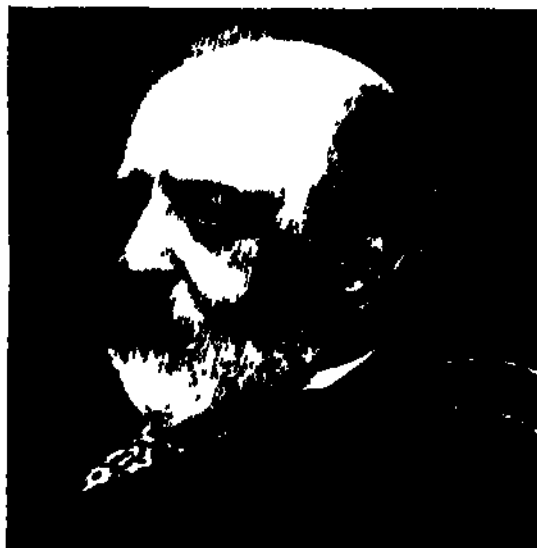
Succeeded by his Son

Nathan Rothschild died in 1836. His eldest son, Lionel Rothschild, who was born in 1808, succeeded to the London branch. He had very little of his father's speculative genius, but he successfully controlled the Rothschild millions. He engaged in an active struggle for the abolition of Jewish disabilities, and in his

many attempts to enter the House of Commons he was staunchly championed by Lord John Russell, who introduced many Bills in favour of Jewish representation, which the House of Lords rejected. Eventually a Bill was passed, and Rothschild was allowed to take his seat without taking the Christian oath. He represented the City of London from 1858 to 1874, but took little part in debates.

The course of this struggle for the right to sit in Parliament provided, perhaps, the only instance when the business instinct of a Rothschild faltered. Baron Lionel, as he was called (the title, however, was Austrian and had been conferred on all the Rothschilds), appealed to

A ROTHSCHILD OF TO-DAY



The present English representative of the Rothschilds has inherited many of the qualities of his ancestors and is the second of his family to sit in the House of Lords.

the British ideal of liberty and fair play in his efforts to win his case. At the time when success seemed certain, after ten years' effort, a Russian loan was suggested, and the Baron was extremely anxious to undertake its negotiation.

At that time, however, the Russian Tsar was very unpopular, owing to his tyrannical rule, and particularly because of his persecution of the Jews. If Rothschild undertook the loan he would certainly damage his own case as a champion of liberty. He hesitated—and lost what would have been a most profitable piece of business.

In Baron Lionel the humane qualities of the Rothschilds again predominated. He celebrated his entry into Parliament by establishing a valuable scholarship at the City of London School. His charities, and those of his wife,

who is said to have spent on the poor £120,000, saved out of her pin-money, were numerous. It was Baron Lionel who started the Rothschild patronage of sport and the arts. He was a member of the Jockey Club, and won the Derby. His house was full of art treasures, which he could appreciate at their true value. He died in 1879, after having been practically a cripple from rheumatic gout for many years.

His son Nathan was created a Baron by Queen Victoria in 1885, and was the first Rothschild to sit in the House of Lords. He died in 1915. The present Lord Rothschild was born in 1868.

Raising a War Indemnity

In France the power of the Rothschilds held sway for over ninety years. Alphonse de Rothschild, the son of Jacob, who was the fifth of the original brothers, was successful in raising the war indemnity demanded by Germany from France in 1871. Out of this transaction alone he cleared £20,000,000. As an instance of the prodigal style in which this Rothschild lived, it is said that when the Germans occupied his château they found 17,000 bottles of wine of the earliest vintage.

It was in this château that the French general met Bismarck and arranged the terms of capitulation. So great was the respect for Rothschild that the utmost care was taken not to injure the priceless art treasures in the château, and when Rothschild returned he found everything intact.

One great source of the Rothschilds' power was the fact that as a family they owed allegiance to no nation, and could therefore operate without regard to political consequences.

Saves England from Disaster

Owning no race but their own homeless one, they took the world as they found it and reaped where they could. Good and evil came from their vast wealth. On two occasions they saved England from financial disaster owing to speculative fevers and threatened runs on the banks. It was Rothschild money that enabled the Suez Canal shares to be bought from the Khedive of Egypt, and, when the French revolution created a panic, the Rothschilds maintained the bank's credit with their millions.

But the power that the Rothschilds once possessed over kings and governments is gone for ever. New systems for raising money have been evolved, and no country now depends upon its Rothschild in order to pay its bills. Of recent years the great family has been far less active in the world of finance.

[See "The Rothschilds," by John Reeves (1887); and "The Romance of the Rothschilds," by I. Balla (1918).]

The MOST DELIGHTFUL of ESSAYISTS

How Charles Lamb, Who was for Thirty-three Years a Clerk, Eked Out His Salary, and Lived and Died in the Shadow of a Great Sorrow.

IN a secluded part of the cloisters of Christ's Hospital a fragile little Blue-Coat boy used to sit down to eat the dinner which had been brought to him from his home in the Temple by the hand of a devoted messenger.

I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands . . . and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it, and, at the top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

Thus does the gentle Elia describe, thirty-five years afterwards, a recollection of his boyhood days in the Blue-Coat School.

The School's Traditions

It is only as recently as 1902 that the Blue-Coat School was removed to Horsham from the historic site off Newgate Street, which it had occupied since its foundation by the boy king Edward VI in 1552. Indeed, the traditions of the great school go back much farther, for the first school, with its 340 boys, was accommodated in the patched-up monastery of the Grey Friars, founded on that site in 1225, and finally suppressed by Henry VIII, who gave the church to the City.

There are, of course, many people who can remember pausing by the great iron gates of Christ's Hospital to watch the throngs of happy Blue-Coat boys playing boisterously on the historic ground that has been trodden by the feet of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, and many another boy who rose to fame. Lamb has written:

I must crave leave to remember our transcending superiority in those invigorating sports, leapfrog and beating the bear; our delightful excursions in the summer holidays to the New River, near Newington, where, like others, we would live the long day in the

water, never caring for dressing ourselves when we had once stripped; our savoury meals afterwards, when we came home almost famished.

There is another ancient precinct in London—still, happily, preserved from the indignities of the bulking fraternity—that is hallowed by memories of Charles Lamb, namely, the Temple. In that beautiful sanctuary of ancient peace, so close to the turmoil and ceaseless traffic of Fleet Street, he was born (in Crown Office Row, on the 10th February, 1775), and there he passed his boyhood. "Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places!—these are of my oldest recollections." His father, John Lamb, was clerk to one of the benchers.

Thus, in a very real sense, Charles Lamb spent his youth entirely in two environments which retained many habits of an age long past—between "cloister and cloister"—and no doubt the impressions he received in those old-world places, combined with the delicacy of his constitution and his difficulty in utterance, determined the old-fashioned mould in which his manhood was cast.

Mary Lamb's Fatal Frenzy

There was another influence which powerfully affected his life. When Charles Lamb was twenty-one, his sister Mary, in a fit of sudden frenzy, as unexpected as it was terrible, picked up a knife when the family were sitting together in their home, chased the servant girl, who had given annoyance, and, before the unhappy Charles could disarm her, fatally stabbed her invalid mother.

A few days later, when an inquest was held, a verdict of insanity was brought in, and poor Charles Lamb had the sorrow of burying his

A CLERK AT THE INDIA HOUSE



Lamb at his desk, from an old print. The Essayist was essentially a bookish man, and literature was the recreation and the solace of his life.

beloved mother and seeing his sister taken away from him and placed in an asylum, in the midst of strangers.

Is it folly or sin in me to say (he wrote to his old school-fellow, Coleridge) that it was a religious principle that most supported me? I allow much to other favourable circumstances. . . . On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearances like one dying—my father with his poor forehead plastered over from a wound he had received from a daughter

BIRTHPLACE OF THE GENTLE ELIA



Charles Lamb was born in Crown Office Row, Temple, London, and in the Temple—that beautiful sanctuary of ancient peace, so quiet but yet so close to the turmoil of Fleet Street—he passed his childhood.

dearly loved by him, who loved him no less dearly—my mother a dead and murdered corpse in the next room—yet was I wonderfully supported. . . . I had the whole weight of the family thrown on me; for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age and infirmities, had now, with his bad leg, an exemption from such duties.

It is to be feared that many a man in similar circumstances, having seen his sister confined in an asylum, would have been quite content to leave her there, resenting, perhaps, the disgrace, but thankful to be free to live his own life in his own way. Charles Lamb behaved very differently. Without ostentation, and without in the least taking to himself

any credit for so doing, he consecrated his life to his sister's care. There is no story in literature that reveals a more beautiful and a more unselfish devotion than the love which the gentle Elia bore for his grievously afflicted sister Mary.

After a short apprenticeship at South Sea House, Charles Lamb became a clerk in the service of the East India Company at the age of seventeen, and he continued to endure what he termed "official confinement" among his ledgers for thirty-three years, at the end of which period he retired on a generous pension.

When a man has to share the common lot of so many, and spend his life in the routine drudgery of a subordinate position, it is the manner in which he spends his leisure, rather than the nature of his daily employment, that determines the character, happiness, and influence of the individual concerned. So it was with Lamb.

He was essentially a bookish man. Literature was the solace of his life, and it is a remarkable fact that his imperishable "Essays," as well as his numerous other contributions to literature, were written as an evening employment and recreation, and also with the object of supplementing his clerical salary, which was for many years insufficient to meet his heavy responsibilities.

Origin of His Pseudonym

In a description of the old South Sea House, the first of a series of essays contributed to the *London Magazine*, Lamb adopted the pseudonym of Elia, which was the name of a "gay light-hearted foreigner."

who had been a colleague of his there. This signature was appended to the subsequent articles as they came out, and also to the essays when they appeared in volume form.

His sister's lapses into insanity were at first infrequent, although the approaches of her malady were dreaded, and, by well-known signs, anticipated by both. So during the whole of his working life Charles and Mary Lamb kept up a modest establishment together.

We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony,

with only occasional bickerings—as it should be among very near relations.

This "dual loneliness" had its unhappy side. Poor Charles was so faithful in his devotion to his sister that (as Mary Lamb writes in one of her letters) "our love for each other has been the torment of our lives hitherto."

At first they shut themselves away too much from the social life that was possible for them, and which they greatly needed to relieve the tension of their anxieties.

"You would laugh, or you would cry, perhaps both," wrote Mary on another occasion, "to see us sit together, looking at each other with long and rueful faces, and saying, 'How do you do?' and 'How do you do?' and then we fall a-crying, and say we will be better on the morrow."

Famous Suppers

When they became better off, and had more company, difficulties arose in the other direction. There was occasionally too much sociability over the glasses on the table. Still, it is certain that Lamb and his sister were happiest when their lodging resembled "a minister's levée," as Charles once described it. His suppers were famous. Hazlitt, in his essay "On the Conversation of Authors," pleasantly describes the flow of wit that took place on these occasions.

There was Lamb himself, the most delightful, the most provoking, the most witty and sensible of men! He always made the best pun and the best remark. His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is his best. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen half-sentences, as he does. His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words. What a keen, laughing, hard-brained view of home-felt truth!

Writings of Mary Lamb

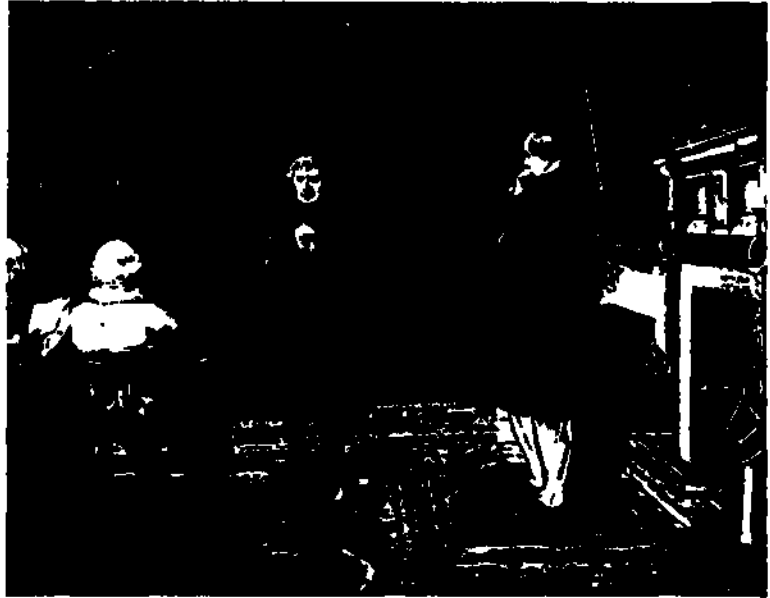
One of the most touching things about the domestic life of Charles and Mary Lamb is the fact that, when the latter was normal, her mentality was so much above the ordinary that she not only cared for Charles and looked after their joint housekeeping very efficiently, but collaborated with her brother in writing books. Several of the "Tales from Shakespeare" were written by Mary Lamb. She also wrote most of "Mrs. Leicester's School" and the greater part of "Poetry for Children, Entirely Original."

In one of her letters, Mary Lamb gives a delightful description of their work together. "You would like to see us as we often sit writing at one table (but not on one cushion sitting) like Hermia and Helena in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; or rather like an old literary Darby and Joan; I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out that he has made something of it."

Living Under a Shadow

But there was always a shadow over Lamb and his home life—a dread of his sister's returning madness, which intruded into their gayest

LAMB AND THE DIRECTORS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY



In March, 1825, the directors at the India House announced to Lamb that a retiring pension would be awarded him. "After thirty-three years of slavery," wrote Lamb to Wordsworth, "here am I a free man."

and happiest, as well as into their most peaceful moments. Sometimes Mary would be sane and well for two years, and then, after an interval of some weeks in the asylum at Hoxton, would return home again for another respite. Later in their lives these distressing relapses into insanity were more frequent. It must have been agony for such a gentle, compassionate, unselfish soul as Charles Lamb to see the familiar signs which indicated that his sister would soon be the victim of another of these terrible attacks.

At such times Mary prepared herself for the inevitable separation, and Charles, carrying her strait-jacket with him, would walk silently across the fields to Hoxton, arm-in-arm with the poor woman he loved so tenderly, both of

them weeping as they trudged along in the twilight.

Charles Lamb kept steadfastly on in the path of duty. "A small spare man, clothed in black," wrote B. W. Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall, "this gentle city clerk went out every morning and returned every afternoon, as regularly as the hands of the clock moved towards certain hours. You could not mistake him. He was somewhat stiff in manner, and almost clerical in dress, which indicated much wear. He had a long, melancholy face, with keen, penetrating eyes, and he walked with a short, resolute step, citywards."

Lamb often expressed a hatred for office work, and, if he had had only himself to consider, might have abandoned his assured salary for the more precarious existence of an author, for even in his lifetime the "Essays of Elia" (1823) had gained for him an enduring place in literature. As a matter of fact, the regular habits necessitated by his daily attendance at the office, and the friendly commingling with his fellow-clerks were his salvation.

Perhaps the most tragic thing in Lamb's life was the fact that he did not realize, until too late, how empty his life would be without his desk and his ledgers. His voluntary retirement from his employment, so eagerly looked forward to, was, in a sense, the signing of his death-warrant. He retired, not into rest and happiness, but into a state of monotony far more irksome than the monotony of routine employment, and into a condition of loneliness that was the prelude of death itself.

As Talfourd aptly describes it, Lamb's life from that point onwards was a "listless leisure," and "his evening hours of solitude were hardly so sweet as when they were the relief and resting-places of his mind." Other "superannuated men" have made the same sad mistake.

Charles Lamb was only fifty when he retired

with a pension of £450 a year, and, if he had not been such a lover of solitude, his remaining years might have turned out far happier and more interesting than they proved to be, and his life might have been greatly prolonged.

Eighteen months before his retirement Charles Lamb and his sister had removed to a cottage (still standing) in Islington. That part of London was then quite in the country, and in one of his letters Elia gives a delightful glimpse

of the new interest in a semi-rural life which he found had awakened in his breast. Of one who had been so emphatically a townsman all his life, it is pleasant to read of his delight in possessing for the first time a garden of his own.

I have a cottage in Colebrooke Row, Islington—a cottage, for it is detached—a white house, with six good rooms in it. The New River (rather elderly by this time) runs (if a moderate walking pace can be so termed) close to the foot of the house; and behind is a spacious garden, with vines (I assure you), pears, strawberries, parsnips, leeks, carrots, cabbages, to delight the heart of old Alcibiades. You enter without passage into a cheerful dining-room, all studded over and rough with old books; and above is a lightsome drawing-room, three windows, full of choice prints. I feel like a great lord, never having had a house before.

Some of Lamb's old friends penetrated as far as Islington to see him and his wonderful garden, and one of them—George Dyer—a gentle old bookworm, on leaving the house after his first visit, walked absent-mindedly into the New River. Fortunately, he was quickly rescued, and Mary Lamb had him stripped, wrapped in hot blankets, and put to bed, where he was transported into blissful delirium with brandy and water. So Charles found his old friend, who was nearly seventy at the time, on his return from the office.

Charles Lamb did not stay very long in Islington. It is significant of the irksomeness of the enforced idleness of his retirement that Lamb moved so often after he left the office desk. And yet he hated the trouble and unsettlement occasioned by giving up a home

THE AUTHOR OF THE "ESSAYS OF ELIA"



Charles Lamb is revered by all who love literature. The "Essays of Elia" breathe a sweetness and charm that are found in the works of few other writers.

that had become familiar for a new one. "To change habitations," he wrote at this time, "is to die to them—and in my time I have died seven deaths."

From Islington he migrated to Enfield, a move which then necessitated a journey by stage-coach. A schoolboy, who lived next door to the Lambs' new home—"The Poplars"—saw them coming, while looking out of the window, and afterwards described the scene:

Leaning idly out of a window, I saw a group of three issuing from the "gamboogy-looking cottage" close at hand—a slim, middle-aged man in quaint, uncontemporary habiliments, a rather shapeless bundle of an old lady, in a bonnet like a mob-cap, and a young girl (their adopted daughter, Emma Isola); while before them bounded a motous dog, holding a board, with "Thus House to Let" on it, in his jaws. Lamb was on his way back to the house agent's, and that was his fashion of announcing that he had taken the premises.

Country Rambles

Lamb spent a good deal of his time in long rambles through the country round Enfield, accompanied by a big, boisterous dog, named Dash, a present from Tom Hood. But the essayist did not like the quietness of the country or the isolation from London and his many beloved London friends, which was inevitable.

"Let not the lying poets be believed," he wrote, "who entice men from the cheerful streets. Let no native Londoner imagine that health and rest, innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable."

To afford himself some relief, Lamb moved "forty-two inches nearer town," as he described it with characteristic quaintness. In other words, he gave up the cares of housekeeping, largely because his sister's illnesses were growing steadily worse and more frequent, and took lodgings next door. His landlord was a great contrast to Lamb—a worthy haberdasher from the City of London, who had retired to spend a green old age with no other resources than about £40 a year and one anecdote. Lamb and his sister lived in the Enfield lodgings over three years, and while he was there "The Last

Essays of Elia," containing some of his finest work, were published, in 1833.

For a short time he tried London again, but he found "the streets, the shops are left, but all old friends are gone." Hazlitt had died, and after him Coleridge, who had been one of Lamb's best and dearest friends for fifty years.

Lamb's thoughts were now often of death.

THE EDMONTON HOME OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB



Bay Cottage, Edmonton, the house to which Charles and Mary Lamb moved in 1833, to spend the last two years of their united lives. Charles died here in December, 1834, and was buried in Edmonton churchyard.

Mary had become worse, and brother and sister had removed to Edmonton to board and lodge with the Waldens, a kindly couple who took in patients.

"You must die first, Mary," Charles was overheard saying to his poor sister one day.

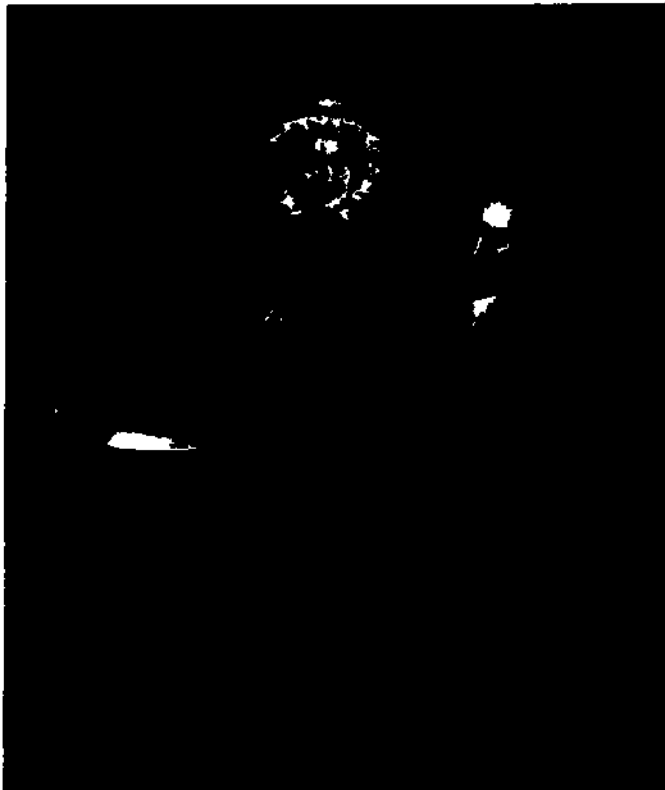
"Yes, I must die first," she acquiesced, in her quiet way.

One day they walked together into the churchyard at Edmonton, and Charles pointed

out to his sister the spot where he wished to be laid to rest.

There is infinite pathos in the closing chapter of Charles Lamb's life. These two, sister and brother, had been everything to each other. Since his youth Charles had consecrated all his life to the care and support of the sorely afflicted Mary, while she had looked to him for everything, and never in vain. They both felt that the time of their separation could not be long delayed, and each wondered and worried

A DEVOTED BROTHER AND SISTER



Charles and Mary Lamb, after the portrait by F. S. Cary, in the National Portrait Gallery, London. No story in literature reveals a more unselfish love than Lamb's lifelong devotion to his afflicted sister.

in secret about the other who would be left behind.

They were not poor, they were very far from being unknown, and yet life had passed them by. With the death of old friends and the end of their activities had come the end of all that made life sweet and worth the living.

While he was out for his usual walk one day, poor, lonely Charles Lamb stumbled and fell in the street. His face was hurt, and, although the wound seemed but a trifling thing that would soon heal, it did not do so. Erysipelas followed, and after lingering a few days he died quite peacefully, on the 27th December,

1834, murmuring the names of some of his old friends.

Even his death was solitary, for his beloved sister was not at the time in a fit state, mentally, to realize that her brother was dying. Percy Fitzgerald, however, tells us that she was able to walk to the churchyard, and point out the place where Charles had desired to be buried.

There, then, he was laid to rest at the age of fifty-nine, and there, as the grey stone which marks the spot shows, his beloved sister was laid beside him thirteen years later.

Charles Lamb is still dearly beloved by everyone who has any sense of the beautiful in English literature. There are sweetness, charm, and amiability in the "Essays of Elia," which are not found in such full measure anywhere else. Moreover, owing to his writings being so often autobiographical, we not only fall under the great charm of the printed word, but we also fall in love with Lamb himself.

"Self-pleasing Quaintness"

The essays of Lamb are worthy to rank beside those of Montaigne and Addison. His love for the earlier prose writers and dramatists comes out in the old-world flavour of his style, in what he himself calls his "self-pleasing quaintness." When we read Charles Lamb we might almost imagine ourselves to be reading one of the seventeenth-century essayists.

What Lamb tells us about himself in his writings is always engaging. What is more, his descriptions bear the stamp of truth, and, where opportunity arises of putting them to the proof, are seen to stand the test of years. In the essay, "Mackery End, in Hertfordshire," there is an example of such inspired description.

Elia and his cousin Bridget make an excursion into Hertfordshire to visit some relations. Too shy at first to enter the house, Elia sends Bridget in without him. She soon returns with "a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans." The Gladman family still flourishes, and a characteristic of the female members is a talent for hospitality, expressed not only in material ways but also in feature and pose. To see one of these descendants of this kinswoman of Lamb's greeting a friend or relation at the gate is to appreciate the force and aptness of Elia's description.

[See Works, edited by Sir T. N. Talfourd (1855); and "Life of Charles Lamb," by E. V. Lucas (1921).]

Over SIXTY YEARS a QUEEN

How Victoria the Good, during the Longest Reign in Our History, Ruled with a Sagacity that with the Years Attained the Force of Patriarchal Wisdom

THE long reign of Queen Victoria, which extended from 1837 to 1901, embraced a period of such unrivalled economic progress and scientific achievement, and witnessed the rise of so many giant intellects, that it has been thought worthy of being referred to in history as the Victorian Era, and many of the famous men and women of the nineteenth century are known as the Great Victorians.

"Victoria the Good," as she has often been called, was a remarkable sovereign. Her reign was the longest in the history of Great Britain, and no previous English monarch lived to so great an age. But even more remarkable were the glories of her period.

Queen Victoria was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III. Born at Kensington Palace, London, on the 24th May, 1819, she was given at her baptism, a month later, the names Alexandrina Victoria. At that time George III was king, and there were at least five lives between this infant princess and the throne. Yet Victoria became queen at the early age of eighteen.

The Princess Victoria was only eight months old when both George III and her father died. From that time until she came to the throne, she was very carefully brought up by her mother, the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who, before her marriage to the Duke of Kent, was the widow of the Prince of Leiningen, by whom she had two children, a son and a daughter.

Practically the whole of the future queen's girlhood was spent at Kensington Palace. She led a simple life, her mother being for a time very badly off, considering her position. The Duke and Duchess of Kent had come to England from Germany, in order that their child might be born on English soil, but, after the duke's death, his widow was very much isolated from her relations, and was in a real sense a stranger in a strange land.

No royal mother, however, ever did her duty to her child more faithfully and well than the Duchess of Kent. She was well-educated, judicious, dignified, and of blameless character, and a most devoted mother and a good housekeeper; and, although she began her second widowhood in England in obscurity and received scant notice, she ultimately gained the respect of the nation and of Parliament by virtue of her worth alone.

The duchess had one adviser who was like a father to the infant princess. This was her brother, Prince Leopold, who

afterwards became King of the Belgians, and who, curiously enough, was equally devoted to another infant of the house of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Albert, the future Prince Consort. It is said that this far-seeing Prince Leopold and his sister, the Duchess of Kent, consoled themselves for many other bitter disappointments in cherishing the hope of being one day enabled to give added distinction to their own royal house by the union of the prince and princess.

THE YOUNG QUEEN IN HER CORONATION ROBES



Victoria was only nineteen years old when she was crowned, and only eighteen when the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain drove post-haste from Windsor to acquaint her of her accession.

Princess Victoria was fortunate in having a step-sister, a little older than herself, as companion in her nursery days, namely, the Princess Feodore, afterwards Princess Hohenlohe. It was well that this was so, because there is little doubt that the Princess Victoria had many irksome lessons to do, in order to conform to her mother's standard of education.

Her Idea of a Treat

Many stories of her girlhood are told, some of them making her out to be unnaturally studious and obedient, but there is the ring of truth in the story which relates how the little girl went to spend a day with Queen Adelaide, and, on being asked what she would like to do as a special treat, immediately replied, "Clean the windows!"

During Victoria's girlhood the domestic life in her mother's apartments at Kensington Palace was of the simplest and most unpretentious character. The princess slept in her mother's room, and ate her bread and milk at a little table by her mother's side. All her lessons were done under her mother's strict but encouraging supervision, special subjects being taught by various carefully selected tutors.

When Victoria was twelve, an accomplished German governess was engaged, and she remained with Victoria for many years. The princess was then a small, pretty child, fair, with blue eyes, very good teeth, and tiny feet. She was childish in her manner, and very quiet and amiable. She could speak and read French and German, and was being taught Italian, Latin, painting, and music, among other subjects.

At this period of Victoria's life changes occurred, regarding the significance of which even so young a princess could not be kept in ignorance. George IV died, and, William IV being childless, there was only the Duke of Cumberland, then sixty-five years of age, between Victoria and the throne.

Nearer the Throne than She Thought

One day, with the consent of the Duchess of Kent, the governess gave the little princess, in the midst of her lessons, a paper, outlining the genealogical table. The princess read it with curiosity, and remarked with some surprise, "I see I am nearer the throne than I thought." A few remarks passed about a ruler's responsibility and the irksomeness of so many lessons, and then, with a charming gesture of affectionate obedience, the princess placed her hand confidently in that of her governess, and said, "I will be good."

Many years later, in 1854, this governess—Baroness Lehzen—wrote an account of the incident in a letter to Queen Victoria, who

noted on the margin in her own handwriting the words, "I cried much on hearing it." This little incident alone, and its sequel, reveal in a charming way the heart of Victoria as a girl and queen.

There can be little doubt that the girlhood of Victoria was subjected to a discipline that approached severity, and left sad memories. Especially was her life secluded. She had no intimates and saw few people outside the very select and limited company of her mother's household. Yet this restraint formed her character in a beautiful mould, and protected her from contact with frivolity and pleasure-seeking, so that she came to realize, even at a very early age, that her life had a noble purpose and far higher possibilities than mere personal gratification.

Comes to the Throne

William IV died on the 20th June, 1837, less than a month after Victoria had attained the age of eighteen. He died at Windsor, and the story has often been told of how the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain journeyed post-haste—there was no railway—from Windsor Castle to Kensington Palace, in the small hours, to acquaint the young queen of her accession to the throne.

When they had obtained admission, the maid informed them that the princess was in "so sweet a sleep" that she had not the heart to disturb her. However, she had to be awakened, and she came to meet her great visitors in a white dressing-gown and slippers, and heard from their lips that she had become the ruler of the greatest empire in the world.

It is said that, when the messengers left in the early hours of the morning, the young queen hastened to her mother, and fell crying in her arms, and shortly after asked that she might be left alone to think over this stupendous change in her young life.

At eleven o'clock the same morning the young queen met the Privy Council at Kensington Palace, and all the councillors were amazed at the perfection of her manner and behaviour on that trying occasion. The change in her position must have been bewildering to a girl of eighteen, and it naturally affected others besides herself, notably her mother, who would have been regent had William IV died a few months earlier.

Her Life Bound Up with her Husband's

The life of Queen Victoria, whose coronation took place in Westminster Abbey on the 28th June, 1838, is inseparably associated in the public mind with that of her husband, the Prince Consort, and, indeed, there is little to record of her life as a queen between the date of her accession and her marriage.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT WITH THEIR CHILDREN



In this group of 1843, after the painting by Winterhalter, the Queen and Prince Albert are seen with their five children—the Princess Royal (afterwards the Empress Frederick), the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII), Prince Alfred (afterwards Duke of Coburg, died 1900), Princess Alice (died 1878), and Princess Helena (Princess Christian).

It has already been remarked that the Queen's nearest relatives had, even from her infancy, considered the great desirability, from their point of view, of an ultimate union between her and her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. In May, 1836, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and his sons paid a visit to Kensington Palace, and probably Albert was encouraged to make himself agreeable to his cousin on that occasion, a cousin he had heard of often but had never before met. At the time of this visit they were both seventeen years of age.

Interested in Prince Albert

There is a letter written by the princess to her uncle, King Leopold, which appears to show that she already felt a deeper interest in Albert than in any of her other cousins, but after she became queen, and had begun to show to those about her that she now possessed a will of her own, this interest cooled for a time.

Others had been mentioned as being eligible, and concerning one of them an amusing story is told. This particular suitor had called on the youthful queen, and, when he took his leave, Victoria went to the window to see him ride away, in his gorgeous uniform and hat with tall green feathers. The ladies who were

with the Queen thought that this lively interest was very significant, but when Victoria turned back from the window and said laughingly, "How like a radish he looks!" they knew that another suitor must certainly be added to the list of impossibles.

Prince Albert at Windsor Castle

About this time Prince Albert wrote to a friend to inform him that the old understanding with his cousin, arrived at during his visit in 1836, had been broken off, at the Queen's wish. However, he and his brother again visited England in October, 1839, and were received by their royal cousin, not, as on their former visit, at her very unpretentious home in Kensington Palace, but at Windsor Castle.

And then—as so often proves the case where the more delicate workings of the human heart are concerned—the unexpected happened. Just as impulsively as Queen Victoria had scorned other suitors, so she surrendered to the charm of the grave, handsome Albert.

At the time of his coming to Windsor the young prince had undoubtedly small hope of being received with anything more than consoling affection, and the nature of their relationship forbade the least advance on his part. To

onlookers the young queen still seemed to show no sign of abandoning the newly found independence in which she revelled. Yet the visit was not a week old before she sent for Prince Albert and shyly intimated to him that she loved him.

"Like a dream . . . much bewildered . . . but I do feel very happy," was how the Queen described her feelings in a letter to her uncle, King Leopold, who thus saw the ambition of his life realized.

Announces Her Engagement

Everyone about the court was delighted. Five weeks passed by, and then, on the 23rd November, 1839, the Queen summoned her Privy Council, and read her carefully worded statement announcing to the world her "intention to ally myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha."

In her own journal the queen recorded that her hands shook and that she felt most happy and thankful when it was over. And well Her Majesty might, for it was a very trying ordeal for any young woman, although made as easy as possible by the support of the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, whom the Queen could see with tears in his eyes, looking kindly at her, and by the encouraging looks of the eighty councillors present.

There were some vexations, however, which occurred as though Providence intended to show Victoria that even rulers are human and subject to worries and disappointments. The legal and business arrangements involved in the marriage were troublesome: the allowance voted to the prince by Parliament was somewhat niggardly, when judged by former precedents; and the fact that some other sovereigns, jealous of rank and precedence, afterwards displayed unwillingness to treat Prince Albert as a real king was for long a sore point with the Queen. However, even these painful discouragements do not appear greatly to have disturbed the happiness of Victoria and Albert in each other.

Marriage of the Royal Lovers

On the 10th February, 1840, the marriage took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and the joy of the happy pair was made complete by the evident sincerity and loyalty of the immense crowds that greeted them on their way to the ceremony, and afterwards along the route of their long drive by road from London to Windsor Castle. What won the hearts of the English people was their full recognition of the fact, which far outweighed every other consideration, that Victoria and Albert were lovers.

For twenty-one years the royal pair were blessed with a singularly happy married life, and, although that period is but a small part of

Victoria's long reign, it is as a wife that the Queen is chiefly remembered. During her prolonged widowhood it was to the recollections of her husband that Victoria always turned for her greatest comfort and satisfaction.

Landseer's Charming Group

They had nine children, and innumerable stories are told of the delight of the royal pair in their babies. There are many beautiful pictures of the Queen in the nursery, particularly the painting entitled "Hush!" by Sir Edwin Landseer, which shows Queen Victoria with the infant Prince of Wales on her knee, and holding up a warning finger to the Princess Royal, who is finding it very hard to remain still.

The Queen paid the closest attention to the education and upbringing of her family, and probably several of them thought this attention too strict as they grew older. Still, it cannot be gainsaid that Her Majesty's example as a wife and mother exercised an immensely salutary influence among womankind in other walks of life, and, without a doubt, in her own rank of life as well. The influence of her pure and upright example is still potent to-day in royal nurseries everywhere.

Before she had been married two years, Queen Victoria had shown unmistakably, while consulting the Prime Minister of England about the education of her children, that, although they were royal children, they were hers, and that she could not surrender the upbringing of them to anyone. The question was raised about appointing a lady of high rank as the royal governess, and the Queen feared that such a personage might consider herself a high official, responsible to the country. "I feel," she wrote to Lord Melbourne, "that she ought to be responsible only to us, and we to the country and nation."

Education of the Royal Children

Circumstances, of course, necessitated the appointment of tutors and governesses, but the Queen never relinquished her parental authority or responsibility entirely to them. Particularly was she careful personally to impart religious training to her children, rightly believing that those lessons which seek to point the child's mind towards higher things and noble ideals can best be implanted in a child's heart at its mother's knee. Prince Albert was equally careful in all that pertained to the education of the royal children, and the boys especially were his greatest concern.

The domestic life of the Queen was very simple. At the time of her marriage Victoria was fond of London and disliked the country. On the contrary, Prince Albert, who all his life was of a retiring and self-effacing nature,

WHEN SHE HAD REIGNED FOR SIXTY YEARS



Queen Victoria in her state robes, at the time of her Diamond Jubilee. On the 22nd June, 1897, the Queen sat in her carriage at the entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral, on a spot now marked by an inscribed stone, and returned thanks to God for the blessings of her long reign of sixty years.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

loved the country and simple ways. Before very long the Queen's inclination in this respect became like that of her husband, and she enjoyed country retirement.

Simple Life at Balmoral

This was shown unmistakably in the early days at Balmoral, their home in the Scottish Highlands, where, before the castle was built, the Queen lived on a scale little removed from that of a laird's wife, often going out alone to visit peasants in their straw-thatched cottages, thinking nothing of driving, as Fulke Greville states in his *Journal* with three adults, besides herself, and four children crowded into one carriage. One of the private enjoyments of the Queen and Prince Albert consisted of making drawings, and sometimes etchings, of their young children at different ages.

On the 30th October, 1849, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales made their first public appearance, accompanied by their father, in the City of London, on the occasion of the

A GALA NIGHT AT HER MAJESTY'S OPERA HOUSE



Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, Napoleon III, and the Empress Eugenie in the royal box at the Opera House in the Haymarket, on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French in April, 1855.

opening of the new Coal Exchange. The Queen was unable to accompany them, as she had chicken-pox, but she was greatly comforted by the news of the tremendous reception her children had received.

Although the Queen was able to find delight and content in simple things, she could also rise nobly to the requirements of a great occasion, as could also Prince Albert. There could be no better illustration of this than their share in promoting that stupendous undertaking, the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Planned on a Large Scale

The idea of the exhibition had originated with Prince Albert in 1849, and his plan was to organize something on an even larger scale than the Frankfort Fair, which had a history going back to the sixteenth century. He wanted a great international exhibition which

would turn the eyes of the world upon the products and manufactures of Great Britain, and give a gigantic impetus to her industries.

The idea, on such a scale, was new to England, and for a time Prince Albert met with little support and much criticism. He persevered, however, and was able to secure a few active men who shared his enthusiasm, and it was decided to hold an exhibition, if possible, in Hyde Park.

Prince Albert's Work for the Exhibition

Prince Albert was the driving force behind the whole project, and he strained his health almost to breaking-point by his labours over the details behind the scenes. No one supported him more loyally than the Queen, and, as the enterprise began gradually to assume shape, her pride in her husband seemed boundless, and any criticism of the exhibition, of which there was a great deal, she considered almost as a personal affront.

Even the press joined in with attacks on

Prince Albert for daring to invade the pleasure-ground of the poor (Hyde Park) for the purpose of an exhibition, which would, it was contended, fill London with international rogues, and lead to riot and the undermining of national institutions by political agitators and intriguers from the Continent. As a matter of fact, some of the aristocratic residents of the Hyde Park district did not like this proposed intrusion on their privacy, and helped to engineer the agitation against the exhibition. The Queen's belief in her husband's judgment, however, never wavered, and in a private letter she described his opponents as "a little knot of selfish persons."

Their Efforts Richly Rewarded

On the 1st May, 1851, Queen Victoria opened the Great Exhibition, held in the "Crystal Palace," in Hyde Park, which was afterwards transferred to Sydenham, amid great rejoicing and unparalleled scenes of enthusiasm. The confidence of the Queen and Prince Albert in this great enterprise was fully justified. It proved an immense success, attracting unprecedented crowds, and at its close a surplus profit of a quarter of a million sterling remained in hand.

The year 1861 was a very sad one for Queen Victoria. On the 16th March the Duchess of Kent, her mother, died very suddenly, after a short illness, so suddenly, indeed, that when

CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY



The coronation took place on the 28th June, 1838. For the first time the Commons were allowed to acclaim the sovereign after the Peers, who had enjoyed this exclusive privilege from time immemorial. While the Peers were doing homage, the Lord Chamberlain and his officers flung medals for the spectators to scramble for.

the Queen was summoned to her bedside the Duchess had already almost lost consciousness, and was unable to speak a word of farewell, or even recognize her daughter.

The Queen was still under the shadow of this grief, often bursting into tears when a tune or some familiar scene recalled her mother, when, in November, the Prince Consort—for such was the title by which Prince Albert was known since 1837—was stricken with illness. He got no better, even under the best medical care, and the illness ultimately developed into typhoid fever.

Watching by Her Husband's Bedside

The Queen nursed him devotedly, sitting by his bedside for hours together. Then came the dreadful hour when, as she wrote, "I went in and never can I forget how beautiful my darling looked, lying there with his face lit up by the rising sun, his eyes unusually bright, gazing as it were at unseen objects, and not taking notice of me."

It was then that the Queen realized for the first time that her beloved husband and companion was dying. That same night—the 14th December, 1861—the Prince Consort passed to his rest. His death took place at Windsor Castle, where he and the Queen had been betrothed, and had spent their honey-

moon and the greater part of their happy wedded life.

The widowed queen was then only forty-two, and she lived nearly another forty years, but during the whole of that long widowhood her dead consort ever reigned in her heart. For days after his death the Queen sat in blank despair, scarcely able to bear anyone near her, except the Princess Alice.

A Conscientious and Hard-working Ruler

The Prince Consort's death entirely altered Queen Victoria's life. For twenty-one years he had done nearly all Her Majesty's private state business, reading every dispatch and report, acting as her secretary, keeping up a regular correspondence with foreign rulers and British ambassadors, and managing the business of the court and all the details of the royal estate and household. He was often misunderstood, and in some quarters criticized, but no ruler ever worked harder than he, and in the enormous volume of never-ending work and in the loving atmosphere of his private home life he found all his happiness.

It is easy to understand how bitterly the Queen felt the loss of the Prince Consort, in whom she had placed such implicit confidence. For years she hardly ever departed from the restraints of her life of seclusion. At the

unveiling of a statue of the Prince Consort at Aberdeen, Queen Victoria spoke publicly of "the unbounded reverence and admiration, the devoted love, that fills my heart for him whose loss must throw a lasting gloom over my future life."

In the course of time all her children married, and thus brought fresh interests and more loving friendships into the widowed queen's life. She lived to have thirty-one grandchildren, and thirty-seven great-grandchildren. There are many beautiful letters scattered throughout the numerous books dealing with the private life of the Queen and the Prince Consort, which show how tenderly Her Majesty's children supported her by their love and sympathy, especially during the earlier years of her widowhood.

Reappearance in Public

Gradually the Queen began to reappear in public. Such an incident as the erection of a statue or other memorial to the Prince Consort seldom failed to induce her, as she repeatedly said on these occasions, to "make an exertion" to forget her personal grief, and come again into close contact with her people, in order to show how sincerely she desired their welfare and happiness.

On the 20th May, 1867, Queen Victoria laid the foundation stone of one of the most remarkable monuments of this kind in the world—namely, the Royal Albert Hall, at Kensington, and four years later Her Majesty performed the opening ceremony.

In November, 1871, the Prince of Wales was stricken with typhoid fever, and, after a month of suffering, he was thought to be dying. The whole country was moved by the deepest anxiety, and many felt that, should he die, the Queen herself would not long survive him, so impaired was her own health at the time. But, as if by a miracle, the Prince rallied when all hope had been given up, and two months later he and the Princess of Wales were able to accompany the Queen to the memorable thanksgiving service for his recovery, at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Celebration of Her Jubilee

On the 21st June, 1887, Queen Victoria celebrated her Jubilee amid great popular rejoicing, a thanksgiving service being held in Westminster Abbey. Another wonderful scene occurred on the 22nd June, 1897, when the Queen sat in her carriage at the entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral, on a spot now marked by an inscribed stone, and returned thanks to God for the blessings of her long reign of sixty years. London had never previously witnessed such scenes of public rejoicing as those that marked the celebration of the

Queen's Diamond Jubilee. The demonstrations went on for weeks.

The Diamond Jubilee was not only a remarkable personal triumph for Queen Victoria, but the celebrations throughout the Empire which accompanied it furnished a wonderful and unparalleled illustration of the triumphs of her reign. In contemplating the spectacle which thus crowned a British sovereign's unique reign, the mind was induced to recall the beginnings of that reign. And what a contrast there was between the state of England and the British Empire in 1837 and 1897.

Her Wise Determination

Despite all the vast changes that had occurred during her reign—the decay of privilege, the far-reaching political reforms, and the rise of the workers from ignorance and degradation—the monarchy, as personified by Queen Victoria, was a force immeasurably greater at the close of her reign than at the beginning. It was Gladstone who once said that the success of the Queen's dynastic policy arose from her wise determination throughout her reign to acquire influence rather than power for the monarchy. That is a very just estimate of Queen Victoria's achievement.

Her Majesty's reign was unique in history as regards the extraordinary growth of Great Britain's population, the development of industry and commerce, the education of the people, and the consolidation of the Empire.

For some years after her accession the country was disturbed by the Corn Law and Chartist agitations, but the greater part of her reign saw little unrest at home. Her long sovereignty witnessed, among other international eruptions, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the South African problem, which culminated in the war of 1899-1902.

End of a Wonderful Reign

Queen Victoria died on the 22nd January, 1901, at Osborne, her residence in the Isle of Wight. Her body was brought to Portsmouth, and thence to London. Immense throngs of people lined the route of the funeral procession from Victoria to Paddington, on the 2nd February. King Edward, the German Emperor, the King of Portugal, and the King of Greece, besides many crown princes and other notables being among the mourners. The coffin was taken by train to Windsor, where a service was held in St. George's Chapel, and where the body remained until the 4th February, when it was laid to rest beside that of her beloved husband, in the Frogmore mausoleum.

[See "Life and Times of Queen Victoria," published by Cassell's (1900); *Lives*, by Sir S. Lee (1902) and Mrs. M. G. Pawroett (1895); "Reign of Queen Victoria," by J. H. Rose (1909); and "Life of the Prince Consort," by Sir T. Martin (1882).]

WELLINGTON ON THE EVE OF WATERLOO



Like so many men of action, the Duke of Wellington united in his character the qualities of the hero and the trifler. He was as fond of playing with children as he was of commanding armies in the field. On the eve of the battle of Waterloo when Napoleon was reported to be only about thirty miles away, he dined with Lady Jane Lennox and before dinner was announced, although his mind must have been filled with the anxiety of his heavy responsibilities, the great soldier spent his time in playing with the little ones.

The IRON DUKE of WELLINGTON

How the "Ugly Boy" Who was "Fit Food for Powder" became the Most Famous British Soldier of the Nineteenth Century by His Victory Over the Redoubtable Napoleon

HIS contemporaries called him "The Iron Duke," and since the days of that fierce Norman who made himself King of England, no man has earned a better right to the title. From early manhood he showed an inflexibility of purpose, an indomitable determination that seemed almost superhuman. When confronted with danger and difficulties he was absolutely imperturbable, and his activity and endurance, both of mind and body, were prodigious.

Sparing neither himself nor others, he regarded his soldiers, officers, and political colleagues as tools rather than beings of flesh and blood, and thus he won respect, admiration, and confidence, but not affection. This left him indifferent. He cared not for the opinions of his fellow men, but stood "four square to all the winds that blow," steadfast in his devotion to duty. It was only on very rare occasions that he showed signs of emotion, and he betrayed no yearning for human sympathy or tenderness. He married and had two children, but spent very little time in his wife's company. Strong-willed, consistent, and supremely efficient, a believer in strict discipline, he was, indeed, a man of iron.

There is some doubt as to the date and place of his birth. He was the fourth son of Garrett Wellesley, or Wesley, first Viscount Wellesley of Dangan Castle and first Earl of Mornington. His mother, who was the eldest daughter of Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, said that he was born on the 1st May, 1769, and he always observed that day as his birthday. But his nurse asserted that he was born on the 6th March at Dangan Castle, County Meath. It seems most probable that both these statements are incorrect, and that he was born on the 29th April at 24 Upper Merrion Street, Dublin.

The family moved to London and lived in Kensington, where the father died when Arthur was twelve years old. The boy was sent to Brown's preparatory school in Chelsea, and thence to Eton, and during this period he is said to have been reserved and pugnacious and to have had no taste for learning.

When he was fifteen his mother, being in straitened circumstances, moved to Brussels

for the sake of economy, and there he became a pupil of Louis Goubert, the barrister in whose house the family lodged. Fellow students said that he played the violin well—a gift probably inherited from his father, who was a capable musician—but that he showed no other special aptitude. Then his mother, saying that she thought "her ugly boy Arthur was fit food for powder," sent him to a military academy at Angers. There he was described as being of rather weak constitution, not very attentive to his studies, and chiefly occupied in his spare time with a little terrier named "Vic."

Thanks to his eldest brother, Lord Mornington, he was gazetted ensign in the 73rd (Highland) regiment when he was eighteen. The regiment was in India, but he did not go to the East. During the next six years he was lieutenant or captain in the 76th and the 41st regiments, the 12th Light Dragoons, the 58th Foot, and the 18th Light Dragoons. In these years he gained very little military experience, for from November, 1787, to March, 1793, he was aide-de-camp to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and in 1790 was returned to the Irish Parliament as member for Trim.

Life in Dublin was expensive, and, having a private income of only £125 a year, the young man was pressed for money. For all that, he became engaged to Catherine Sarah Dorothea, third daughter of Baron Longford. If he was

MOTHER OF THE GREAT SOLDIER



The mother of Arthur Wellesley, first Duke of Wellington. She was the eldest daughter of Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon. Wellington's father was Garrett Wellesley, first Earl of Mornington.

not an ardent lover, he was at least a faithful one, for some years later, when he was in India, the lady contracted smallpox, and, being much disfigured, wrote to release him from his engagement. He refused to take advantage of this offer, and eventually married her in Dublin in 1806.

Lord Mornington lent him the money to purchase a majority in the 33rd Foot in 1793, and a few months later he was promoted lieutenant-colonel. In the following year he joined the army under the Duke of York, who was then retreating before the French in Holland. Troops sent to recover Bortel, which had fallen into the enemy's hands, found the opposition too strong, and were retiring in confusion, when Wellesley deployed his regiment, let the retiring troops pass through, and drove the pursuers back with a volley.

Learning by Bitter Experience

The Duke of York was compelled to retreat, and for nine months the young officer saw all sorts of disorder and disorganization, and endured the extreme hardships of a winter campaign, learning by bitter experience how things should not be done. Returning to Dublin in 1795, he made an unsuccessful application to the lord-lieutenant for a post on the revenue or treasury board, "owing to the necessities under which he laboured."

In 1796 he became colonel, and in the following year he landed at Calcutta with his regiment, Lord Cornwallis introducing him to the Governor-General as "a sensible man and a good officer."

Being placed in command of a division at Vellore, some two years later, he proved that he had learnt his business, for he was praised for the state of the troops and his judicious and masterly arrangements in respect of supplies.

When the army invaded Mysore in 1799, the 33rd Foot was attached to the Nizam's auxiliary corps, consisting of ten battalions of sepoys, 10,000 horsemen, and 26 guns, and this corps was placed under Colonel Wellesley's direction. The first time his troops went into action he learned a lesson, which, like all others that he learned, he never forgot.

Makes a Solemn Resolve

A night attack before Seringapatam failed, whereupon Wellesley resolved "never to suffer an attack to be made by night upon an enemy who is prepared and strongly posted, and whose posts have not been reconnoitred by daylight." He took no part in the storming of Seringapatam, but after its capture was sent into the town to restore order, and was appointed governor.

When the campaign was over and the bulk of the army was withdrawn, Wellesley was left

in command of all the troops in Mysore, and at the same time was placed in supreme control of the civil administration. This meant strenuous work. For more than a year there was constant fighting with the forces of Doondiah Waugh, a freebooter who had collected a considerable army of irregulars. Wellesley utterly defeated the freebooter, who was slain, and whose son fell into the victor's hands. This son was provided for by Wellesley until he died.

Saves the Mahratta Capital

Transferred to Bombay, Wellesley should have gone with the troops to Egypt, but illness providentially prevented his sailing on the *Susannah*, which was lost with all hands in the Red Sea. In 1803 Wellesley, now major-general, was placed in command of 9,000 troops for the campaign against the Mahratta confederacy. Being sent forward to Poona, he learnt that the Mahratta capital would be burnt when he approached, so he made a forced march with cavalry and one battalion of infantry, and saved the city. In the subsequent campaign he captured Ahmednagar, reputed to be an almost impregnable fortress, in two days.

The famous battle of Assaye followed. In this decisive engagement the commander displayed the daring, resource, and cool indifference to personal danger that were so marked in his European campaigns. The Mahrattas had an army of 40,000 men, with 100 guns, and they were posted on the farther bank of the river Kaitna. Wellesley had only 4,500 regular troops, with 17 guns, and 5,000 irregular native horse. He at once decided to turn the enemy's left wing, seize the village of Assaye, and attack from the enemy's rear.

Wins the Battle of Assaye

He was told there was no ford, but he had noted that there were two villages opposite each other on the banks of the Kaitna, and he directed his troops to march on this point, being sure that they would find a passage there. His sagacity was rewarded. His regular troops passed across, and a most sanguinary battle followed. Wellesley lost a third of his regular troops, and he had one horse shot under him and another bayoneted, but eventually the enemy fled, leaving nearly all their guns on the field.

Two months later Wellesley again defeated the Mahrattas at Argaum. He stormed Gawilghur in the December, and shortly afterwards signed the treaties of peace. At the end of the campaign he received the thanks of Parliament. He left India in 1805, having been made K.B. and been honoured by the civil, military, and native authorities.

Reaching England in September, 1805, he had his only recorded interview with his great

THE IRON DUKE'S FIRST FRENCH ENCOUNTER



Arthur Wellesley's first French encounter took place, not on the battlefield but in the class-room of Figeac's military academy at Angers, in France. Here he "came into conflict" with the French language but learned more about those military duties that helped to fit him for his far greater conflict with the French army at a later date—the famous Battle of Waterloo, in which the power of the mighty Napoleon was finally overcome.

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contemporary, Nelson, at the Colonial Office. It was an accidental meeting, and there is no record of what passed. In April, 1806, he was returned to Parliament for Rye, and accepted the seat in order to reply to charges against his brother, the governor-general, in connexion with the latter's policy regarding Oudh.

In 1807 he was returned for Mitchell, Cornwall and was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland and made a Privy Councillor. Referring to the possible French invasion of Ireland, he said that the British army would be in an enemy country, as "no political measure which you could adopt would alter the temper of the people of this country." He reorganized the police and laid the foundation of the Irish Constabulary. In May he was returned for Tralee, County Kerry, and Newport, Isle of Wight, and chose to represent the English constituency.

Expedition against Copenhagen

In the same year he was given command of the reserve in the army sent to Denmark to take possession of the Danish fleet. He embarked on the 31st July, led the way to Copenhagen in August, routed the Danes opposed to him, and took 1,500 prisoners. He was one of the commissioners who arranged the terms of capitulation, after which he returned to England on the 30th September.

When the Spaniards rose against Napoleon in May, 1808, Wellesley saw a great opportunity. He pointed out that, by assisting the Spanish and Portuguese, Great Britain would cause Napoleon to delay action against Turkey or to withdraw the armies from the north. He left Cork with 8,000 men in July, having received instructions to assist the Spanish and Portuguese, and landed his troops at Oporto, ordering General Spencer, who had 5,000 men at Cadiz, to join him. This was a daring proceeding, because Junot, who was at Lisbon, had an army of 30,000 men, but Wellesley knew that the French forces were scattered.

News came that a reinforcement of 5,000 men was on its way from England; that 10,000 more troops under Sir John Moore were to follow and that the combined forces would be under command of Sir Hew Dalrymple, with the result that he himself would not be in chief command. On learning this he wrote, "I hope I shall beat Junot before they arrive, and then they can do as they please with me."

Defeats Junot at Vimiera

His hope was fulfilled. Directly Spencer joined him, he marched against the French. Junot sent a force of 5,000 to delay him, but he beat them, though at the cost of heavy losses. He took up a position at Vimiera to cover the disembarkation of his reinforcements, and was attacked by the French general, who had 14,000

men, with 23 guns, against the 16,000 British, with 18 guns. The British commander had said of the French: "If what I hear of their system of manœuvres is true, I think it is a false one against steady troops." He proved to be right. The French attacks in column formation failed before the British volleys and the charge in line, and Junot was defeated, losing 2,000 men and 13 guns.

Receives Thanks of Parliament

Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard, who had arrived from England, were superior in rank to Wellesley, who was not allowed to follow up his victory. He signed an armistice at Dalrymple's request, and then, finding that he was not treated with confidence by his superiors, he wrote, "It is quite impossible for me to continue any longer with the army," and returned to England in October. He was thanked by Parliament, but quite unjustifiably blamed for signing the armistice.

During that winter the British forces fared badly, but Austria's preparation for war compelled Napoleon to withdraw troops from Spain, and when Wellesley returned to assume command in April, he at once took the offensive. Soult was at Oporto with 20,000 men, Victor with 30,000 at Merida.

Wellesley marched against Soult, sending Beresford with 8,000 men to bar his line of retreat. The French general seized the boats on the Douro to prevent the British from effecting a crossing, and prepared to retreat, but Colonel Waters found three boats which had been overlooked, and three companies made the passage and seized the Seminary. In vain did the French attack this small force. It held on while other British troops followed and more crossed higher up the river, and finally the French were compelled to retreat in disorder. Finding Beresford on his line of retreat, Soult was compelled to destroy his guns and abandon his stores, and his army made its way by mountain paths into Galicia.

Saves Situation at Talavera

Then the British forces marched to the south again, and crossed into Spain to help the Spaniards against Victor, who had been reinforced by King Joseph, and now commanded 30,000 men. Wellesley had 20,000 men, and Cuesta commanded 56,000 Spaniards, but neither he nor his troops could be relied on. The French attacked at Talavera, and an obstinate battle ensued. The British bore the brunt of the attack, and at a critical moment Wellesley's foresight and coolness saved the situation. The Guards, through following up too eagerly an attack they had repulsed, were driven back in some confusion.

The British commander, however, had fore-

WELLINGTON AND HIS VICTORIOUS TROOPS AT VITORIA



The Peninsular War, in which the British, Portuguese, and Spanish opposed the French, was a strenuous campaign for Wellington. Often he could not rely on the support of his allies, and not always did he receive the necessary help from the British Government. However, he won a great victory at Vitoria, which was the starting-point of his final triumph.

seen such a contingency, and he brought up troops whose fire enabled the centre to reform. The French retired with a loss of 7,000 men, leaving 17 guns on the field. The British lost 5,400, and the Spaniards 1,200. For his success at Oporto Sir Arthur Wellesley was created Baron Douro of Wellesley, for that at Talavera Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and Parliament voted him an annuity of £2,000. Napoleon also honoured him, for, on hearing of Talavera at Vienna, he said, "Il paraît que c'est un homme, ce Wellesley."

Refuses to Co-operate with Spaniards

While the British were opposing Victor, Soult had reorganized his army in Spain, and, joined by Ney, he marched down through passes which Wellington believed to be guarded by the Spanish. Wellington marched against Soult, leaving the Spaniards to guard Talavera. But they abandoned it, and the British were forced to cross the Tagus, leaving many of their wounded behind. The French beat the Spaniards, who were defending the Tagus, and Wellington had to fall back on Badajoz with his army in an extreme state of destitution. He then refused to co-operate with the Spaniards any longer, after their breaches of faith and misbehaviour in the field.

Dark hours followed. In that autumn of 1809 our Government lost confidence in the Peninsular campaign. Talavera had borne no fruit; the army had suffered terribly, and lost faith in its commander. Napoleon had made peace with Austria, and was expected to lead a fresh army into Spain. But Wellington was as resolute as ever. He insisted that 30,000 British troops and the Portuguese could hold Portugal, and that the honour and interest of Britain demanded that it should be held.

The Lines of Torres Vedras

In 1810 Masséna marched into Portugal with 80,000 men, and the French captured Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida. Stubbornly and skillfully Wellington used every means of delaying their advance, as he fell back on the lines of Torres Vedras. This was a formidable barrier of 126 redoubts with 423 guns, which stretched from the Tagus to the sea, and barred further advance upon Lisbon. With his usual foresight Wellington had directed that these works should be erected a year before.

Masséna halted before these lines for weeks, and then fell back on Santarém. Wellington had to contend with difficulties which would have disheartened a less determined man. The Portuguese suffered terribly, and blamed and

obstructed him. The British Government sent him but scanty reinforcements; there was what he described as a system of "croaking" in his army, of which his second in command was guilty, and most of his officers strove to get home. But in the spring of 1811, when Masséna retreated from Santarém, Wellington followed him up and harassed the French forces till they crossed the border into Spain, having lost as many as 30,000 men.

Defeats Masséna at Fuentes d'Onoro

Wellington then advanced to recover the frontier fortresses, and, while he was investing Almeida, Masséna, with 45,000 troops, attacked his army of 35,000 at Fuentes d'Onoro. The generalship of Wellington and the bravery of his troops were successful, and Masséna retreated, but Wellington said, "If 'Boncy' had been there we should have been beaten." While the British were besieging Badajoz, Soult advanced to relieve it, but he was defeated by Beresford at Albuera after a sanguinary battle. Then Marmont, who had succeeded Masséna, joined forces with Soult, and Wellington slowly retreated before superior numbers.

In January, 1812, he made a surprise attack on Ciudad Rodrigo, and captured the fortress and Marmont's siege train before the French general could assemble his army in defence. He was shortly afterwards made an earl, and granted an additional annuity of £2,000, and the Spanish Government created him Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo and made him a grandee of the first class.

Then there followed his masterpiece—the battle of Salamanca. Marmont had marched into Portugal, but, when Wellington advanced to meet him, he retreated until he received heavy reinforcements, when he halted at Salamanca. King Joseph was coming to join him with another 14,000 men, but, without waiting for this assistance, he attacked and gave Wellington the opportunity for which the great commander had been longing.

Tremendous Victory at Salamanca

There was no mistake, everything went as desired, and there was never an army beaten in so short time. A French officer described the battle as 40,000 men beaten in 40 minutes. The French casualties were double those of Wellington's forces, and Marmont himself was wounded. Wellington entered Madrid and then followed up Marmont's army, but this was joined by the French northern army, and at one time Wellington's force was in grave danger. "Fortunately," he said, "they did not attack me. If they had I must have been destroyed." He retreated to Salamanca and then to Ciudad Rodrigo.

In this year he captured 3,000 guns and sent

20,000 prisoners to England. He was twice thanked by Parliament; £100,000 was voted for an estate for him, and he was created Marquis of Wellington. Portugal made him Marquês de Torres Vedras and Duque da Vitoria; Spain gave him the orders of San Fernando and the Golden Fleece, and a few months later he received the Order of the Garter. His labours had been herculean. At times he had been compelled to import corn from America and Egypt to feed his soldiers. His political and financial difficulties were tremendous; he was often without money to pay his men. But he kept hounds and hunted whenever it was possible, making up for it by great diligence and quick decisions when he was working.

Receives his Only Wound

In May, 1813, he was in command of a well-equipped army composed of 43,000 British, 27,000 Portuguese, and 20,000 Spaniards. He marched to the north, and then swung eastwards towards the Pyrenees. He won a great victory at Vitoria, where the French lost nearly all their stores and treasures. After nine days' fighting in the battles of the Pyrenees, he entered France. There he won the battles of the Nivelle and Orthes. In the latter engagement he was struck by a bullet above the thigh, but the wound, which was the only one he ever received, was not serious. News of Napoleon's abdication put an end to hostilities, and in June, 1814, he returned to England.

From Dover to London he was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm. The people took the horses from his carriage, which they dragged from Westminster Bridge to his house in Hamilton Place. Parliament voted him an annuity of £13,000, or, in lieu, a capital sum of £400,000, and he was created Duke of Wellington. He was appointed ambassador to Paris, and transferred from there to Vienna, where, as ambassador, he signed the treaty for combined action of the four great powers when Napoleon returned to France from Elba.

Then he went to Brussels, concerted measures with the Prussians, was made commander of the Netherland troops, and organized his army of 106,000, of which one-third were British and the rest Dutch, Belgian, and Prussian troops.

The Duchess of Richmond's Ball

In May he proceeded to prepare a plan of campaign with Blücher, the Prussian commander. On June 14, hearing of Napoleon's advance, he ordered his troops to proceed at 10 p.m., and went to the Duchess of Richmond's ball to allay anxiety. On the 16th he rode over to Brye, and saw 82,000 Prussians in a position which caused him to remark that they would be "damnable mauled." Riding back to Quatre Bras, he found that his troops were



THE GREAT SOLDIER PRESENTS A BIRTHDAY GIFT TO HIS LITTLE GODSON



The Duke of Wellington, who acted as godfather to Queen Victoria's third son, Prince Arthur, presenting to his little godson in the presence of the queen and the prince consort, his first birthday gift. The Great Exhibition, held in Hyde Park, was opened by the queen on the first anniversary of the little prince's birthday, the 1st May, 1851.

being overpowered by Ney, who had 18,000 men. Reinforcements drove Ney back, but Wellington came near to being captured during one of the charges made by the French cavalry.

He learnt next day that the Prussians had been beaten, so he fell back on Waterloo, sending word to Blücher that he would hold his position if he could count on the assistance of one or two Prussian corps. On the night of the 17th he received a reply promising him the assistance of two corps or more.

The Battle of Waterloo

Napoleon with 72,000 men and 240 guns made a frontal attack on Wellington's 68,000 men and 156 guns. With magnificent bravery the French attacked again and again. They were met with equal valour, and were hurled back. At six o'clock in the evening some of the British squares that had been in the hottest fighting were broken by a terrible fire at close range. Wellington, who throughout that fearful day had preserved an iron composure,

which made men marvel, led forward Brunswick troops to fill the gap.

During the afternoon the Prussians had come up on Napoleon's right flank, and he had detached troops to meet them. He made a final bid for victory at 7.30 in the evening by sending the Imperial Guard against the British Brigade of Guards. The attack failed. Wellington then ordered his whole line to advance, the Prussians pushed on, and the French defeat was complete. Wellington was behind the Guards when the last French charge was repulsed, but the truth of the story that he cried "Up Guards, and at them!" has not been established.

Grief at the Terrible Losses

In this battle Wellington lost 15,000 men, the Prussians 7,000, and the French over 30,000 and 200 guns. As he listened to the report of the doctors, tears ran down the British commander's cheeks, and he wrote: "The losses have quite broken me down."

Parliament made him yet another grant of

£200,000; the King of the Netherlands bestowed upon him the title of Prince of Waterloo and a large estate, and rulers of the great powers loaded him with honours.

He remained in charge of the army of occupation for over three years. His headquarters were at Cambrai, where he kept a pack of hounds and hunted regularly. There was an attempt to set fire to his house in Paris while he was giving a ball, and he was once shot at, but neither incident disturbed his calm.

Careful of His Appearance

When he returned to England Parliament bought him Stratfieldsaye, in Hampshire, at a cost of £263,000, and Apsley House, Hyde Park Corner. A contemporary describes him as five feet nine inches in height, with a spare, muscular frame, aquiline features, and piercing grey eyes. He was neat and particular in his dress; was well made and knew it, and was pleased to set off to advantage what nature had bestowed.

When the fighting which had brought him fame was over he again entered political life, and, besides holding important posts in several cabinets, was Prime Minister from 1828 to 1830. But he was a Tory of the Tories, a child and champion of aristocracy, and steadfastly opposed to any innovation which might weaken the powers of landowners.

He despised the "cheers and clamours of the mob," and those who sought "low, vulgar

popularity." He said, "Trust nothing to the enthusiasm of the people. Give them a strong and just government, and, if possible, a good government, but, above all, a strong one." This advice was tendered to the Italians, but represented his views of any nation's needs.

This mental attitude was opposed to the spirit of the times, and from 1830 to 1832 he incurred much odium by his uncompromising opposition to the Reform Bill. In April, 1831, the mob broke the windows of Apsley House, where the body of the dead duchess was lying. The windows were broken again in October, and in the following June the duke was mobbed when riding, and had to shelter in Lincoln's Inn.

Godfather to Prince Arthur

In his later years the duke became popular with all classes, and he was a great favourite with Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and stood godfather to their third son. He was a frequent visitor to the exhibition of 1851, and it was said that when he entered all other objects sank into insignificance. He seemed in his usual health on the 13th September, 1832, when he drove from Walmer to Dover and ate a hearty dinner. But he had a fit in the night and died the following afternoon. He was buried in St. Paul's on the 18th November, 1832.

[See Lives, by Sir H. E. Maxwell (1900), G. Hooper (1880), W. H. Maxwell (1868), and W. O'Connor Morris (1902); also Wellington's Despatches (1838-72).]

WHERE THE POWER OF FRANCE'S GREATEST SOLDIER WAS BROKEN



The conqueror of the formidable Napoleon visiting the historic battleground of Waterloo in company with the Marchioness of Douro. Wellington could regard with great satisfaction his achievements as a soldier, although some authorities consider him to have been blessed with good fortune. (From the painting by Landseer in the National Gallery, London.)

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The DAWN of BEAUTY in the WORLD'S ART

How the Greeks and Romans Showed by Their Noble Creations that Beauty, Movement, and Expression Could be Portrayed in Lifeless Stone

THE romance of Greek and Roman sculpture lies not in the lives of the artists, but in the work which they created, for the majority of the sculptors of the great works are unknown, while even those that we know are mere names. It is a story, running through many centuries, of the gradual awakening of the sense of beauty in the most gifted races the world has ever known, and of its culmination in examples of artistic expression more perfect than have ever been known since. In order to understand the beauty of Greek sculpture, it is necessary first of all to consider the nation that produced it.

Perhaps the most outstanding gift which the Greeks possessed was their instinct of liberty. This not only made them supreme in patriotism, calling forth matchless deeds of heroism and making them unconquerable in battle, but in the realm of the human intellect it made them intolerant of all restraint.

They were emancipated from all tradition, enslaved by no form of conventional belief, and this very emancipation entered into their treatment of art. True, they were doubtless influenced by the art of Egypt and Assyria, but they took the arts of others only to assimilate them, improve them, and soar above them. There were no religious fetters to bind them down. To everything they brought their free, joyous spirit, their swift, alert minds, and produced an art absolutely original.

Though the Greeks did not invent art, they certainly discovered beauty. They took the huge monoliths of Egypt and carved out of them forms of infinite grace. They brought forth loveliness to dwell in the world, and opened for the human race a new chapter of infinite charm and beauty.

THE WORK OF A GREAT MASTER



A copy of the statue of Athena made by Pheidias. The original, long since perished, was executed in gold and ivory, and stood inside the Parthenon.

In addition to the amazing qualities of the Greek mind, Nature seemed to have selected for Greece and prepared for its people a material wherewith to give matchless beauty to the creations of their own minds. It placed at their disposal immense and unused quarries of white marble—a material more easily worked than granite and less soft than alabaster, the two materials with which the Egyptians had to work.

The progress of the Greeks in the realm of art was amazing in its swiftness. It begins at about 620 B.C., when the statues found are quite archaic. In little less than 200 years we reach the glorious work of Pheidias and Ictinus.

As an illustration of this early archaic period we may take the very crude statue of Artemis, discovered at Delos. It dates from about 620 B.C., and is of intense interest. The Greeks called these figures *xoana*—that is to say, images carved in wood, this being the material of which this

figure is made. Exceedingly primitive in form, it gives no indication of what is to come. There is no skill exhibited in it; any savage race could have produced a figure as successfully.

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EXPRESSION IN SCULPTURE



The Venus of Milo is the most celebrated example of expression in sculpture. The symmetry of body and the beautiful serenity of mind has been portrayed by the unknown artist to perfection.

If we pass over a period of seventy years we find a startlingly new development. We find in the winged figure by Archermus (550 B.C.) the first attempt to show movement. In the Egyptian figures the feet were always firmly planted on the ground, and even then the figures were almost invariably male. Still more interesting is the fact that this winged goddess is smiling. True, the smile may not be all that could be desired, but it is the first smile in art. And that smile means the birth of sentiment and the birth of emotion.

Importance of the Statue

We can see now how important such a statue is in the history of art. All the triumphs of movement, of perfect rhythm and action which the genius of man was to conceive, all the grace and sweetness and nobility which men of a later epoch were able to express, had their origin in such a figure as this, the creation of which first broke with tradition and opened a new world for men to enter.

In studying the development of Greek sculpture, we must proceed along two lines. First, the treatment of form, that is to say, how the sculptors won complete power in expressing action. Second, the treatment of emotion, or how they succeeded in expressing thought and feeling.

The first illustration in the gradually successful treatment of form is the famous work of Myron called the Discobolus, or discus-thrower; and to understand its technical qualities we must compare it with the work of the Egyptians. The latter never liberated themselves from the convention of representing their figures in any other way than with their faces looking towards the spectator.

Three Outstanding Greeks

In movement they never got beyond the treatment of their statues on vertical planes. The first who really succeeded in breaking with that tradition was this sculptor, Myron, who, with Polyclitus and Pheidias, formed the trinity of the great Greek sculptors of the golden age. This work—famous in the ancient world—has itself perished, but there remain a number of copies.

Pliny tells us that Myron succeeded beyond all others in human figures in which purely physical qualities are to be expressed. He never produced a statue of a female form; his delight was to sculpture the well-knit and beautifully proportioned figures of athletes. He had no lack of perfect models owing to the care given to physical training in Greece, and he has treated this subject with unerring skill. The body is thrown violently to the left with a twisting action which brings every muscle into play. Every muscle is stretched to the utmost

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in order that the thrower may use his full strength and make the supreme effort.

Though we may give unqualified praise to the body, when we turn to the face we find that it is hardly in keeping with the rest of the subject. Pliny tells us again that Myron was careless in his treatment of the heads of his statues, and he seems at all times more anxious to express form than emotion.

The next sculptor to consider is Polyclitus, and as an example of his work we will take the figure known as the Amazon. This type of female figure was a favourite one with the Greeks: it appealed to their imagination, and the combat of the Greeks and the Amazons became a symbol of the great conflict between the Greeks and the Persians. In addition, the fact that the Amazon was an athlete gave an opportunity to the Greek sculptor of expressing an ideal of female beauty and vigour.

Beauty of Rhythm and Symmetry

The first impression that the figure conveys is that of grace. There is no doubt about its beauty of rhythm and symmetry. The lines are so lovely, the pose so graceful, that it has on the mind an effect similar to that of a beautiful passage of music.

We next notice something new in the pose. We have already stated that all Egyptian figures are represented with their feet planted firmly on the ground, partly because the sculptors had not the skill to do otherwise, and partly because—strange as it may seem—it never entered their heads. It needs more than genius to break tradition; it needs courage and, above all, emancipation of mind. This is what the Egyptians did not possess, and it is what the Greeks did: hence the amazing swiftness with which they developed, as well as the supreme eminence to which they attained.

Now, Polyclitus was the first to introduce into sculpture the attitude of standing with one foot free which we see in this figure. Of these three great sculptors, we may say that Myron shows his greatness in the expression of action, Polyclitus in the grace and finish and refinement of his workmanship. We come now to the third and greatest of all, Pheidias.

England Covered with Forests

We have now reached about 450 B.C. Whereas England was covered with forests and peopled by lawless and savage tribes, there were gathered together in Athens more men of consummate genius than in any other city or at any other time in the world's history. The Greeks had just defeated the Persians, and the wonder of their victory had thrilled them with a sense of their own glory and had spurred every intelligence and inspired every patriot. Pericles was the head of the Athenian democracy, and to him we



When Praxiteles sculptured his Hermes a complete change had taken place in Greek art. The characteristics of dignity and serenity had given place to emotion, which was much more openly expressed.

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owe the beautifying of the city, and, above all, the building of the Parthenon.

Phedias was the friend and counsellor of Pericles, and he it was who directed and superintended the work. The Persians during their invasion had destroyed the ancient Acropolis, so that an opportunity was given to create everything anew. There is no place where the wonderful creations of Phedias and his fellow-workers can be seen so well as in the Elgin room of the British Museum, and so we have selected one of these priceless exhibits, "The Fates," for description.

Mutilated, but Still Beautiful

It might be thought that a piece of sculpture of three figures without heads, arms, or feet, and with other parts of the body mutilated, would simply prove a worthless ruin. Yet such is the grace of the figures, so indescribably beautiful are the lines of the drapery, that with all their mutilation they remain a joy for ever. The Greeks and the Romans alike believed that there were three Fates, who controlled the destinies of human beings, and they called them cruel because they acted without regard to the weal or woe of the individual.

The masterpieces of Phedias, which were regarded as the wonders of the world, were a statue of Athena in gold and ivory, which stood inside the Parthenon, and a statue of Zeus in the same materials, which was placed in ancient Olympia, where the games were celebrated. These have, of course, long since perished, though copies exist in the museum at Athens. Unfortunately, these are very poor.

Phedias Dies in Prison

The suspicious Athenians accused Phedias of appropriating the gold given for the making of his statue of Athena to his own use. He demanded that it be weighed, but, to their eternal disgrace, he was put into prison where he died. The distinguishing features of his work were grandeur and sublimity.

One other piece of sculpture will serve to illustrate the expression of form which reveals the perfection of movement. This is the famous Nike (Victory) of Samothrace, carved to commemorate a naval victory gained in 306 B.C. off the island of Cyprus. This goddess of victory was represented as blowing a trumpet. Alas! the head has gone, as have the trumpet and the arms, but, like the statues of the three Fates, it remains one of the world's great possessions. The sculptor has not only translated muscular strength and triumphant grace into the marble—he has also suggested the intensity of the sea breeze.

So much for the treatment of action. Let us turn to an even more interesting quality, namely, the expression of character and emotion. To

realize the difficulties in front of the sculptor we must remember that he has to bring the cold hard, white marble to life, to make it breathe and feel, so as to communicate this living, quickening emotion to us. No higher test of genius could perhaps be demanded.

Possibly in no particular can the different standard of taste and execution which the Greeks displayed in comparison with modern times be more completely studied than in their grave-stones. In the Campo Santo, or cemetery, of Genoa, for instance, will be found sculptured forms on the tombs expressing all forms of hysterical grief. Never is such a thing found on a Grecian stone. There is no violent emotion, no exaggeration. Instead we find a tone of sadness combined with a gracious and noble submission. Death is surrounded with dignity and reserve, all the more amazing when we remember that the Greeks had no belief in the immortality of the soul.

The Glorious Venus of Milo

The most celebrated example of expression in sculpture is, of course, the Venus of Milo. It derives its name from the fact that it was accidentally found in the island of Melos (Milo), in 1820. It was brought to Paris, and is the chief glory of the Louvre. Strange to say, the statue is not composed of one piece of marble, but of five—the head and bust, the lower part from the draperies to the feet, the two arms, and the hair twisted behind.

The sculptor is unknown—only too common an occurrence with masterpieces of Greek sculpture—but the statue possesses all the characteristics of the golden age. There is in her face an absence of all passion; she dwells in a serenity that cannot be disturbed. Her beauty is such that it cannot be analysed. There she stands in all her noble simplicity, with that perfect health and symmetry of body and that serenity of mind which was to the Greeks the essence of all that was divine.

Scopas and Praxiteles

In the following century we find that a profound change has taken place, and there emerge the great names of Scopas and Praxiteles. The Peloponnesian war ended in 404 B.C. with the defeat of the Athenians by Sparta. This defeat reacted on the national life. In these days Socrates and Plato taught, and their influences fostered meditation and turned men towards the contemplation of great problems. Disaster, too, had affected the Athenians deeply, and so was reflected in the character of their art. Instead of being characterized by serenity and quiet dignity, we get emotion more openly expressed.

These qualities are strikingly expressed in the famous Hermes of Praxiteles. It was found in

THE NOBLE ART OF GREECE & ROME



Head of the Apollo Belvedere the famous statue of the Greek god now in the Belvedere Gallery of the Vatican Generally considered to be a copy of an early bronze original it was acquired by Pope Julius II

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MOURNING FOR THOSE THAT HAVE GONE



This beautiful funeral tablet, or stele, with its sympathetically handled mourning figures in relief, was discovered in the Piræus, and is now in the National Museum, Athens. It dates from the 4th century B.C.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

TENSE MUSCLES READY FOR THE THROW



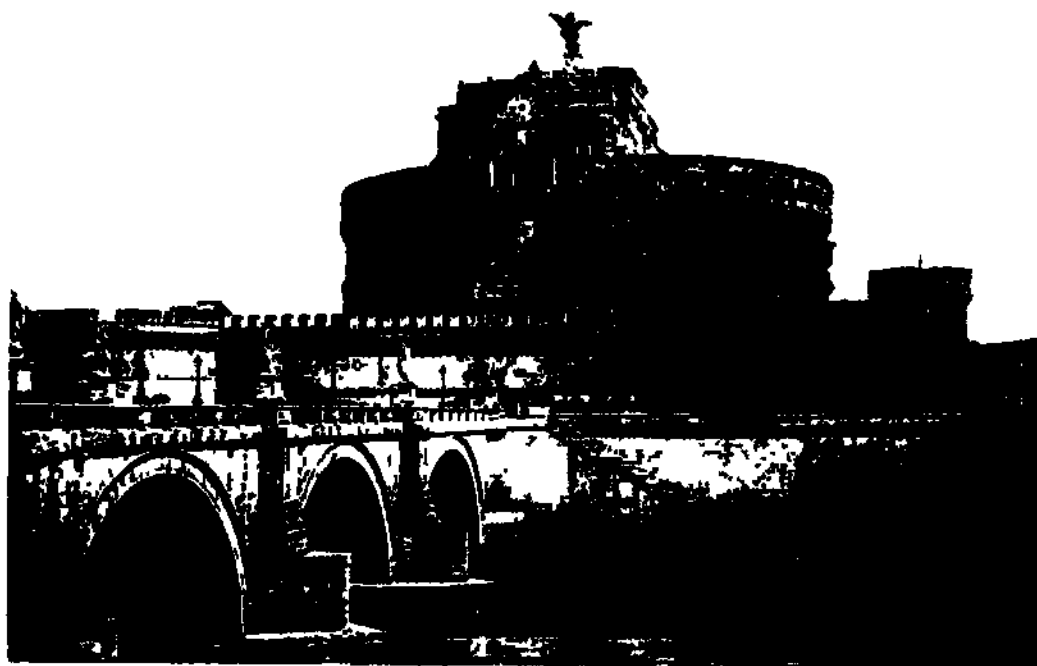
The Vatican copy of the Discobolus or Discus-thrower a bronze figure by the Greek sculptor Myron who flourished in the 5th century B.C., and was famed for his representations of athletes. The British Museum has a copy.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index

A MASSIVE STRONGHOLD OF THE POPES



The Parthenon, the chief temple of Athens, on the Acropolis at Athens. In 1687, during the Venetian bombardment, it was used by the Turks as a powder magazine, and an exploding shell caused terrible damage.



The Castle of Sant' Angelo, Rome, erected by the Emperor Hadrian as a mausoleum. It was used as a fortress by the medieval popes. In the 7th century a church was built on its summit. (Photo Donald McLoish.)

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index.

1877 in the temple of Hera in ancient Olympia. The hair is wavy and toessed, in order to emphasize and contrast with the smoothness of the brow, while in the deep-set eye we have the indications of intense thought and feeling.

Following the natural course of art, masters of sculpture passed first from Olympian serenity to lofty emotion, and from this to more demonstrative feeling. As a subject for dramatic treatment, nothing offered greater opportunity than the classical story of Niobe. Niobe was the wife of Amphion, King of Thebes, and had six sons and six daughters. Boasting of the size of her family to Leto, she was punished by Apollo and Artemis, who slew the whole of her family with their arrows.

Niobe, therefore, in classical story, has come to be the symbol of grief. She was supposed to have been turned into stone on Mount Sipylus, and the water trickling down the face of the rocks was supposed to be her ceaseless tears.

Here, then, we have a subject calling for supreme gifts of technique and expression, and we find it in the work of some sculptor of the school of Scopas. He has portrayed the mother, who, seeing her children falling around her, is striving in her anguish to shield her youngest daughter from the deadly darts. The sculptor has realized that reserve is the most impressive quality in the expression of emotion, and the incident has lost none of its dramatic power through this style of treatment.

No Extravagant Emotion

A second-rate artist would have tried to produce the effect of extravagant emotion, and would have represented Niobe as tearing her hair or demented with grief. But the sculptor has treated her with so noble a simplicity that the heart is far more deeply moved than were the opposite the case.

This same noble reserve is found in the famous statue of the Dying Gaul, or, as it is more popularly called, the Dying Gladiator. It is a work of splendid realism and intense pathos. He is far from home, dying in a strange land. Slowly his life-blood is draining away; in a moment his arm will collapse and the tortured body find release from pain.

A change will be noticed when we come to the famous group known as the Laocoon. Readers of Virgil will remember the famous passage in the *Æneid*, where Laocoon, once a priest of Apollo, opposed the admission into Troy of the wooden horse, which the Greeks had left behind them and which was filled with armed men. As he was preparing to sacrifice a bull to Poseidon, two serpents emerged from the sea and attacked and killed him and his two sons.

The struggle of the father and sons with the serpents is rendered with convincing and dramatic effect in the Laocoon, the work of three sculptors of Rhodes. Compared, however, with the Niobe, we can perceive the entrance of a certain violence in the expression of energy.

We have now come to that moment of history when there appears a new race, destined to govern the world and create new standards. With the disintegration of the Macedonian empire of Alexander the Great, the centre of authority passed to the Tiber and to imperial Rome seated on her seven hills. The Roman genius, however, offered little to sculpture.

Greek Treasures Carried Off

Rome conquered Greece by her arms, and Greece conquered Rome by her vices. Without much artistic taste in themselves, yet envious of the gifts of others, the Romans ransacked Greece and Asia Minor, carried off the treasures of Greek art as spoil, and imported

PRESERVED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM



Lifelike, to an extraordinary degree of perfection, is this Greek sculpture of the head of one of the horses that drew Salene, the moon-goddess, through the clouds.

Greek artists and sculptors to adorn with their creations the cities and the temples.

The only works which arouse interest are some realistic models of the emperors, many of which may be seen in the Roman room in the British Museum. The most famous is that of Julius Cæsar, though the sculptor is unknown. This type of countenance—refined, intellectual, ascetic—is hardly perhaps what one would expect in the famous Roman general, but as a piece of workmanship it shows considerable power of realistic expression.

With the destruction of the Roman empire and ancient civilization by the irruption of the Goths and Vandals, we pass into the gloom of what is known as the Dark Ages. During these centuries Europe was torn by ceaseless conflicts and ravaged by ceaseless wars. All art

was forgotten; the temples decayed, and the works of classic times were either ruthlessly destroyed or disappeared among the ruins.

The Christian Church, after its long persecution, slowly began to build up an empire of its own, but an empire which was as much or even more opposed to the triumphs of the classic period than the barbarian conquerors. The latter destroyed through the love of

more tolerant, this love of the beautiful began once more to assert itself.

During the Middle Ages this found its outlet in the creation of those great cathedrals which are spread all over Europe, and in the mosaics with which many of them are adorned. It found an outlet in what is known as Byzantine art, Byzantium being the ancient name for the city of Constantinople.

MOVEMENT SUGGESTED IN SOLID STONE



In the wonderful Winged Victory of Samothrace, the Greek artist has succeeded in suggesting not only muscular strength and grace, but the movement of the draperies caused by the sea-breezes.

destruction, the former through its hatred of what it saw. No doubt it was very necessary in the struggle of the Church to uproot paganism, to destroy all its works; but the destruction can now be lamented by all lovers of the beautiful. When paganism began no longer to be feared, and men had grown

It was not, however, until that great period of history known as the Renaissance that art freed itself from its long bondage, and that once again—this time in Italy—men sprang up and carried art into new realms and won for it fresh victories. Strangely enough, it was again Greece that was largely responsible for the awakening. The fall of Constantinople scattered Greek workers possessing something of the old Greek tradition through Europe, carrying with them manuscripts and precious works of art.

The first essay of this new art is found in the work of Nicholas of Pisa, who carved the famous pulpit of the Baptistery in that city. The bas-reliefs are skilfully imitated from a Roman sarcophagus, but Nicholas, who worked in Pisa about the year 1260, was before his time, and it was not until some 150 years later that there appeared Ghiberti, who may be called the father of Italian sculpture.

Decorating the Baptistery

At that time there was a stir in Florence, for a design for the decoration of the bronze gates of the Baptistery was thrown open for competition. There entered some of the greatest artists living—Brunelleschi, Jacopo della Quercia, and Ghiberti. Ghiberti was only twenty-one years of age, but he won the prize. These bas-reliefs occupied him forty years of his life, and they have been immortalized by Michelangelo—dealt with in a separate article—who declared them to be worthy of the gates of Paradise.

Donatello, who was a great master of sculpture, exhibits in his work an intense naturalism. He has little

of the classic repose in his art, but it is eager and expressive.

To sum up, of early Roman sculpture we have little of any value. We have to pass through some twelve centuries before Italy rediscovered beauty, and both in painting and in sculpture produced great work.

The AUTHOR-QUEEN of RUMANIA

The German Princess Who Became Queen of Rumania and, Adopting the Pseudonym of Carmen Sylva, Won Distinction in the Literary World

ON the 29th December, 1843 in the Rhine-side town of Neuwied a daughter was born to the Prince and Princess of Wied. The baby, who was christened Pauline Elizabeth Ottilie Louise, became generally known as Princess Elizabeth in honour of her two godmothers, Queen Elizabeth of Prussia and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Prussia.

This baby princess was the future Queen Elizabeth of Rumania, and she was destined to achieve world-wide renown under her literary pseudonym of Carmen Sylva.

Her father, Prince Hermann of Wied, was the oldest son of Prince Augustus of Wied, and her mother, before her marriage to Prince Hermann in 1842, was Princess Marie of Nassau.

Carmen Sylva's earliest remembrance goes back to her third year, when, with her mother, she paid a visit to her godmother in Berlin, Queen Elizabeth of Prussia, wife of Frederick William IV.

The young princess surrounded herself with an imaginary family, cushions and footstools taking the place of children. One day the Queen of Prussia was resting her feet on a footstool, when, to her surprise, her little goddaughter rushed up, and, seizing the royal feet, placed them roughly on the ground, exclaiming angrily, "You must not stand on my child."

Princess Elizabeth early developed a strong individuality. Quick and intelligent at lessons, she was, nevertheless, a source of anxiety to her parents, for she was of a passionate and unyielding disposition and impatient under any control. Her early years were passed at Neuwied, but in 1851 the family moved to

ROYAL HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS



The beautiful Rumanian royal residence, Peleș Castle, situated at Sinaia, on the slopes of the Carpathian Mountains. The little town of Sinaia is a fashionable health resort.

Bonn for the benefit of the Princess of Wied's health. When Carmen Sylva was ten, she paid her first visit to Paris, and it was during her stay in the French capital that she showed signs of a latent dramatic talent.

She and her brother had received a doll's theatre for a Christmas present, and the little girl was discovered by the royal chamberlain conducting a play, with her brother and her dolls for an audience. She managed the marionettes so cleverly, and imitated the voices necessary for the different parts with so much skill, that her mother confiscated the present, fearing for her daughter the possible consequences of too great a love of the stage. When she

returned to her home in 1854, Carmen Sylva resumed the even tenor of her uneventful but happy life.

The Prince and Princess of Wied usually spent the winter in Neuwied, and passed the summer months at their mountain home, Monrepos, which is only about a mile distant from

Neuwied, the ascent being made by an easy carriage road.

Princess Elizabeth revelled in the liberty which the Prince and Princess of Wied permitted their children when they stayed at Schloss Monrepos. For hours she would roam the forests accompanied by her St. Bernard dogs, and it was during these solitary country rambles that the gift for writing poetry, which later made the name of Carmen Sylva so famous, first manifested itself.

Expresses Her Thoughts in Poetry

Secretly the young princess composed little verses full of the poetry of the forest, the birds, and the wind. It was in these verses that Carmen Sylva expressed the thoughts of her excited fancy, and at the same time calmed her passionate and headstrong character.

It would be idle to deny that Princess Elizabeth possessed a peculiar and difficult temperament. Having a great spirit of contradiction, she would brook no opposition to her will.

That her parents were not only well aware of these peculiarities, but understood how to deal

she became known to those around her as "the Princess of the Wild Rose."

A change in her life came when she was seventeen years of age, when her parents decided to accept an invitation for her to stay in Berlin with the Queen of Prussia.

Sorrow had visited the home of the Wieds, and Carmen Sylva's mother felt that her daughter needed a wider life. Prince Hermann himself had suffered from almost continual ill health, and the little Prince Otto, deformed from birth, had latterly occupied all his mother's time and attention.

It was while staying in Berlin that Princess Elizabeth first made the acquaintance of her future husband, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern. The couple met in quite an unconventional manner.

The princess was, according to her habit, running rapidly downstairs, when she slipped on the last step. It was Prince Charles who, happening to be standing near, caught her in his arms and thus prevented her from falling. But not until eight years had passed were the royal couple betrothed.

Shortly after Carmen Sylva's return from her visit to the Queen of Prussia unhappiness fell heavily on the young girl, for in February, 1862, her dearly loved young brother, Prince Otto, died, and at the same time her father was so seriously ill that his life was despaired of.

The Prince of Wied, however, made a partial recovery, and spent the months following his son's death travelling in Europe with his wife and daughter. The following year the Grand Duchess Hélène of Russia, who had paid a visit

to Monrepos, and greatly admired the Princess Elizabeth, invited her to spend the winter in the Russian capital.

Visits the Russian Court

So in October, 1863, Elizabeth bade what was to be a life-long farewell to her father and travelled to St. Petersburg, where she seems to have made an extremely favourable impression on the Emperor Alexander and all the imperial family.

The grandeur of official court life seems to have both dazzled and wearied the young girl, accustomed to so simple a life in her own country. Gradually she spent more and more of her time learning to speak Russian and practising her music, which she studied at this period under the direction of Rubinstein.

WHERE THE ROYAL AUTHORESS WAS BORN



It was in the princely castle of Monrepos, near Neuwied, that Elizabeth, Queen of Rumania, was born. This castle stands in a magnificent park, and is noted, among other things, for its remarkable collection of Roman antiquities.

with them is shown by observations made by them at the time. In a letter to a friend the Princess of Wied wrote, "We must let her go her own way and not disturb the working within," and her father remarked, "You cannot force people to their happiness, but must let them come to a sense of it."

It was not until she was nearly thirty years of age that Carmen Sylva acquired any technical knowledge of the art of writing poetry, but from the time of her sixteenth birthday she had the habit of expressing all her ideas and emotions in poems, which she wrote in a book. As she grew from childhood to girlhood, Princess Elizabeth was so attractive and made so charming a picture, with her large blue eyes, brilliant colouring, and masses of dark brown hair, that

* The unhealthy climate of St. Petersburg took its toll of the highly strung girl, and in January, 1864, she became alarmingly ill of a fever. The illness was long and tedious, her convalescence being much retarded by the news of her father's death on the 3th March. In the following June Carmen Sylva returned to Monrepos, where she remained for some time sharing her mother's retirement.

The next few years of her life passed uneventfully. Her time was divided between Monrepos and visits to friends and relatives in different parts of Europe. In 1866 she spent a happy two months at Wiesbaden visiting her uncle, the Duke of Nassau, and later she accompanied the Grand Duclie, Hélène on a tour through various European countries.

When on a visit to Italy, Carmen Sylva wrote to her mother enthusiastic accounts of the charm of the people and the beauties of the country, Naples in particular having captured her fancy.

Prince Charming

In 1869 Princess Elizabeth met, for the second time, the man she was destined to marry.

Her own ambition had been to become a schoolmistress, for her love of children had never left her. Her mother had her own plans, but she agreed to her daughter's proposal, insisting only that she should undergo a course of study and pass the necessary examinations before her plan was made public. But it was the profession of queen that awaited the talented and beautiful young princess.

While staying at Bonn with her daughter, the Princess of Wied received an invitation to stay with the Prince of Hohenzollern, the father of Prince Charles of Rumania. Carmen Sylva evidently made a favourable impression during her visit to Düsseldorf, for very soon afterwards her mother was asked to arrange a personal meeting between Prince Charles and Princess Elizabeth.

The rendezvous decided upon was Cologne,

where Carmen Sylva stayed with her mother at the Hôtel du Nord, the young girl all unsuspecting that the journey had any object more serious than a visit to a certain concert which she had expressed a desire to attend.

The actual meeting was of quite an informal character. The two ladies and their suite

CARMEN SYLVA WITH HER FAVOURITE INSTRUMENT



Although chiefly remembered for her literary work, Carmen Sylva was also an accomplished musician, and, indeed, took a very lively interest in music. She played both the piano and harp, and possessed also an excellent singing voice.

were dining at the Botanical Gardens, but the young princess had not noticed that their party had been closely observed during the meal by some gentlemen near by. After dinner two of them approached the Princess of Wied, and with due ceremony the Prince of Rumania was introduced to her.

As the prince greeted her, Carmen Sylva naively exclaimed, "How glad I am that we

should thus meet here by chance," and, on returning home after a long and earnest conversation with her princely cavalier, she remarked to her mother, "What a delightful man the prince has become."

Prince Charles was evidently equally enthusiastic about the charms of the princess, for he immediately asked her mother's sanction to their marriage. When the Princess of Wied conveyed the proposal to her daughter and inquired whether she wished for time to consider her answer, the young girl replied immediately, "No, he had better come at once—I know I shall love him much." Four days later the formal betrothal was celebrated at Neuwied, and the princess gave a state dinner in honour of the event.

Marries Prince Charles of Roumania

The engagement was very popular among the Rumanian people. Bucharest was illuminated, and congratulations to the bridegroom poured in from all sides. On the 15th November, 1869, the marriage was solemnized with much pomp and ceremony at Neuwied, and three days later the bridal couple set off for Rumania.

From the very beginning of her life in Rumania Princess Elizabeth identified herself with the interests of the people. In order to acquire first-hand information about social and economic conditions, she arranged that any lady who wished to attend Court was to be received separately by her, so as to avoid the artificial atmosphere inseparable from formal court functions.

On the 8th September of the following year a daughter was born to the Princess Elizabeth, and the event was received with enthusiastic rejoicing throughout the country. The baby princess was baptized into the Orthodox Greek Church and received the name of Marie.

Carmen Sylva was passionately devoted to her little daughter, who indeed became the idol not only of her parents and grandmother, but of the nation. Unhappily, however, her life was but a brief one, for she was only three years old when she succumbed to an attack of scarlet fever and diphtheria.

The Shadow of a Great Sorrow

Though Carmen Sylva bore her loss calmly, her life was saddened by this great sorrow, and the poems written by her at this period are all touched with the spirit of suffering. Her health began to cause great anxiety, and shortly after the death of her child she went to Franzensbad with her husband for a change of air. Before returning home Carmen Sylva and her mother visited England, where she spent some weeks.

It was in 1875 that Prince Charles laid the

foundation stone of Castle Pelesch, Carmen Sylva's forest home in the valley of Sinaia. Here the devoted couple stayed the whole summer, happy in planning and arranging their new house.

The serenity of her life was broken in 1876 by the war which broke out between Servia and Turkey. Russia naturally championed the cause of Servia against the Turks, and in April, 1877, the Russian troops were marching through Rumania.

Rumanian Forts Fire on the Turks

For a while this little country succeeded in preserving her neutrality, but she suffered so much from the ravages of the Ottoman troops that, when the Turks bombarded Kalafat, the Rumanian forts replied to their firing. A few weeks later the Emperor Alexander of Russia arrived in Bucharest on a visit to Prince Charles and Princess Elizabeth. Writing of the arrival of the emperor, Carmen Sylva says:

"It was certainly one of the most interesting days for Rumania, and I enjoyed it very much in the feeling that I am helping to set a piece of history. The reception of the emperor was enthusiastic, and we were literally buried under the quantities of roses thrown. From one balcony roses and golden tinsel were scattered together. I have never seen anything more beautiful, and shall not forget the picture."

The declaration of the independence of Rumania having been proclaimed on the 22nd May, this visit of the Emperor of Russia was regarded as of special importance. Almost immediately the Rumanian troops under the command of Prince Charles crossed the Danube and joined the Russian army.

The princess meantime busied herself with Red Cross work in Bucharest. She organized hospitals and sewing centres, and, at her personal expense, inaugurated a special hospital for 100 beds in her own park. This hospital was under her direct supervision, "as she wished to nurse her children herself."

Rest After Her Labours

The princess worked so strenuously that, after the war had drawn to its victorious conclusion, she suffered a complete breakdown in health, and was compelled to seek rest and repose in her mountain home in the valley of Sinaia.

It was at such times as these that Carmen Sylva found leisure to compose her poems, and her time was chiefly spent either in roaming the woodland country or in committing her thoughts to verse.

At the end of March, 1881, Rumania was, by Act of Parliament, declared to be a kingdom, and two months later Bucharest proceeded to celebrate the great event. The coronation procession to the cathedral was an imposing one. The state carriage of the queen, preceded by the king, mounted on his charger, was

A BRIEF RESPIRE FROM THE CARES OF STATE AND AUTHORSHIP



King Charles and Queen Elizabeth resting in a clearing of the forest above Pelesch Castle. The queen, a daughter of Prince Hermann of Wied, married Charles of Hohenzollern, the second son of Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who was called to the throne of Rumania in 1881. Their marriage was solemnized in 1869.

received with the wildest enthusiasm by the loyal populace. Flowers were thrown from the windows and balconies, and white doves, gaily ornamented with flowers, hovered over the queen as she drove through the streets.

After the coronation ceremony was over, deputations of peasants passed before the king and queen. Most of them, to show their affection, prostrated themselves at the feet of Carmen Sylva and her husband. Some brought written addresses of congratulation, and others offered branches of fir trees, gathered from the hillsides of their native valleys. All of them united in adoration of the radiant queen.

Both Poetess and Queen

Elizabeth of Rumania has often been called the mother of her adopted country, and certainly no queen ever did more than Carmen Sylva to better the conditions under which her subjects lived. Yet to the world at large she became perhaps even better known as poetess than as queen. She did not write for the public, she did not even write because she wanted to, but because of an inner force that would not be denied.

Speaking of her poetry, Elizabeth herself said, "When a thought takes possession of me, it is not that I will, but I must put it into words, and insert it in a poem, or it leaves me no peace."

But Carmen Sylva's literary talent was not confined to writing verse. Before she became Queen of Rumania she had produced a French comedy, *Revenans et Revenus*, for the society of Bucharest. She was also responsible for a book of aphorisms in prose, written in French and published in Paris under the title of "Les Pensées d'une Reine."

Fairy Tales and Novels

A cycle of fairy tales, entitled "The Pilgrimage of Sorrow," was published in 1882, and this book was the forerunner of "Fairy Tales of the Pelesch," "Through the Centuries," and many other works, including a volume of novelettes, called "Etchings," and published in 1883. Later Carmen Sylva devoted herself to fiction, and, in collaboration with a friend, Frau Mite Kremnitz, she wrote a novel entitled "From Two Worlds." This book was published under the pseudonym of "Dito und Idem" in 1885, and a year later was followed by another work of fiction from the same pen entitled "Astra."

As the years passed the queen's health gave cause for anxiety. Her strength had been overtaxed both by personal suffering and national anxiety in the early days of her residence in Rumania, and in later life she was often subject to attacks of fever.

On the 10th October, 1914, two months after the beginning of the World War, King Charles passed away. The bereavement came as a great shock to his devoted wife, who immediately sought solace from her sorrow in the peaceful seclusion of a monastery nestling on the slopes of the Carpathians in the Curtea de Arges district.

Here she still carried on her charitable works, visiting the peasants in their homes and doing all in her power to encourage the revival of native arts and industries. This interest in

LATE PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR-QUEEN



Although much of her time in later years was employed in literary work, Carmen Sylva did not neglect her duties as a queen. She ever had the interests of her people at heart.

the simple life of her adopted people had absorbed practically all her time since her arrival in Rumania. It seems that politics held no fascination for Carmen Sylva, and it is certain that her poetic temperament abhorred many of the pompous, meaningless formalities of court functions. She introduced, as much as possible, the use of native costume in public ceremonies, and at every royal ball this style of dress was insisted upon.

Her influence over the pleasure-loving ari-

stocracy in the Rumanian capital had been employed in promoting a sense of responsibility and a more serious outlook on life, so that their energies were directed into useful channels and not frivolously wasted. Philanthropic institutions benefited greatly by this splendid work of hers.

She lived her quiet life at the monastery until November, 1915, when it became necessary for her to journey to Bucharest, in order that she might undergo an operation for cataract of the eye. The operation was completely successful, and in high spirits she was preparing for her return to Curtea de Arges, when, she was stricken down with influenza, an epidemic of which was then raging in the town.

At first it seemed that the queen would manage to throw off the malady, but ten days after taking to her bed pneumonia set in. Weakened by her previous illness and the infirmities of advancing years, her frail system could offer no resistance, and the surgeons grouped round her bedside observed with sorrowful eyes that it was only a matter of days before their beloved queen would be taken from them.

A Message to the Kaiser

Almost to the last she maintained consciousness. It is said that, as she lay dying, she dictated an answer to a message received from the ex-Kaiser, who was at that time in the neighbourhood of Verdun.

But by then death was close upon her, and on the 2nd March, 1916, the spirit of the poetess and queen passed to the last great rest.

The whole country went into mourning. Kings and queens from all parts of the world sent sincere condolences. Her death was reported in the British press, but no great prominence was given to it, for, at that particular moment, the great attack on Verdun was anxiously expected, and late war news was the item of special interest.

Carmen Sylva was buried on the 5th March in the crypt of the cathedral at Curtea de Arges. She left most of her money to charities. A certain sum she wished to be put aside for the dowries of poor girls, and she left a subvention for Rumanian artists studying abroad. This is a practical instance of her appreciation of the fine arts, for she was herself a good musician and no mean painter.

[See "Life of Carmen Sylva," by Baroness Stackelberg, translated by Baroness Deichmann (1890).]

The KINDLY SWEDISH QUEEN of SONG

How Jenny Lind Took the World of Music by Storm and in the Hour of Her Triumph Remembered the Sick and the Needy

"IT would be useless to teach you, Mademoiselle. You have no voice left." Thus Manuel Garcia, the most famous singing-master in Europe during the last century, to the slim young woman before him, whose eyes filled with tears as she heard the terrible verdict.

That was the most tragic moment in Jenny Lind's life. For months she had over-worked her voice in order to raise the money to pay her passage to Paris for this interview. And now it was too late. Whatever gifts she had once possessed were irrevocably destroyed. Without realizing it, she had hopelessly over-strained the delicate instrument with which she had been born. She would never sing again.

During several moments of black despair, Jenny faced that cruel possibility. Then her courage slowly returned, and with it faith in her power of recovery. She knew that her voice, which had already captivated thousands, would yet bring the world to her feet. Still with tears in her eyes, she begged to be allowed to sing again after a period of rest. Garcia, not without reluctance, agreed to listen to her again, provided she refrained from singing at all for a space of six weeks.

This was in itself a dreadful privation, for song was Jenny's life. "As a child," she said, "I sang with every step I took, and with every jump my feet made." Every day for six weeks she had to suppress the most vital instinct within her.

At the end of that period of awful suspense she sang again to Garcia, and this time his refined ear detected the notes, no longer tired and husky, that were to make Jenny Lind incomparable. He taught her how to breathe properly and how to avoid the unnecessary strain that had nearly ruined her voice. He

expressed himself as astonished at her good recovery.

Not even Garcia, however, could teach Jenny Lind how to attain to the highest flights of her art, although he helped her to achieve them without risk of damage. "My ideal," she wrote, many years afterwards, "was (and is) so high, that no mortal was to be found who, in the least degree, could satisfy my demands; there-

fore I sing after no one's 'methode'—only after that of the birds (so far as I am able); for their Teacher was the only one who responded to my requirements for truth, clearness, and expression."

"The Swedish Nightingale," as Jenny Lind came to be called, was born in Stockholm on the 6th October, 1820. Her mother was a widow who had children of her own when she married again, a man some years her junior. Niclas Lind had succeeded to his father's lace-manufacturing business, but this failed, and he had to take a poorly-paid post as a clerk. He was an idle, although not worthless, man. He never succeeded in making a home for his wife.

Soon after Jenny was born it became necessary for her mother to earn a living. This she

attempted to do by opening a day school for girls in Stockholm. Jenny was sent as a baby to live with a middle-aged couple in the country. She lived here until she was four, and so her earliest impressions were not of the town, with its hubbub of artificial sounds and disturbing sights, but of the peaceful fields and the songs of birds, of peasants singing folk-songs at their work, and of the simple homely village pleasures.

When she returned to live with her mother in Stockholm, she was much struck with the sound of the military bugles in the streets.

ADMIRER BY MENDELSSOHN



Jenny Lind at the piano. It was of this wonderful singer that Mendelssohn said: "She is as great an artist as ever lived, and the greatest I have known."

One day, thinking herself alone in the house, she climbed on the piano-stool, lifted the lid of the instrument and, with one finger, strummed out a fanfare such as she had heard the soldiers play in the streets.

Then she heard footsteps in the passage and hastily concealed herself under the piano. It was her grandmother who entered, and, presently dragging Jenny from her hiding-place, looked at her very gravely and said, "Child, was that you?" Jenny, fearing disgrace, burst into tears and confessed. She was made to repeat the performance to her mother. "Mark my words," said the grandmother, "that child will bring you help."

The Little Girl who Sang to the Cat

When Jenny was nine years old, she went to live at the 'Widows' Home in Stockholm, where her grandmother had apartments. Here she used to sit at an open window singing to her cat. People passing in the street would pause and look wonderingly around them, until their eyes alighted upon the tiny figure of the child, who seemed possessed of the voice of a bird. One day the maid of a dancer at the Opera House told her mistress that she had never heard anyone sing so beautifully as this little girl who sang to her cat. The dancer sought out Jenny's mother, and told her that the child had a valuable talent.

Jenny's mother shrank from anything to do with the stage, but she was in miserable circumstances and she remembered the grandmother's prophecy. At last she decided to take Jenny to Herr Croelius, the singing-master at the Royal Theatre.

As mother and child approached the steps of the theatre, the former hesitated, overcome by her horror of the stage and its associations. But Jenny, ignorant of what was passing through her mother's mind, cried to be taken in to see the singing-master.

Herr Croelius listened to Jenny's singing and was moved to tears. He declared that they must go at once to Count Puke, the director of the theatre, and tell him what a treasure had been found.

"This is Not a Crèche"

Count Puke was at first unwilling to hear Jenny sing. He inquired her age, and, when told that she was only nine, declared: "But this is not a crèche. It is the king's theatre." Neither was he impressed by Jenny's appearance, for she was at this age, to quote her own description, "a small, ugly, broad-nosed, shy, gauche, undergrown girl."

Herr Croelius announced that, if the theatre authorities would not undertake Jenny's musical education, he would teach her himself at his own expense. Then Count Puke con-

sented to hear Jenny sing, and he, too, was moved to tears.

Shortly afterwards Jenny started her new vocation as an actress-pupil at the Royal Theatre. The directors entered into a contract with her mother, whereby they agreed to pay for the girl's board and lodging and carry on with her musical and theatrical education. When proficient, she was to become a member of the company and receive a salary. She was pledged to remain with the company for a term of ten years.

Jenny Among the Rebels

Jenny's mother signed the contract with many forebodings. The opportunity was too good to be missed, but Mrs. Lind never resigned herself to the prospect of her daughter becoming an actress. For a time she kept Jenny under her wing. She opened a boarding-house for the actress-pupils. But she was a stern woman, and ruled her charges with a rod of iron. After a time some of the pupils ran away from her and placed themselves in the charge of a certain Mlle. Bayard, who looked after those of the children who actually lived in the theatre. Among the little rebels was Jenny.

The Linds brought an action in the courts for the recovery of their child, which they won. Jenny's home life was not at this time very happy. Later on her mother's harshness softened a little, but she was a woman of strong prejudices. She was always suspecting Jenny of being led away by what she regarded as the immoral atmosphere of the theatre.

Actually, Jenny was not at all likely to be influenced by those of her companions who allowed themselves to be fascinated by the glamour of the footlights. She was early given to soberness of reflection, and so little prone to vanity that she used to pull the fine feathers out of her hat as she ran to school.

Appears First as a Child-Actress

She learned to act as well as to sing, and it was as a child-actress that she made her first appearance, when she was ten years old, in a play called *The Polish Mine*. She won an instantaneous success by the vivacity and skill of her performance. Henceforth she was in constant demand, and during the next seven years she gained immense experience in every kind of drama.

The world lost a great actress when Jenny Lind discovered her real power. The combination of histrionic with singing gifts is rare, but that of any natural gift with greatness of character is rarer still. Jenny early developed strength of mind and soul. As soon as she realized the great power that she had in her voice, she asked herself how she could best use it for the good of humanity.

* When she was still a young girl in her teens, she began to share her mother's abhorrence of the stage. "I hate the theatre and actors and actresses," she repeatedly declared. She disliked the glitter and show of the theatre. She wanted to live quietly in the country, and to sing because nature prompted her to sing. The adulation of the public meant nothing to her, although she longed to sing to people and to express the deep feelings that singing inspired within her.

The Moment of Moments

Henceforth her life was to be one continual struggle to free herself from the manner of existence and the associations that she hated, and at the same time develop and exercise the divine gift, which she regarded as a sacred trust. There came a moment when she discovered within herself a power greater than she had ever imagined—that added power, which transforms the highest talent into genius. It was on the 7th March, 1838—which day she always afterwards celebrated as another birthday—and she sang the part of Agatha, in Weber's opera, *Der Freischütz*.

"I got up that morning one creature," she said, "I went to bed another creature. I had found my power." For some time she lost that power, and was tortured by the longing to recover it. Her teachers knew nothing of this struggle going on in their pupil's mind. "My child," said one of them, "I have nothing to teach you; do as Nature tells you." But Jenny knew that she had much to learn, and that she was losing her power through misuse and inadequate training.

At this time she was earning about £60 a year at the Royal Theatre, and her original contract had almost expired. She made up her mind to go to Paris and sing before Garcia. In order to be able to do this, she undertook engagements to sing at concerts, in addition to her performances at the theatre. She suffered terribly from fatigue, and her voice grew worse and worse. She had to risk losing it, in order that she might attain to the added power which she had once had—and lost. With Garcia's help she succeeded.

A Remarkable Human Document

Before leaving Stockholm upon this fateful expedition Jenny wrote a dignified and tactful letter to the directors of the Royal Theatre, begging to be released from a further engagement on the grounds of the "insufficiency of her dawning talent." The letter is a remarkable human document, which reveals the rapidly growing tendency of Jenny's mind and the seriousness with which she already regarded her gifts.

"With this conviction," she wrote, after

explaining her dissatisfaction with past achievements "and in order to attain the artistic perfection open to me, I have thought it a duty to do what I can, and not to draw back before any sacrifice, either of youth, health, comfort, or labour, not to speak of the modest

AS THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT



The great singer as Maria, the bewitching heroine of Donizetti's opera, *La Fille du Régiment*, a part which she created and made famous by her exquisite art.

sum I have managed to save, in the hope of reaching what may perhaps prove an unattainable aim."

After a year in Paris Jenny longed to return to her native home. But there were difficulties in the way. The directors of the Royal Theatre made her an offer, which, considering the changed

circumstances was not magnanimous. Jenny's voice was now the talk of Paris, and rumours of its brilliance and power were beginning to reach other European cities. Alone, and without friends to guide her, she was tortured by doubts and hesitations.

There is a story that Jenny Lind was rejected by the Paris Opera House, but it is generally believed to be without foundation. She sang in the famous theatre, but only to an audience consisting of a few musicians and composers,

THE FAMOUS SINGER AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX



Jenny Lind in the year 1846, after the painting by Edward Magnus. A replica of this portrait was exhibited in 1862 in the Prussian court of the Universal Exhibition at South Kensington.

among whom was Meyerbeer, who immediately offered her an engagement to sing in his new opera at Berlin. It is probable that the Paris Opera Company were late with their offer, and in any case the atmosphere of the Parisian stage displeased Jenny Lind, and it is unlikely that she would ever have appeared there in public. "I am not suited for Paris," she wrote. "Nor Paris for me."

She returned to Stockholm, where she sang her old parts with newly found power, and was received with rapturous applause by her grateful

countrymen. In spite of the great development of her art she sang at her old salary, which was scarcely enough to provide her with the necessities of life. By accepting every possible concert engagement, however, she contrived to raise enough money to furnish a comfortable home for her parents, and she also began at this time that long series of charities with which her name will for ever be associated.

One day, towards the end of a triumphant visit to Copenhagen, she heard that a young man, who had saved money for months in order to be able to hear her sing, had fallen seriously ill on the night of the concert. His convalescence was seriously retarded by his bitter disappointment at missing the great singer.

Jenny immediately offered to sing to him at his house, and, although she was leaving Copenhagen that day and had two engagements to fulfil, she contrived to visit the sick man between the morning and evening concerts and to sing to him and his wife.

In 1844 she went to Berlin in order to fulfil her contract with Meyerbeer, who had written his opera, *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*, specially for her. Arriving at the theatre and feeling very nervous and lonely in a strange land, Jenny was horrified to find herself the centre of a violent quarrel and the object of acute and bitter jealousy. Unknown to Meyerbeer, the part in the opera which he had intended for Jenny Lind had been allotted to another singer, Fräulein Tuzzeo, who refused to give way to her rival.

In order to save herself from the horror of a dissension which was hateful to her, Jenny wrote secretly to the director of the theatre, expressing her willingness to withdraw in favour of Fräulein Tuzzeo, and to play whatever other and smaller part might be given to her. As a result, the opera was played with the former singer in Jenny's part, much to Meyerbeer's disgust, for he had composed music that only Jenny could sing. In consequence, the opera was at first a failure, and it was not until, eventually, Jenny sang the part originally intended for her that it was successful.

Deeply distressed by jealousies and intrigues, and shrinking from the adulation poured upon her from every quarter, Jenny longed to return to Sweden. By now, however, she had assumed responsibilities, and her passionate love of children and sympathy with every kind of human distress induced her to accept tempting offers, which enabled her to continue her charitable enterprises.

This ambition and the joy of singing and giving pleasure to others provided the spur to her continued successes. At Dresden she sang her favourite part of *Norma* in the opera of that name, and the *furor* she created marked the beginning of the second period of her career, when, with full command of her voice, she reached almost incredible flights of song and excelled all previous singers.

Offer by Mr. Alfred Bunn

This new triumph led to one of the most disturbing events in her career, the disastrous consequences of which undoubtedly did much to deepen her determination to abandon stage life. Attracted by the reports of her brilliant singing, Mr. Alfred Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, visited Dresden to hear her sing. He immediately offered her an engagement to sing at his theatre, one of the conditions being that she should sing in the English language.

The terms offered were fairly advantageous, although not, as it afterwards appeared, nearly so good as those previously offered to far less prominent stars. But Jenny had no thought of the money. She wanted to sing in England. It was neither flattery nor the desire for gain that prompted her decision, but the instinct that invariably animated her actions—to give freely of her great gifts. In the excitement of the moment, and totally ignorant of the ways of theatrical entrepreneurs, she signed a contract to appear at Drury Lane.

She never appeared there, for upon mature consideration she realized that it was impossible for her to become sufficiently familiar with the English language to do herself justice. She, therefore, wrote to Mr. Bunn, begging him to release her from the contract. He refused to do so and threatened legal proceedings.

Resolves to Break the Contract

The unhappy affair dragged on for months, and Jenny suffered agonies of remorse and misery. In virtual innocence she had committed what her fellow artists considered a heinous crime. But she was determined to break the contract and accept the consequences, rather than offend against the sacred law of her art.

Small wonder that, after a year in Germany, during which she suffered increasingly from the petty vexations of theatrical life, she wrote to a friend :

"I mean to return home quite quietly, and to settle down, caring nothing for the world. You will call this a crime. But please to reflect, just a little, how difficult it is to stand all this racing about—alone! With the certainty of having to rely on my own judgments in everything, and yet so absorbed at the same time in my *roles*. Oh, it is not easy. However, we will not talk of this just yet. Enough to say that connexion

with the stage has no attraction for me—that my soul is yearning for rest from all this persistent compliment and this persistent adulation."

Eventually, and in defiance of the Bunn contract, she came to England, but she did not sing in English. She appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in the part of Alice in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*. The excitement caused in London by her arrival was almost without a parallel. Ladies and gentlemen clad in

IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER



The *prima donna* as *Norma*, in Bellini's opera of that name, after the painting by Sodermark. This portrait, subscribed for by the employees, is in the Royal Theatre, Stockholm.

evening dress waited for hours outside the pit door. Queen Victoria was present at the first performance, which was a succession of triumphs for Jenny, and threw a bouquet at the great and gracious *prima donna*'s feet.

While at Her Majesty's Theatre, Jenny played in nine of her favourite operas, *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *Norma*, *Robert le Diable*, *La Fille du Régiment*, *Figaro*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *I Puritani*, and *I Masnadieri*. The season lasted till 1849, and afterwards Jenny toured the provinces, raising a sum of £10,000 for hospitals and charities. At Norwich she became acquainted with Bishop Stanley, who,

while admiring her voice, was so struck by her personality and nature that he declared he would rather hear her talk than sing.

It was Bishop Stanley who urged her—if she needed urging—to leave the stage and sing exclusively at concerts. But Jenny found it difficult to extricate herself at once from the toils of success. Mr. Bunn had sued her in court for breach of contract, and her manager

Elijah. Jenny Lind's last public appearance was at Düsseldorf in 1870, when she sang in an oratorio composed by her husband. She lived in England, and died at Malvern on the 2nd November, 1887.

Jenny Lind's voice was a rich soprano, combining dramatic volume and sonority with extreme flexibility, and compassing a range of two octaves and a sixth. She was particularly successful in blending the various registers, so that the most critical ear failed to detect the point of transition from one to another. One of her greatest accomplishments was the singing of high notes *pianissimo*, and yet so that they lost none of their brilliance and could be heard in the largest theatre or concert-hall.

She could also, by a process of tightening her throat, produce the effect of a perfect echo, and her "shake," whether delivered in the form of a whisper or at top pitch, was said to be more like the warbling of a bird than the utterance of a human being.

What would have been regarded as dangerous virtuosity in a lesser singer, became, in Jenny Lind's marvellously controlled voice, harmonious parts of a perfect whole, and, after she had rectified the mistakes of her early inexperience and overwork, she performed every kind of vocal exercise without damaging effect.

In her own opinion, however, she never completely recovered from those early injuries, and there were certain notes that she never sang to her own satisfaction,

although she still surpassed all other renderings of them.

"On the stage," wrote Hans Andersen, "she was the great artist, towering above all around her; at home, in the chamber, she was a gentle young girl, with the simple touch and piety of a child. . . . The spectator laughs and weeps as she acts; the sight does him good; he feels a better man for it; he feels there is something divine in art. One feels at her appearance on the stage, that the holy draught is poured from a pure vessel."

[See "Memoir of Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt," by H. S. Holland and W. S. Rockstro (2 vols., 1891).]

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED SINGER



The beautiful statue erected in memory of Jenny Lind in Stockholm, where she was born. Her Swedish heart ever beat true to her home-country, and it is fitting that, after all her triumphs abroad, the city of her birth should have this monument.

had to pay £2,500. Jenny's good nature and sense of duty impelled her to continue on the stage until she had paid off this amount.

She made her last appearance on the stage on the 10th May, 1849, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Next year she visited America and raised £20,000 for her Swedish charities. Then came her marriage to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who had been her accompanist during the long and fatiguing tour, her retirement from the strain of public life, and inward peace.

After 1852 she sang mainly in oratorio, and at rare intervals, her greatest renderings being those of Handel's *Messiah* and Mendelssohn's

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THREE WIZARDS of SCIENCE

The Important Experiments of Sir William Crookes that Enabled Professor Röntgen and Niels Finsen to Make Discoveries which have Saved Thousands of Lives

HALF a century ago people bothered themselves very little about light. They enjoyed the sunshine, and perhaps took a little trouble to understand Clerk Maxwell's new wave theory of the nature of sunshine, but they still thought of light as an unsubstantial flickering thing, which, after all, did not matter very much to their lives. This indifference was not to last.

To-day, owing to the researches of Crookes, Röntgen, and Finsen, our attitude towards light has altered completely. We now recognize that the radiant energy which we regularly receive from the sun plays a very important part in the cycle of changes by which life goes on. We have come to learn that through the agency of light we may hope one day to unravel all the secrets of physics; that X-rays, which are allied to light rays, form one of the most important weapons in the doctor's armoury, as they do in that of the scientist.

William Crookes was born in London on the 17th June, 1832. He was endowed with an innate love of science, and even in his early childhood he was never satisfied until he had worried someone into giving him an explanation of the scientific phenomena which he frequently met in his nursery experience. As a boy he played at chemistry, with those primitive "chemical cabinets" which could be purchased for a few shillings. At the age of ten he had provided himself with a laboratory, which his parents half proudly, half laughingly, called his "glory hole." Here, in the strictest privacy, the boy conducted wondrous and fearful experiments with his modest chemical outfit.

William Crookes's parents, however, were wise enough to perceive that behind those simple experiments carried out in the "glory hole" there lay a real spirit of scientific inquiry. Accordingly they determined that their son should receive a proper training in chemistry. He was therefore sent to attend the classes at the Royal College of Chemistry, in London.

Although only sixteen years of age, William Crookes at once drew attention to himself by the clear reasoning and hard work he displayed in all he did. He was taught by the famous A. W. von Hofmann, to whose admirable instruction a whole generation of English chemists was indebted. In those days neither Oxford nor Cambridge University boasted a chemical laboratory, and Hofmann's courses at the Royal College of Chemistry were far and away the best in every respect that this country could offer.

It is, in fact, hard to realize how lowly a science chemistry was considered seventy or eighty years ago. A chemist was

looked upon as scarcely a reputable person. Oxford University did not possess a laboratory until the museum buildings, started by Ruskin, were completed after his death. The first chemical laboratory at Cambridge was instituted by Dr. Liveing in 1852.

After completing his studies under Hofmann, William Crookes obtained an appointment as superintendent in charge of the meteorological department of the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford. The appointment bears witness to his character and capabilities. He entered upon his duties in 1854, when only twenty-two years of age, so that he must have impressed those

A TRIBUTE TO NIELS FINSEN



This memorial to Niels Finsen was erected in Copenhagen as a tribute to the wonderful work he did for mankind, especially as a fighter of that dread disease, lupus.

who chose him most favourably, as it is usual for the superintendent to be a man of maturer years. This appointment, however, threatened to divert Crookes from his favourite science of chemistry, and to transform him into a meteorological expert.

Meteorology failed to attract Crookes for very long. He was longing to be back again in a chemical laboratory, and before a year had passed he resigned his position at Oxford to take quite a minor chemical post at Chester. Before he had been long at Chester, however, he found that his duties were inadequate to occupy his busy mind, and, noting that chemistry lacked a journal of its own, he founded the *Chemical News*. For more than fifty years he occupied the editorial chair of this highly

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES



Had it not been for Sir William Crookes's tireless observations of the phenomena attending electrical discharges through vacuum tubes, neither Röntgen nor Finsen could have made their remarkably valuable discoveries.

successful journal, thereby establishing a record for continuous editorship. The *Chemical News* proved so great a success, that throughout his life it continued to provide Crookes with the "sinews of war" whereby he was enabled to pursue his many and costly researches. During a later period in his life he was editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*.

His first real achievement in the realm of

chemistry was the discovery of a new member of what is called the "rare earth group" of elements. During 1861, while busily engaged in examining, by the aid of a spectroscope, some residues left over from the manufacture of sulphuric acid, he happened to notice a new bright-green line in the spectrum. He immediately proceeded to follow up this clue, which he had perceived almost by chance. It led him to the discovery of a new metallic element, which he named thallium, and he managed to isolate a large enough specimen to exhibit in 1862.

The Key to His Success

During the next eight years Crookes more or less devoted himself to a thorough investigation of thallium—its properties and its compounds. This strict devotion to one line of inquiry, until all channels had been exhausted, was characteristic of the man, and the key to his success. As he himself said, "To stop short in any research that bids fair to widen the gates of knowledge, to recoil from fear of difficulty or adverse criticism, is to bring reproach upon science."

While he was engaged in determining the atomic weight of thallium (a peculiarly difficult task), Crookes accidentally came upon a new phenomenon—one that was destined to alter the whole course of his scientific career. While carrying out some weighing operations in a vacuum, he noticed that under these conditions his specimens seemed heavier when cold than when they were heated. This remarkable phenomenon Crookes proceeded to account for as a "repulsion from radiation." The occurrence, moreover, led him on to consider the whole question of radiation and of radiant energy. It also led more immediately to the invention of the radiometer, that curious little scientific instrument so often seen in opticians' windows, which consists of a finely suspended sort of paddle-wheel that mysteriously revolves when the sunlight falls upon it.

His Highly Exhausted Tubes

Crookes next passed on to the investigation of the passage of electricity through tubes from which almost all traces of gas had been exhausted (vacuum tubes). But before he could carry out any satisfactory experiments, he found that he had to devise a really efficient form of exhaustion pump. After considerable expenditure of both time and energy, he constructed a pump capable of reducing the pressure inside a tube to one millionth part ($\frac{1}{1,000,000}$) of an atmosphere. This pump, in either its original or a modified form, is universally used by scientists nowadays for creating high vacua, and is not the least benefit which Crookes conferred upon his fellow searchers after scientific truth.

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YOUTHFUL PATIENT UNDERGOING THE FINSEN LIGHT CURE



Niels Finsen discovered by experiment that concentrated ultra-violet rays were a powerful germicide, and that many microbes were exterminated by them. He concluded that a concentration of such rays upon the affected part might possibly cure persons suffering from lupus, that dreadful disease which is akin to, and almost as noxious as, cancer. Subsequently, after minute and careful investigation, he proved this theory to be substantially correct.

The phenomena attending electrical discharges through the high vacua thus created proved exciting and remarkable to a degree. In fact, they formed a nucleus for learned (and often heated) discussion at the Royal Society's conversaziones for several years during the eighties of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, the exceedingly high vacua he had already obtained were not good enough for Crookes, who cast about for a means whereby a still lower pressure could be obtained within his tubes.

He made a tube, and sealed up in one of its two bulbous ends a quantity of substances which would eagerly absorb water vapour and the traces of the gases still remaining in the tube after he had done as much as possible to clear them with his air pump. When these substances had completed their work of absorption, the bulb containing them was sealed up in a hot flame. By this means he obtained a tube in which the gas pressure amounted only to one-twenty-millionth part (1/20,000,000) of an atmosphere.

Results of these Experiments

From his experiments with such tubes as this Crookes proceeded to lay the foundations of our modern conceptions of the nature of matter. When a high-pressure electrical discharge was passed through such a tube there

occurred an emanation which was akin to, but certainly not identical with, light. Crookes soon perceived that this emanation consisted of a stream of some kind of particles, which were even more minutely small than the atoms of physics and chemistry. At the time he suggested that this emanation consisted of matter "in a fourth state" (i.e. neither solid, liquid, nor gaseous).

Pioneer of a Series of Discoveries

It was, as he put it, "ultra gaseous," and represented the border line between matter in its ordinary states and energy in the form of electricity. Actually, of course, Crookes's "radiant matter" was the electrons discovered twenty-five years later by Sir J. J. Thomson. Thus Crookes took the first step in that momentous chain of discoveries which made the atom as real for us as the solar system, and which led to so much newspaper discussion as to the feasibility of the detonation of the atom and the release of its portentously enormous supplies of internal energies.

The fruits of Crookes's vacuum tubes, however, are not confined to the realm of theoretic science, for it was his tube that gave us electric light. Except for arc lamps (which become more obsolescent each year), there was no other form of electric lamp when Crookes first made

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index



his experiments on electrical discharges through high vacua. Yet in 1881 he was invited by the French Government to judge of the rival merits of four different varieties of incandescent vacuum electric light bulbs, which had been exhibited in Paris. In the official report of his decision are found the words, "None of them (i.e. the lamps) would have succeeded had it not been for the extremely high vacua which Mr. Crookes has taught us to obtain"—a gratifying testimony to his work.

Radium Confirms His Speculations

The discovery of radium by the Curies in Paris was eagerly hailed by Sir William Crookes. He had already suggested, as an outcome of his work on the rare earths, that the elements were all built up from one original primordial form of matter, which he provisionally named *pyrolys*. Radium, with its property of disintegrating and spontaneously producing helium, obviously confirmed his speculations. Crookes, therefore, eagerly adopted the Curies' views, sponsored their first appearance in England, and soon made himself the pioneer radiologist in Great Britain.

To enumerate, far less to describe, the variety of Sir William Crookes's later researches is beyond the scope of this article. Many people wear spectacles of "Crookes glass," which saves their eyes from endless strain and their brains from overwork. In common with another famous scientist of his generation, Crookes also inquired into the phenomena of spiritualism.

He concluded after numerous exhaustive experiments, that there was, at any rate, "something in" spiritualism. Year by year his beliefs strengthened, until, at the time of his death, he was a convinced spiritualist. His views on this subject are to be found in his book, "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism." Without either agreeing or disagreeing with the opinions expressed in this work it may be said that it is a pleasure to read, for it is conceived and written in that spirit of patient, exact, and critical inquiry which marked all the things that Sir William Crookes undertook.

Loaded with Degrees and Knighted

His great achievements in science naturally brought many honours in their train. At various times he was the recipient of the Royal, the Davy, and the Copley medals—the three highest honours which the Royal Society has it in its power to bestow. He also received a special gold medal and a prize from the French Academy. Universities delighted to bestow honorary degrees upon him, of which distinctions he received more than a score. At Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee in 1897 he was knighted, "in recognition of the eminent ser-

vices he had rendered to the advance of scientific knowledge during Her Majesty's reign." In 1910 he received the most worthy and genuinely desirable distinction which Britain bestows on her eminent sons, the Order of Merit.

Belief in Early Marriage

Throughout his life Sir William Crookes was an ardent advocate of early marriages. This is not remarkable when it is considered that, at the age of twenty-four, he himself married Miss Ellen Humphrey, of Darlington, with whom he lived completely happily all his life. Their diamond wedding was celebrated in 1916.

Too little honour is done to the part played in the career of a savant by his wife's devotion. As Sir William constantly reiterated, he would never have accomplished half of his brilliant work had it not been for Lady Crookes's selfless devotion to her husband and his career. She lifted all the cares of the world from his shoulders, managed his affairs, shared his troubles and disappointments, and joined with him in all his undertakings and triumphs. In fact, she was a perfect wife.

Sir William Crookes died at his London house on the 4th April, 1919, full of years and honours. He belonged to that great band of Victorian scientists which included Darwin, Kelvin, Galton, and Lister, and of which he was the last survivor. These men were veritable giants, who raised their country's fame high throughout the world, and who were tireless in their devoted labours in the cause of science.

Röntgen a Worthy Follower

The first great discovery to follow Sir William Crookes's experiments with vacuum tubes was that of X-rays, by Professor Wilhelm Konrad von Röntgen. Röntgen (the "von" was an honour bestowed on him later by William II, the German Emperor) was born at Lennep, in Rhenish Prussia, on the 27th March, 1845.

Although a German, he received his education mainly in Holland, and also studied for some time at Zürich, in Switzerland, where he took his degree as doctor of science in 1869. He then became assistant to Kundt, the famous professor of physics at Würzburg, and afterwards at Strasbourg. Here Röntgen became *privatdozent* in 1874, and in the following year he was appointed professor of mathematics and physics at the agricultural academy of Hohenheim.

Teaching the elements of these two subjects to agricultural students did not, however, appeal greatly to Röntgen, who was always more interested in research for its own sake than in anything else. He, therefore, set to work to secure his removal from Hohenheim and its agriculturalists and after two years succeeded in obtaining an appointment as professor extra-



ROYAL VISITORS TO THE FINSEN LIGHT ROOM AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL



The first Finsen lamp to be used in England was presented by the Princess of Wales to the London Hospital in 1900. She was most interested in following the progress of this Danish scientist's cure for lupus, and in 1903, in company with King Edward, Queen Alexandra went to the London Hospital and declared open a new Finsen light room.

ordinary at Strasbourg. In 1879 he was chosen to fill the post of ordinary professor of physics at Giessen, where he also acted as director of the physical institute. After six years of hard and fruitful work here he became professor at Würzburg. This last move brought him a first-rate appointment, with a congenial atmosphere and every facility for research. Here, accordingly, he was satisfied to remain.

His Skill in Glass-blowing Comes In

Röntgen would in all probability have remained a hard-working and useful professor at Würzburg for the rest of his natural career had he not been an expert glass-blower and also an enthusiastic amateur photographer. Soon after Sir William Crookes had published the results of his researches on electrical discharges, Röntgen thought he would like to reproduce some of the English scientist's effects. Here his great skill in glass-blowing stood him in good stead, as he was easily able to make the complicated and fragile glass apparatus necessary for the production of Crookes's high vacua.

On the 5th November, 1895, he was experimenting in a carefully darkened room with a Crookes tube, which was enclosed within a black cardboard box. Upon a table, near his apparatus, lay a paper screen painted with barium platinocyanide, a fluorescent substance.

Suddenly, when the discharge was passing through the tube inside the cardboard box several feet away, Röntgen noticed a faint flickering greenish light, upon which appeared a line of dark shadow. Obviously some kind of invisible emanation was streaming out of the Crookes tube, through the cardboard box, and exciting the platinocyanide-painted screen to luminosity. In this manner, by a stroke of luck, as Röntgen himself always asserted, X-rays were discovered. This was, however, one of those strokes of "luck" which none but a genius recognizes and turns to full advantage. Had Röntgen not possessed a highly trained intelligence, he would probably never have given a second thought to that faint green flicker in his darkened laboratory.

Investigating the New Rays

Full of the sceptical caution which characterizes the scientist, Röntgen was in no hurry to announce this discovery of a new ray. He relinquished everything he had in hand, however, and set to work discovering all he could about this mysterious form of energy. He soon found that these rays would penetrate not only cardboard, but also wood, cloth, and even a 2,000-page book. Then one day he interposed his hand between the tube and his fluorescent screen, and saw the bones of his



fingers projected upon it in silhouette—the rays easily penetrating the flesh, but being stopped by the bones, which accordingly cast a shadow on the screen.

A Second Important Discovery

Then, after a few months of research, came another and equally important accidental discovery. A large book, which he had just been reading, rested upon a photographic plate on his laboratory table. Inside the book was a key, which Röntgen was in the habit of using for a bookmark. These objects remained as they were during various experiments, and the plate was ultimately used one afternoon to photograph a view which caught the professor's attention.

Imagine his surprise, on developing his picture, to find the shadowy outline of the key visible on his plate. Next morning he placed the book, key, and a new plate in the same positions on his desk, and passed a strong current through his tube for a few minutes. He then developed this plate, and found upon it another shadow photograph of his bookmarking key.

Röntgen immediately appreciated the enormous potentialities of his discovery. In almost every branch of science it opened up a new avenue of research, while its value to the physician and surgeon was at once obvious. For two years he continued to gather as much information as he could about his rays, and then he announced his discovery to the world, calling them X-rays on account of their unknown character, x being the symbol conventionally adopted in science for the designation of any unknown quantity.

The announcement of this discovery caught the world's imagination, and Röntgen leapt into instant fame. Nevertheless, in spite of the enormous popular interest taken in his work, he resolutely refused to be interviewed on the subject, or to give popular lectures, rightly thinking that his own special task lay in working out the full implications of his momentous discovery.

Crookes Misses His Chance

Oddly enough, Sir William Crookes also very nearly discovered X-rays while investigating with one of his highly exhausted tubes. He was making an experiment with a camera and one of his tubes, and noticed, on developing a plate, certain shadowy pictures of what seemed to be finger-marks. Thinking that these were due to faulty or careless manufacture, Sir William returned the plates to the manufacturer, who at once apologized and sent some new plates to replace the "faulty" ones. Actually the "faulty" plate contained the record of the first X-ray photograph ever taken.

The remainder of Röntgen's life was largely devoted to an attempt to solve the mystery surrounding the nature of his X-rays, although he also engaged in various other highly involved researches. The puzzle, however, proved too refractory for him, and he never succeeded in sifting the matter to its bottom. Sir W. H. Bragg, of Leeds University, has brought the problem near to solution by his work with the X-ray spectrometer. He has proved that these rays are akin to light rays, being produced in a similar manner by waves, but that their wavelength is many thousands of times smaller than that of ordinary light.

Röntgen's Unassuming Modesty

Röntgen died at Munich on the 9th February, 1923, at the age of seventy-eight. He was a tall, robust, jolly-looking man, who wore a full beard, and whose personality proved to be as friendly as his appearance. In all ways he was a highly cultured and most pleasant man, who made himself liked wherever he went. Although he had the satisfaction of knowing that his discovery saved many thousands of lives, alleviated infinite sufferings, and put an enormously potent new weapon into the hands of his fellow scientists, Röntgen never spoke of it excepting to his colleagues or fellow savants, and then only from a purely scientific point of view. In this unassuming modesty he set a pattern to all.

The other scientific pioneer who used Crookes's discovery as the starting-point of his own researches was Niels Finsen. Finsen was born in the Faroe Islands, in the year 1861. He was educated at the University of Copenhagen, where he showed himself to be a student of brilliant promise. He passed his final examinations with every distinction, and the University authorities were only too pleased to retain the services of such a talented young man as lecturer on anatomy, from which position he soon rose to be professor.

All through life Finsen suffered from a chronic and painful disease. He never knew what it was to be well, even for twenty-four hours; each ordinary task of daily life was a burden to him. Yet, like so many invalids of genius, Professor Finsen seemed to find his disability a positive encouragement to strive harder than ever.

Light and the Human Body

When he was thirty-two years of age Finsen began to investigate what effects light of various kinds had on the human body, both in sickness and in health. Ordinary sunlight, as we know, consists of three main varieties of rays: red rays or heat rays, yellow rays or light rays, and violet and ultra-violet rays, which possess the power of effecting certain chemical changes, and which, therefore, were the important rays from Finsen's point of view.

USING THE MARVELLOUS X-RAYS APPARATUS



It is absolutely impossible to estimate the great benefit that Röntgen conferred on mankind when he discovered X-rays. Through their medium thousands and thousands of lives have been saved, and countless suffering has been alleviated. It was just as important a discovery as that of chloroform, and has influenced the progress of science to the same extent. The field of X-rays is constantly becoming larger, and, in addition to their use in surgery, they have been utilized in detecting imperfections in iron-castings, in making chemical analyses, and in the study of the structure of crystals.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed Index



Finsen had read in some ancient treatise on medicine that, in China, patients suffering from smallpox were confined to rooms whose windows were heavily draped with red hangings. He learned that all over Europe, during the Middle Ages, red coverlets were wrapped round sufferers from this disease. All this seemed like nothing more than a wildly fantastic superstition. Finsen, however, resolved to make this curiosity of medical history the starting-point of his own researches.

During 1893 Copenhagen was visited by smallpox, and Finsen came to the conclusion that ultra-violet rays were definitely harmful to smallpox patients. Accordingly, he had the

THE DISCOVERER OF X-RAYS



At the age of seventy-eight Professor Röntgen died at Munich in 1923. A highly cultured, pleasant man, his unassuming modesty was an example to all.

windows of a ward entirely covered with two or three thicknesses of red flannel, so that none, excepting the red heat rays, could pass through. Into this ward he placed several smallpox patients, and awaited results.

In each case he prevented the dangerous and disfiguring eruption, which usually accompanies the disease, from making its appearance. This proved to him that there was something behind the Chinese and mediæval medical lore, after all. The red rays, which have no power to act upon a photographic plate, seemed also harmless to a smallpox patient, while the violet and ultra-violet rays, which cause chemical change on a plate, also cause the eruptions of

smallpox. Thus the first step was taken in a new branch of medical science.

Finsen next inquired into the effects which the violet and ultra-violet rays (so malicious in smallpox) actually had upon the body. He soon came to the conclusion that they possessed great stimulating and revivifying powers.

His Debt to Crookes

His ill-health prevented him from completing his researches, but before his death he managed to have a large electric light bath constructed, in which a flood of cold blue-violet rays were directed on to the patient's skin, thus promoting great activity in the tissues lying immediately below the cuticle. For these rays he was indebted to Crookes, the result of whose experiments with vacuum tubes enabled Finsen to obtain them.

Besides this work, Finsen also made the great discovery with which his name is generally associated—the Finsen cure for lupus. Finsen had discovered by experiment that concentrated ultra-violet rays were a powerful germicide, and that many microbes were exterminated by them. He concluded that a concentration of such rays upon the affected part might possibly cure persons suffering from that dreadful disease, lupus, which is akin to, and almost as noxious as, cancer.

At first he found that the circulation of blood near the skin absorbed the rays and prevented them from reaching and destroying the lupus germs. This difficulty he finally surmounted by clamping a small water cell tightly against the affected portion of the sufferer's skin (lupus always makes its appearance on the surface of the body).

The Founder of Heliotherapy

Finsen died in 1904, when the full benefit of his work had not yet been appreciated. It is doubtful whether all he claimed for his rays be true or not, but it is certain that he first recognized the curative powers of light, and was the founder of heliotherapy. To-day various kinds of rays, ultra-violet, violet, and even X-rays, are used to cure a host of malignant diseases. In fact, it seems probable that, when at last a cure is found for that arch-enemy of the human race, cancer, it will consist of some form of heliotherapeutic treatment.

The careers of Crookes, Röntgen, and Finsen demonstrate how closely all sciences, in spite of seeming divergences, are linked and co-ordinated with one another. Crookes's original discovery was in the realm of pure physics, yet, in his own hands and those of his unconscious collaborators, it has produced great and magnificent results in chemistry, in electrical engineering, in surgery, in medicine, and in heliotherapy.

The CREATOR of MODERN COMEDY

How Molière Analysed the Society of His Day and Portrayed It in Brilliant Comedies that will Hold the Stage for All Time

A CUSTOMER at Maitre Gély's hairdressing establishment in the little old-world town of Pézenas, in the French province of Languedoc, sat down in a vacant chair and signalled rather impatiently to a young man lounging idly in a corner. The latter immediately sprang up, apologized for his tardiness, and was soon vigorously lathering the customer's chin.

As he did so he talked as barbers will, but in a manner and with a flow of speech quite different from other barbers. He regaled his customer with stories of robberies and hairbreadth escapes and deeds of violence, laying particular stress upon grotesque and horrible details. Flourishing a razor, he described in blood-curdling accents the grisly circumstances in which a man met with sudden death not far from the village.

The customer listened with growing nervousness as horror succeeded horror, but at last he could stand no more. Before the razor had touched his face he jumped up from the chair, leaving his cravat in the hands of the story-teller, and fled out into the street.

After he had gone everybody in the shop gave full vent to the laughter they had suppressed during the performance of the little comedy. For the "barber's assistant" was none other than Molière, well known as an actor and as manager of a troupe of strolling players.

The barber's shop was his favourite resort. He loved to study the characters who came there, and to listen to their talk. Quick to take advantage of the customer's mistake, he had used his resource as an actor and his abounding sense of the ridiculous in order to provide an impromptu entertainment.

Molière's real name was Jean Baptiste Poquelin. He probably adopted a different surname out of deference to his family, who,

as prosperous tradespeople, looked askance upon the stage as a profession. The Poquelin's originally came from Beauvais, where for several generations they had been highly esteemed, wealthy citizens. The great actor and playwright sprang, therefore, from the bourgeoisie, although in his sympathies and habits he was essentially a man of the people.

His father was connected with the Mazuel family who, as Court musicians, had influence with the king. In this way, most likely,

FAMOUS FRENCH DRAMATIST



Besides being a great dramatist, Molière was an accomplished actor and an admirable theatrical manager. His plays have never ceased to hold the stage.

Poquelin, senior, obtained his post as *valet tapissier de chambre du roi*, his duties being to attend the king upon his journeys and to superintend the furnishing and upholstering of the royal apartments.

This post occupied only part of his time, and he owned several flourishing shops in Paris. Some of these were situated in the covered Halle de la Foire, Saint Germain des Prés, where, on fair days, mountebanks performed at booths and there was a general atmosphere of fun and make-believe.

Jean Poquelin lived in the Rue St. Honoré, and here, in January, 1622, his son Baptiste was born. Probably the child was often taken

to the Halle de la Foire, and there grew familiar with the antics of the mountebanks and their time-honoured jokes. A more definite encouragement towards an interest in Theatrical entertainment was supplied by his paternal grandfather who often took him to the Hôtel de Bourgogne to see the Italian comedy-mask actors and Bellerose, the famous French comedian.

Here, amidst a mixed audience—the Court gallants and ladies being seated in boxes or on the stage, while in the pit there stood a rabble of artisans, lackeys, and soldiers—Molière obtained his first idea of a theatre.

These plays that Molière saw as a boy made a very deep impression upon him. They were

for the most part monotonous and lacking in originality, many of them being farces of a certain stereotyped quality. The plays were written by the actors themselves, who studied one kind of character which enabled them to display their natural gifts to the best advantage, and who then appeared again and again in the same character in different versions of the same type of comedy.

Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Columbine

It was the vogue of the Italian comedy-mask that inspired this method. In these plays the same traditional characters—Harlequin, Pantaloon and Columbine, Pierrot and Polichinelle constantly reappeared.

There was practically no other kind of comedy save this conventional and highly artificial type when Molière was a youth, and for some time after he began to act and write he, also, was strongly influenced by the Italian method, and we find the same characters recurring in his early plays under the same names.

Molière's father objected to these visits to the play, which he feared would lead to dissipation and disinclination for serious work. "Do you wish," he said to Molière's grandfather, "to make him a comedian?"

"May it please Heaven," replied the old man, who had an insatiable passion for the theatre, "to make him as good a comedian as Bellerose."

Many years of bitter struggle were to pass before Molière was able to reach this degree of perfection, but his ambition was early astir, and he never seriously considered any other profession than that of the stage. He did not win full recognition of his powers as an actor until he was more than half-way through his life; and he did not begin writing the plays that have made him immortal until he was about thirty-five.

Wide Knowledge of Human Nature

This unusually long apprenticeship, however, largely contributed to the full development of Molière's genius. During long years of wandering from town to town he gained that deep and wide knowledge of human nature which made him the most universal of all writers of comedy. While still struggling for fame as an actor, and hoping for no higher achievement, he was subconsciously gathering the material for the immortal *Tartuffe*, and studying, in real life, the absurdities of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

His early education, far more thorough than that of Shakespeare, whose life was in some respects similar, also laid a firm foundation for the later flowering of his genius. His mother, who died when Molière was young,

taught him to read the Bible and Plutarch's "Lives." He did not go to school until he was fifteen, but he then plunged at once into abstruse studies. At the Collège de Clermont he absorbed the humanities and Aristotelean logic, a subject in which he revelled.

After leaving college he became, with Cyrano de Bergerac (afterwards to be famed for wit, verse making and personal bravery) and others, a pupil of the philosopher Gassendi, who opened his eyes to new worlds and to more modern knowledge. As a young man Molière's favourite pastime was to talk with his friends about philosophy.

Thrusts at False Learning

Thus was the comic actor well versed in logic and science before he put on the cap and bells, and so the satirist was early able to distinguish between pedantry and the genuine desire for knowledge. This fact has considerable bearing upon the frequency with which hide-bound pedants and bigoted doctors of law or science appear in Molière's popular plays. His thrusts at false learning were no mere intuitions. He had a thorough grounding in all the different systems of philosophy, some of which he held up to ridicule.

After completing his general education Molière studied law and was actually called to the bar, where he had opportunities of dissecting the legal mind of which he was to make use in his plays. The elder Poquelin, however, put commercial success first and foremost, and in 1642, when Molière was only twenty, he took his father's place as *valet tapissier de chambre du roi*, and accompanied Louis XIII on a journey to Provence.

It is said that during this journey Molière protected a young courtier named Cinq-Mars, who was a favourite of the king but to whom a treacherous plot had been ascribed. The royal party lodged at Sigeac for one night, and the story goes that Molière, discovering Cinq-Mars in terror of immediate arrest, took advantage of his privilege as superintendent of the Court linen in order to hide the young man in a cupboard until the danger was past.

His Generosity and Impulsiveness

Cinq-Mars was subsequently executed, but the incident, which is generally supposed to be true, illustrates the impulsiveness and generosity of Molière's nature. He was ever on the side of the harassed and downtrodden as against those who enjoyed power and security.

After this first experience in his father's trade, Molière turned definitely to the stage. He was now of age, and he had received about £200 left to him by his mother. With this little capital he embarked upon a bold theatrical enterprise.



ENCHANTED BY THE BRILLIANCE OF THE MASTER'S GENIUS



"A Reading from Molière," after the painting by Jean François de Troy, lent to the National Gallery, London, by Sir Philip Sassoon. A gallant was sure of appreciative hearers if Molière was his choice, although, by reason of his intimate knowledge of the theatre, Molière charms even more when acted than when read.

In those days there were few regular theatres in Paris. Travelling companies often played in the tennis courts, which by their construction were easily adapted to this purpose. Galleries for the more costly seats were already in existence, and only the stage, which was generally a crude affair, had to be erected.

Stage Lighted by Candles

No scenery was employed at these theatres, and the actors entered from behind heavy curtains, often knocking their hats off in the process. Performances took place in the late afternoon, the stage being lighted by candles in chandeliers suspended from above. These candles were snuffed by the players during the performance.

In one of these adapted tennis courts, known as the Théâtre Illustre, Molière made his first appearance as an actor, in company with a family of strolling players, the Béjards, with whom he had joined forces.

In spite of the patronage of the Duke of

Orleans, the little theatre was not successful. It was situated in an out-of-the-way part of the city, and although Madeleine Béjard, the leading lady of the company, enjoyed a considerable reputation, and Molière himself attracted some attention as a comedian, audiences gradually became scantier. After three years a move was made to a larger theatre, the Croix Noire, near the Place Royale. This, also, was a converted tennis court, but it was much larger and much better situated.

Thrown Into Prison for Debt

But the expenses of this new enterprise proved too heavy. Molière, who from the first had been recognized as the leader of the company, was unable to pay a bill for candles burned during the performances, and was thrown into prison for debt.

Obliged to admit their failure to please Parisian audiences, the little band of players migrated to the provinces, where, destitute but undaunted, they wandered from village to

village, performing in barns or in the street. Often their plight was terrible. They had to tramp on foot, carrying their costumes and properties in bundles on their backs. Sometimes their properties were stolen by bandits, or they had to sell them to procure food.

These wanderings lasted for twelve years, the conditions gradually improving, until at last Molière had made such a name as an actor in the provinces that he felt confident in returning to Paris.

Stage-Manager and Advance Agent

But it was not only as an actor that Molière had built up the fortunes of his little company. He was also its stage-manager, its playwright, and its advance agent. In this last capacity he travelled to Paris, interviewed the Duke of Anjou, and obtained a "command" to appear before the young king Louis XIV at the Louvre.

This was the beginning of Molière's fame. The young king, who loved the play and indulged players, was delighted with the performance, especially with that of a little farce called *Docteur Amoureux* which Molière had written. He ordered that Molière's company should be allowed to share the royal theatre in the Petit Bourbon with a company of Italian actors, headed by the famous Scaramouche who had long held toll away there.

For fifteen years Molière had struggled to establish a reputation as an actor. He had only another fifteen years to live, and as though warned by already threatened health that his life would be a short one, he set himself, with feverish energy, to write the plays which were to win him permanent renown.

Revising the Work of Others

Hitherto, he had adapted existing farces from the Italian and Spanish in order to please the taste of provincial audiences. Like Shakespeare, he served his apprenticeship to play-writing by revising the work of others. Just as Shakespeare was accused of plagiarism, so Molière was often taunted by his enemies for stealing the ideas of other writers. To this charge Molière replied, wittily, "I take my own where I find it," meaning that he often developed to its fullest extent an idea that some other writer had expressed badly.

Molière's first important comedy, *Les Précieuses Ridicules* (The Affected Ladies), was performed for the first time in the year 1659, and greatly delighted the king. There were, however, many dissentient voices in the audience when Molière came before the curtain to bow his acknowledgments. For a moment or two the author was nonplussed. Then a voice shouted to him from the audience, "Courage, Molière; this is true comedy."

In *Les Précieuses Ridicules* Molière first displayed his extraordinary grasp of human relationships and his keen sense of the pretentiousness which, in real life, often passes as genuine worth. The play satirizes mook culture, and it caused great offence in certain social circles where the affectations it showed up were most prevalent.

The characters were so lifelike that many fancied themselves to have been the models of them, and an attempt was made to stop further performances of the play. But the king, who greatly admired Molière, although he had no real perception of his genius, refused to listen to the whining complaints of those whose vanity had been hurt by the exhibition of the truth, and he further showed his approval by making Molière a present of 3,000 livres.

Italian Players Eclipsed

Molière's companions were so grateful to him for having firmly established the success of their company that they voluntarily granted him a further 300 livres. Another important result of Molière's triumph was that the Italian players now took second place in the public regard. Formerly, they had played on the most popular nights of the week, but Molière's company quickly took precedence. Soon afterwards Scaramouche was completely eclipsed by the new comedian and playwright.

Spanarelle, produced in 1660, exhibits Molière's conception of the comedy of jealous love. It contained a large proportion of farce, but the thoughtful element was also pronounced. Its performances were interrupted by the arbitrary action of the Paris Office of Works, who, without consulting Molière, or even announcing their intention, began to pull down the Petit Bourbon theatre which they declared to be unsafe. Probably it was, but the manner in which the step was taken shows with what scant courtesy actors were treated in those days.

A Blessing in Disguise

The unexpected blow, however, turned out to be a blessing in disguise, for the king ordered that Molière's company should be allowed to play at the royal theatre in the Palais Royal. This theatre was very much more commodious and up-to-date. It had been built by the wealthy and powerful Cardinal Richelieu for the purpose of performing his own plays. Rudimentary scenery was employed, but the lighting effects were still very primitive, and the presence of members of the audience on the stage was a great hindrance to the full development of Molière's genius for stage craft.

Nevertheless, he wrote and produced his plays as though these inconveniences did not

THE HUMBLE ACTOR TAKES BREAKFAST WITH THE GRAND MONARCH



"Louis XIV and Molière," after the painting by Jean Leon Gérôme. There is a picturesque legend, which came to light long after Molière's death, to the effect that Louis, once finding Molière breakfastless, because his fellow valets de chambre disdained to eat with the actor, invited the dramatist to join him in his own royal meal.

exist, foreshadowing, in this respect, the art of modern playwriting.

The titles of Molière's plays in themselves suggest the high purpose that animated them, and the clear-thinking mind that conceived their action. *L'École des Maris* (The School for Husbands), 1661, *L'École des Femmes* (The School for Wives), 1663, and *Le Mariage Forcé* (The Forced Marriage), 1664, are comedies distinguished from those of the pre-Molière period by the profound truths that lie beneath their irresistible humour. Between spasms of laughter the audience sat in thoughtful silence, forced by the inevitability of the action to reflect deeply upon human relationships and their consequences.

Satire Upon Religious Hypocrisy

In *Tartuffe* (1664) Molière went a step farther and presented a satire upon religious hypocrisy. Not even the king could sanction this, and some years passed before the play could be acted in its entirety. It was then acclaimed as Molière's masterpiece.

Molière's increasing success and the favours shown him by the king aroused much envy and hatred, not only among rival actors and playwrights, but within the Court. He did not at first abandon his post as *valet tapissier*

de chambre du roi. On one occasion, when he was carrying out his duties, the other Court officials refused to sit at breakfast in his presence. Molière thereupon retired from the table and left the apartment.

Waited on by Royalty

Hearing of this the king sent for Molière, and ordered him to sit down to breakfast at the royal table. When the courtiers were admitted they were astonished to see the king serving Molière with chicken. It was a rule in the Court that nobody was allowed to breakfast with the king. "You see," explained his Majesty, "I am making Molière eat something, for my valets de chambre don't find him good enough company for them."

In 1662 Molière married Armande Béjard, a younger sister of Madeline Béjard, with whom he had made his first theatrical venture. The marriage did not turn out happily. Molière was then forty years old, and in failing health, while Armande was young, very pretty, and fond of excitement.

Under Molière's tutorship she became an accomplished actress, and it is believed that he wrote several parts especially for her. But Molière was too much wrapped up in the work of the theatre to make a good husband. In

addition to writing the plays, he superintended every rehearsal, coached the actors, and played the most difficult part himself.

Before Molière's time nobody had troubled to master the art of the theatre. He was the first to see the theatre as it was to become, and he not only adapted the art of playwriting to modern stage conditions, but laid the foundations of stage production.

His Genius at Maturity

As Molière's genius broadened out into full maturity, his comedies became at once grander and simpler. He lost all trace of the Italian comedy-mask, from which he had learned so much, and he left behind him the farce of mere intrigue and complicated situation. He presented his characters with enormous comic force and yet, at the same time, with such simplicity that their meaning became instantly obvious to the most ordinary minded person.

Le Misanthrope (1666), is generally regarded as the most obscure of Molière's comedies. It stands in relation to his other work as does *Hamlet* to the bulk of Shakespeare's plays. Comedy it is, but on a very high plane and exceedingly subtle.

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (The Tradesman Turned Gentleman), perhaps the most popular of Molière's comedies, was first played in 1670.

Later followed *Les Femmes Savantes* (The Learned Ladies), 1672, in which Molière dealt with the theme of the blue-stocking; and his crowning masterpiece *Le Malade Imaginaire* (The Imaginary Invalid), 1673.

This was the last play that Molière wrote, and although he was grievously ill and knew that he could not live very long, he insisted upon acting the part of Argan. When his friends attempted to dissuade him he said to them, "What would you have me do? There are fifty poor workmen who have only their day's wages to support them; what would they do if I did not act?"

Tragedy in a Comedy

One night, during a difficult scene in the play, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. Few members of the audience realized how mortally ill was the "imaginary invalid." He was taken from the theatre in a fainting condition, and died a few hours later, on the 17th February, 1673.

During the short period of his triumph, Molière earned about £5,000 a year. He wrote thirty plays in about fourteen years, and spent practically day and night in the theatre.

[See the translated editions of Molière's Works and Lives, by B. Matthews (1910), H. M. Trollope (1905), and H. C. Chatfield-Taylor (1907).]

TO THE MEMORY OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS DRAMATIST



The tomb of Molière in the celebrated Paris cemetery, Père la Chaise, adjoining that of La Fontaine, the poet of the famous fables. Père la Chaise covers an area of over 200 acres, and contains memorials to France's greatest dead, including the tomb of that ill-starred pair of lovers, Abelard and Héloïse.

For biographies not included in the Groups see detailed index

A FEARLESS SEEKER of TRUTH

How Huxley Fought the Gentle Darwin's Battles and by Applying the Acid Test of Science Made Us Free to Say What We Think

"IF I am to be remembered at all, I should like to be remembered as one who did his best to help the people," wrote Huxley in 1880. And assuredly his hope was fulfilled. "The grand result," says Leonard Huxley in the "Life" of his father, "of his determination not to compromise where truth was concerned was the securing of freedom of thought and speech. One man after another, looking back on his work, declares that if we can say what we think now it is because he fought the battle of freedom."

In his unending search for truth, Huxley took up the study of Greek late in middle life. He had always wondered why Aristotle had stated that the heart had only three chambers, and, since Aristotle's translators were not anatomists, he was anxious to see for himself what the great philosopher said on the subject.

When he had learnt enough Greek to grapple with the question, he found that Aristotle had correctly described what he saw, for under the conditions of his dissection the right auricle looks like an enlargement of the "great vein." He, therefore, wrote a paper in *Nature* (November, 1879), on "Errors Respecting the Structure of the Heart, Attributed to Aristotle," in which he removed this from the list of Aristotle's mistakes.

Thomas Henry Huxley was the seventh child of a seventh child. He was born on the 4th May, 1823, at Ealing, which was then a quiet country village, where his father, George Huxley, was senior assistant master at the school of Dr. Nicholas.

From his father he believed he derived his

faculty for drawing—which, though never trained, was to prove an admirable instrument in his work—his quick temper, and "that amount of the tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy."

His mother, Rachel Withers, was a Wiltshire woman, whose most distinguishing characteristic was rapidity of thought. "Things flash

across me," she would say, when anyone ventured to suggest that she had not taken much time to arrive at a conclusion, and this peculiarity was passed on to her son in its full strength.

Huxley received very little regular education. From the age of eight to ten he was at Dr. Nicholas' establishment, which he describes as "two years of a pandemonium of a school," but in 1835 the school was given up and the Huxley family moved to Coventry, where the father obtained the modest post of manager to the savings-bank.

From this time the boy was left pretty much to his own devices. He very early showed that taste for metaphysics which remained with him through life. (One of his boyish speculations was as to what would

become of things if their qualities were taken away, and he greedily devoured Sir William Hamilton's "Logic.")

When only twelve he would often light his candle before dawn, fasten a blanket round his shoulders, and read Hutton's "Geology" in bed. His eager mind led him to make friendships with people much older than himself, and it was through his brother-in-law, Dr. Cooke of Coventry, that he first became

interested in human anatomy.



The great scientist, after the painting by the Hon. John Collier, in the National Portrait Gallery, London. The artist married Huxley's youngest daughter, Ethel, in 1889.

Like many boys, his ambition was to become a mechanical engineer, but this was not to be his destiny. He had an intense curiosity to discover the motive principle of things, to find out why and how they act, and it was this that led him to take so deep an interest in physiology, which he described as "the mechanical engineering of living machines."

After undergoing some instruction in the principles of medicine in Coventry from Dr. Cooke, he went in 1841 to Rotherhithe as assistant to a Dr. Chandler, with a view to qualifying himself for walking the hospitals and obtaining a medical degree in London. Here he was brought into close contact with the very poor. Many who came to him for

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE



Portrait from a daguerrotype of 1845, the year in which Huxley sailed in the *Rattlesnake*. Like Darwin and Sir Joseph Hooker, Huxley began his career in a ship of the navy.

medical aid were suffering from nothing but starvation.

Once he went to see a sick girl in a miserable garret, where the other occupants were busy shirt-making. After examining her, he found that all she wanted was better food. Her sister, on being informed of this, took a few coins out of her pocket and exclaimed, "That is all I get for six-and-thirty hours' work, and you talk about giving her proper food."

Experiences such as this had a profound effect on the earnest youth and influenced his later work in no small measure. One of the most important features of Huxley's

career was his practical interest in the working classes, expressed not only in the form of lectures, but also in setting up machinery for catching capacity and leading it into useful channels.

In 1842 he was apprenticed to his other brother-in-law, Dr. Scott, who had a practice in the north of London, and in the same year he began his course at Charing Cross Hospital, having won a free scholarship.

Announces a Scientific Discovery

His student career was brilliant. In 1843 he won the first chemical prize and also the first prize in the class of anatomy and physiology. He took his M.B. degree at London University in 1845. In that year he published his first scientific paper, announcing his discovery of a membrane in the root of the human hair, which is known as "Huxley's layer," a remarkable achievement for a medical student of twenty.

It now became necessary for him to earn his living, and at the suggestion of a fellow-student he applied to the director-general for the medical service of the navy for an appointment. Having passed the examination and qualified for the Royal College of Surgeons, he was duly entered on the books of Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*, for duty at Haslar Hospital.

Now began a period of waiting. Some of his juniors had been posted to the west coast of Africa, but no appointment had come his way. One day, however, as he was crossing the hospital square, his chief, Sir John Richardson, the naturalist and Arctic traveller, who had never taken the slightest notice of him, stopped him and addressed him as follows: "I mean to keep you here till I can get you something you like." He then turned on his heel, and walked away.

Offered a Post on a Ship

After a long period of suspense, during which Sir John had apparently ignored his existence, Huxley was again stopped by his chief. This time Sir John said that he had been asked to recommend an assistant surgeon, who had a knowledge of science, for service on the *Rattlesnake*, a vessel which was going on a surveying expedition to the seas between Australia and the Great Barrier Reef. Would he like that? Young Huxley was delighted at the offer and immediately accepted it.

Thus, like two other distinguished men of science—Charles Darwin and Sir Joseph Hooker—Huxley began his scientific career on one of the ships of Queen Victoria's navy.

The *Rattlesnake* left Spithead on the 3rd December, 1846, and was paid off at Chatham on the 9th November, 1850. The warm seas of the tropics abound in delicate organisms,

which live on and near the surface and can be dredged up in abundance from the deck of a ship in calm weather, and it was to the study of these lowly forms of life, which could not then be preserved for home examination, that Huxley chiefly devoted himself.

Among the various scientific papers that he wrote during the voyage, his monograph "On the Anatomy and Affinities of the Family of the Medusæ" marked a new epoch in comparative anatomy. Apart from its scientific importance, the voyage of the *Rattlesnake* was otherwise memorable, for, while staying with friends at Sydney, Huxley met and became engaged to Miss Henrietta Anne Heathorn, who was afterwards to become his wife. On returning to England, the value of his work was at once recognized. In 1851 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and in the following year he received the medal of this society and was elected a member of the council.

But although, without any influence, he had placed himself in the front rank, and had the friendship of such eminent biologists as Edward Forbes, Sir Joseph Hooker, and John Tyndall, there seemed no speedy prospect of his making enough to enable him to marry. At this time he wrote: "A man of science may earn great distinction, but not bread. He will get invitations to all sorts of dinners and conversations, but not enough income to pay his cab fare."

After three years of nominal employment in the navy, during which he tried in vain to get some adequate scientific appointment, and had at times felt tempted to give up science in despair, he was ordered on active service. Huxley immediately resigned, and was now thrown entirely on his own resources.

Fortunately, he did not have to wait very long for work, for in July, 1854, he was appointed lecturer on natural history to the School of Mines, thus obtaining what he had desired above all things—a permanent post in London, in that city which, in his innermost heart, he knew to be the scientific centre of the world. In August of the same year he was attached to the Geological Survey, and became naturalist to that institution in March, 1855.

He had crossed the Rubicon, and in July,

1855, he married Miss Heathorn, whose unswerving devotion and confidence in his abilities had sustained him throughout that trying time of uncertainty and continued to sustain him for the remainder of his life.

Before the end of the year he had published more than thirty scientific papers and had become a practised lecturer to non-professional audiences. One of his lectures, "On the Educational Value of the Natural History Sciences," was especially notable, for in it he set forth those views concerning the fundamental unity of method in all the sciences, the value of such a method in everyday affairs,

THE SANCTUM OF THE FAMOUS BIOLOGIST



The study at "Hodeslea," his house at Eastbourne, from a water-colour by Reginald Barrett. "Hodeslea," wrote Huxley to a friend, "is as near as I can go to 'Hodesia,' the poetical original shape of my very ugly name."

and its importance as a moral and intellectual discipline, which marked his popular teaching in later days.

In 1859 Darwin's "Origin of Species" was published, and in the following year, at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, it fell to Huxley to bear the full force of orthodoxy's attack on this new and startling principle. Huxley had no respect for authority as a basis of belief. To everything he applied the acid test of scientific truth. As Darwin was too frail and gentle to take part in public controversy, Huxley became Darwin's "bull-dog" in the matter of this theory, and quickly became known as the ablest and most energetic exponent of the doctrine of evolution.

The six years from 1854 to 1860 Huxley treated as six years of apprenticeship. He had returned from his voyage with an established reputation as a zoologist, but he realized to the full that he still needed deep research into all kindred subjects before he could orientate his knowledge of his own particular field. Under the influence of "The Origin of Species" all his scattered studies seemed to fall into their proper order, and he achieved that philosophic unity for which he had been striving so manfully.

Long Regarded with Suspicion

His battle for the new hypothesis brought him before the public, in whose eye he loomed large as the champion of the most unpopular view of the time. Indeed, by many people he was long looked upon as a subverter of every long-established institution. But the earnestness of the man as a teacher triumphed eventually over all prejudices.

HUXLEY'S HOUSE AT MARLBOROUGH PLACE



No. 4 Marlborough Place, London, his home until he moved to Eastbourne. In 1871, owing to his increasing family, Huxley went to live in this roomy house.

Besides holding various appointments at the College of Surgeons and the Royal Institution from 1862 onwards, Huxley's reputation as an able man of affairs led to his being in request for various public duties. Within twenty-two years he served on no less than ten royal commissions, many of which, such as that on the Administration and Operation of the Contagious Diseases Acts in 1870-1, dealt with matters of grave importance to the community. He was a secretary of the Royal Society from 1871 to 1880 and its president from 1881 to 1885. In 1870 he was president of the British Association at the meeting at Liverpool, and

in the same year he was elected a member of the newly formed London School Board. In 1888 he was awarded the Copley medal and in 1894 the Darwin medal.

For titles he cared nothing—he considered that Newton and Cuvier had lowered themselves, the one by accepting a knighthood and the other when he was made a baron of the empire. In 1892, however, he accepted a privy councillorship, which he looked upon as an office in which a man of science might, in theory at least, be required on occasion to act in the capacity of a responsible adviser to the Government.

Cause of His Ill-health

When he was a boy, a visit to a post-mortem had resulted in some kind of poisoning, the results of which Huxley felt throughout his life, in the form of acute indigestion. As his scientific and public duties increased, the strain upon his never-robust constitution at times became heavier than he could bear, and necessitated breaks in the form of holidays abroad. In 1885 his health completely broke down, and towards the end of his life he retired to Eastbourne, where he died on the 29th June, 1895.

Huxley invariably used the right words in the right sense. He could always put his finger on the wrong word, and he always instinctively chose the right one. This is what made his writings clear to the meanest understanding, and made him one of the greatest masters of prose of his time. The same quality appeared in his lectures and speeches.

In his lectures to working men Huxley gave of his very best. The substance of his "Man's Place in Nature" and of his famous treatise on the crayfish was first communicated to audiences of artisans. The impression he made by these lectures is sufficiently expressed by the following story.

"Proud to Have Driven You!"

Once, when he had taken a cab home from one of his lectures, he was feeling in his pocket for his fare, when the cabman exclaimed: "Oh no, Professor, I have had too much pleasure and profit from hearing you lecture to take any money from your pocket—proud to have driven you, sir!"

The Huxley tradition has been worthily carried on by his descendants. His son, Leonard, who wrote the admirable "Life and Letters" of his father, is well known as an accomplished man of letters, and his grandsons, Julian and Aldous, have made a name for themselves, the one in zoology and the other as a writer of brilliant novels.

[See "Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley," by L. Huxley (1900); and Life by E. Clodd (1902).]

